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Bernard Partridge.

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The Mistletoe-Gatherers

CALENDAR - 1931

January						
S	..	4	11	18	25	
M	..	5	12	19	26	
Tu	.	6	13	20	27	
W	..	7	14	21	28	
Th	1	8	15	22	29	
F	2	9	16	23	30	
S	3	10	17	24	31	

February						
S	..	1	8	15	22	..
M	..	2	9	16	23	..
Tu	..	3	10	17	24	..
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Th	..	5	12	19	26	..
F	..	6	13	20	27	..
S	..	7	14	21	28	..

March						
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July						
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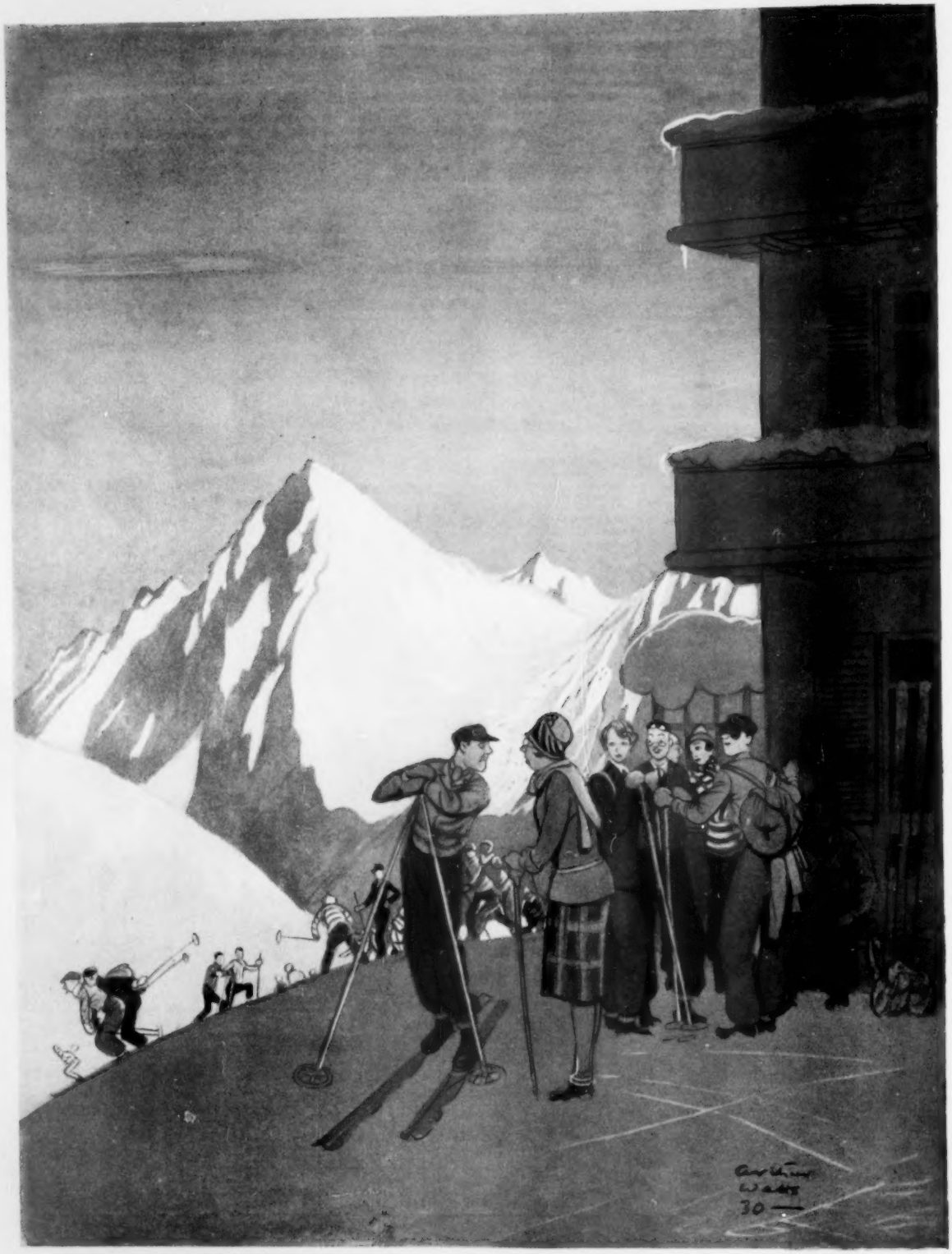
August						
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W	..	5	12	19	26	..
Th	..	6	13	20	27	..
F	.	7	14	21	28	..
S	1	8	15	22	29	..

September						
S	..	6	13	20	27	
M	..	7	14	21	28	
Tu	1	8	15	22	29	
W	2	9	16	23	30	
Th	3	10	17	24	..	
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S	5	12	19	26	..	

October						
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Tu	..	6	13	20	27	
W	..	7	14	21	28	
Th	1	8	15	22	29	
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S	3	10	17	24	31	

November						
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Tu	.	3	10	17	24	..
W	.	4	11	18	25	..
Th	.	5	12	19	26	..
F	.	6	13	20	27	..
S	.	7	14	21	28	..

December						
S	..	6	13	20	27	
M	.	7	14	21	28	
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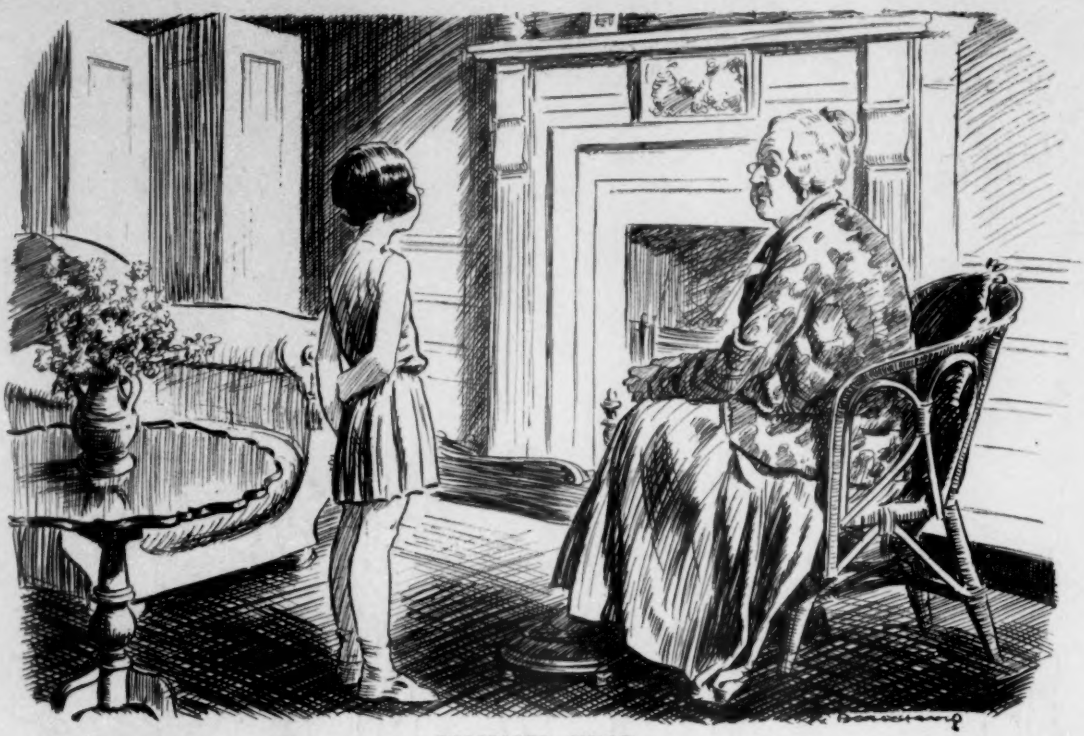
THE LADY WHO WANTED TO KNOW IF THERE WERE ANY NICE WALKS IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

Punch's Almanack for 1931.



KIND BARON, WITH PARTY OF GLEE-SINGERS, VISITS HIS DUNGEONS ON BOXING-DAY.

Punch's Almanack for 1931.



WOMAN'S YEAR.

Little Girl (to Grandmother, who has been telling her about Santa Claus). "OH, HE DOES ALL *THAT*, DOES HE? WELL, I SHOULD THINK THIS YEAR HE'LL BE A GIRL."



"ON CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE MORNING."

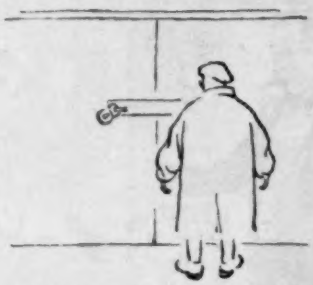
Burglar (to mate, as stalwart householder arrives on the scene). "OH, LOR! QUICK, BERT, THINK O' SOMETHINK SEASONABLE!"

Punch's Almanack for 1931.

PERSONALLY, WHEN I'M TOURING I DO LIKE TO MAKE A REALLY EARLY START—



JUST AS SOON AS EVER I CAN GET BREAKFAST—



AND AS SOON AS EVER I CAN GET HOLD OF THE KEY OF THE HOTEL GARAGE—



AND AS SOON AS EVER I CAN FIND SOMEONE WHO KNOWS SOMETHING ABOUT THE KEY OF THE PETROL PUMP—



AND AS SOON AS I CAN FIND SOMEONE ELSE WHO'S GOT THE OIL LOCKED UP SOMEWHERE—



AND AS SOON AS ANYONE HAS BEEN ABLE TO FIND A CAN FOR WATER—



AND AS SOON AS I CAN GET THE LUGGAGE DOWN—



AND AS SOON AS I CAN GET HOLD OF SOMEONE WHO CAN MAKE OUT THE BILL—



AND AS SOON AS I CAN FIND ALL THE PEOPLE TO TIP—



AND AS SOON AS I CAN GET THE REST OF THE PARTY DOWN—



AND THE REST OF THE LUGGAGE DOWN—

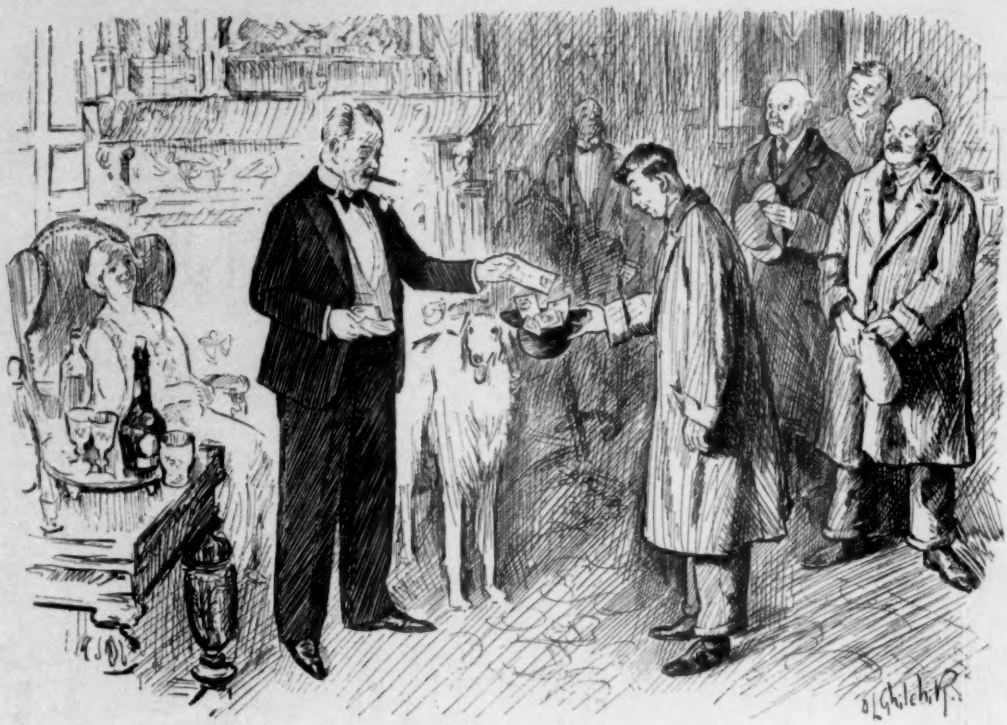


AND, FINALLY, THE REST OF THE PARTY DOWN AGAIN—

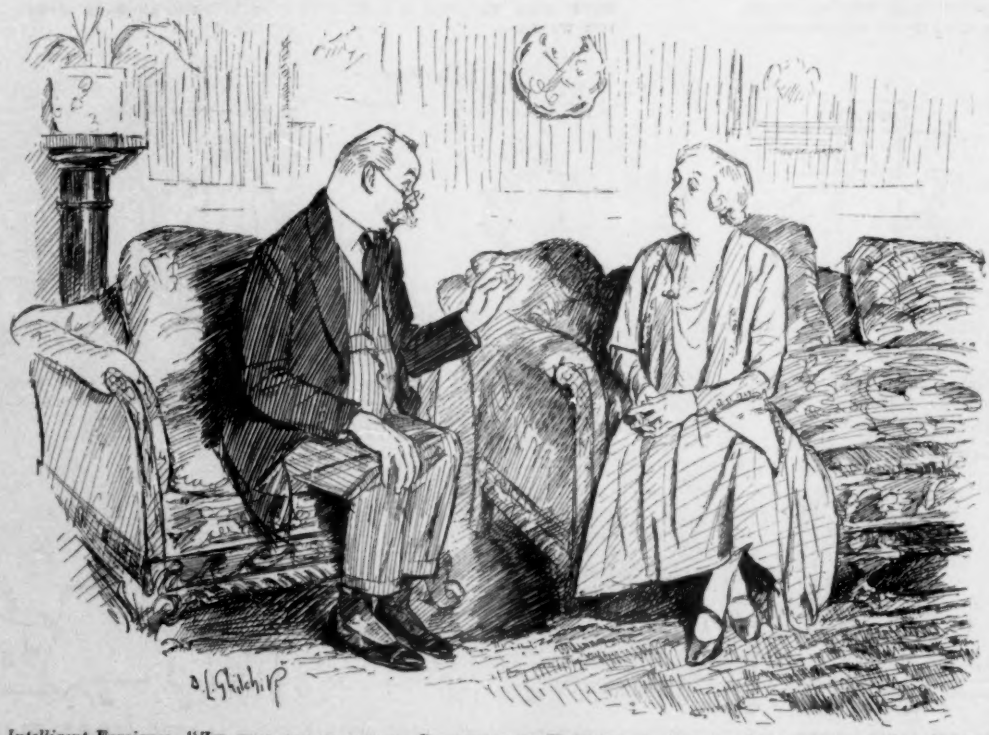


IN SHORT, I LIKE TO BE ABLE TO GET OFF AS SOON AS POSSIBLE AFTER LUNCH.

Punch's Almanack for 1931.



Hospitable Millionaire (rewarding waits). "SAY WHEN!"



Intelligent Foreigner. "ZIS WILL BE MY FAIRST CHRISTMAS IN ENGLAND, SO I PROMISE MYSELF ZAT AT LAST I SHALL SEE YOUR QUAINT CUSTOM, OF WHICH I HAVE SO OFTEN HAIRD—ZAT OF KISSING UNDER ZE ASPIDISTRE."

Punch's Almanack for 1931.

THE FAMILY ALBUM: WHAT WILL IT BECOME?



IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS ONE WAS SHOWN A DAGUERREOTYPE OF THE IMPORTANT RELATIVES IN THE FAMILY ALBUM—



AND THAT WAS THAT.



BUT NOW THAT EVERY HOME HAS A FAMILY CINEMA ONE IS ENABLED TO KNOW THE I.R. INTIMATELY—





IN EVERY CONCEIVABLE FORM OF ACTIVITY;



AND BEFORE LONG, WHEN THE HOME TALKIE COMES TO STAY—



ONE WILL IN ADDITION RECEIVE THE BENEFIT OF THE I.R.'S FAVOURITE STORY.

Punch's Almanack for 1931.

GENII WHO WOULD SHINE IN ANY SPHERE.



Sir John Simon as a Cup-tie referee.



Mr. Maxton as a Company promoter.



Mr. C. B. Cochran as a professor of deportment in a Ladies' Academy.



Miss Amy Johnson as a nurse-maid (with glad eye).



Mr. George Lansbury as a dirt-track racer.



Mr. Epstein as a Museum-guide pointing out the beauties of classical sculpture.

Punch's Almanack for 1931.

GENII WHO WOULD SHINE IN ANY SPHERE.



SIR THOMAS BEECHAM AS A CHARABANC-CONDUCTOR.



MR. ENOCH ARNOLD BENNETT AS A BISHOP.



MISS ELLEN WILKINSON AS A CIRCUS EQUESTRIENNE.



THE POET LAUREATE AS FIRST SAXOPHONE.



MR. G. B. SHAW AS A STREET-VENDOR (WITH APPLE-CART).



DEAN INGE AS A GLOOMY CLOWN.

Punch's Almanack for 1931.



Young Man (on the subject of parlour-games). "PERSONALLY I THINK MUSICAL CHAIRS RATHER CHILDISH—DON'T YOU?"
Suburban Vamp. "NOT THE WAY *I* PLAY IT."

MINCE MEAT.

(By our Charivariety Artistes.)

ONE of England's Unknown Heroes is the small boy who in a faint voice refused some Christmas pudding on the ground that it had not been made with Empire-grown fruit.

* * *

It is anticipated that the growing burden imposed upon the G.P.O. by the transmission of seasonable gifts and greetings will give occupation to many auxiliary mail-bag snatchers.

* * *

In order to cause as little inconvenience as possible they are requested to do their Christmas robbing early.

* * *

Turkey-stealers who have been raiding East Anglian farms in motor-cars are believed to have been acting in co-operation with plum-pudding bag-snatchers.

* * *

It has been suggested that carols are never heard at their best when sung in the streets. A good plan would be to send them by post.

* * *

Lovers of Winter sports are asked to note that, according to a woman-writer, the High Alps are conducive to romance because in the snow and sunshine even a plain woman looks pretty. The man who urges a maid to "come down from yonder mountain height" runs the grave risk of discovering that after all she isn't an oil-painting.

* * *

Attention is drawn to the increasing vogue for presents which are practical jokes. The most familiar of these is of course the cigar which emits an obnoxious odour when lighted.

* * *

A novelist who recalls kindnesses received one Christmas when he was penniless is quoted as saying that writers, painters and burglars are always ready to do the poor a good turn. We have never doubted that men who follow these callings had redeeming qualities.

* * *

An expert has expressed the opinion that people in this country are better judges of wine than they were just before the War. It becomes increasingly difficult to get them to appreciate a present of Christmas port.

* * *

Notwithstanding the anti-Christmas movement in Russia, it is noteworthy that the Soviet Government has not yet ordered the Siberian fir-forests to be felled because of their seasonable aspect.

In certain parts of America it is an offence for a woman to go through her husband's pockets at night. And in this country, just about Christmastide, it would be a pitiful waste of time.

* * *

The plentiful crop of red berries is said to presage a severe winter. Little confidence, however, is attached to rumours of plumbers fetching their mates to see the hedgerows.

* * *

Christmas is not, of course, celebrated by the Chinese; but it is suggested that the pulling of crackers by representatives of the contending armies would introduce a desirable note of festivity into the civil war.

* * *

"A woman's hand will guide the steering-wheel on many of the 1931 cars," says a motoring expert. Not, you will notice, a woman's elbow.

* * *

In an article describing some household novelties it is suggested that many ladies prefer the telephone to be out of sight. We ourselves prefer the thing to be out of earshot.

* * *

When the proposed Police College is established it is anticipated that only a half-blue will be awarded for playing in the harlequinade.

Punch's Almanack for 1931.



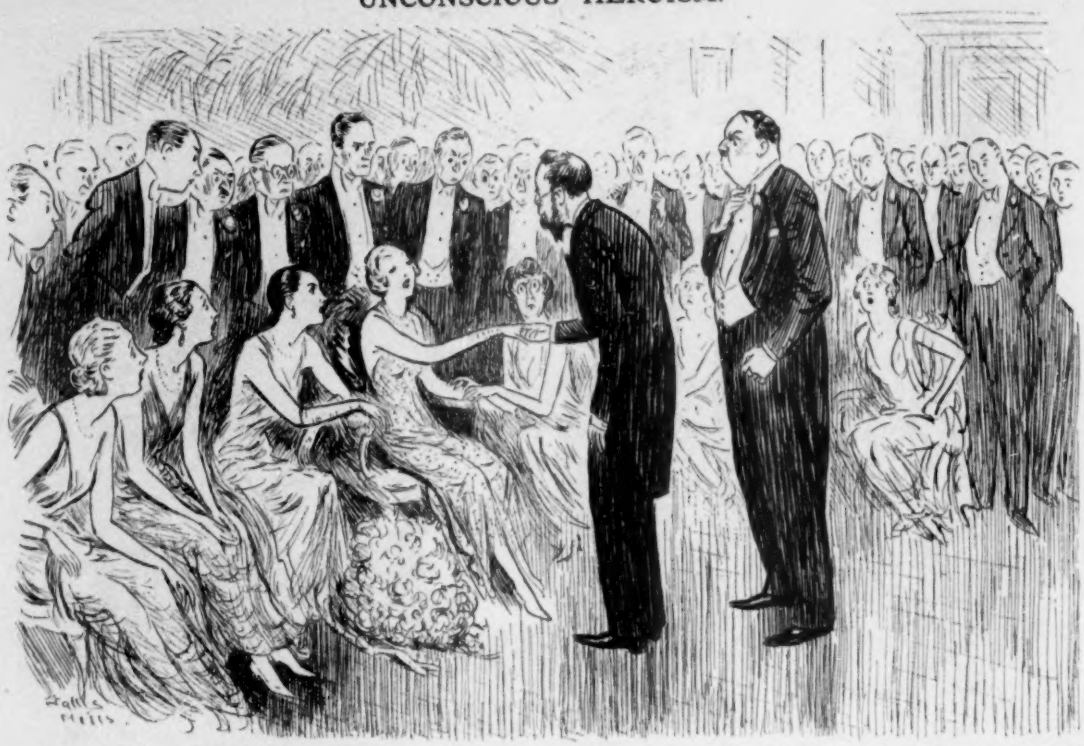
Mistress. "HAVE YOU GOT THROUGH TO THE PORK BUTCHER?"
Maid. "I THINK SO, MUM—I CAN HEAR A NOISE O' CRACKLIN'."



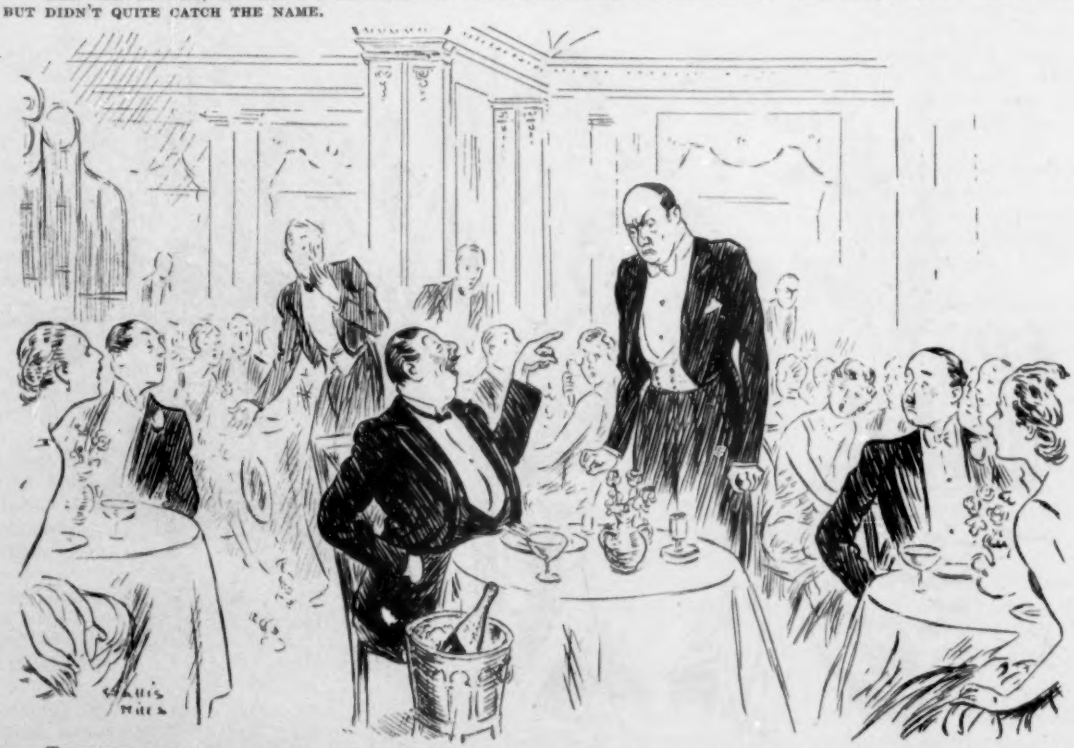
Lady (to prolific Author). "D' YOU KNOW, I'VE GOT SEVERAL SHELVES GROANING UNDER YOUR BOOKS."

Punch's Almanack for 1931.

UNCONSCIOUS HEROISM.



THE PERSON WHO, ON BEING INTRODUCED TO FAMOUS FILM-STAR SURROUNDED BY FILM-FANS, SAID HE WAS SORRY BUT DIDN'T QUITE CATCH THE NAME.



THE GENTLEMAN WHO, WITHOUT HAVING THE HONOUR OF HIS PREVIOUS ACQUAINTANCE, HAD THE EFFRONTERY TO ADDRESS A LOUD JEST TO THE HEAD-WAITER OF A FASHIONABLE RESTAURANT.

Punch's Almanack for 1931.

UNCONSCIOUS HEROISM.



The critic who, in the presence of *real* artists, dared to speak well of the R.A.

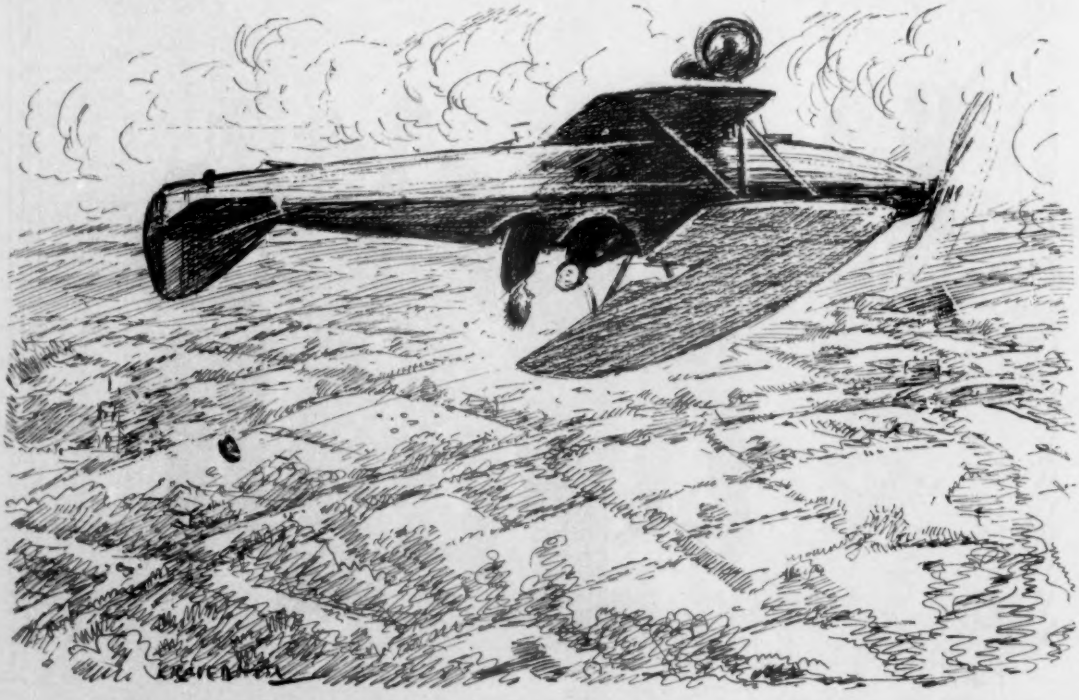


The uninvited guest who, on being seen off the premises by the host and a posse of hefty young men, asked if one of them would call a taxi.

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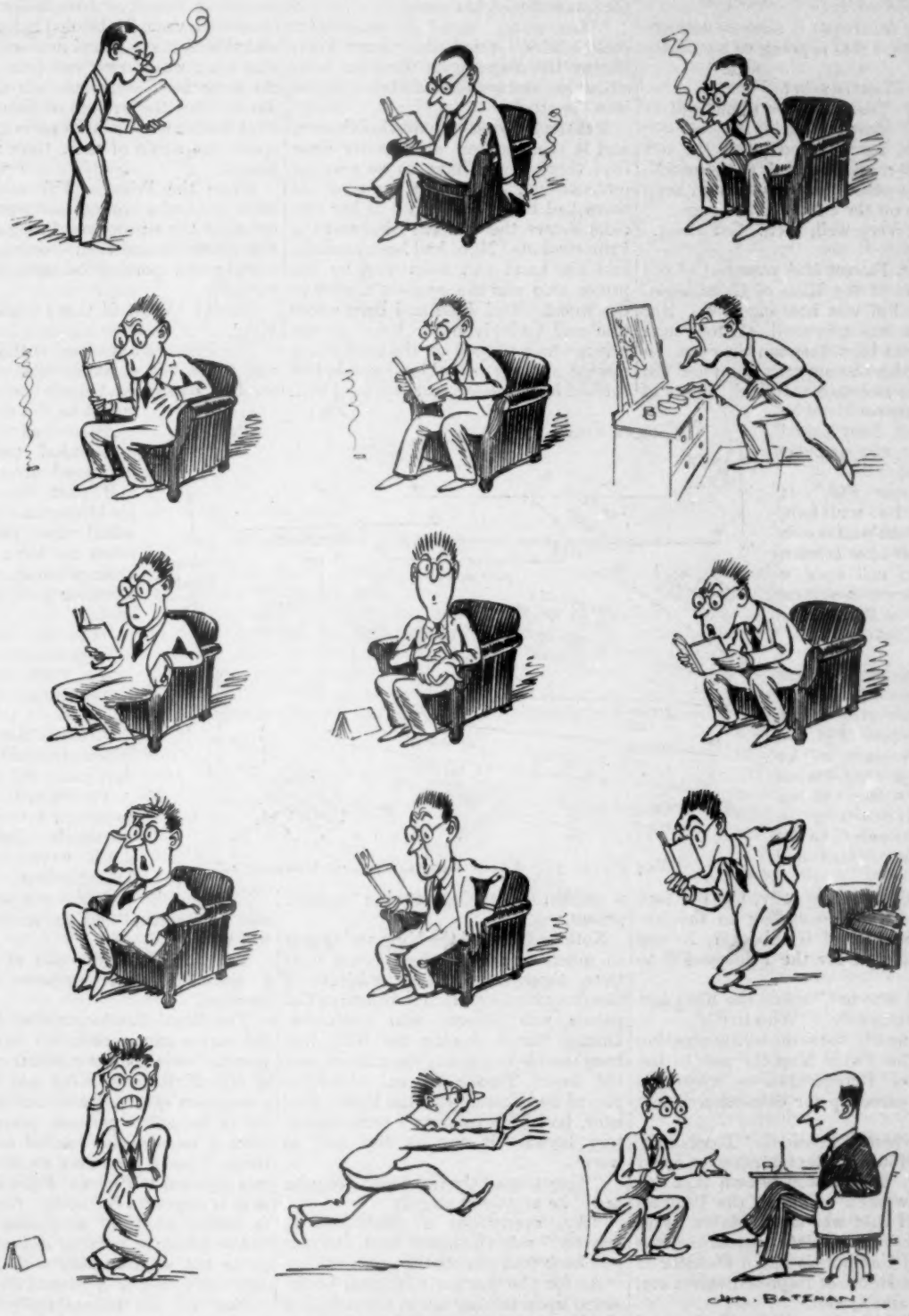


THE SILENT CRITIC.



"BUT, MY GOOD MAN, ALL THE BEST PEOPLE FLY LIKE THIS NOWADAYS."

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THE MEDICAL BOOK.

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THE SILVER APPLE.

Author (*to Artist*). I may as well say at once that this is going to be a fairy story.

Artist. What, *again*?

Author. Yes. And also about golf.

Artist. How hateful!

Author. Never mind. Get the left hand well round the shaft of the pencil, carry the point back slowly, and keep your eye on the centre of the page.

Artist. Very well, then. Get along.

Author. Fairest and youngest of the daughters of the King of Gamboogia, Princess Fifi was now eighteen. Her loveliness was a byword. It took men like a great blow between the eyes. In her presence the sun grew paler and the moss-rose sickened and died. Facts of this nature could not be concealed. They leaked out into the popular Press.

"*Princess Fifi*," it would be written, "*whose beauty takes men as a great blow between the eyes, will open a Fancy Bazaar to-morrow in aid of the Royal Home for Disabled Courtiers.*"

Or,

"*A curious incident happened while purchasing flowers yesterday to the Princess Fifi, in whose presence, as we were the first to point out to our readers in an exclusive article, the sun grows paler and the moss-rose sickens and dies . . .*"

All this was very jolly, but the fact remained that, according to the immemorial rule of Gamboogia, it was now high time for the Princess Fifi to be wed.

"And who to?" asked the King and Queen anxiously. "Who to?"

Very nearly the same as the question which the Prime Minister put to the House of Representatives when the subject came up for discussion before them.

"To whom?" he asked. "To whom?"

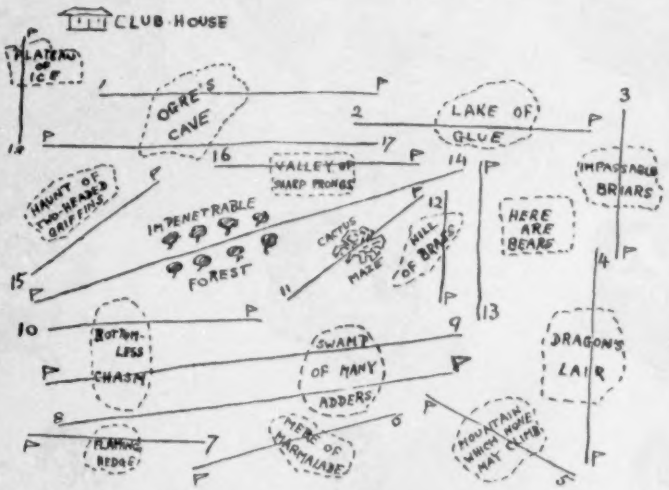
The House of Representatives could not say. It was well known that one person wanted to marry the Princess Fifi, and that was the Dictator. For, like most up-to-date countries, the realm of Gamboogia had a Dictator as well as a House of Representatives and a King and Queen.

The Dictator's name was Smith, and Fifi did not like him.

"His eyes go into me like gimlets, Papa," she said peevishly when the King mentioned his name.

"Why marry, then? he must be a pretty bore," cried the Court Fool, hitting His Majesty on the head with a bladder, and was immediately clapped into the stocks.

But the Princess remained obdurate, and it soon became abundantly clear that there would have to be another international contest of princes, as there had been in the case of her two elder sisters, the Princess Mimi and the Princess Jane. Mimi had been musical, and her hand had been won by the prince who was the greatest harper in the world. And Jane had been scientific and had given her heart to the prince who could tell her the most about marine zoology, a subject which had thrilled her since she had captured with a golden shrimping-net her earliest prawn.



"THE ROYAL AND AWFUL GOLF-COURSE OF GAMBOOGIA."

Nothing irritated the King and Queen so much as these international contests, though the simple subjects of Gamboogia enjoyed them heartily. The palace was thrown into confusion. During Mimi's wooing the King had been unable to get any sleep at all, and the lesser Throne Room, where he played badminton with the Prime Minister, had been used as a harp repository because it was so airy and so warm.

"They turned the place into a regular hell," he muttered angrily.

"Ay, marry, or a cloakroom to heaven!" said the Court Fool, and was put back into the stocks again.

As for the marine zoologist, he insisted upon talking about the habits of the blenny or the cuttlefish at breakfast-time till the Queen was in tears; and when he told them that the English oyster had been known to change its sex as many as four times in the course of a year, she bridled indignantly and said that she hoped no nonsense of that kind would ever creep in among the oysters of Gamboogia. As indeed it did not, for the oysters of Gamboogia were both virtuous and patriotic and spent the whole of their time making pearls.

When the Princess Fifi was asked what kind of a contest she would like amongst her suitors she thought for a few moments and then, being a girl of healthy and sporting instincts, declared for golf.

"Golf? What is that?" asked the King.

The Princess explained with her distaff and a ball of wool. She read the foreign papers and knew what golf meant to the world.

As soon as the King understood that golf happened out-of-doors and that the suitors could stay at hotels, he asked the Dictator's leave to have a golf championship, and the Dictator gave his consent.

"The only difficulty is," pointed out the latter, "that we have no golf-links at Gamboogia."

"Then the Chief Wizard had better make one," said the King.

The Chief Wizard promised to do so immediately. But he had a few words with the Dictator first.

"It must be a stroke competition," said Mr. Smith, "and the lowest score will win."

The Chief Wizard's idea of making a golf-course was perhaps a little peculiar.

"*The Royal Gamboogia Golf Course*," the papers announced a few days afterwards, "*which by the gracious clemency of His Majesty the King and the kind permission of Mr. Smith has been laid out in the palace grounds, presents features of unparalleled interest which are likely to put a severe test on the skill of any aspirant to Princess Fifi's hand. A map is appended hereunder. Gamboogia is indeed proud of possessing a golf-course which in point of difficulty compares not unfavourably with St. Andrews or Oxhey or Westward Ho!*"

Nor did the papers underestimate the truth. Many of the long holes were several leagues in length; and playing over it himself on the first day that it

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was ready, in company with the Assistant Wizard, the Wizard was more than once in trouble, for the fifteenth green was positively congested with griffins, and the dragon had ramped so hard that he had torn up most of the fairway of the fourth with his hind claws. Bogey was fixed at seventy-five.

When the Princes rode up and sent their caddies to blow the horn that hung at the castle gate, they looked at the Royal and Awful Golf-course of Gamboogia with dismay. The Prince of Bobolia, who was scratch in his home town and had a red-and-green umbrella which warded off thunderbolts, retired without competing. But most of the competitors, seeing how beautiful the Princess Fifi was, were not so pusillanimous.



"The fifteenth green was positively congested with griffins."

They did not have much luck. The Prince of Barbary, who went out with the Prince of Sardinia, was trapped in the ogre's cave and only ransomed from captivity after forty-nine years. The Prince of Semolina was lost at the third. Prince Rupert of Magnesia sliced his drive at the thirteenth and was hugged so badly that he tore up his card. The eldest son of the King of the Black Mountain went into the bottomless cavern at the ninth, and guides who take tourists to hear the metallic noises that proceed from it say that he is down there still. So it went on, until at last there was only one Prince left, and he was a poor prince, without a caddie and with only one old iron in his bag.

Nobody wanted to go round with him, but he had nice smiling eyes, and the Princess Fifi fell in love with him at once. He came from the Land of the Moon.

"Must you really go in for the competition?" asked Fifi.

"I think I should like to have a knock round," he said, looking at her straight between the eyes.

And then a most alarming thing happened from the Princess Fifi's point of view.

"Seeing that there is no one to go round with the Prince of the Land of the Moon," said the Dictator, "I myself will accompany him. And of course, if I win . . ."

The Princess ran up to her room and burst into a flood of tears, for she felt certain that Mr. Smith would beat the Prince of the Land of the Moon, and then she would be obliged to marry him. And indeed she had every reason for her fears.

Amongst the vast crowds which sat on the grand-stands surrounding the links there ran like wildfire the rumour that some amazing golf would now be seen. It became known that for every hazard on the course the Dictator had ordered from the Chief Wizard some magical accoutrement to ensure his success. He had the Pull-over of Optional Invisibility, the Seven-Leagued Driver, the Mashie of Invincible Power, the Unslippable Brogues and a niblick from which flashed so much fire that no dragon or griffin could approach it. Fastened to his bag was the Sponge Which Wipes Away Quagmires, and his putter was made of pure gold. He carried an enchanted hatchet, a small pontoon and a fire-extinguisher. He also had a basket full of buns and oranges for the bears. He looked every inch a champion as he stood on the first tee.

The Prince of the Land of the Moon appeared to have no chance whatsoever.

Yet he received one gift, and that too from the Princess Fifi herself. In despair of the outcome of the battle, at the very last moment she had rung up her fairy godmother, who took a seat on the next broomstick and arrived from Arabia in seven-seconds-and-a-half.

"Is there anything that can help him?" cried the Princess, hastily explaining to her godmother what was happening at the palace.

"Give the young man this," said the fairy, "and tell him that on no account must he lose it." She belonged to the old school.

Princess Fifi looked at it. It was a small Silver Apple. She kissed it at once and told the Court Fool to take it with her love to the Prince of the Land of the Moon.



"The Prince of Barbary was trapped in the ogre's cave."

Here, then, stood the young stranger, with his single club and his silver apple, facing the redoubtable Dictator.

The latter alone secured a caddie, for all the others in Gamboogia had been eaten during the previous rounds.

"You take the honour, please," said the Prince.

The Dictator hit a beauty, right over the ogre's cave.

"What happens if I go in there?" asked the Prince of the Land of the Moon.

"It depends how the ogre is feeling," replied his antagonist. "Sometimes he bakes them and sometimes he boils them in oil."

"Then I must try to avoid it," said the Prince.

He put down the Silver Apple, addressed it once or twice and swung. An amazing thing happened. The vast crowd was filled with enthusiasm to see the Silver Apple bounce lightly on the ogre's cave, travel on and on till it reached the first green, roll quietly up to the pin and disappear. The Dictator

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took three. He was scarcely able to disguise his chagrin.

"What's the local rule here?" inquired the Prince, standing on the second tee.

"If you get into the glue you play your third from where you are," muttered the Dictator.

"I must try to get over the glue," said the Prince.

He swung again. Once more the Silver Apple, travelling fast and free, ran up on to the green and disappeared into the hole. The Dictator took three again. It was the par figure; but what was he to do if this sort of thing went on?

But it did go on. The Dictator hacked his ball out of the impassable briars at the third with a stroke that uprooted twenty blackberry-bushes and an oak-tree. But the Prince leapt lightly over the obstacle and was down again in one. So deep a silence pervaded the assembly that the tiny rattle which his ball made as it fell into the tin could be heard all over the palace grounds. And so the game went on. The scores at the turn were:—

The Dictator: 3, 3, 3, 4, 3, 4, 3, 4, 5—32
The Prince: 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1— 9

It was unprecedented. Princess Fifi could not help clapping her hands, and this was the signal for a mighty roar of delight amongst the assembled populace who with field-glasses and telescopes could follow every detail of the play.

The second half of the round for a long time was simply a repetition of the first. Neither the cactus maze nor the hill of brass presented any difficulty to the Prince of the Land of the Moon. He did not slice into the bears, and he cleared the impenetrable forest, a carry of nearly four-and-a-half miles, with one of the most beautiful shots ever seen in any game. At the fifteenth, although he struck a griffin, he rebounded into the hole; and at the sixteenth he ran right through the prongs to obtain the same remarkable figure. The Dictator played steadily and well. He recovered from the bottomless cavern at the tenth with a delightful pitch shot, put his ball stone dead from the cactus maze, and, after pulling his drive at the fifteenth, played an invisible explosion shot that left him only a yard from the pin. But as the pair proceeded to the seventeenth green he was swearing so loudly that it was hardly possible to hear the gnashing of the ogre's teeth.

Then on the last tee he was seized with a sudden notion.

"Let me have a look at your ball, old man," he said to the Prince.

He examined it carefully for a moment and then stooped down and teed it up for his opponent.

The Prince drove. His ball struck the plateau of ice and then rolled back on to the fairway. The crowd gave a



"THE YOUNG STRANGER, WITH HIS SINGLE CLUB AND HIS SILVER APPLE, FACING THE REDOUBTABLE DICTATOR."

gasp of horror. Then the Dictator played. He used the Mashie of Invincible Power. His ball soared up into the air like a rocket, fell plump on to the middle of the plateau of ice, rolled over it and fell into the tin. Then the Prince realised what had happened.



"HE THREW HIS CLUBS INTO THE MERE OF MARMALADE."

The Dictator had stolen his ball!

He gave a wry smile and walked down from the tee. He hit his second up on to the plateau. It rolled down again. He hit his third, his fourth, his fifth. He went on hitting.

"Rotten luck," said the Dictator.

The Prince continued to hit. His ball continued to roll back. The Dictator's score for the second half of the round had been—

3, 3, 3, 4, 5, 3, 4, 5, 1 = 31.

This made his full figures sixty-three. He had played an excellent game.

Anxiously the people began to count the Prince's strokes out loud, led by the Court Fool. The King, who had gone to sleep, woke up. The Queen rather petulantly summoned the Chief Wizard and had the rules of golf explained to her. Princess Fifi clasped her hands.

"Fairy godmother! Fairy godmother!" she cried. "Come and help me again!"

"Forty-one! Forty-two! Forty-three!" chanted the crowd.

There was a slight trembling in the air just above the eighteenth green, and it was noticed that the flag-staff quite suddenly was altered into the appearance of a witch's broom.

"Forty-four!" shrieked the Court Fool.

"Forty-four," echoed the crowd.

The Prince braced himself, lifted his club back slowly and played his forty-fifth. He topped it rather badly, but it ran up the plateau of ice, slithered over the top, came down, ran on, hesitated, moved again, stopped, restarted, and trickled into the hole. The Prince of the Land of the Moon had won. His figures for the second half were—

1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 45—53.

making his total sixty-two.

The Dictator resigned all his offices immediately and threw his clubs into the mere of marmalade.

"I hope you had a nice round," said the King.

"I don't think I care for golf," said the Queen. "It is too fatiguing for the intellect."

But Fifi and the Prince were married the very next day, and played golf ever afterwards.

EVOE.

Crashing Commercial Candour.

"A car capable of a road performance second to anything in its class."
Advt. in Motoring Paper.

"Wanted, companion - chauffeuse - help small boy during holidays, not under 26."
Daily Paper.

We have our suspicion of this "small boy" of 26.

"*Kimono*" is pronounced "kimono" by some and "kimono" by others."
Canadian Paper.

For us it will always be "kimono."



HOMESICKNESS; OR, THE CALL OF THE JUNGLE.

Punch's Almanack for 1931.

took three. He was scarcely able to disguise his chagrin.

"What's the local rule here?" inquired the Prince, standing on the second tee.

"If you get into the glue you play your third from where you are," muttered the Dictator.

"I must try to get over the glue," said the Prince.

He swung again. Once more the Silver Apple, travelling fast and free, ran up on to the green and disappeared into the hole. The Dictator took three again. It was the par figure; but what was he to do if this sort of thing went on?

But it did go on. The Dictator hacked his ball out of the impassable briars at the third with a stroke that uprooted twenty blackberry-bushes and an oak-tree. But the Prince leapt lightly over the obstacle and was down again in one. So deep a silence pervaded the assembly that the tiny rattle which his ball made as it fell into the tin could be heard all over the palace grounds. And so the game went on. The scores at the turn were:—

The Dictator: 3, 3, 3, 4, 3, 4, 3, 4, 5—32
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HOMESICKNESS; OR, THE CALL OF THE JUNGLE.

FINANCIAL DEPRESSION.



WE ALL FELT THAT SOMETHING MUST BE DONE ABOUT THIS GHASTLY MONEY-SHORTAGE, AND CHARLES, AFTER THE TENTH COCKTAIL, SAID WE MUST BE TONED UP TO TACKLE THE SITUATION. WHAT ABOUT A SPOT OF FRESH AIR AND EXERCISE IN SUNNY CLIMES?



AFTER A MONTH OR SO AT AN ALGERIAN RESORT WE FELT ABSOLUTELY ON OUR TOES. SOMEBODY SAID IT WAS ABOUT TIME WE GOT DOWN TO IT. WHAT ABOUT A SPOT OF MONEY-MAKING AT MONTE?

FINANCIAL DEPRESSION.



AFTER A MONTH OR SO AT MONTE, CHARLES THOUGHT THE SITUATION COULDN'T BE SAID TO HAVE VASTLY IMPROVED. WHAT WE *REALLY* OUGHT TO DO WAS TO GO BACK TO LONDON AND FIND A SPOT OF WORK.

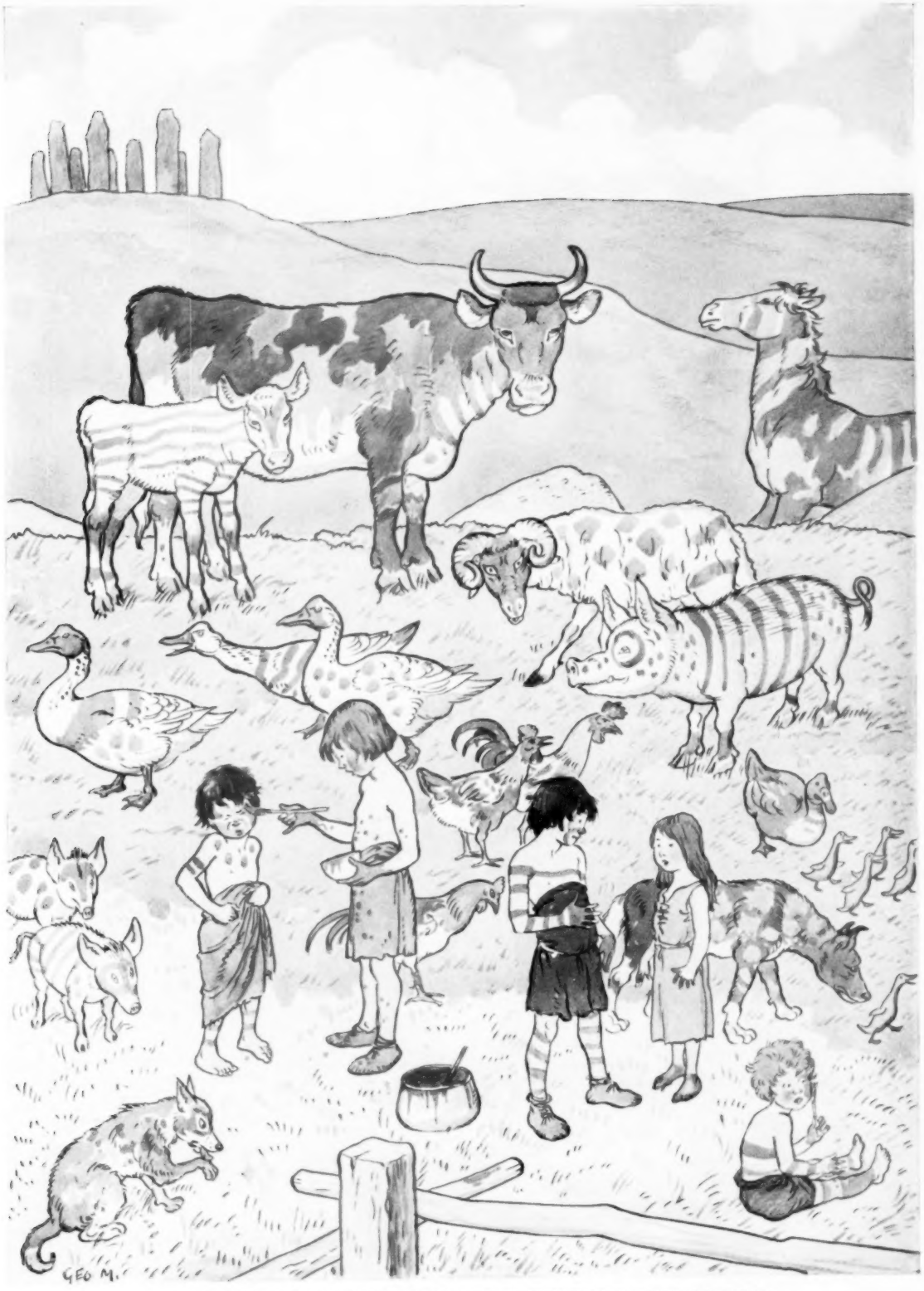


SO HERE WE ARE BACK IN THE DEAR OLD BURG, WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO TURN UP AND THOROUGHLY BUCKED AT HAVING PUT UP A REALLY GOOD SHOW.



MARKET NEWS IN EARLY TIMES.

"FABULOUS BEASTS WERE NOT IN MUCH DEMAND."



LITTLE ANCIENT BRITONS WHO DISCOVERED WHERE FATHER KEPT THE WOAD



MR. PUNCH ENTERTAI HI



RTAI HIS ARTISTS' MODELS.



THE NOVICE



WHO



DID



EVERYTHING



WRONG



BUT



GOT





THERE



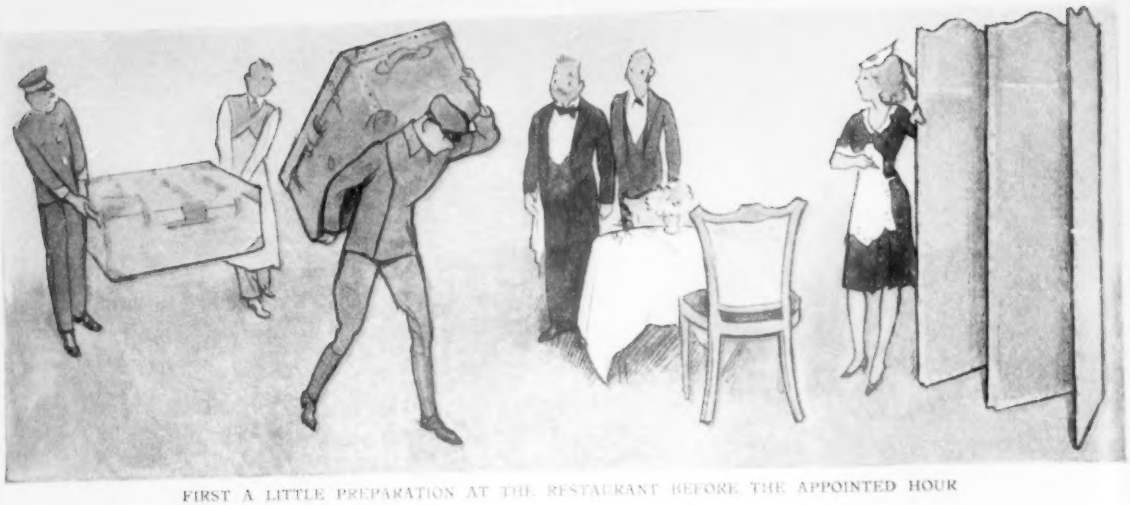


FIRST.



LEWIS BAUMER.

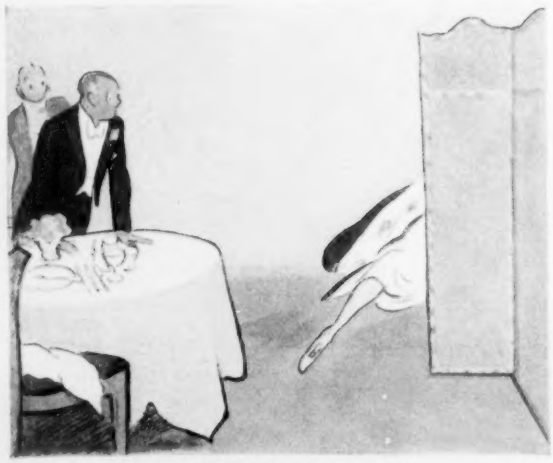
ONE COURSE ONE FROCK.



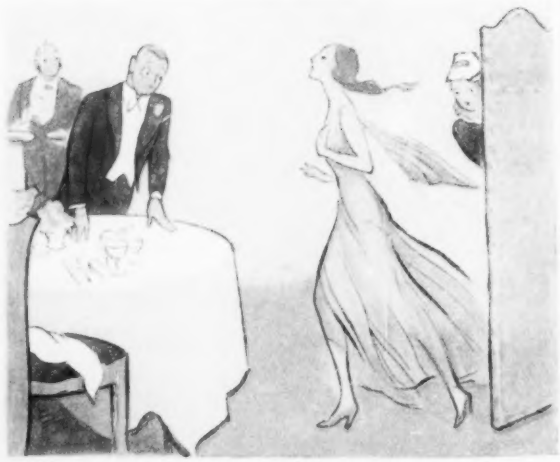
FIRST A LITTLE PREPARATION AT THE RESTAURANT BEFORE THE APPOINTED HOUR



THEN ONE ARRIVES WEARING SOMETHING COMMANDING FOR THE HORS-D'ŒUVRE;

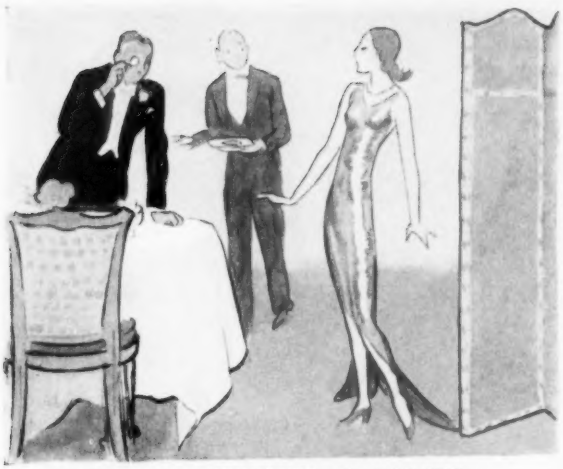


AFTER WHICH ONE CAN DON



SOMETHING FLOWING FOR THE CONSOMMÉ.

ONE COURSE ONE FROCK.



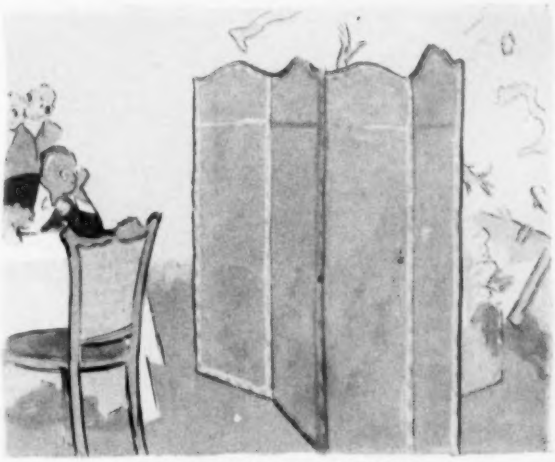
SOMETHING SHIMMERING FOR THE FISH—



A FEATHERY AFFAIR FOR THE FOWL—



SOMETHING SENTIMENTAL FOR THE SWEETS—



AND THEN FOR THE SAVOURY



SOMETHING THAT IS OBVIOUSLY THE LAST WORD.



THE ANTI-FEMINIST.

Punch's Almanack for 1931.

THE GIRL IN THE CLOCK TOWER.

[We believe that the popular theme of crime has never been adequately dealt with in a musical comedy. Hereunder, therefore, a rough sketch for such a piece, which strikes, by the way, the Christmas note as well. The time is short, and here and there, unfortunately, our librettist has only been able to supply a skeleton of the lyrics, and indeed the plot.]

Act I.

The Library of Hope Hall, the residence of Archdeacon Bass. *Boxing Day.*

Chorus of Guests. Revellers all,
We gaily bawl
Songs of joy and gaiety,
Happy clerics
In hysterics
Mingling with the laity!
Pull we crackers,
Gloom-attackers!
Mirth must never
weaken;
Snap we dragons,
And with flagons
Toast our dear Arch-
deacon!

First Guest. Yet, upon the
other hand,
We can not ignore
There is evil in the land,
Murders by the score;
Dangerous packets of
cocaine
Circulate in our domain,
And the mystery is pro-
found—
Who is it that hands
them round?

Song—*Archdeacon* and *Chorus.*

And now for a drink!
(*Aside*) How little they
think
I'm not an Archdeacon
at all!

Chorus. And now for a
drink! How little
we think
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con at all!

Archdeacon. I'm really a monarch of crime
Disguised as an elderly parson,
And I spend nearly all of the time
In and and arson.

Chorus. And now for a drink! How little
we think
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Archdeacon. I'm King of a numerous
gang
That traffics in dangerous drugs;
I've agents from Kew to Penang;
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All. Revellers all,
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Songs of joy and gaiety, etc.

Exeunt Chorus. *Manet* Archdeacon.
Enter Lucy Soprano.

Lucy. Oh, Nunky, I'm so happy! I won a motto out of a cracker which says that love is the clue to all that's true. Do you think that is right?

Archdeacon. And has love come to you already, little niece?

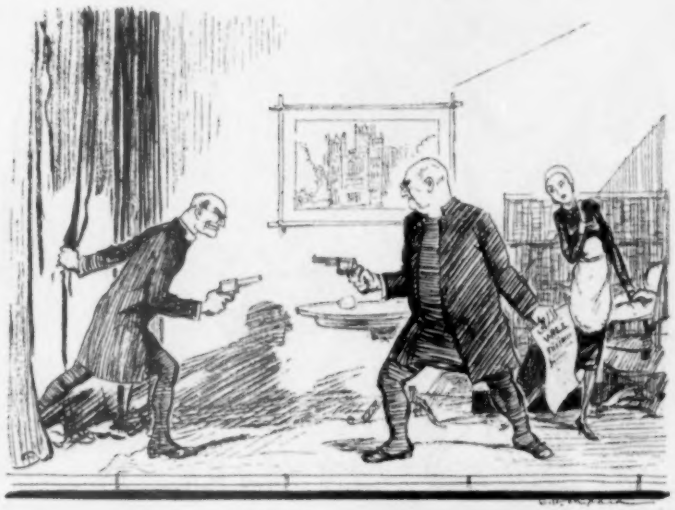
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Song—*Lucy.*

"Love is the Clue."

If Love's not true,
It will not do,
No matter what the pleasure;
Love that is real
Is always ideal,
A joy that knows no measure.

Love is the clue
To all that's true,
Love is the Great Detective,
Piercing the shams,
clams,
Revealing what's defective.



Dean Stoat emerges.

When skies are black,
When foes attack,
When joy hangs back,
Love is the clue.

Archdeacon. My dear, I wish you to be very nice to Dean Stoat, who is coming in for a few crackers presently.

Lucy. Uncle, you know I am always anxious to carry out your wishes, but there is something about the Dean which puzzles me. It seems so odd that his name should be Stoat.

Archdeacon (*aside*). If she only knew, it is still more strange that he should be a Dean. Poor dupe!

Lucy. Uncle, who is The Horror?

Archdeacon (*starting*). What do you know of The Horror?

Lucy. The fiend who is responsible for this unprecedented succession of dastardly murders.

Archdeacon. No more of this, child (*looking in her eyes*). You will always trust me, will you not, little girl?

Lucy. You *know* I do.

[*Exit for no particular reason, singing "Love is the Clue." Enter* Marie Soubrette, a maid (*but in disguise, of course*).

Archdeacon. Marie, I am expecting a well-known philatelist. Show him up here. And then bring coffee and prussic acid.

Marie. Yes, Sir. [*Exit.*

Archdeacon. That man knows something. I will go now to my bedroom and make my will. [*Exit.*

A ghastly face looks out between the curtains at the back. Is it Stoat? *Is it "The Horror"? The whole thing is baffling.*

Enter Marie, *with tray, ushering in* Peter Strange, *the philatelist. There is a scene between these two, who have never met before. They love each other instantly, but, alas,* Marie *is already wed to "*Dean*"* Stoat *and is engaged in a life of crime. She longs to give it up and enjoy the pure love of the philatelist. They sing a*

Duet—"Fetters."

Marie and *Peter.*

Could I cast off my chains
Love reigns
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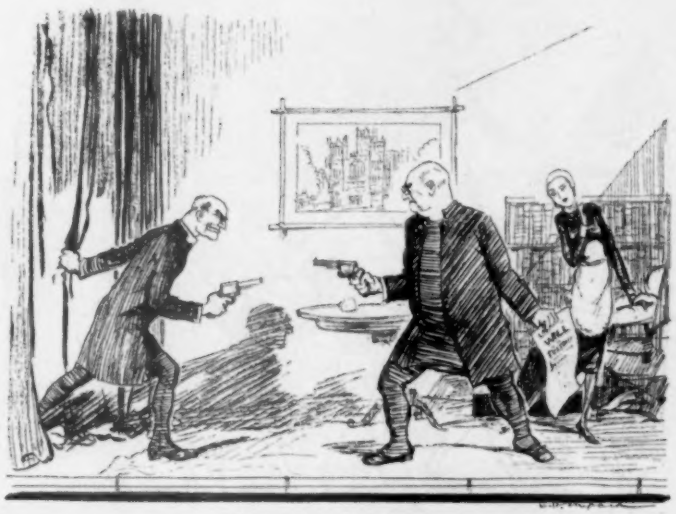
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Punch's Almanack for 1931.

Stoat *is acting as a spy in the* Archdeacon's *house.*

A terrific altercation follows. The Dean *wants the* Archdeacon *to give up distributing drugs in Chelsea, which is his preserve. The* Archdeacon *refuses. The* Dean *witnesses the will and asks for* Lucy's *hand in marriage.* Marie *mentions that she is the* Dean's *wife already, and the* Archdeacon, *who is really fond of his niece, says that she shall never contract a bigamous marriage.* Stoat *is furious with* Marie, *in fact the whole situation is packed with drama, and this Act might well go on for ever. But we had better have a dramatic trio.*

TRIO—*Marie, Archdeacon, Dean.*

Enter Lucy *and* Peter *in paper-caps, with a "snap-dragon" bowl, and Chorus of guests. They turn out the lights and revel. When the lights go up the* Archdeacon *lies dead down centre, stabbed to the heart with* Marie Soubrette's *fountain-pen.*

*Enter Detective-*Inspector Hector Tenor C.I.D. (*disguised as Father Christmas*).

Hector. By a fortunate chance I am spending my Christmas vacation with my daughter-in-law in the village. Hearing that some untoward event had passed I came up at once. Duty, after all, must come before pleasure.

SONG—*Hector.*
"Stick It, Lad!"

When you're up against it, lad, when you're in a hole
soul,
Here's a message true
Which will pull you through:
Stick it, lad!

Enter Chorus of Detectives.

We're the boys of Scotland Yard, loyal through and through;
clue:
And when we're at bay
say
Stick it, lad!
All. Stick it, lad! Stick it, lad!
The dawn is breaking.
Stick it, lad! Stick it, lad!
There's no forsaking!
What's it matter if the world decries?
your mother's eyes.
Take my tip!
The upper lip
And stick it, lad!
Stick it!

The detective falls in love with Lucy *at once. All the servants are brought in, and* Hector *bullies everybody. Suspicion falls on* Peter (*he was heard wrangling with the dead man about the stamp, which is found in his pocket*); *on* Marie (*whose fountain-pen inflicted the fatal wound*), *and on* Stoat (*whose spectacles are found behind the curtain*). *At last* Stoat (*the fiend*) *accuses* Lucy *of the crime.*

Stoat. Arrest that woman! There is the will. She inherits the dead man's fortune! (*Sensation.*)

Hector, *who knows that* Lucy *is a white girl, strikes* Stoat *in the face, and* Lucy *faints in his arms.*

Tableau—during which the Chorus sing "Stick it, Lad!" and "Love's Clue" until the bars are ready.

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

This Act is still a little sketchy. The Scene is the Good Book Shop in Shaftesbury Avenue, which Lucy is loyally managing for her dear Uncle's sake. Little does she think that the good books she sells contain dangerous drugs. The place is nothing but a Dope Shop. Not till Peter buys a copy of Dean INGE'S Essays and falls down in a stupor does she begin to suspect the truth. But by then it is too late. Hector, putting justice before passion, at last decides to arrest her for murder, which he does during the Finale. They sing "Love's Clue," and then the curtain falls, which is a pity, because during the interval Lucy is tried and condemned to death.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Lucy's *cell at Holloway.*

Chorus of Wardresses (*in bathing costumes*). "Holloway Peaches."



"HOLLOWAY PEACHES."

We are the girls of Holloway, and if you want a flirt
it's a cert.
At kissing or at cuddling we guarantee to you
In the good old British fashion we will try to cuddle through.
Holloway peaches
Always take the prize,
"Queens of the beaches,"
Every nice boy sighs;
Pentonville, sinners,
May have its pearls,
But we're the world's winners,
Holloway girls!

DANCE.

Exeunt Wardresses. *Enter* Lucy *in the latest Paris frock.*

Lucy. Oh, the disgrace of it! And that detective! Fool that I was to think that he loved me. I can never trust a policeman again. And yet, even now, I feel that he cannot be so base as he appears.

SONG—*Lucy.*

When love
skies
sighs
roses
day closes
eyes.
Man of my dreams,
Come back to me,
gleams
be!
Though skies may falter,
Though cowards palter,
I shall not alter,
Man of my dreams!

Enter the Governor of the Prison (*comic lead*).

Governor. Cheer up, Miss. Never say dye, as the blonde said to her mother-in-law. I say, Miss Lucy, have you heard this one?

Lucy. No, Mr. Governor.

Governor. Well, why is a Scotchman like an undergraduate on Boat-Race night?

Lucy. Why is a Scotchman like an undergraduate on Boat Race night?

Governor. That's right. Why is a Scotchman like an undergraduate on Boat-Race night?

Lucy. Well, Mr. Governor, I'm sure I don't know why an undergraduate is like a Scotchman on Boat Race night.

Governor. Because they're both a bit tight—see?

Lucy. Ha, ha! Dear Mr. Governor, you are quite a tonic to me.

Governor. Platonic? Nothing of that sort about me, Miss. And so you are condemned to death for the murder of Archdeacon Bass? Well, well.

SONG—*The Governor.*

When you feel depressed,
Life has lost its zest,

Punch's Almanack for 1931.

And the wife has got too much to say,
Never mope at home,
Now's the time to roam!
Here's a message for a rainy day:—

Cheer up! Cheer up!
You never know your luck;
There's a silver lining
Behind the dark clouds shining;
How d'you know it isn't oil you've struck?
Henry Ford and Co.
Were paupers once, you know,
So cheer up! Cheer up!
You never know your luck.

Re-enter Wardresses.

All. *Cheer up! Cheer up!*
You never know your luck, etc.

(*"Plug" this number ad lib.—or longer.*)
Exeunt Governor *and* Wardresses.

Lucy. How kind everybody is!

Enter Detective-Inspector Hector Tenor.

Lucy (*with withering scorn*). You!

Hector Tenor. Come, Miss Soprano, it is not too late. Even now I cannot believe that you are guilty of the hideous crime of which you have been convicted, and for which before two short days are over you are to pay the ultimate penalty of the law.

Lucy. I hate you! Oh, for a *Man!*

Hector. From your demeanour at the Old Bailey it was evident that you were keeping something back. Even now, if you will reveal all, I may be able to intervene with the Home Secretary.

Lucy. I promised my saintly uncle——

Hector. The blackest villain in Britain! Your uncle was "The Horror"!

Lucy. Brute! Insult me if you will, but do not besmirch the name of my dead relative. Oh, it is despicable!

Hector. Miss Lucy, I love you.

Lucy. Go!

Exit Hector.

Lucy. Hector, come back! [*Weeps.*

SONG—*Lucy.*

tears
years
Good-bye to Hope!
vain.
The Might Have Been.

Lucy. Who can have sent me this file and rope-ladder wrapped up in a sandwich? Does this mean that some friend is conriving at my escape?

Enter Stoat *disguised as* Hector.

Lucy. Hector!

Stoat. H'st! It is I! Not a word! You got the rope-ladder?

Lucy. How can I ever thank you?

Stoat. Take this bathing-dress and put it on. They will take you for one of the wardresses. Then climb out of the window. In front of you you will see a small door in the prison-wall leading to the street. It will be open. I shall be waiting for you outside.

Lucy. Then you love me?

Stoat. I have always loved you.

DUET—"Love is the Clue."

Exit Stoat. Lucy *puts on her bathing-dress and leaves the building.*

SCENE 2—*The Clock Tower of Westminster. Centre, the great bell of "Big Ben." Behind it the microphone installed by the B.B.C. Lashed to the bell is* Lucy: *the great clapper is above her head. In the background is seen the inside of the clock-face, from which, with a little brain-work, we perceive that the time is* 11.46.



Lucy. "DEATH, RATHER THAN—YOU."

Stoat (*crossing his arms*). So! This is your last chance, Lucy. Tell me that you will be mine and I untie your bonds.

Lucy. And if not?

Stoat. If not—in fourteen minutes midnight will strike, and that great clapper will descend twelve times. London will wonder why the chimes are muffled. But long before the stupid police arrive I shall be far away. The Sergeant-at-Arms is at Le Touquet and the only other key of the Tower is in my pocket. Ha!

Lucy. But you always seemed so gentle, Dean. Have you no regard for the sanctity of human life?

Stoat. I am no Dean. Listen, it was I who killed your uncle.

Lucy. You will hang for that.

Stoat. Walls have no ears. (*But the silly fool has forgotten the microphone.*) Well, which is it to be?

Lucy. Death, rather than—you.

Stoat (*wincing*). So be it! [*Exit.*

Lucy *bravely hums to herself:—*

"Cheer up! Cheer up!
You never know your luck."

Lucy. Twelve times. If only it were one o'clock I could bear it. Five minutes to. To think that I shall never see my dear hills of Devon again!

SONG—"Hills of Devon."

Lucy.

Green wold, pink heather,
Blue seas, God's weather—
Devon, my Devon!
fuchsias
bushes
Devon, my Devon!

(Rest of lyric to follow.)

Lucy. Two minutes to. I wonder why smoke is issuing from the door.

[*Sure enough, smoke is coming under the door leading to the stairs.*

And what is that strange whirring noise? It sounds like a balloon.

(*The whirring noise grows louder. Can it be an aeroplane?*)

The villain! He has set fire to the Clock Tower! I see it all now. Hector, Hector, what a fool I have been!

[*The whirring noise diminishes. But what is that shadow on the clock-face?*

One minute to! O Hector, save me!

[*That shadow! It is—it is—a Man! He is battering on the clock-face: he has broken the glass* (*at six o'clock*): *he is forcing his way through. It is* Hector.

Enter Hector *through the clock-face: he looks pretty grim. He rushes to the girl and tugs at the knots which bind her, but they are "grannies" and will not come undone. And apparently he has no pocket-knife. Desperate, he looks about him and instantly sizes up the situation. He runs to the microphone.*

Hector (*into the microphone shouts*) "S.O.S.! STOP THE CLOCK! STOP—BIG—BEN!

[*Already the preliminary chimes have begun. The two gaze at the clapper. There is the clank of machinery. The clapper trembles.*

Punch's Almanack for 1931.



Golfer (in remote rough). "NEVER MIND THAT AEROPLANE."
Caddie. "I THOUGHT 'E MIGHT 'A' BIN SENT TO LOOK FOR US."

Lucy. Hector, good-bye! I love you.
[*Under the shadow of the menacing clapper they embrace. It is a terrific scene.*

Hector. My queen! You shall not go alone. [*Gallantly places his head below the clapper.*

But suddenly the clapper is still. What has happened is this: an official at the B.B.C. heard Hector's *warning, and telephoned to the Office of Works, where the night-clerk rang up the Big Ben Department, who at once stopped the clock. And then they say that Government Departments are incapable of swift action! Enter through the clock-face* Peter *and* Marie Soubrette.

Peter. We were delayed. Our parachute fell on the House of Lords.

Enter, from the stairs, Stoat, *in a cloud of smoke.*

Stoat. Trapped! The Clock Tower is ablaze.

Enter through the clock-face Chorus of Officials of the B.B.C. (male and female, the former in knickerbockers, the latter in pyjamas). They sing "Cheer up! Cheer up!"

First B.B.C. Official. Through the microphone we heard this man confess to the murder of Archdeacon Bass.

Hector. Alfred Stoat, I arrest you on a charge of wilful murder.

Marie Soubrette. My husband a murderer! Oh!

Peter (to Marie). The moment he is hanged I shall ask you to be my wife.
[*They embrace.*



"IT IS HECTOR."

Hector (to Lucy). And perhaps it will be a double wedding. [*They embrace.*
Enter a Fireman.

Fireman. All's well, ladies, the fire has been extinguished.

FINALE.

All. Let joy and love
morrow
sorrow
gladness
sadness
Love is the clue
To all that's true,
Love is the Great Detective;
When skies are black,
When foes attack,
When joy hangs back,
Love is the Clue.

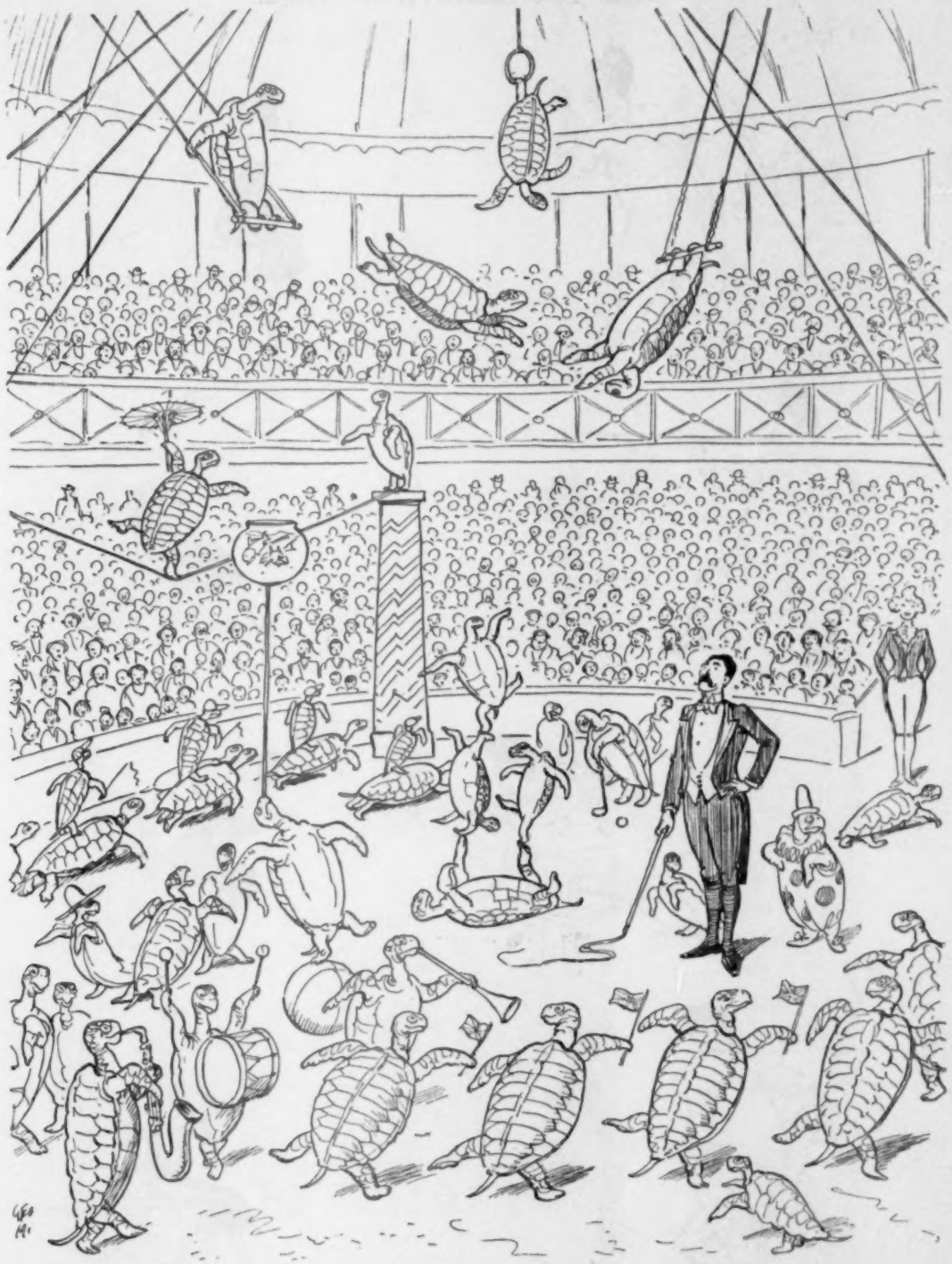
CURTAIN. A. P. H.

THE SAMPLER.

A LITTLE house, a hive of bees,
A dozen stiff three-cornered trees;
A bird in flight, a mill with sails,
Two peacocks with the strangest tails,
And, shaded by fantastic boughs,
Where neat enormous pigeons house,
Adam and Eve in white and green,
With the coiled serpent in between,
Whose form uncomfortably twines
In little jaggéd cross-stitch lines.
Haphazard strewn among all these
Are crowns and hearts and dogs and keys,
And underneath a faded rhyme
Of Sin and Death and Hastening Time,
All fairly bordered and enscrolled—
"ELIZA PICKLING, SIX YEARS OLD."

R. F.

Punch's Almanack for 1931.



PROFESSOR URBANUS AND HIS WONDERFUL TROUPE OF PERFORMING TURTLES WHO ARE TO GIVE A SPECIAL PERFORMANCE BEFORE THE LORD MAYOR AND ALDERMEN OF LONDON AT OLYMPIA IN THE COURSE OF THE CHRISTMAS SEASON.

Punch's Almanack for 1931.

THE TOO BEAUTIFUL VASE.



A VENETIAN GLASS-BLOWER'S TRAGEDY.

Punch's Almanack for 1931.

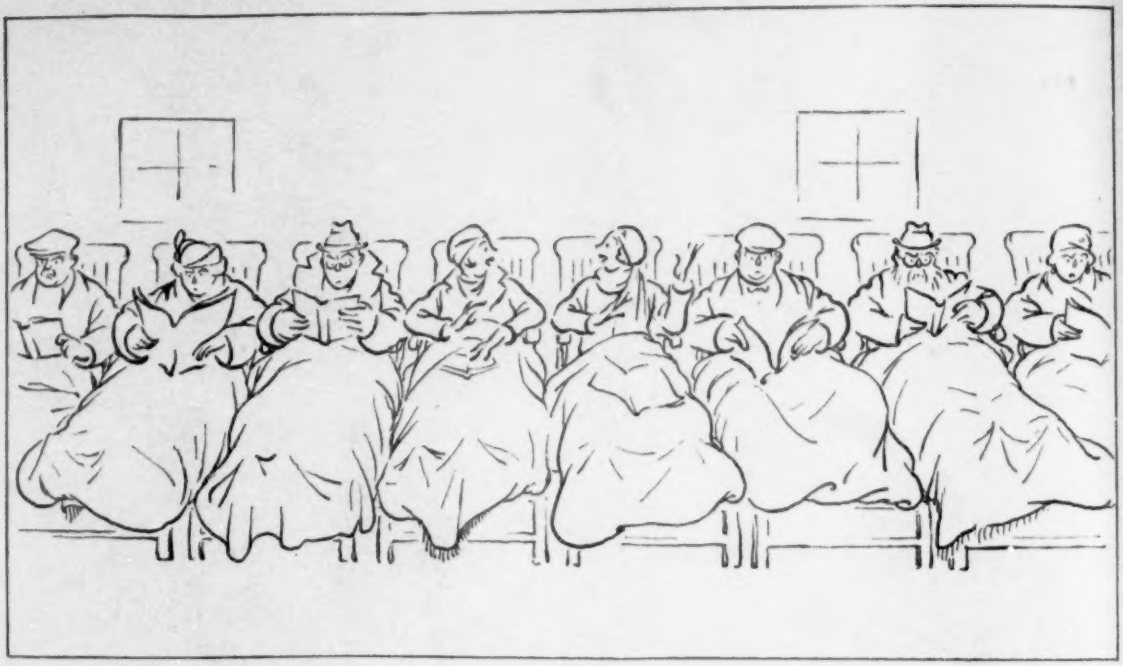
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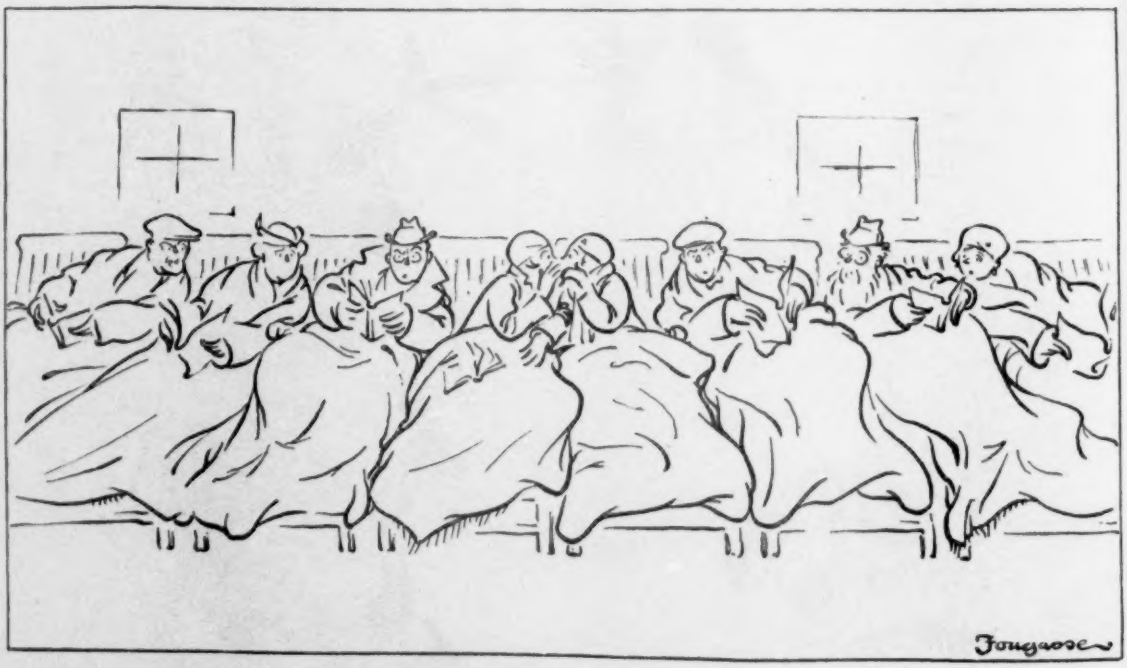
A VENETIAN GLASS-BLOWER'S TRAGEDY.

Punch's Almanack for 1931.

THE PROMENADE DECK.

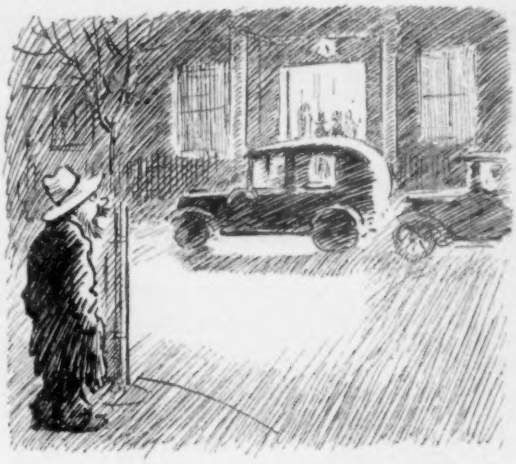


I HATE PEOPLE WHEN THEY KEEP UP AN EAR-SPLITTING CHATTER ALL THE TIME—



BUT I SIMPLY LOATHE THEM WHEN THEY WHISPER.

Punch's Almanack for 1931.













THE CRASHER.

Punch's Almanack for 1931.



INVITATION TO THE DANCE.

Punch's Almanack for 1931.



INVITATION TO THE DANCE.

Punch's Almanack for 1931.



Absent-minded Gentleman. "OH—ER—IS HER LADYSHIP—ER—IN?"



"HULLO, OLD MAN, NOT CHANGED? YOU 'RE GETTING A SLACKER."
"WHAT D'YER MEAN—'NOT CHANGED'? YOU DON'T SUPPOSE I WALK ABOUT LIKE THIS IN THE DAYLIGHT?"

Punch's Almanack for 1931.

IN THE HOME LIMELIGHT; OR, OFF-HOURS WITH THE BEST ACTORS.



OUR REPRESENTATIVE FOUND MR. OWEN NARES HAVING A PERMANENT DE-WAVE, IN THE HOPE OF STAYING THE FLOOD OF LETTERS FROM LOVE-LORN FLAPPERS.



MR. NOEL COWARD WAS RATHER BUSY. WHILE PAINTING SCENERY WITH ONE HAND AND COMPOSING ON THE PIANO WITH THE OTHER, HE WAS LEARNING A PART IN A NEW PLAY AND RECITING ANOTHER TO A DICTAPHONE.



SIR GERALD DU MAURIER APOLOGISED FOR HIS INFORMAL DRESS, EXPLAINING THAT HE HAD JUST RUN TWICE ROUND HAMPSTEAD HEATH TO GET HIS WEIGHT DOWN.



MISS TALLULAH BANKHEAD WAS PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO HER FACE, PREPARATORY TO FULFILLING HER DUTIES AS A VOLUNTARY SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.



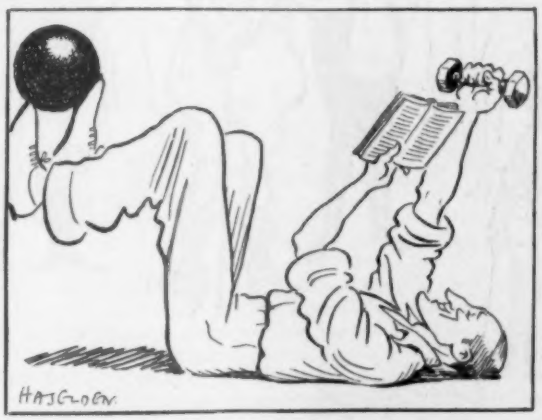
MISS SYBIL THORNDIKE WAS TRYING TO EXTEND HER REPERTOIRE BY PRACTISING THE LATEST MOVEMENT WITH A JAZZ DAGO.



SIR NIGEL PLAYFAIR WAS EXAMINING SOME OF THE FRAGMENTS OF A NEOLITHIC PLAY WHICH HE PURPOSES TO PRODUCE.



MISS ISABEL JEANS HAD JUST COME IN FROM DOING SOME ROUGH WORK IN THE GARDEN.



MR. JACK HULBERT WAS RESTING.



MISS EDNA BEST WAS LOOKING NEARLY TWO YEARS OLDER THAN PREVIOUS INTERVIEWERS HAD LED OUR REPRESENTATIVE TO EXPECT.

Punch's Almanack for 1931.

FASHION HINTS FOR WINTER-SPORT NOVICES.



At Mürren a strict orthodoxy is de rigueur.



At Wengen a certain laxity is permissible.



While at St. Moritz you can wear anything you d—— well please.

Punch's Almanack for 1931.

"IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING . . ."

THERE are few things on earth which compare in dignity with the atmosphere on board one of His Majesty's ships when she is approaching her anchorage. The smallest ship flying the White Ensign sweeps with awful majesty to her berth in a holy silence broken only by the swish of the water from her bows and the ritual incantation of the leadsman calling the depth of water. For any other person to speak so that he may be heard outside the ship is a crime punishable, if not by death, at least by such other punishment as is hereinafter mentioned, as the Naval Discipline Act so neatly has it.

Now Nobby Clarke, like Lord NELSON, cared little for authority. But, whereas the exercise of his lordship's discretion has been sung in heroic verse and finally commemorated on the highest monument in London, that of Nobby's was only recorded on his conduct-sheet.

But he was a connoisseur of plum-duff.

Nobby was watch below, and in preparing the mess-table for the mid-day meal, which would be enjoyed as soon as the ship came to an anchor, he had occasion to handle the plum-duff to which the mess had decided to treat themselves.

"Strewth!" said Nobby, "who made this 'ere?"

"Alf," replied another messmate.

And at that moment the voice of Alf could be heard from just above the open scuttle intoning the litany of the leadline.

"By the m-a-a-r-k sev-ern," chanted Alf hopefully.

Nobby's eyes gleamed with impending sin. In a moment he had jumped on to a mess-stool and thrust his head through the scuttle.

"'Ere, Alf!" he called, forgetful of his own peril and of the sacrosanct nature of that worthy's office and thinking of him only as an amateur cook of doubtful ability.

"What the——!" ejaculated Alf, pardonably surprised, and then, recovering himself, added, "Take yer blinking 'ead out of the light or I'll knock it off with the lead."

"Did you make this 'ere ruddy duff?" persisted Nobby.

"I did," replied Alf proudly but *sotto voce*.

"Then you better 'ang it on the end of yer blinking bit o' string," observed Nobby, and withdrew his head swiftly to avoid the swinging lead.

* * * * *

"Any person subject to this Act who shall be guilty of any profane oath, drunkenness, execration, swearing or other scandalous action . . . shall suffer," say the Articles of War, and proceed to enumerate the alternative sufferings which offenders under it may expect.

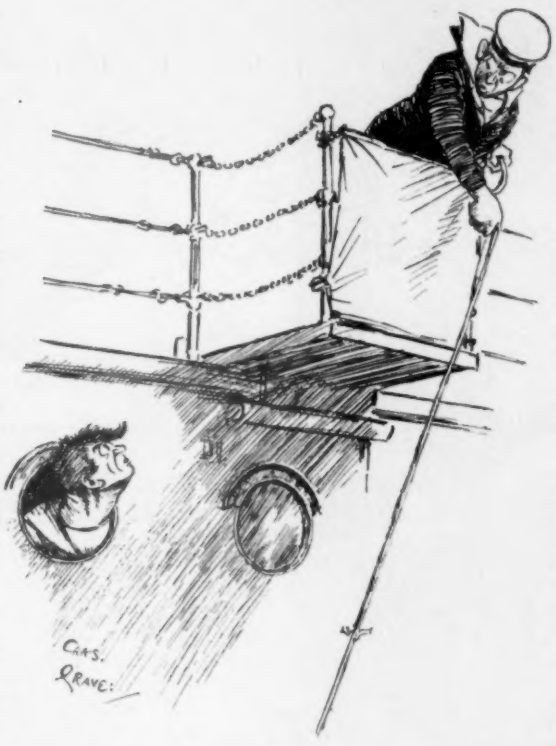
Nobby Clarke of all men in the Royal Navy should have known what such things were in practice punishable by. At frequent intervals during his brief but picturesque career he had had that precise paragraph read over his devoted head as a prelude to punishment by warrant.

"Or other scandalous action." And what more scandalous than sticking your head through a scuttle during the solemn moments before anchoring and addressing pithy comments on food to a man upon whom the safety (*sic*) of the ship in narrow waters depended?

Thus, to the intense satisfaction of Alf, Nobby figured on the Captain's defaulter list on the following day.

Nobby was not in appearance the model of what romantic spinsters imagine all British bluejackets to be. His kit was a perpetual source of anxiety to his divisional officer. Although when his clothes were mustered he always explained the shortage of proper equipment by the formula, "One on and one at the wash, Sir," the said wash never seemed to have the same effect upon his duck suits that it did upon those of other people.

"Able-Seaman Clarke—One pace forward march—Off cap!" ordered the Master-at-Arms, summoning Nobby to the seat of judgment.



"'DID YOU MAKE THIS 'ERE RUDDY DUFF?' PERSISTED NOBBY."

Nobby removed his cap, releasing a large lock of hair which fell disgracefully to the bridge of his nose.

The Captain viewed him with distaste.

"This man is reported, Sir, for——" began the Master-at-Arms.

"Yes, yes," said the Captain; "wait one minute, Master-at-Arms." He was not thinking at the moment of the dark deed for which Nobby was arraigned, but of his disgusting appearance. It was intolerable that he should be called upon to sentence a man unclean.

"Master-at-Arms," he said at length, with the admirable restraint which had earned him the sobriquet of "Gentleman Joe" on the Lower Deck, "this man is not properly dressed or shaven. He is dirty; he wants his hair cutting. He should not have been brought before me in this condition. I will remand the case. Bring him before me to-morrow when he is clean."

"Ay, ay, Sir," said the Master-at-Arms bravely, though his little legs shook. He knew that the Commander would require Nobby's appearance of him afterwards.

"Remanded—On cap—About Turn—Quick March," barked the Master-at-Arms, and added sinisterly, "Report yourself at the police-office at seven bells."

So Nobby went forrard unsentenced.

"What d' yer get, Nobby?" called a topmate.

Nobby put a spitkid to its designed use.

"First time," he replied disgustedly, "I ever knew Captain's defaulters was a beauty contest."

"Ah! yes," said his friend, "there's a lot in being blue-eyed. Didn't you get no chance of prodoocing the plum-duff as just cause and what not?"

"Chance!" growled Nobby. "I

Punch's Almanack for 1931.

TELEPHONE EAR.

Jongasse



"Is that Piccadilly 5496?
Is Captain Jones in the club?
Thanks. . . .



. . .



. . .



. . .



. . .



. . .



. . .



. . .



. . .



. . .



Oh, he's not?



Thank you."

didn't get no chance to clear me throat even. The owner 'e looks at me an' shades 'is eyes."

"Emotion, per'aps," commented the topmate, "at 'aving to sentence so smart an 'and."

"That's wot I thought till 'e spoke."

"What did 'e say, then?"

"'Strewth,' he says, 'what a norrible blighter!' 'e says. 'What a heyesore! What d'yer mean?' 'e says, turning savage like on the jaunty and frothin' at the mouth—'what the 'ell d'yer mean by bringing a lousy swine like that there before me 'ere?' That was me, mark you, that he was referring to. 'Take 'im away,' he shouts; 'take 'im away afore I throws up at the sight of 'im! Scrape 'im! Scrub 'im! Flay 'im! Flog 'im! Cut 'is blinking 'ead off and bring 'im back ter-morrer!' Call that justice?"

"'Old 'ard," whispered the topmate; "'ere comes Alf."

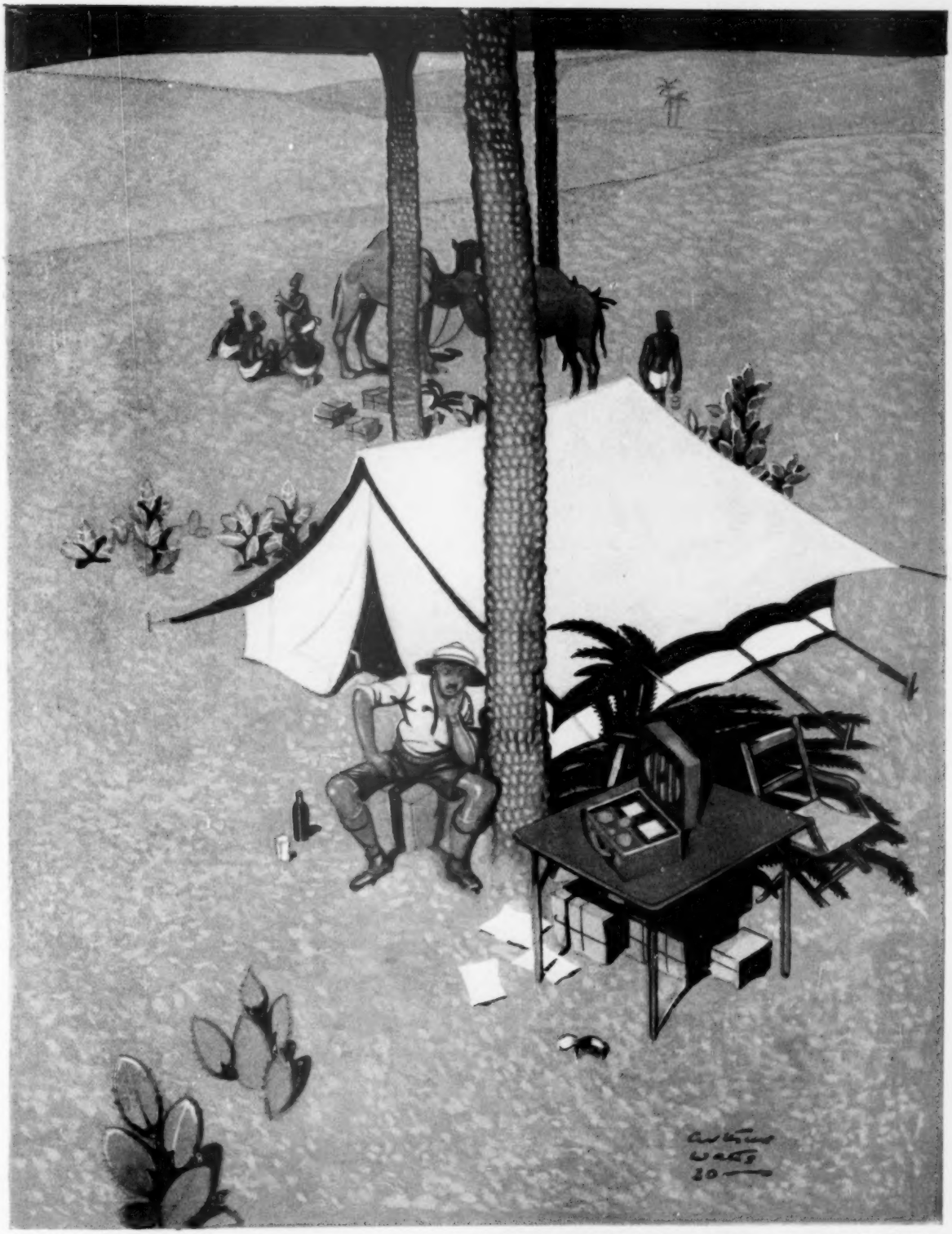
"Well," said Alf, "get a nice dose of Number Ten, Nobby?"

The light of battle came back into Nobby's eyes.

"No," he replied, "I was bound over."

"To keep the peace, I suppose?" observed Alf satirically.

"Yes," retorted Nobby, "the piece of plum-duff as a souvenir of 'ow a dud cook can make a smart 'and forget 'isself."



The Instrument. "MISS LUCILLE WORDSWORTH WILL NOW GIVE US HER TALK ON WINTER SPORTS AND WHAT TO WEAR."

Punch's Almanack for 1931.

TELEPHONE EAR.

Jongasse



"IS THAT PICCADILLY 5496?
IS CAPTAIN JONES IN THE CLUB?
THANKS. . . .



. . .



. . .



. . .



. . .



. . .



. . .



. . .



. . .



. . .



OH, HE'S NOT?



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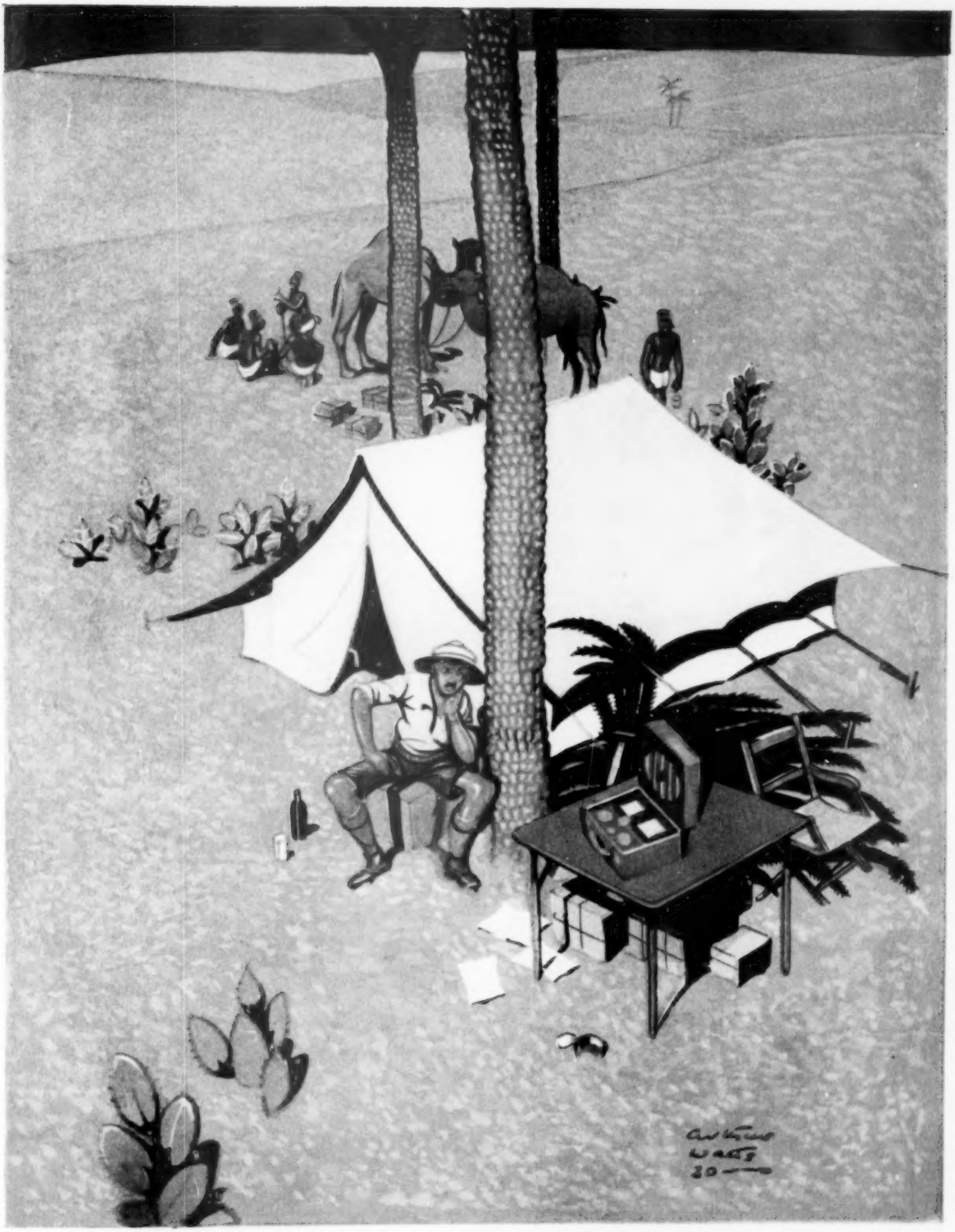
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The Instrument. "MISS LUCILLE WORDSWORTH WILL NOW GIVE US HER TALK ON WINTER SPORTS AND WHAT TO WEAR."



THE RENCONTRE.



(You are asked to take out your handkerchiefs, please.)

Oh, heart's despair!
Oh, rapture rare!
  Oh, lifetime of enslavement!
She could not know—
'Twas years ago,
  And windy down the pavement.

But Time that oft
With fingers soft
  Ties knots and then undoes 'em
Had set the prints
Of that gay chintz
  For ever on my bosom!

We might have said
Sweet words that led
  To sweeter-words
    Why, damme!

She might have been
My wife, my queen.
  She might have called me Sammy!

Remote, remote,
Dear petticoat!
  The ravishing enchanter
Went tripping by;
And till I die
  None other shall supplant her.

So let me sit
And muse on it;
  Her loveliness, forgot not,
  Remains for me
  On that settee
And even on the what-not.

EVOE.







A NEW YEAR'S RESIGNATION.

SOME lawful rest the men who play their part earn
As life towards the sere and yellow draws,
So I renounce henceforth the yearly star turn
That features Santa Claus.

No more, in tones that nothing but a trained ear
Could mark as mine, to little Joan or Jack
I'll talk about imaginary reindeer
Left on the chimney-stack.

No more I'll gum the wool upon my eyebrows
Or round my ears the bally beard put on
Which from the grown-ups would the ready gibe rouse,
The jeers from brother John.

I've met with some success among the babies
In game and dance, but stiffer grows the knee,
The costume hotter—anyway, the gay biz
Has got too much for me.

So, though for years I've duly Father Christmas'd
And tried to play the bloke with heart and soul,
Some junior uncle on the active list must
Take up the timeworn *rôle;*

And from the tree with artificial snow crowned,
With coloured candles bright and tinsell'd joys,
Distribute to the half-deluded folk round
Its pendent gifts and toys.

Farewell the hood, the red robe trimmed with swan's-down!
Farewell the top-boots and the facial gear!
Will someone kindly see that Uncle John's down
To do the job next year?

IF DOGS COULD ADVERTISE.

BULLDOG.—Seeking position of trust would exchange services (custodian) for good home. Light sleeper, recognises postmen.

SPANIEL.—Wishes to get in touch with energetic bachelor, no objection to pipe tobacco smoke. Little rough shooting. If living town would insist on daily exercise.

ABERDEEN TERRIER.—Wants good home with elderly couple where generous cook kept, no shopping, low fender essential.

DACHSHUND.—Stranger in a foreign land would welcome kind home where others similarly placed.

RETRIEVER.—Competent elderly retriever, seven years last post, experienced all kinds of game, wishes retired position where no other dogs. Suit potterer or gentleman belonging syndicate. Driven birds preferred. Kennel but would live in.

PEKINESE.—Luxurious and quiet home wanted by advertiser of gentle birth. Every comfort required, saloon car, own brush, no scraps.

FOX TERRIER.—Spirited and active terrier wishes rowdy home where plenty rats. Children essential, indifferent to cats. No fussing, country preferred.

Who did You Say was Speaking?

"793 . . S. T. Chidambarathandavamoorthia
Pillai . . . . . 16, Fourth Cross Street"
Telephone Directory in Ceylon.

The Barnum Touch.

"The brilliant sound-film effort depicting the historic first meeting between Professor Albert Einstein and Mr. George Bernard Shaw . . . is now being shown as an added attraction to 'Animal Crackers.'"—*Cinema Paper.*

SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE ALLEGED?

Being some New Year's Day reflections on the community-singing and other noises associated with this annual occurrence.

STILL chastened by the bells that chimed
For yet another year begun,
Into my bed I limply climbed
In the small hour of half-past-one.

Beneath me through the shattered night
Some homing revellers made a noise
Apparently for pure delight,
And put me off my equipoise.

They must be very young, I thought;
For me, I never waste my breath
In whoops of joy at having brought
My feet a year's march nearer death.

Perhaps they raised those dreadful cheers
Because at last they'd left behind
One of the most depressing years
That man or beast can call to mind.

(Not that the outlook seems to-day
Much merrier than a motor-hearse;
But things may mend, and anyway
They cannot very well be worse.)

And yet I doubt if this explains
Why they should be so strangely glad,
Seeing they lift the same old strains
Whatever kind of year they've had.

Rather I find, with simple folk
Whose lighter moods are thus expressed,
That always certain dates provoke
Expansion in the human chest.

Oh, then their punctual bosoms heave,
So fixed the habit is and strong,
As I remarked, this New Year's Eve,
Inside a Hall of Mirth and Song.

For at the end the leading low
Comedian bade the house combine
To let its common feelings go
And rend the air with "Auld Lang Syne."

That plea no patriot might ignore;
My neighbour (left) was stout and plain;
I'd never held her hand before
And hope I never shall again.

I could not, mindful though I be
Of Caledonia, wild and stern,
Recall a single time when we
Paddled together in the burn.

Yet—such the awful power of dates—
I boomed an oath that I would not
Permit the tie of twa auld mates
(Meaning us two) to be forgot.

O. S.

CHARIVARIA.

MR. HERBERT MORRISON predicts that railway-stations will become gay social centres, with restaurants and dance-halls. We visualise Mr. J. H. THOMAS assisting as a lounge-lizard.

* * *

"A piano that seems greasy should be washed with vinegar-and-water and then polished," says a household hint. Difficulty is often experienced in removing traces of contact with an oily virtuoso.

* * *

An architect has pointed out to an audience of children that dogs don't admire fine buildings. On the other hand it is something to be thankful for that they don't bark at ugly ones.

* * *

A Roman coin bearing the profile of Emperor POSTUMUS has been unearthed at Thatchem, near Reading. It is said that as soon as he saw it one of the workmen shouted "Heads!"

* * *

"Scarface" AL CAPONE wears a Leander tie, it seems. Our belief is that he doesn't care who knows that he is not entitled to do so.

* * *

We hear that the Chess Tournament at Hastings passed off quietly and the town now looks quite normal again.

* * *

The published series of photographs of Señor CAPABLANCA in characteristic attitudes at the chess-board should be of assistance to the novice.

* * *

A United States meteorological expert predicts that 1931 in Britain will be a very dry year. It takes Prohibition to make a country really wet.

* * *

In the last year American Courts imposed fines totalling £1,400,000 on charges connected with Prohibition. It certainly seems to be a financial success.

* * *

We are reminded that Americans are poor tea-drinkers. In order to stimulate the consumption of this beverage over there it is proposed to prohibit it.

* * *

Amateur organists, who are alleged to have usurped the places of professionals, are said to include doctors and dentists. They are naturally attracted by an instrument which can be made to sound so like a patient.

* * *

A country correspondent writes to us with reference to the Habima Players, asking how habima is played.

* * *

Writing on the subject of alimony, a legal expert explains that a much-married woman cannot enrich herself by means of repeated maintenance orders against successive husbands. The possibilities of marriage as a career seem to have been grossly exaggerated.

* * *

A German lady-novelist who has been visiting this country expresses the opinion that women are becoming more gentlemanly. She can't have seen the sales.

* * *

A correspondent asks why men do not attend sales as women do. We presume it is due to the fact that not every man is keen on blood sports.

* * *

The characteristic sound of Chicago, as recorded by an instrument placed at a great height above the street level, is described as resembling the hum of a motor running without engine knocks. But surely there is occasionally a suggestion of back-firing?

* * *

American business-men are economising in cigars. They are chewing less expensive brands.

* * *

"You have only to press a button," says a scientist, "and everything is done for you nowadays." He has evidently had no experience of button B.

* * *

A West-Country Mayor has confessed that one evening he dined in three different hotels. There is some talk of making him an honorary gossip-writer.

* * *

At most London hotels on New Year's Eve popular Scottish airs were played, including, we presume, the favourite melody, "Haggis, Where Art Thou?"

* * *

A larger and lighter golf-ball is now being used in America. There are still some who hope that the next invention will be a golf-ball with the homing instinct.

* * *

A contemporary mentions a London doctor who is also a playwright. He is said to have a good stage-side manner.

* * *

A doctor has mentioned that politicians live longer than the average man. We have been told this before and it is cruel to keep rubbing it in.

* * *

It is stated that the habit of Society brides taking pet dogs to their weddings is growing. This seems to be a matter for the R.S.P.C.A.

* * *

Experiments are being made with false teeth made of stainless steel. This is just the sort of thing that puts the purveyor of beef-steaks on his mettle.



A SAVING GRACE.

JOHN BULL. "WHEN I'M TOLD THAT EVERYTHING IS GOING DOWN, IT'S NICE TO KNOW THAT SOMETHING'S COMING UP."

[To-day a replica of the 1,000,000,000th National Savings Certificate is being presented to the KING. The present weekly average of sales is the highest since 1923.]



THE YOUNG WOMAN IN BUSINESS.

The Manager. "THE HEAD OF YOUR DEPARTMENT COMPLAINS THAT YOU COME TO BUSINESS FRIVOLOUSLY DRESSED. I DON'T LIKE YOUR TIE AND I DON'T LIKE YOUR SOCKS. ALTER THEM, PLEASE."

NEW NAVY.

"I DON'T 'old with these 'ere new-fangled gadgets," observed the Quartermaster, eyeing the microphone above his desk at the starboard gangway suspiciously.

"They saves a lot of walking," said the Boatswain's Mate; "with a loud-speaker on every mess-deck connected with that there microphone, one pipe does the 'ole bloomin' ship."

"Yus," retorted the Quartermaster disgustedly, "you're proper new Navy you are. Got your killick for passing exams—'igher heducation! Can't tie an 'itch, but can unbutton a problem of algee-bra. Advanced Class, weren't you, as a boy?"

"I was."

"An' you look it."

"There's no call to be rude."

"Not 'arf there ain't. You and your sort! You makes me sick. You whispers into a 'lectrical gadget 'cos you ain't got the guts to bawl like a proper bosun's mate, an' yer voice sounds louder on the mess-deck than what mine do with years of practice."

"I moves with the times, I does."

"An' very nice too. It won't be long afore you'll be saying, 'Good evening, everybody! Good evening! First of all I 'as an S.O.S. Will the life-boat's crew go at once to their boat—please—to pick up a cove what's fallen overboard and is now lying in the ditch in a serious condition? When last seen he was wearin' a pair o' pusser's seaboots, brown 'air, blue eyes——'"

"You will have your drop of sarcs, won't you?"

"Well, I reckon this 'ere's one of His Majesty's Ships, not a—a something stoodio."

"Anyway you don't get no mistakes about pipes through a loud-speaker."

"Don't you just? What happened last General Drill day, then?"

"Couldn't say. I was sick in 'ospital."

"Ah! so you was. You must be more careful of yerself, you know. Give over wearin' silk hunderclothes and take to a sailor's flannel. Well, I'll tell you what 'appened. Things was gettin' a bit sticky. We 'adn't finished one evolution afore we started on the next. There was wires all over the deck and Gawd knows where the bower-anchor was——"

"Proper mess."

"You're right—for once. The Bloke 'e was fair mad. 'Quartermaster,' 'e shouts, 'Quartermaster! Pipe Clear Lower Deck Everybody Aft!' 'Ay, ay, Sir,' I says and jumps forrard with me call. 'No, you ruddy monkey,' 'e yells, 'not that way—through the loud-speakers! What the 'ell's the use of 'avin' 'em if you don't use 'em?'

"'Ruddy monkey!' I says, stung like into forgettin' myself temporary and lookin' at 'im 'oppin' up and down. 'Ruddy monkey, am I? Well then, there are two of us.'"

"'Yes,' 'e repartees, 'you and your flaming old father! Get on with it. Pipe Everybody Aft.'"

"Ah! 'e's a nut 'e is, the Commander—and a proper gentleman."

"Fancy you noticin' that. So I steps up to this 'ere blarsted mouthpiece and pipes, 'Clee——Arlowerdeck Ev——rybodyAFT.' And what d'yer think 'appened at the other end?"

"Oscillation, I should say."

"Now then, none of your 'ighbrow stuff on me. No. 'Clee—Arlowerdeck

Ev—rybody's DAFT.' Yes, you may laugh, but the Commander 'e didn't."

"You should have put it down to distortion."

"Maybe; all the distortion I ever wants to see was on the Bloke's face. I nearly lost me rate over that turn-out."

"Still everybody 'eard the pipe."

"I should say so. And that's another thing. Ever since I been in the Service, 'Didn't 'ear the pipe, Sir,' 'as been a proper Ordinary Seaman's excuse for not musterin' with the 'ands. And now what are pore O.D.'s to say? 'Didn't 'ear the loud-speaker, Sir?'—when anybody what didn't ought to be invalided for blistered ear-'oles."

"Yes, it'll smarten things up and no mistake. What about these 'ighups from the Admeer-ality what are walking round the ship to-day?"

"Well, what about them? You ain't afraid of 'em, are yer? There's two old ships of mine among 'em."

"Is that so? Well, you'll be broadcasting to them in a minute or two."

"What's that? What d' yer mean?"

"I 'eard the Owner ask 'em if they'd like to muster in the wardroom to hear dinner piped through the speakers."

"Go on."

"That's right enough."

"What's the time?"

"It wants a couple of minutes to eight bells."

"Lor! I feels all queer—sort of stage fright, I suppose."

"Go on—you wouldn't give a raspberry for the 'ole Board of Admir-ality if you was walkin' round with your call."

"That's true. Well, I 'opes the wardroom orficers lush 'em up to a gin-an'-bitters to take their minds off it a bit."

"Perhaps the two you knows will recognise your voice."

"Ah! them two. They was lads of the village when I knew 'em, believe me. One was the Gunnery Jack and the other Jimmy the One. Very fond of a bit of skirt they were. I remember——"

"Best move further away from the microphone, 'adn't you?"

"That's all right. It's switched off. Yes, as I was saying, it do seem funny them being Admirals now. I remembers a little Spanish bit they was both gone on. My word, she was 'ot stuff too! I was stern-sheetman of the picket-boat. If I was to write me mee-moirs I could devote an 'ole chapter to that there hincident and never 'ave a dull moment in it."

"What 'appened to her—the Spanish piece?"

"What usually 'appens to 'em? She got left be'ind and forgotten when the ship sailed, o' course. Then we paid off and they two got promotionitis and turned respectable—leastways I suppose they did."

"What makes you think that?"

"Well, they're Admirals, aren't they?"

"Yes, but——"

"Now look 'ere, my lad, you call to mind that pome what was writ about the Laws of the Blinkin' Navy:—

"'Take 'eed what you says of yer rulers,
Be yer words spoken softly or plain,
Lest a bird of the hair catch the matter
And so you shall hear it again.'

Besides I seen what they married. Not at all like the Spanish bit. Proper British matrons what knows when the side boy's not properly dressed. You know the sort."

"Do I not? Well, best pipe dinner now."

"Right. Stand by for the Children's Hour. *Streuth!*"

"What's up? 'Ere, what's up? You look all pale!"

"The ruddy switch was *on* all the time!"



"AND HOW DID YOU SPEND YOUR NEW YEAR'S DAY, DOCTOR?"
"I DIDNA SPEND IT. I JUST KEPT IT AT HAME."

AT THE CIRCUS.

OLYMPIA.

THE first Act of the BERTRAM MILLS Circus, 1930-31, was the "inauguration," to the accompaniment of excellent food and wine, and no doubt as excellent speeches rendered quite inaudible by braying loud-speakers in the now customary manner. Maharajahs, Prime and other Ministers, the LORD MAYOR, Marquises, Barons, Baronets and Knights, and simple Gentlemen (mainly of the Press), with their ladies—in all to the number of nine-hundred-and-sixty, lent the light of their countenances. A thoroughly good turn. Then followed twenty-six others, each, as one might say, more curious, exciting and competent than the last, and most labelled proudly by the indefatigable Mr. MILLS "first time in England."

The highest award should, we suppose, be given to the WALLENDAS, who put all our hearts into our mouths. Even a hard-bitten *viveur*, critic and cynic beside me had to avert his eyes and confess himself on the verge of hysterical panic. The *clou* of this astonishing affair was the slow procession to the centre of the high wire of two men with balancing-poles, bearing a yoke with horizontal bar. Standing on the bar was a third man, carrying, besides his pole, a white wooden chair; behind the second yoked WALLENDA, walking gingerly, and clinging to his shoulders was a self-possessed lady. The hero balanced on the bar carefully placed his chair beneath him, sat on the seat, then on the back; the lady stealthily climbed on to his back, on to his shoulders; and, this miracle accomplished, the precarious pyramid proceeded to the end of the wire and its constituent members were collected by their assistants and disassembled, to our immense relief and that of the attendants below, who were *pro forma* holding a quite inadequate blanket.

Stupendous!

The suffrages of the audience for the second prize, if laughter beyond control be any indication, would go to the water-comedy of the four devoted fools, the BRONETTS, old favourites who have pleasantly varied their rough nonsense, keeping for us the essential delight—the seeing of our fellow-men involved in unmerited and abject misfortunes occasioned by slappings, trippings and above all by flood.

It seemed nothing to a relatively



A YUNG CHINESE PUZZLE.



THE INTRUSIONS OF CHARLIE.

elderly YUNG of the China Troupe to sidle up and down a staircase, the while balancing on his hands an inverted youthful YUNG. It seemed a marvellous feat to all of us. And what somersaultist had ever invented such cartwheels as Signoretta BEDINI of the BEDINI TAFANIS? Or was ever such net-scorning courage as handsome lithe ALBERT POWELL exhibited on his trapeze?

Then the DEBLARS on their stilted cycles—BRUNO DEBLAR, ex-airman, with his brave girl-assistants, one or two of whom came croppers, no doubt on the well-known plan of making the seemingly impossible look just a little more difficult still.

Of the animal turns it is difficult not to vote first for Captain TIEBOR'S twelve sea-lions, of which at least two were admirable and conscious buffoons, making surreptitious forays towards the fish-basket, playing their brief tunes on a gigantic mouth-organ with an air of complacent triumph that the proudest prima donna might envy; all experts in balancing and in loose-ordered drill, and all looking as if they were enjoying themselves immensely.

The "unbelievable" Tiger that rides on horseback was, if tamed, anything but shabby. He was, however, as bored as he was competent, and looked steadily at us through the bars in the manner incident to his disdainful kind, and I would have given a crown for his thoughts! I missed MAXIMILLIAN'S Lions—without regret.

The four SCHUMANNS showed the paces of their beautiful horses and their own fine horsemanship—a turn that will never grow stale.

The Tonowanda Indians lived up to their advertisement—"trick-riding to perfection." The CAROLIS in full evening dress somersaulted from horse to following horse, good stout mounts with Percheron blood in them, I should surmise; and who but the intrepid "CHAPLIN" of the CAROLI troupe would essay with success the leaping on to a pacing bay with trousers shamefully coming down—surely the most disabling *contretemps* in the whole gamut of human misfortunes?

Señor JOSÉ RAMON PIETRO'S two unrideable mules gambolled and bucked and made wicked eyes and kicked the courageous team of hired aspirants for the unwon guinea prize into and under and over the ropes with admirable self-control and, I think, a touch of humour.

The Highland Laddies' pipe band stepped bravely and made their national din with a will. We all gave them the hearty tribute they deserved



GRACE AND DEXTERITY.
TIEBOR'S SEA-LIONS.

—well, no, perhaps not that, but we applauded them sincerely for a fine (if misguided) piece of *bravura*.



AN EGG-SCRAMBLE BY THE BRONETTS.

Obviously an immense, stupendous, laughter-moving, all-ages show. T.

The Big Bug.

"The Steyn Cup for leadership and good fellowship went this year to Rodney ——. He had wielded a fine influenza in the classroom and on the playing fields."
School Report in South African Paper.

BEAUTY IN DISTRESS.

IT is over three years now since the Editor of *The Morning Glass* announced to his readers that Miss Gay Larkin, the famous musical-comedy star, would contribute a weekly article on beauty. One awaited the feature in considerable admiration of the versatility and industry of the lady. One marvelled a little at the lavishness of Nature in bestowing the gift of literary expression upon one who already sang and danced. One even had a slightly difficult moment in which one questioned the probability of the fact of being beautiful also carrying with it the fitness to indicate the ways of beauty to others.

Her initial article I remember vividly. It was called

THE CARE OF THE SKIN,

and told us to pat the cream *upwards*, as a downwards movement made for those premature wrinkles so disfiguring to the appearance. And in these days of rush and little worries, of dust and fogs and mental strain. . . .

And in the top right-hand corner was a photograph, about the size of a five-shilling stamp, of Miss Larkin caring for her face and looking quite grave as she dabbed upwards. Admirable! I began to care for my own quite a lot.

The second article was on

THE CARE OF THE HANDS.

Woman's great, if unsuspected, charm . . . the character of *your* hands . . . In these free-and-easy days, when the kindly kid glove is no longer *de rigueur* at dances . . . chapped reddened hands *may alienate partners*. . . . And the photograph showed Miss Larkin contemplating one hand laid out on a bath-towel.

After this came

BE KIND TO YOUR HAIR!

And the postage-stamp showed Miss Larkin bending over a basin enjoying a shampoo of Ozonia Foam.

From top to toe was a natural transition, and next Saturday there was a sympathetic causerie on the care of our feet ("Foot-notes"). How much thought do *you* bestow on these willing servants? . . . She pointed out that our feet, hidden in leather and, as you might say, anonymous, do our most valuable work for us; and how, she asked, do we reward them? By tight shoes, which made the unsightly bunion . . . by ill-fitting stockings . . . The corn . . . The callous . . . The gentle

massage night and morning. . . . She herself could never get through her exacting part in *Little Miss Mistletoe*, with its solo dances, unless . . . .

And so Miss Larkin efficiently led us to that promised land where beauty dwells.

* * * * *

Now there are fifty-two weeks in the year. Miss Larkin is still writing. She has contributed, as I have remarked already, for over three years to *The Morning Glass*, making a total of some one hundred and sixty-two articles. And she has long ago been faced by the depressing truth that human beings don't possess one hundred and sixty-two features capable of improvement. In a word—and I hate to say it—she is not only beginning to repeat herself, but has been driven into the deeper ditch of irrelevance.

With regard to the repetition, she has dwelt upon our feet three times and on our hair five. Nine times to date she has given us hints on manicure, and, when completely at bay, she writes upon the Curse of the Crow's-foot (with notes on dabbing upwards).

As for the irrelevance, for the past ten months she has been reduced to such by-ways of beauty as "Cultivate a Graceful Walk"; "Cheerfulness is Charm"; "Love, the Beautifier" (with womanly rider to the effect that, though we cannot all hope to attract men, we can love humanity, nature, hobbies and pets); "The Right Way to Breathe"; also "Be Reposeful." In the hurly-burly of modern life . . . Claims on one's time and nervous energy . . . Relaxing the muscles . . . And other pointers to charm include "Let Your Brolly Match Your Bag," "That Worrying Habit" and "Keep Your Gloves Uncreased."

* * * * *

Poor Larkin! I began to suspect that all was not well when her photograph gradually expanded from the size of a five-shilling stamp to the dimensions of half a postal-order. RACHEL.

A Right Word Gone Wrong.

"Everybody was imbibed with the spirit of Christmas. . . ."—*Berwickshire Paper.*

From an Oxford Hatter's Window:—

"THE 1931 BOWLER—IN FOUR DIMENSIONS."

He seems to be talking through it.

". . . the walls were lined with photographs of various Scout vamps, serving to remind members of the many happy days they had spent in scouting."

New Zealand Paper.

Does Lord BADEN-POWELL know about this?

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

"IT has been a long journey," said Charles; "the road has been rough at times, but the goal is almost reached."

Charles is very fond of opening fresh topics with observations of a cryptic and obviously prefatory nature like this; they always remind me of a passage in a school history-book I once read which went as follows: "The siege of Toulon was raised at last, mainly owing to the skill and untiring energy of a young artillery officer, Napoleon Bonaparte." One felt somehow that one would hear more of the young artillery officer referred to, and one was very likely, too likely, to hear more of the subjects opened by Charles in the above manner.

"And the goal," he repeated, when the eager inquiries as to his meaning proved to be lacking, "is almost reached. You remember, Julia, my New Year resolution?"

"I've heard no New Year resolutions mentioned yet," said Julia. "It's high time to make them if we're going to; there's only about twenty minutes left."

"I am referring," said Charles, "to last New Year, when, you may remember, I resolved to give up cigarettes. I have smoked none since, and, as I say, the hour of my triumph is approaching."

("I thought so," I mused, trying hard to keep my mind on my book; "here's the young artillery officer again, making conquests in Lombardy and returning to be made First Consul.")

"You ought to remember it, Julia," said Charles. "It was you who spurred me on to the endeavour; you and you alone who provided the inspiration."

"Charles, you surprise me," said Julia, averting her eyes and trying unsuccessfully to look bashful; "I—I had no idea you thought of me in that way."

"I didn't," said Charles. "But you were a heavy cigarette-smoker and, as far as my experience went, never bought or contemplated buying any of your own. You were always cadging mine, so I decided to give up smoking them and to stick to a pipe."

"I have often thought of starting a pipe myself," said Julia contemplatively.

"I shouldn't," said Charles. "You wouldn't like my tobacco; it's too strong."

"I remember your taking the resolution now you've said what it was," said Julia. "Didn't you also forswear the buying of chocolates from that day onward?"

"I did," said Charles. "During the year I had taken three ladies to the theatre, and each time an attendant, when we were nearing our seats, had asked in a loud clear voice in the hearing of the lady whether I would like any chocolates. Each time I had tried to say 'No' and failed; I felt that my virility was being sapped and I determined in the New Year to try to regain my self-confidence."

"And did you?" asked Julia.

"No," said Charles. "I took my Aunt Lucy to a thriller in January and was blackmailed in the same way as before." His voice grew thick and rather shaky. "I struggled hard," he said, "and I failed again."

"And in the cigarette resolution," said Julia tactfully, "you were more successful?"

("First Consul?" I thought, laying my book aside, for reading was impossible. "It is but a step in the career of the young artillery officer; here he is proclaimed Emperor of the French!")

"I have," said Charles, "as I stated, all but won through."

"All but about ten minutes," said Julia, glancing at the clock on the mantelpiece.

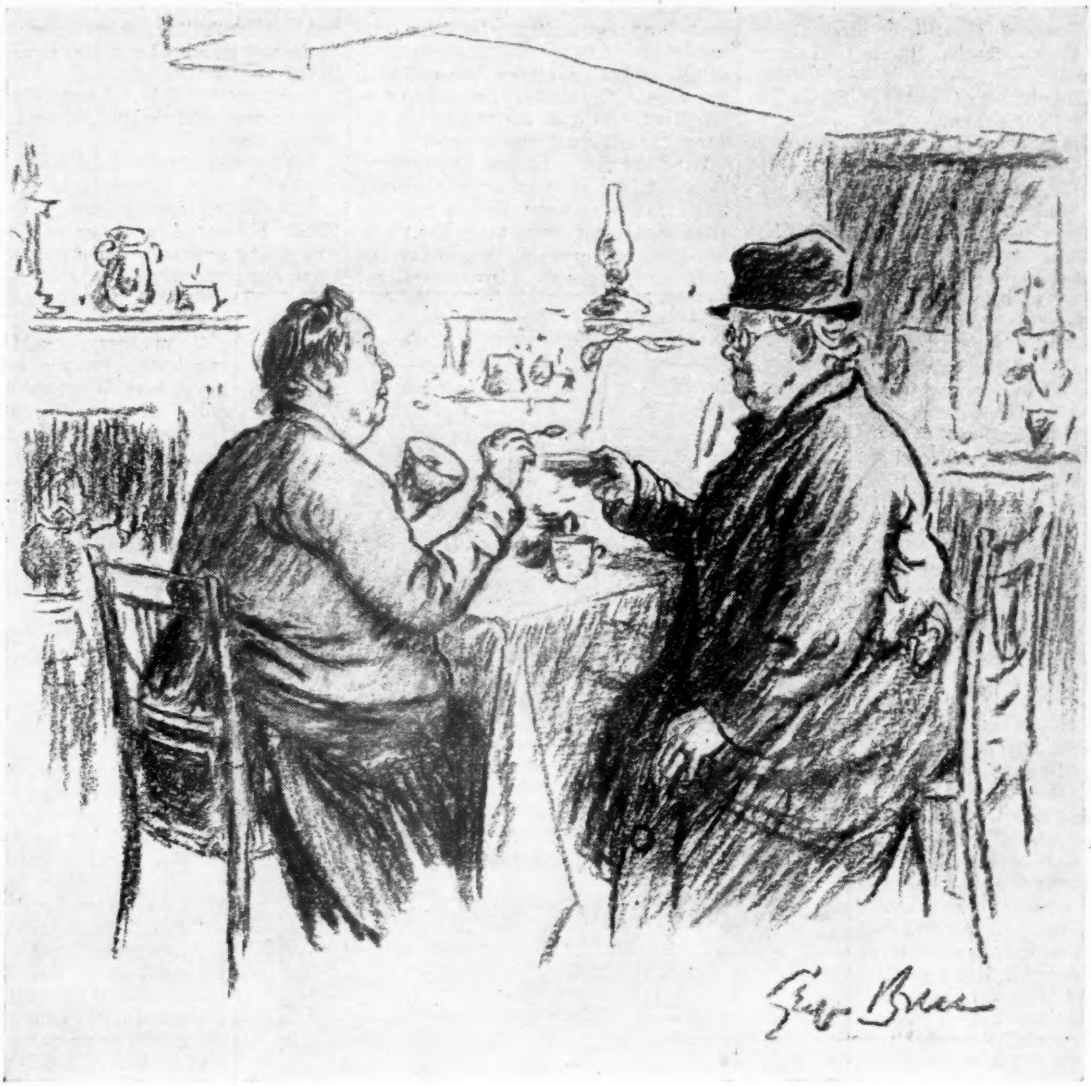
"There were many pitfalls on the road," said Charles. "There was that time when I beat Fosby by holing out a niblick from the rough at the twentieth. I was ready then to throw all restraint to the winds; I was filled with a kind of reckless sangfroid; I could have argued with a taxi-driver, dismissed a cook—anything. I almost believe that I could have refused to buy chocolates in a theatre. I don't know; perhaps that is an exaggeration. But had Fosby offered me a cigarette I might well have fallen. Fortunately he offered me nothing but a good evening, and from his tone I don't think he meant even that. And before temptation had arisen from any other quarter I had arrived home and found the income-tax collector waiting to see me, and somehow the interview seemed to sober me down."

"A near thing," said Julia.

"And then," said Charles, "there was the evening when I attended the annual dinner of the Alesworthy Amateur Agricultural Association. One of the members was reading a paper on 'The Perfect Pigsty,' and my attention was so absorbed that when my neighbour offered me a cigarette I automatically took one and placed it in my lips. He was in the act of lighting it for me when I remembered my pledge and flung it from me. He never spoke to me again, but, though I may have lost a friend——"

He was rudely interrupted by the clock striking twelve.

"You've done it," said Julia. "I



First Lady. "MILLIE'S GOT HER DIVORCE FROM MR. BLOGGS THE MILKMAN, AND SHE'S GOING TO MARRY OUR ALBERT."
Second Lady. "WHY DID SHE GET A DIVORCE?"
First Lady. "WELL, YOU SEE, SHE WANTED TO BETTER 'ERSELF."

beg your pardon; I mean you've won through. Have a cigarette," and she held out her case.

"Julia," said Charles, taking one, "I am glad to see you have improved. A happy New Year."

This greeting was exchanged between the three of us, and then Sylvia entered the room and we wished the same to her.

"You're too soon," said Sylvia coldly. "There's three minutes to go yet; we always keep that clock five minutes fast."

I looked at Charles apprehensively and so did Julia. But he smoked on serenely, unconcerned apparently at his broken pledge, and was smiling to himself.

Julia told me afterwards that she didn't believe he'd ever taken his resolution seriously. She said she thought it was a ruse of his to cadge a cigarette from her. "It's just like him," she said. Had Charles been consulted in the matter he would probably have said that it was more like her.

For myself I should say the ruse was doubtful; but I agree with her that the resolution can hardly have been treated seriously. Foiled by fate at the eleventh hour, would he not have been moody, taciturn, morose? Would not the three of us have hung back, fearful of addressing him? I think so. There was another passage in my history-book which went as follows: "Few remarks were addressed by his companions to the ex-Emperor on the voyage to St. Helena." C. B.

An Impending Apology.

"The other livestock was fairly good, though the reduction of the prizes for pigs has led to the withdrawal of Dr. ——."
Barbados Paper.

"INEXPENSIVE SMALL LADIES."

"GOING up?" said the lift-girl.

"Cheap frocks, please," I murmured.

"Inexpensive Gowns?" said the lift-girl. "First floor."

She was about to slam the gates when a little tired woman in brown appeared outside, her hands festooned with parcels, and squeezed into the lift.

"Day-dresses," she panted. "Not too dear."

"Inexpensive Gowns?" said the lift-girl. "First floor."

Together, but ignoring each other's proximity, I and the little brown woman made our way to the Inexpensive Gowns, and handed ourselves over to the ministrations of two black angels. I call them angels not because they had angelic faces, but because they moved with a slow floating movement through space, wore flowing draperies and were so flat-chested as to be apparently sexless.

With my angel hovering at my side I picked out three frocks from the rail marked 39/11 and a couple more from the one marked 63/-.

"I'd like to try on these ones, please." The angel's plucked eyebrows arched themselves in surprise and she measured me coolly from her own five-feet-ten.

"You didn't want them for yourself, did you, Modom? I'm afraid these are all far too large. Modom takes an SSW surely?"

"SW," I corrected her. "Not *SS*. Will you show me some smaller ones, then?"

"We've nothing less than W. in this department," said the sylph. "Modom should try the Small Ladies, on the second floor."

"Oh, I see. I'm so sorry to have troubled you."

The angel gave a pardoning inclination of the head and wafted the dresses back on to their rails again.

While I was waiting for the lift the little brown woman appeared at my side, looking a shade more tired than before. We glanced tentatively at each other, then rapidly averted our gaze as though afraid that in another moment we might break into conversation.

"Going up?" said the lift-girl. The little brown woman made a dash for the gate. So did I. We collided and smiled apologetically. The ice was cracking.

"Small Ladies, please," we said with one voice. The smiles changed to rueful grins and the ice trickled away down the lift-shaft unobserved.

Over the Small Ladies' Department hung an air of miniature elegance. Neither the dummy figures nor the attendant angels were taller than five-feet-four. Everything was neat and *petite* and exquisite. Involuntarily I drew myself up; my self-respect returned, my vanity reasserted itself. We were not neglected, after all, we small ones; indeed, all the prettiest things seemed to have been reserved for us—or was it merely that on our fairy-like figures everything looked much nicer?

I picked out a ravishing frock and inquired the price.

"Fourteen-and-a-half guineas," replied the miniature angel.

I tried not to look as though I had picked up a hot brick, but only as though the frock on closer inspection had ceased to please me. Thereafter I resolved to glance surreptitiously at the tickets before allowing myself to become attracted. But nowhere in the whole case did the figures sink below the forbidding level of "Seven-seventeen-six." There was nothing for it but to confess to the angel.

"As a matter of fact I wanted something a good deal cheaper," I explained apologetically.

"What sort of price did Modom wish to pay?"

"Oh, about four guineas," I lied. What I wanted to pay, of course, was thirty-nine-and-eleven-pence; but there are some questions that no one even attempts to answer truthfully.

"I'm sorry," said the angelette, "but our lowest price here is seven-and-a-half. Modom wants the Inexpensive Gowns on the first floor."

"But they're all too *big*," I protested. "The department I want is the Inexpensive Small Ladies."

"I'm sorry," said the angel again, "but I'm afraid there's no such thing." She smiled with gentle finality and turned to another customer.

The little brown woman was already waiting forlornly for the lift.

"Can *you* explain it?" I asked, dispensing with preliminaries.

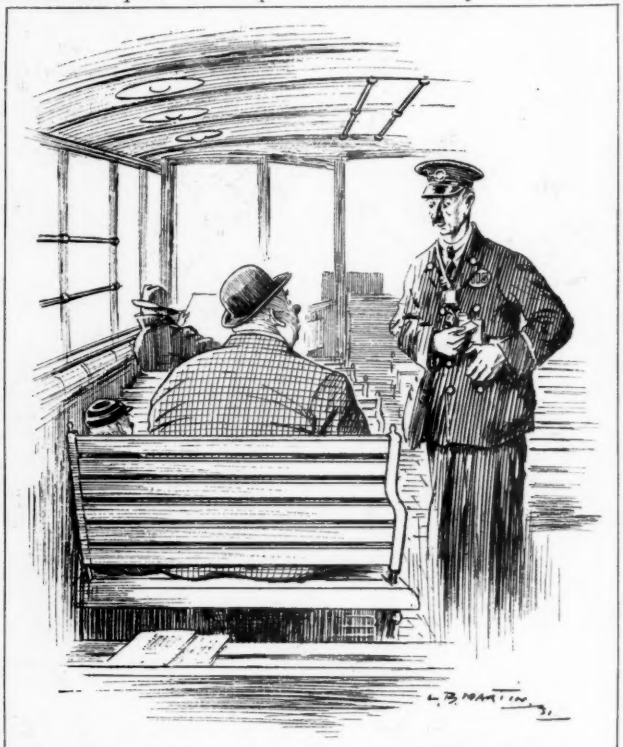
She shook her head.

"No. Small women are always rich, that's all. With one exception."

"Two," I said bitterly.

After repeating the experiment with the same result at nine other shops, I reached home exhausted.

"Hullo, little woman!" said Jack . . . .



Passenger. "ONE-AND-A-HALF TO HAMMERSMITH, PLEASE."
Kind Tram-Conductor. "THERE'S NO EXTRA, SIR, FOR BEING SO LARGE."

"She was in a taxicab on the way to the theatre when an omnibus skidded and crashed into the back of the cab which was in a traffic block where Regent Street runs into Piccadilly-circus."
Daily Paper.

Even our highways seem to have taken to colliding.

"A French airman has discovered a tribe in Africa which plays a game like golf. . . . They derive no pleasure from it. It is a sort of tribal rite and they are very serious about it."—*Evening Paper.*

"Like golf?" It *is* golf.

"False teeth and eyes inserted by the latest Methodists."
Notice in Pekin Shop-window.

This would never have been done by the Primitive Methodists.



THE NEW DESIGNS FOR POSTMEN'S HATS.

TRYING IT ON THE DOG.

OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE.

RUGBY REVISED.

I HAVE forgotten which of his misguided relations sent George a Rugby football. Probably one of his maiden aunts, hearing of his adventures among the carnivora of Central Africa, decided that the poor lad would be less likely to come to an untimely end if she provided him with some safer outlet for his sporting instincts than an express rifle. At all events the football, beautifully packed, arrived with our mail, and George, who has never been able completely to eradicate a youthful passion for pastry, opened the box with anticipatory murmurs of delight. What he said when the last wrapping was removed and the ball lay exposed in all its yellow ugliness would have considerably astonished his home circle, and he concluded by flinging the football to the floor, whence I retrieved it for fear that the Mess cook, ever on the look-out for variations, should serve it fried for dinner.

Eventually I had the offending object removed to his quarters. There it remained, and I had forgotten the incident until, returning from a few days' shooting some weeks later, I beheld an amazing sight. The entire half-company, its wives, children, sweethearts, relatives, friends and casual acquaintances were assembled on the parade-ground, gesticulating and shouting, and obviously thoroughly enjoying what appeared to be a first-class battle between an odd score of men who were rolling on the ground, kicking, struggling and making noises like a dog-fight. George was standing over them, giving vent to sharp commands. On my appearance he solemnly blew a prolonged blast on his whistle. The carnage ceased immediately, and as the combatants untwined themselves George regarded them fondly.

"Not too bad, skipper," he remarked. "You wait till I've had 'em a week. Now we'll try that again. Scrum down."

So Rugby came to Nukuku. The Askari, under George's enthusiastic tuition, made satisfactory progress, and, apart from a general tendency to use their teeth on one another in the scrum, appeared to grasp the rudiments of the game so well that after a week or two George felt himself justified in staging a full-dress match between Number 1 and Number 2 platoons.

Unfortunately he did not pick the teams himself. Competition for places was very keen, but when the day arrived it was noticed that George's most promising pupils had been dropped in favour of those seniors who by virtue of long service or the possession of non-commissioned rank were deemed best fitted to uphold the prestige of their respective platoons. Thus it came about that Corporal Mbali, a grey-headed veteran of portly presence but negligible mobility, put in a dignified appearance at full-back for Number 1 platoon, whilst Corporal Sibele, a strip-



"A BUXOM MATRON SPRINTED DOWN THE LINE."

ling of forty-five or fifty, appeared as scrum-half for Number 2.

George was referee. There was some difficulty in regard to colours, but we solved it by ordering Number 1 platoon to strip to the waist, whilst Number 2 donned their regimental jumpers. Spectators were massed on the touch-line, and the proceedings were orderly until George ordered the first scrum. I do not know what happened within its seething interior, but someone squealed like a horse, there was a sudden upheaval, and long before the ball reached it the scrum collapsed into a whirling heap of arms and legs and writhing bodies. The crowd roared approval.

George spoke severely to the teams and the game was resumed. This time he decided to put the ball in himself, and for a moment it seemed that Number 1 were going to heel it. Corporal Sibele, however, saw the danger and without hesitation plunged headlong into the scrum, snatched the ball and kicked to touch. Unfortunately he had miscalculated the effect of a hefty kick on a bare foot and rendered himself a cripple for the rest of the game, though he got in some useful work with his fists.

The next move was quite promising. A young three-quarter of Number 1, securing possession, made a magnificent break, but in the wrong direction. He would, I believe, have registered a brilliant try for the other side had not Corporal Mbali butted him violently in the stomach and laid him out. George was in a quandary since the rules provided no penalty for a player committing a foul on one of his own side, that being a contingency the framers had apparently overlooked. He stopped the game while the erring three-quarter was told off by Corporal Mbali.

The ensuing scrum was so hotly contested that both packs remained unconscious of the fact that they had walked over the ball, which lay neglected on the ground until a wing-three of Number 2 platoon on his way to join in the gorgeous scrap ahead, picked it up casually, balanced it on his head and walked unnoticed over the line, where he omitted to touch down, and light-heartedly kicked the ball back into play. George, however, awarded him a try. He said he felt something had to be done about it.

Corporal Sibele proving diffident about taking the kick with his damaged toe, this office was entrusted to an understudy. The ball fell among the spectators. A buxom matron, snapping it up, sprinted down the line. The crowd joined in impartially, and Corporal Mbali at full back, faced with a human avalanche, hesitated and was lost. The crowd, laughing and shouting, surged irresistibly on, and when at last George, purple in the face with futile whistling, succeeded in bringing them to some realisation of the enormity of their offence, it was discovered that the ball had burst.

George still says it was a pity, but in view of the sick-parade next day I am inclined to ascribe it to a merciful dispensation of Providence.



Careful old Lady (as Harley Street specialist writes prescription). "AND—ER—PARDON ME—THESE TIMES, YOU KNOW—IS —ER—ANYTHING ALLOWED ON THE BOTTLE?"

THE TUDOR COLONY.

I DON'T know for certain how the thing began, but I fancy one must seek its genesis in the brain of Purbank at the moment when he read in *Rural Life* a house-agent's description of a black-and-white cottage. From that moment it became firmly implanted in his mind that, in discarding timber and wattle for brick and stone, architects had taken the wrong turning.

Having there and then resolved to own a Tudor residence, Purbank bought two cottages which clung to each other in a rustic spot, knocked out communications on the two floors and took up his abode there. Others followed his example, until a wide area was cleared of arable land and peasants and given up to pasture and week-enders, of whom each owns his separate estate. All recognise the beauty and nobility of Tudor life.

Constance and I managed to secure one of the original cottages, but soon after our arrival the last was taken and the late-comers had perforce to build Tudor houses from the débris of old barns and sheds. Thus was instituted the first social cleavage. The Aristocracy who inhabited the genuine antiques naturally looked down upon the Imitators. These new houses are referred to by their owners as Reproductions and by their neighbours as Fakes.

Having banished the farmers, labourers and farmyard animals, the colonists were ready to lead the real country life. They laid out gardens and orchards, they took an intelligent interest in the local fauna and flora, and they held ever on their lips the word "Tudor." To this day, when anybody disapproves of anything, he does not say, "That is disgusting" or "That is bad form," but "That isn't Tudor" or "That is William and Mary."

Purbank is the ultimate authority on Tudorism. Being something of a purist he will tolerate no innovations. He relies for warmth upon open fires, he lights his house with candles and his water is wound up from the well in pails. Purbank will have no compromise with degenerate modernity.

At the other end of the scale is Stokes-Satterly, an Imitator and the richest of the colonists. Wealth, however, has little significance here; what counts is Tudority. So, though Stokes-Satterly owns an enormous mansion pieced together from the ruins of a thousand cattle-sheds and pigstyes, he is almost a social pariah, for he has central heating, electric-light and a mechanical pump. Also, to add to his depravity, an all-weather tennis-court and a concrete garage. You can see that on our basis Stokes-Satterly is an outcast.

Between the top and the bottom are all sorts of grades. We occupy a middle position, for, though we are soundly Tudor as regards heat and light, we have been weak on the subject of water and yielded to modern temptations. I confess also that some of our windows are tight enough to keep out draughts. I gather that the Elizabethans invariably wore overcoats indoors. Otherwise we are fairly rigid Tudorites and respected as such.

The members of the colony have no secrets from each other, for they are always critically inspecting each other's houses. Nobody can buy a bed or a door-knocker without having it examined and valued by his neighbours. Social position can be won or lost by these fittings. Campion, for instance, who lost caste considerably by tearing up his brick floors and putting down wood, did a lot to reinstate himself by installing a 1565 fireback and a 1601 pair of fire-dogs. He again joined the lower classes by the purchase of a padded armchair, but regained his status by means of a real "devil's pitchfork" for poking his hall-fire.

Purbank burns nothing less than half a tree at a time, and unsawn cordwood represents the respectable standard, but at the other end of the scale some Imitators burn chopped logs and even coke, on the foolish pretext that they make a warmer fire. But these are, in the colony's view, mere proletarians.



RESOLUTION.

Husband. "JOAN'S JUST RUNG UP—WANTS US TO DINE THERE ON THURSDAY."
Wife. "TELL HER I'M NOT EATING ANYTHING THIS YEAR."

I must add that Tudorism ends on the hither side of the servants' quarters. The domestics are not educated up to the Tudor standard, and on that side you will find, even *chez* Purbank, cosy kitchens, efficient cooking-stoves and capacious boilers. Under Tudor conditions servants would not stay a week. Perhaps Tudorism will eventually solve the social problem outside the colony, for when the servants have all the luxuries and the masters none, materialists will gladly choose solid servanthood rather than an advantage which is restricted to the giving of orders. In the colony our domestics, regarding their employers as "queer," "soppy" or "dippy," are ensured that necessary boon, somebody to despise.

Of course they are sometimes called upon to experiment in Old English dishes and beverages. Mead is manufactured at Purbank's and quaffed in horns. The preparation of Old English cordials has been discontinued since, on the day the plum brandy was tapped, Purbank's complete staff left the house unattended to hold saturnalia in the neighbouring woods. At least that is the reason given by Purbank, but statistics show that, during the cordial-period, callers and droppers-in at "The Garth," as Purbank's house is called, broke all records. The Purbanks, being simple folk, were at first delighted to find themselves so popular. Purbank's lectures on Tudorism were attentively listened to, especially when he turned to the question of stills and brewing. This led by natural courses to the production of glasses and some very complete sampling. It is commonly supposed that later on some base suspicion entered Purbank's mind; anyhow, his lectures became drier and drier and the crowd faded away.

Another explanation current is that Purbank himself drained his own cellars as a corrective after indulging in the Old English delicacy of sucking-pig seethed in honey. If this is correct, he had far better have stuck to good Old English Epsom Salts. E. P. W.

THE BATTLE OF THE FLOWERS.

[The Westminster City Council is considering a recommendation by the Works Committee that the flower-sellers should be forbidden to resume their trade round the restored statue of Eros in Piccadilly Circus.]

IN old-time Piccadillies
The course of love was this:
With Jane or Amaryllis,
By art or artifice
(The way is where the will is)
We'd snatch an hour of bliss,
And with a bunch of violets or lilies
We'd soothe our parting kiss.

But now, when near the close is
Of Eros' too long rest
Some dastard power proposes
To grant (O bitter jest!)
The pangs without the posies,
The worst without the best,
Love armed with arrows but bereft
of roses—
"No flowers, by request."

Shall tyrants with a grin sit
And desecrate our city?
Up, London Lovers, since it
Is vain to plead for pity!
Shout loud (and let's not mince it)
The burden of our ditty:—
"'Tis *Amor*, and not *Labor, Omnia Vincit*—
Down with the Works Committee!"

A Recent Double Title.

"DUCHESS OF ATHOLL AND NEEDLEWORK."
Sunday Paper.

New Perils of Matrimony.

"Following a reception the newly-wedded pair left for their honeymoon. The parents were numerous and costly."—*Welsh Paper.*

Winter Sports.

There is thought to be no truth in the rumour that the Cresta authorities contemplate requiring competitors, as in certain other speed trials, to cover the course both ways.



MAGIC ENTRY OF THE NEW YEAR.

MR. PUNCH (*improving on his* HORACE). "'PERSICOS LAUDO, PUER, APPARATUS;' IN OTHER WORDS, I WELCOME YOUR PERSIAN SHOW, MY BOY, WITH THE GREATEST ENTHUSIASM."

[Mr. Punch's first issue of the New Year coincides with the opening of the Exhibition of Persian Art at Burlington House.]



THE LIE PRIMEVAL.

The Gentleman with the axe. "THAT'S A FINE BIT OF IVORY. WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MAMMOTH?"
The Gentleman who has found a tusk. "OH, HE GOT AWAY."

WHO DRIVES FAT OXEN. . . .

[A pernicious notion appears to be gaining ground that men also should diet themselves and grow slim.]

THERE seems to me a kind of natural grace
About a man more bulky than his peers,
Having been wild in youth and gone the pace,
But now englobed and rubicund of face,
Clothed on with adiposity and years.

I would not have his largeness whittled down
To suit some momentary diet whim,
So that the passer, seeing him in town,
Should muse upon the glory that was Brown,
Or say, "This is the shadow of old Jim."

Like a great trout within a darkened pool,
Like a fine ox well fatted for the show,
Calm in adversity, in danger cool,
Turning a bulbous eye on freak and fool—
Such are fat men; and I would have them so.

If we must find dictators for this land
(And find dictators I believe we must)
Let them be wise of wits and strong of hand,
But grant them also fulness of the band
If they shall be the type of men we trust.

These are eupeptic, these with slow calm tread
Lend dignity to all affairs of State;
They have a shining circle on their head,
They shall not take away the people's bread,
Knowing how much we need to keep us great.

Point me a man who ruled our island realm
Since the first WILLIAM (what a form was that,
Huge at the bows and rounded at the helm,
Mighty in wrath and strong to overwhelm!),
Who did not, growing older, run to fat.

The Northmen from the sea were rude but wise;
They rode into the burning South; they faced
The Saracen, built castles to the skies;
Theirs is magnificence that never dies,
And most of them were tubby round the waist.

Abbots and councillors and men of worth,
Whose starry names to history are known,
Added, with wisdom, like an oak-tree, girth,
They swayed the destinies of half the earth,
And sometimes turned the scale at sixteen stone.

Leave to the womenfolk this idle cant!
Was the EIGHTH HENRY'S stature less than vast?
Was SALISBURY elfin? or was CROMWELL scant?
I count the nation dead whose leaders bant
And lose the glorious rondure of the past!

EVOE.

TO DR. G. F. HILL,

WHO BECAME DIRECTOR AND PRINCIPAL LIBRARIAN OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Parturit, en! Brit. Mus., nascatur ut egregius Mons.

The hills in their travail, with groaning and fuss,
Once bore, we all know, a "*ridiculus mus*";
But here is a birth more miraculous still,
When the Mus. (Brit.) conceives and produces a HILL.

An Anatomical Glimpse of the Obvious.

"Footprints on the sands of time are not made by sitting down."—*Exhortation in Parish Magazine.*

"DREDGER LAUNCHED AT KHARTOUM.

. . . The estimated dead weight at the time of lunching was 375 tons."—*Sudan Paper.*

We often get that sinking feeling about three o'clock.

ART UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

THE would-be artist in Borneo, Malaya and similar places has a very discouraging time of it. Apart from the artistic difficulty of trapping with paint the mysterious atmosphere of the East in a country where on asking the way you are as like as not told to go past the third big smell on the left, there are social embarrassments in the actual making of the sketch itself unbelievable to those who have not yet encountered the native mind.

This is the kind of thing that happens every time you attempt to produce a work of art:—

You arrive with your materials in a village where you intend to sketch some of the peculiar native houses, and you begin to stroll round by way of choosing your view. You have not taken ten paces before every doorway has vomited a spate of children and every window-aperture has sprouted a crop of heads. The children follow you like the tail of a comet, and when you sit down and set up your easel at once establish a close-packed and intimate circle, something like that formed by the rest of a football-team when one player has torn his nether garments. Of this circle you are the hub, while the outer periphery is by now composed of grown-ups wearing the detached appearance of "just being there to see what's amusing the kids," but in reality seething internally with an almost greater excitement.

By dint of shouting every few seconds you manage to keep clear a five-degree line of vision to your subject and rough-in a pencil-sketch. Then you pour some water into a cup, set out your colour-tubes and drive off a pariah dog—unfortunately a few seconds after he has drunk up your water.

The audience, assuming as usual that you do not know their language, begin to pass remarks on your sketch, personal appearance and probable habits. You will find that the art criticism trickling from the lips of a naked child of four in front, who has one foot on the impressionable end of a tube of carmine is almost as good for the soul as the withering frankness with which its elder brothers behind discuss an unfortunate pimple on the back of your neck.

The chief thing you discover about your audience after you have been painting for some while is that not one of it can yet see the faintest connection between your work and your subject. They stare vaguely about them in all directions; they agree that it is a fine bit of colour whichever way up one looks at it; they entirely approve your skill in squeezing paint out of the tubes—indeed they raise a slight cheer every time you perform this feat; but the thing that really puzzles them is why you have come right out to their village to do all this when you might have sat at home and done it in comfort in your garden.

You persevere, not bothering now about the heads that get between you and your subject so much as about those that get between you and your easel; and it is just about this time that the fourth starveling pariah drinks the last of your water. You sigh and ask of the inner and younger circle, "Who would like to fetch me some more water?"

The circle draws back in shyness at being spoken to and then surges forward in eagerness for the honour, while tubes of paint explode in all directions under excited bare feet.

The winner sets off proudly to fill your cup at the nearest water supply. This takes about half-an-hour, because of course it has to be filled exactly to the brim and the outside has to be wiped with the slack of his clothing—or of a companion's if the filler hasn't any himself—and there are two helpful friends who are advising, three jealous friends who are criticising and finally the usual dozen mixed dogs. So it is best to start a pencil study of something else to while away the time.

After a further ten minutes' work some intelligent infant who has caught your easel from an unusually favourable angle will make a discovery. What you have done thereon is a representation of a house. Terrific excitement; and at once the somewhat unflattering question arises, "Which house?" They look all round, even sending messengers to quite invisible parts of the village to bring back reports of likely-looking houses. At last someone of larger cerebral capacity than the rest puts his head down cheek to cheek with yours and, by gazing along your line of vision as if sighting a rifle, is able to announce with a shriek of delight that it is Ahmat's house.

This is a veritable triumph, both for you, for him and for Ahmat, even though there is a school of thought in the back row which holds that it is Tair's house, a little further to the left. Ahmat's son, aged seven, becomes very important and is pushed right up into the front row, where, after accepting a lot of congratulations from his friends, he starts a row with Tair's son, aged six.

During the course of this, Tair's son knocks against the easel and you curse them both. Whereupon, with his eye on you, Ahmat junior tells off Tair junior very slowly and in easy native words of one syllable, so that you may clearly understand that he is on your side and is completely agreeing with you that Tair junior is no gentleman.

Your stock having by now risen appreciably, it is possible that at this



THE ART OF SALESMANSHIP.

"YES, QUITE NICE, BUT THERE'S VERY LITTLE ROOM FOR THE INK."

"THAT, MADAM, IS IMMATERIAL. MOST PEOPLE USE FOUNTAIN-PENS NOWADAYS."



PLAYS FOR THE HUNTING-FIELD.
"THE WINDMILL MAN."

juncture some hospitable elder will retire to his house and bring you out a poached egg in a basin. I know of few things more damaging to art than to have to eat a poached egg from a basin with nothing but your fingers—and a paint-brush, if you care to use it. The donor, who stands over you grinning with generosity, will hold himself amply rewarded by the gift of a cigarette. If it has a gold tip he will even consider himself overpaid. He will put it away in his draperies with every appearance of reverence, for no native is such a philistine as to *smoke* a cigarette that actually has a gold tip.

About now Ahmat himself suddenly appears in the doorway of his house. A loud screech from just by your ear summons him to come over and see the wonderful picture of his house that the Tuan is making with colours that come marvellously from between the fingers. This is apt to make you feel like a schoolboy praised by a master in front of the class; but your shyness will soon disappear when Ahmat slouches over, looks at the sketch for thirty seconds, spits comprehensively and returns to his house without uttering a word.

Feeling you can't stand much more, you begin to pack up. At this point the Chinese trader of the village (there always is at least one), unobtrusive in the background, will edge forward and offer you a dollar (about two shillings) for your sketch. You refuse, and he returns to the background, whence, after a long guttural clucking with his brother and a nephew, he again comes forward and raises his offer to a bottle of beer. Though you would not think it, this is a handsome advance, for the price of a bottle of beer in a village is never less than half-a-crown, and varies upwards according to your thirst, being in some places worth untold gold.

You reject this new offer, and the Chinaman, slyly thinking he knows the reason, fetches the beer to show you he really has it. You still refuse, and, after another long guttural interlude, he resignedly offers both the dollar *and* the beer. When you unaccountably turn down even this munificence he shakes his head sadly, says you are too good a business-man for him and retreats. It has not yet dawned on him that you really do not want to sell.

As you pack up and depart you get your last criticism—from a child of seven:—

"Oh, Tuan, why are you going?"

"Because it's finished."

"Oh! How do you *know* it's finished?"

There is really no answer to this, even though it is asked in perfect sincerity. A. A.

A Christmas Echo.

"What shall we give," asked Ann of her mother,
"To our mouldy dad for his Christmas-box?"
And the voice of Peter, her bright young brother,
Broke in, "Oh, give the old geyser socks!"
"Yes, do," said their mother, "give him six pairs;
"I'm weary of darning the things he wears."

"SPAIN, MALAGA.
Charming Villa.
Further particulars, plans and photographs of the Agents."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

For ourselves we always insist on seeing the ground-landlord's family group.

AT THE PICTURES.

"ONE HEAVENLY NIGHT" (TIVOLI).

THE little burg of Buda Pest
Is one where life is lived with zest;
The cabarets are all so good
That I believe they hardly could
Be better run at Hollywood.



SUDDEN RISE OF THE HUMBLE FLOWER-GIRL.

Lilli . . . . MISS EVELYN LAYE.

But, festive though the place may seem,
They have a rather curious scheme
Of rusticating ladies who
Do things that they ought not to do.
These are required by the police
To sojourn in bucolic peace,
Though not less elegantly dressed
Than when they were in Buda Pest.

This is the chance for EVELYN LAYE
(A flower-girl who is good, not gay,
And has the pleasing name of *Lilli*)
To do, I think, a rather silly
And most unlikely kind of thing
(Except, of course, that she can sing
And all this happens on the screen):
She poses as a night-life queen.
She plays the part of *Fritzi*, who
Is what I've just alluded to,
And has been told by cops to beat
It smartly to her rural seat.
So off she goes, our *Lilli*, quite
Content that things will turn out right,
Escorted only by a rum
Player upon the cymbalum,
Who is (and stays so to the end)
Her loyal and platonic friend.

But when they both arrive at Zuppa
A Magnate asks them out to Supper!

This local magnate is a Count
Who seems to own a large amount
Of horses, wealth and bric-à-brac,
But also has the dreadful knack
Of counting women just a game
For him to Seize and Take and Tame.
He is tremendous, rude and strong,
And apt, like *Lilli*, all along
To burst out suddenly in song
Whilst dining on the best champagne
Or riding chargers through the rain.
His name is *Mirko*, and his mug
Reminds me now and then of DOUG.

Lilli's devoted friend and pal
Gets drunk with *Mirko's* seneschal,
Who takes him round the splendid palace
And seems to me extremely callous
When *Otto* does most awful things,
Like breaking up *Count Mirko's* Mings.

But what of *Lilli* all this while?
She has to blend the *Fritzi* smile
With being ab-so-lutely pure—
Now debonair and now demure,
Whilst all the time *Count Mirko* gets
More piqued with this; in fact he frets.
He thrusts her in a bedroom. Oh,
Can all be lost? Ah, no! Ah, no!
The window is not tightly barred,
And off goes *Lilli*, scuttling hard
Through pouring rain, in what distress
All charming débutantes may guess
Who've tried to run in evening-dress.

The *Count* pursues her on a horse,
With crowds of men and no remorse;



MISS EVELYN LAYE, to MR. JOHN BOLES (Mirko). "IT MAY BE MY FIRST TALKIE, BUT I'M QUITE AT HOME IN THIS MUSICAL-COMEDY STUFF."

Despite her anguish and her frown
He swears that he will hunt her down.
And she? Not vanquished in the least,
She swears that she will tame the beast!

Next day, at Fritzi's *house in Zuppa,*
She asks Count Mirko *out to supper.*

And there, you'll be surprised to hear,
Instead of Hate, a Love Sincere
Begins to dawn in *Lilli's* heart.
Count Mirko plays a different part—
Over the caviare and plover
He seems a fond romantic lover.
They sing together, host and guest,
Each face to face so tightly pressed



ANOTHER CELESTIAL EVENING; OR, WHEN THEY SING IN ZUPPA.

That *Mirko's* nose appeared to be
In *Lilli's* mouth quite frequently
The while she sang, though this did not
Affect her utterance one jot.

What might have happened after this
I cannot say, for all is bliss.
But suddenly upon the scene
Fritzi appears, the night-life queen.
The cops have tumbled to her trick
And packed her off. Poor *Lilli*, sick
With love, returns to Buda Pest;
And film-fans may surmise the rest.
Does she bestow her radiant charms
On *Otto*, fall into the arms
Of him, her true though maudlin chum,
The player on the cymbalum,
Who tells her that Hungarian lords,
Though handy with their songs and swords,
Refuse to enter with their honey
The bonds of holy matrimony?
Does she? You might have thought she would;
But not if you had understood
The simple heart of Hollywood.

For what is here? And who is that
Mounting the staircase of the flat
Where *Lilli* lives in Buda Pest?
Count Mirko seeks her in her nest!
The lovelight in his optic shines;
He comes to offer marriage-lines!



NEW LADIES OF OLD MANORS.

Gardener. "WE DIDN'T USE ALL THESE 'ERE BERRIES FOR DECORATIN', M' LADY—THE TREE 'S FULL OF 'EM STILL."
Her Ladyship. "OH, WELL, JOHN, I SUPPOSE THEY 'LL COME IN FOR NEXT CHRISTMAS."

The Eagle Tamed! the Bear Subdued!
The Caveman, but no longer Rude!
He clasps her in his arms, and this
Is all, except—— the Fade-Out Kiss.

EVOE.

Trouble Brewing.

"A very useful Brasserie, made in pink mesh of hard-wearing quality."
Draper's Catalogue.

Euphemisms that Excite Our Envy.

"According to Mrs. —— of Chicago, in her petition for divorce, her husband had the astonishing habit of beating her on every wedding anniversary to mark the date."
Daily Paper.

Felt Spats for Nut-Eaters.

". . . there is undoubtedly a splendid opening for not only Brazilian oranges but all Brazilian fruits in Great Britain. small discs of felt, or closely-woven carpet, on the end of the legs."—*Anglo-Brazilian Paper.*

"SCRUB BULLS AND DAIRY HERDS.
YORKSHIRE MILK RECORDING SOCIETY'S RESOLUTION."
Headline in Yorkshire Paper.

The scrubbing of bulls will not be included in our New Year resolutions.

"There are many who have admired Mr. Gilbert Frankau's war novel, 'Peer Jackson.' . . ."—*Singapore Paper.*

We don't remember this Lord Jackson, but we have always been an admirer of IBSEN's *Peer Gynt.*

LETTERS TO AN EXILE.

GENEVA IN THE HOME CIRCLE.

DEAR ROONA,—I have nothing better or more seasonable to tell you at this time of festivity, pantomimes, circuses and good resolutions than a recent experience of mine as a peacemaker.

You must know that I have two friends—let us call them Robert and Charles—who, after being very intimate and even not a little dependent on each other, fell out. There was no woman in the case; it was merely through a misunderstanding, the result of a speech, idly spoken and meaning nothing at the time, which, when repeated by a third person (and third persons lead to most of the trouble in life), took on a certain gravity and apparent unforgivableness.

Anyway they fell out and drifted farther and farther apart until, inspired less by philanthropy than selfishness—for I enjoyed their company together and was missing it—I stepped into the breach with an effort to heal it. Also as I belong to the same club I was tired of being mixed up in this tragi-comedy of avoidance. Clubs ought to be able to eject two members on bad terms with each other, or, at any rate, to eject one of them. The function of the blackball ought not to be over so soon.

I therefore, after deep reflection, wrote each of them a letter. This is what I wrote to Charles:—

DEAR CHARLES,—I am awfully worried about this continued coolness between you and Robert, not only for your own sakes but for mine. Because you were fitted and intended to be friends, and I like you both, and we used to have such fun, but now that you are behaving idiotically I can never have you to dine with me together any more. And dinner-parties are sacred things.

Whose fault it is I shall never know, even though you have each tried to tell me. I suspect you both. Robert of course is a silly old ass, but what of that? No one is perfect, and I sometimes wonder if silly old asses may not be the best of God's creatures. At any rate I have never known him do a mean thing, and my opinion of him would be still higher—even if my affection were not increased, for our affection for our friends has no relation to their merits—if he would say to you, "Consider me in the wrong, but believe also that I am sorry and very tired of this estrangement, and shake hands, and for God's sake call me names again." For the worst part of a

quarrel between old friends is that it makes them polite.

He has expressed no such wish to me, nursing his pride as he does, but I know he would be more than happy if the old conditions could return.

That's what I wrote to Charles; and this is the lettter I wrote to Robert:—

DEAR ROBERT,—If you have any decent Christmas spirit left, now is the time to show it, for I know Charles is wearying of being angrily and pompously on his twopenny-halfpenny dignity, and at the club we are more than tired of him in this foolish make-up, although of course we have to snigger. If he knew what a bore he has become since he started his grievance against you—probably rightfully enough, for you are not the most discreet of men, even if, as I think, you are one of the best—he would come down from his perch with a run. Charles a bore! It's unthinkable, isn't it? or once would have been. It's terrible when, having laughed with a man for years, you suddenly begin to laugh at him.

Having written these two letters with great care, I exercised the same care in putting Robert's into Charles's envelope and Charles's into Robert's envelope.

A few posts later both letters came back to me with a terse line pointing out my mistake.

I then wrote again to each in the following terms:—

DEAR ROBERT,—Forgive the bloomer and come to dinner on Wednesday at eight, and let us see if we can't be happy as of old, although *à deux* instead of *à trois*.

DEAR CHARLES,—It is kind of you not too call me a blundering busybody. Do come to dinner on Wednesday at eight and let us see if we can't be as happy *à deux* as we used to be *à trois*.

They both came, and the reconciliation was instantaneous.

Yours, E. V. L.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE TOYMAKER OF NUREMBERG" (KINGSWAY).

IN the foyer stand two little lighted Christmas-trees with coloured baubles that glow and glitter on their branches as if to warn us not to take this play too seriously. So we are not surprised to find the toymaker of Nuremberg an artless craftsman, one of those seasonable long-suffering heroes whose heads are fuller of dreams than business, and to whom fate deals cruel blows merely to give fairy-godparents their opportunities to make amends.

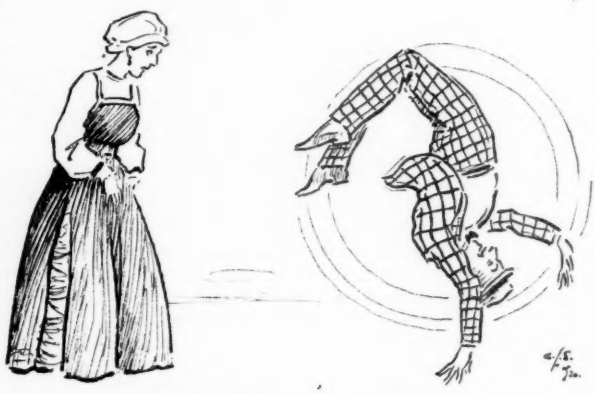


"LINKED SWEETNESS LONG DRAWN OUT."
The Toymaker . . . MR. FREDERICK RANALOW.
Nebuchadnezzar . . (Not in the Programme).

Not that in this case the *deus ex machina*—though an adept at the hey-presto! stuff—waves a wand or appears with sudden lights and cries to an orchestral salvo. On the contrary, he comes by train, by the mimic train whose steamy arrival we have watched in the backcloth's middle-distance. He is the *Toymaker's* long-lost son, and he returns from America in the nick of time to save his father from despair. And what a son!—jaw so strengthened by years of success and chewing-gum that his native accent stands no chance and his parents hardly know him; legs so a-quiver with syncopation that, throwing his baggage to the winds, he somersaults all down the platform to where his mother sadly sits guarding the family kit while his father books the passage to exile.

Yes, indeed, this tale ends happily. The old *Toymaker* is not expatriated nor is the ancestral business ruined. For this prodigal son, being none other than the dread American rival who makes and sells ten thousand dolls of tin where his father can't sell one, is only too willing that the old *Toymaker* shall still make dolls with hearts instead of springs and that young brother *David* shall continue to paint their eyelashes and marry the girl of his choice.

The spirit of HANS ANDERSEN broods over the story. How else could the local and affectionate soldiery so closely resemble their wooden prototypes or the civilians be so tenderly ingenuous? *David's* love-affair, that provides the subsidiary plot, begins in true fairy-tale fashion over a garden-wall. Its first shy declaration is made by his flute and accepted with a rose, and it ends happily too. And, fearfully though fate, in the person of Mr. ROY BYFORD, may have snarled and burgeoned, each crisis has served merely to prompt tragedy to hesitate in song and dance while troops of merry Nurembergers invade the workshop's shadows and the moonbeams in the garden release bevies of graceful nymphs, with the GRESHAM SINGERS yodelling in their midst.



THE TURN OF THE PRODIGAL.
Emma . . . . . MISS ALEX FRIZELL.
Adolf . . . . . MR. ALAN DURAI.

There is an abundance of music sung and danced by the Company; the humour is of the simple seasonable sort that such a play demands, and the lyrics by Mr. ADRIAN ROSS are neatly turned. Miss ANNE BOLT has by now probably mastered her first-night nervousness and sings the *Girl's* young love as prettily as she

dances. Miss VIVIENNE CHATTERTON and Mr. LESLIE HOLLAND are two excellent singing comedians; Mr. LAWRENCE BASKCOMB is a fantastic low-comedy *Poet*, and Miss ALEX FRIZELL is as nice and neat a wife as Mr. FREDERICK RANALOW's tuneful *Toymaker* deserves.

The seasonable charm of the play is greatly enhanced by Mr. GEORGE SHERINGHAM's delightful scenery. His witty backcloth of Nuremberg station, with its crowd of bustling local types, is a piece of painted history as vivid as a larger Bayeux Tapestry and as true to life as the dear little wet-nosed dachshund, whom good manners rather than the *Toymaker's* restraining leash prevent from scampering back into the wings to escape our rude if affectionate laughter. H.

A CHRISTMAS SEASON OF BALLET
(LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH).

Since the DIAGHILEFF troupe dispersed, classical ballet has been so rare an event in London that this Christmas Season by the MARIE RAMBERT dancers is doubly welcome. They have come on famously in technique and showmanship since their performances last summer. Their present repertory ranges from such familiar masterpieces as *Carnaval* and *Les Sylphides* to high-spirited essays in the modern manner. And, since KARSAVINA is *première danseuse* and WOIZIKOWSKY's flying heels are ever in the offing, tradition is more than safe.



"YOU SHOULD SEE ME DANCE THE POLKA."
MME. KARSAVINA.

Not that the younger dancers lack quality. Mr. FREDERICK ASHTON, who has designed several of their more modern ballets, Mr. HAROLD TURNER, Miss PEARL ARGYLE and Miss DIANA GOULD are four budding Olympians who should go far. The Company does not vie with DIAGHILEFF in splendour of scenery or bizarrerie: their chief concern is dancing. The stage settings for



THREE-QUARTER BARE BACK.
The Rugby Player . . M. THADEE SLAVINSKY.

the most part are curtained backgrounds, tricked out here and there with simple but effective decorations. For orchestra they have two grand pianos beautifully played by Miss EDITH GUNTHORPE and Mr. CECIL BAUMER and, when these give out SCHUMANN'S crisp irresistible opening to *Carnaval*, memory quickens and anticipation is excited.

As *Columbine*, KARSAVINA joins the revels after the masked ladies and their attendant gallants have pursued each other's flying shadows through this romantical Elysium, and caught and partnered each other in waltz, mazurka and so on all in the old sweet way. *Pierrot*, cheated of bliss even by *Papillon*, has languished there, and *Harlequin's* quick-step treachery has completed his immemorial despair. Finally, when *Columbine* has played out the comedy with *Harlequin* and come to rest on his knee, *Pierrot* is summoned to kiss her tantalising finger-tips and sigh afresh over the wedding-ring she coquettishly displays.

Here in *Carnaval*, as in *Les Sylphides* —that distillation of CHOPIN and moonshine—KARSAVINA's imperial style is the jewel of the setting.

The "Sporting Sketches" are described as "light-hearted satires on the average Englishman's view of the average Frenchman's view of some aspects of the noble and serious games of Rugby and Cricket." Certainly the play that ensues, with its flirtatious cadenzas and flamboyant style justifies the description; and the sketches themselves are alive with fun and athletic parody.

"A Florentine Picture" is more static. Before a gilded triptych two groups of angels attendant on the VIRGIN at her coronation weave their celestial patterns to music by CORELLI. The beauties here are pictorial rather than choreographic; slow-paced exercises in the art of posture whose loveliness is enhanced by the gently modulated lighting.

"Capriol Suite," a set of old French dances scored by PETER WARLOCK and imaginatively arranged by Mr. ASHTON, brings the quality and the commonalty together only to contrast them. Here elegant courtiers, with their feigned sighs, side-long smiles and subtleties, alternate with clowns at their rustic junketings to music that beautifully evokes the past.

The rest of the programme is made up of lighter things; "Fairy Tales from *The Sleeping Beauty*" accentuating the seasonable note, and Divertissements that, beginning with a swift-footed fluttering Primavera by Madame RAMBERT, include two admirable examples of WOIZIKOWSKY's sleight-of-limb and end with a galop, in which the whole Company, led by KARSAVINA, froth their petticoats or keep their coat-tails flying, to the impudent rhythm of the can-can. I recommend this entertainment both to the amateur of ballet and to the connoisseur, who may add to his



"YOU SHOULD SEE ME COVER THE GROUND."
M. LEON WOIZIKOWSKY.

general pleasure in the troupe by spotting among the personable young ladies the future TCHERNICHEVA (who, I fancy, is there) or the coming LOPOKOVA (who possibly is not). H.

AN IMPROVED MODEL.

To the Motor Taxation Officer.

DEAR SIR,—Thank you so much for your form R.F.1A (revised August, 1929) and for your kind inquiries about my mechanically-propelled road vehicle. Strictly speaking, of course, it is not nearly so mechanically propelled as you seem to imagine. Generally it is towed. But we'll let that pass.

I hope you don't mind my writing fully on this matter. One has to be so careful what one puts on a buff form, and you haven't given me much space. For instance, your question 5, under the heading STATE HERE, reads, you will remember: "What alterations, if any, have been made affecting registration particulars since last declaration . . . ?" And to answer a momentous question like that you give me half-a-line—just space enough to reply "Yes" or "No." It is not enough for a case like mine.

If you were to ask me what alterations have not taken place I might have squeezed the particulars into the allotted space. But since you require me to name the alterations I must sketch briefly in this friendly letter exactly how my mechanically-propelled road vehicle has been improved.

Your records will tell you what my car was like originally. A sound job which earned its designer a knighthood. Of course I would not have tampered with a work which had earned a knighthood unless I had acted under advice. It was good advice, tendered disinterestedly by men who had forgotten more about motors than the knightly designer has ever learned. They told me so themselves. And, if they hadn't been rewarded with knighthoods, that was only because they shunned publicity.

That is why my dashboard looks so dashed interesting. Inquisitive passengers have electrocuted themselves by touching things on my dashboard. I admit it is all a little difficult to the uninitiated. I myself have occasionally switched on the windscreen-wiper and got dance-music from Paris Radio. And once, I remember, in thick traffic I got Koenigswusterhausen.

But generally I specialise in useful gadgets. I believe in Safety First, for when one is alone in a car one can't be too careful. I am alone in the car a good deal, because my friends too believe in Safety First. I don't blame them, but it does throw a fellow on his own resources.

Think of the danger of fire, for instance. Petrol is highly inflammable, and to avoid going up in smoke before my time I carry an extinguisher. This is a chromium-plated gadget, a little like a vacuum-cleaner, which squirts some noisome fluid on the seat of the conflagration.

But a gadget fastened on the footboard outside would only be effective if I too happened to be outside when the conflagration started. Otherwise the delay in jumping out and running round might be fatal. So I've had a second extinguisher installed inside.

The possibility of fire led to another consideration. People have been trapped in saloons. It's a curious thing, but saloon-doors are always swinging open; yet as soon as a fire breaks out they jam. I know just how to deal with an emergency like that, for a letter in the Press showed me the way out—at least I hope it will be the way out. He suggested that all users of closed cars should carry axes. According to him, axes should be fixed as standard.

He also suggested that, if I only attached a bell to the dash, my car might be mistaken for a fire-engine. This would be a useful extra, because even confirmed jay-walkers take notice of a bell.

Of course I have horns in plenty. Each of my technical advisers advocates a different kind of horn, so I have fitted one of each. Almost an orchestra, in fact. If I had two more horns I might be able to play the National Anthem. This is worth striving after. At the first bars of the National Anthem pedestrians would stiffen to attention; and it would be comparatively easy to miss pedestrians who stood to attention.

I have repainted the mechanically-propelled road vehicle in two shades of brown, instead of maroon as formerly. The drop-head coupé has been dismantled and it is now a two-seater (with dickey). The off-side rear wing is buckled as a result of a mishap when the bus was really being a mechanically-propelled vehicle, and I have added an orange fog-lamp and an anti-glare vizor.

When we come to the engine there are further changes. I seem to have the same number of plugs sticking out of the cylinder-head, so I think it is a fair assumption that I still have four cylinders—although only three of them do any mechanical propulsion. But a carburettor, a magneto and a battery have been grafted on the original stock. These were transferred from (*a*) an Italian, (*b*) a French and (*c*) an American car respectively. The nationality of my own car is thus a trifle obscure. I hope this will make no difference to my licence. It is practically the same car.

Cheerio,

GEORGE HOPKINS.

P.S.—We are buying a new mascot on Monday, but we have not quite decided on the design. Will wire particulars as soon as available. W. E. R.

GOOD NEWS FOR GASTROLATERS.

[*The Times* recently devoted an article to the reappearance on the London market of the Botargo, "a useful and thirst-provoking addition to the tray of conventional *hors d'œuvre*," well known in the France of RABELAIS and consumed with the utmost gusto by PEPYS, as we gather from the entry in his Diary for June 5, 1661.]

SATED with stunts in Art or drink or diet,
I had become (until this blesséd day)
The victim of incurable disquiet,
To discontent an unresisting prey—
Unable to appreciate the argot
That bright young folk habitually use,
The modern substitutes for Château Margaux
Or GERSHWIN's highly-syncopated Muse.

Long have I hankered for some new sensation
Surcharged with sheer gastrolatrous delight,
Something provocative of titillation,
Something to rouse my jaded appetite,
Something, in fine, to raise the vile embargo
Laid by the carping spirit of the time
On any argosy that bears a cargo
Of joy and comfort to this dismal clime.

And lo! it comes at last, to chase blue devils,
To cheer the drooping spirit of our age,
Freighted with memories of PEPYS's revels
And feasts immortalized in RABELAIS' page;
More succulent than any plump *escargot*,
More grateful than the melodies of BAX—
Prince of *hors d'œuvre*, the bountiful Botargo,
The roe of mullet in its sheath of wax.

C. L. G.

Depravity among Rodents.

"Chinchilla for Disposal; stole 70 skins."
Daily Paper.

A Pearl in the Press Bivalve.

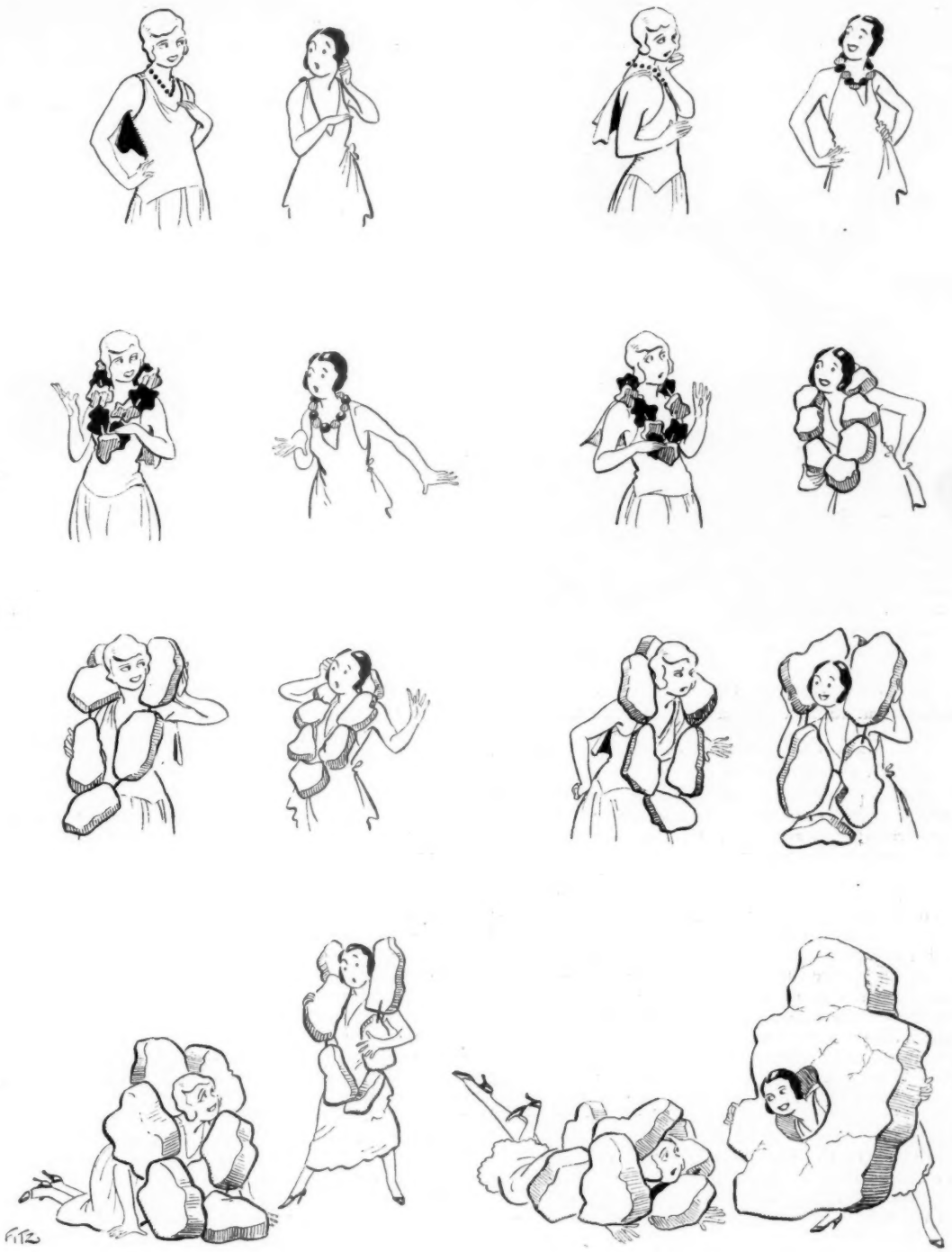
"HOW RUSSIAN TRADE MENACES NATIONS. . . . these commodities, produced in a condition of serfdom under a military obligarchy. . . ."—*Melbourne Paper.*

"TURKEY: YESTERDAY, TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW. By Sir Telford Waugh. 18*s.* net."—*Scots Paper.*

We buried ours on New Year's Eve.

"The Standing Committee of the Trustees of the Scottish National Library have considered the suggestions made by the Edinburgh Architectural Association. . . . Their objections to the proposal are stated in a minute."—*Scots Paper.*

Pretty quick for a Scots Committee.



LEAVING NO STONE UNTURNED.

THE BEAD NECKLACE CRAZE.



The Sailor on the other side. "DON'T WRIGGLE ABOUT SO MUCH, 'ERBERT—YOU'LL 'AVE US OVER."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE hillsides of England, downland or heather, offer peace and friendly welcome to the wayfarer. To the mightiest peaks of Switzerland the mountaineer may return for another honest wrestling-bout with goodwill on either side. But the greater pinnacles of the Himalayas are fanatical in their inaccessibility. There is nothing passive about those primeval granite monsters, for from their precipiced flanks million-ton avalanches of overhanging ice fall suddenly and repeatedly down, sweeping square miles of glacier surface with such malignity of onrush that even a European climber may almost believe that among their fastnesses dwell the legendary Mi-go, the Abominable Men of the Snow. Kangchenjunga and Kangchenjunga's attendants tolerate no intrusion. They will kill one if they can. In *The Kangchenjunga Adventure* (GOLLANCZ, 16/-) Mr. F. S. SMYTHE, one of the international party of renowned Alpinists who recently failed utterly and absolutely to make any serious impression on the main block of the mountain, has told in irresistible fashion of this attack on the north-west face. After overcoming almost intolerable transport difficulties and avoiding final disaster only by sheer good fortune, the adventurers encircled Kangchenjunga. From the newly-won summit of the Jonsong Peak, at a height of over twenty-four thousand feet, they looked across the brown plains of Thibet to unknown far-distant spires that rival Everest. They came back to Darjeeling to tell of their defeat, a defeat more glorious than many successful mountaineering exploits, Mr. SMYTHE bringing with him photographs which beggar description by their superb grandeur.

Doctor HANS CAROSSA, whose *Roumanian Diary* was and is one of the finest of war-books, has given us, I feel, still greater cause for gratitude in recounting with the same tender sagacity the momentous ups and downs of his own childhood. With a poet's technique (which is admirably reproduced by his translator) he tells how he discovered —as though a little planet should discover his own rings— the spheres of home, village and countryside that enclosed a Bavarian doctor's small boy of the 'seventies. And first in a mountain hamlet, later in a market town of the plains, *A Childhood* (SECKER, 6/-), enviable enough to look back on, is unrolled without sentimentality or regret. Doctor CAROSSA evokes the cherishing mother, the kind, slightly astringent father, the patients—especially the peasant who had seen KING LUDWIG and remembered not his madness but his devotion. He recalls his playmates, above all EVA, the ranger's daughter, with her dream-world of stags with crystal antlers and her Atalanta's prowess in the race designed for boys. He brings back the dying councillor and conjurer who takes up his abode in the doctor's house and secures in his host's little son an admirer, an apprentice and a rival. He describes the peasants' world without, its endless comings and goings up and down the broad steps of cupolaed churches, its innocent junketings inside and outside the bright colour-washed inns. And because this is not an idyll but history there is strife, disease, death and the gradual approach of responsibility and exact knowledge —the beginning of the end.

The fragrant days are dead and gone
When Brown and Jones and Robinson,
Directing an appraising glance
Upon the novelty of France,
Reported from the peopled scene
Figures of men of startling mien,
All gesturing like acrobats
In comic clothes and comic hats,
And ladies indiscreetly clad
Whose eyes were permanently glad.

These phantoms of a distant day
Have served their turn and given way
To others with at least a trace
Of likeness to the human race;
But none the less we may discern
There's still a mighty lot to learn.
And PHILIP CARR'S *The French at Home*
(From METHUEN, 10/6 the tome)
Places the matter in a light
Which ought to help to set it right.

He shows that, though the Frenchman works
And loves and saves and plays and shirks
In ways which, viewed from over here
In our exalted island sphere,
May seem, or very nearly seem,
Like things that happen in a dream,
Yet he betrays in all his acts
So clear a grasp of common facts
That we might almost, if we knew,
Descend and take a hint or two.

I should say myself that it was essential to the greatest fiction that neither writer nor reader should be totally submerged in it. Vision on the writer's part should cap observation, and the reader should issue from his imaginative experience more or less kindled and enlightened. No one, so far as I know, ever felt left behind in the *Inferno* of DANTE. But if anyone gets through *The Fortunes of Richard Mahony* (HEINEMANN, 8/6) without feeling companionably damned in an Australian hell he must be extraordinarily lacking in sensibility. For this reason I cannot range myself with the impressive band of English critics who have saluted "HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON'S" "Australia Felix," "The Way Home" and "Ultima Thule"—now published together in the above-mentioned volume—as a great masterpiece. A monument of sympathetic realism by all means, but a supreme work of art—I think not. As the epic of Australia the trilogy is a mine of vivid interest. Its couple of English interludes are naturally less informed. As the Odyssey of *Richard Mahony*, doctor, gold-digger, storekeeper, speculator and always doctor again, it is memorable and pathetic. As the tragedy of his wife and of all the much-enduring wives of adventurers in a barbaric land, it is heartrending. I believe I should have guessed, apart from a hint on the jacket, that Mrs. RICHARDSON lurked behind "HENRY HANDEL," for it is the feminine streak that is depicted so discerningly in *Mahony* and the ineluctable burden an unmanly man imposes on a womanly woman.



"WHAT? A *BARONET!* HOW DID HE GET IT?"
"OH, TOBACCO."
"GOSH! HOW MANY COUPONS?"

It is no humiliation to see ourselves as others see us when the beholder is so sympathetic and so courteous as Herr PAUL COHEN-PORTHEIM. On the other hand it should prove a tonic counteragent to national low spirits. Herr COHEN-PORTHEIM does not find us conspicuously stupid or more perfidious than need be ("for perfidy," he remarks, "is of the essence of politics"); nor does he believe that we are necessarily on the highway to the dogs. His by no means uncritical eye has discovered much in our past to admire, in our present to respect and in our future to hope for. An Austrian who has been among us taking notes for a good many years, he has written *England, the Unknown*

Isle (DUCKWORTH, 7/6), with the primary object, as his title implies, of enlightening his fellow-countrymen; but the islanders themselves may follow his argument, which is lucidly and sometimes brilliantly set forth, not only with satisfaction and gratitude but with interest and profit. For he casts a fresh light on paths so familiar to us that we have lost the habit of considering them with intelligence, and when he challenges our accepted self-valuations he is always provocative of thought. His chapters on "Town and Country," on "Society," on "Oxford and Cambridge" may be cited as displaying the breadth of his vision and the narrowness of his scrutiny; but what, perhaps, is even more remarkable in a foreign critic, is Herr COHEN PORTHEIM'S realisation of the importance, not only for us, but for Europe, of the Imperial problem.

It has always seemed to me that in possession lies half the joy of books, yet there must be few people to-day who do not rely entirely for their reading matter on some library system. Even the really affluent must sometimes jib at paying seven-and-sixpence for a novel, and I think that all classes of reader will approve the experiment to which MUNDANUS LTD. (an offshoot of VICTOR GOLLANCZ) is pledged, namely that of publishing once a month a new novel at three shillings. The edition is of full size, covered in strong paper, and an infinitely sturdier article than its elder brother from Paris; and there can be no reason why the venture should not earn a wide popularity and exert a very healthy influence on English publishing, provided only that MUNDANUS demands a sufficiently high standard. The first selection, *The Lion Took Fright*, fails to convince. Mr. LOUIS MARLOW'S method is to detail even the most trivial thoughts of his characters, who are portrayed by an intimate process of mental cinematics. It is a method which is used effectively by many modern writers, but it is putting an unfair strain upon it when, as in this book, the characters are themselves uniformly trivial. Mr. MARLOW shows signs of an insight into human affairs which deserves more interesting material and a less galvanic mode of expression.



Leader of Rescue-Party. "DID YOU FALL IN, SIR, OR ARE YOU ONE OF THESE ALL-THE-YEAR-ROUND BATHERS?"

For fourteen years *Charles Gordon, M.P.*, and *Cicely*, his beautiful wife, had to all appearances been happily married. And then *Cicely* fell in love with a man years younger than herself, and *Charles* found himself adoring a girl almost young enough to be his daughter. Such is the situation with which Miss ELSWYTH THANE deals in *Bound to Happen* (PUTNAM, 7/6), and I think that she would have made her tale more credible and effective if she had kept *James Mortimer*, the Prime Minister of the moment, out of it. *Charles* was *Mortimer's protégé*, and when the P.M. heard that the *Gordons'* decorous life was to be utterly confounded he said "Like hell." Furthermore, we are told that this was a remark which he reserved for special occasions, and that "the last time he had been heard to make use of it was in connection with President Wilson at the end of the War." Miss THANE'S story contains many of the qualities that make for popular success, but a tendency to laugh when I ought to have been serious prevented me from thinking it entirely satisfactory.

Wilfred Steadmore, to whose misfortunes Mr. CHARLES LANDSTONE devotes his attention in *The Man from Butlers* (MURRAY, 7/6), was by profession a courier and a remarkably efficient one. But, although he was capable of directing the life of anyone who was put into his charge, he was entirely incapable of controlling his own. Certainly he had the excuse that he was married to a girl whose promiscuous love-affairs were innumerable, but it also has to be admitted that faithfulness was not conspicuously a virtue of his own until he fell in love with a young Jewess. Then the fascination which his wife, in spite of her flagrant conduct, still had for him came to an end; indeed his love turned to loathing, as those who follow his career to its tragic end will find for themselves. I found the atmosphere of this story too strong in flavour for my taste, but in his sketches of the young Jewess and of her relations and friends Mr. LANDSTONE shows genuine ability.

In the stories which are included in "*The Isle of Dreames*" (HUTCHINSON, 7/6) Mr. H. F. BIRKETT remains faithful to the town and neighbourhood which he described so pleasantly in *The Book of Overton*. Mr. BIRKETT observes the Overton worthies and unworthies with perceptive but kindly eyes, and, although his tales may not leave a lasting impression on our memories, they are in the main so fragrant that it is a real refreshment to read them. Especially deserving of attention are "Art and the Man," because of its truth, "Boniface and the Maid," because of its warning, and "The Last of the Ludderburns," because of its portrait of *Miss Ann*. But every one of the stories in this collection can be read with ease and enjoyment.

Star-Dust in Hollywood tells, as you'd guess,
The truth about Filmtown, no more and no less,
Its bright side, its dark side, its humours and sadness,
Its £.*s.d.* aspects, its folly and madness,
Directors and authors, stars female and male,
The few that arrive and the many that fail,
Together with much that concerns the technique
Of the making of "movies" that do and don't speak.
Some equally readable chapters relate
To "breakfast clubs," boosters and Real Estate,
And AIMÉE MCPHERSON campaigning for souls,
Not to mention the Press and the "radio." The whole's
Set forth in the "Vagabond" GORDONS' best manner,
And published by HARRAP, at twelve-and-a-tanner.

CHARIVARIA.

EAR troubles, according to Dr. OCTAVIA LEWIN, frequently result from not keeping the mouth shut. Many a thick ear is attributable to this cause.

* * *

Attention is drawn to the number of young Society mothers who push prams daily in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens. Our feeling is that young Society fathers should take their turn.

* * *

An American writer thinks that our newspapers should be more cheerful. It would be a good start if they stopped publishing the losers of the two-thirty.

* * *

A London policeman found thousands of cigarettes strewn on the road outside a shop that had been raided. The criminal, however, managed to escape with the coupons.

* * *

The Chinese civil war is not likely to be continued this year as both sides are seeking fresh sources of revenue, and it is not thought that this difficulty could be overcome by charging gate-money.

* * *

With reference to the "frozen gold" which is causing uneasiness to economists, an old lady writes to us advocating patience until Spring reaches the Klondyke.

* * *

It is understood that considerable adverse criticism is being levelled in criminal circles against the Ministry of Transport for their want of tact in making the route to the Old Bailey a "One Way Street."

* * *

Dr. DARWIN O. LYON, who has just been shooting a rocket a prodigious height, with the object of obtaining data to enable him to proceed with researches in regard to inter-planetary flight, is a distant cousin of CHARLES DARWIN. He is, however, more interested in the ascent of man.

* * *

A British pugilist is said to be nearly up to championship form at ping-pong. A note of this should be taken by those who decry British pugilists.

* * *

A sociologist prophesies that the increasing amount of knowledge to be acquired will have the effect of keeping people in infancy till they are thirty or forty. Opposition to a proportionate raising of the school-leaving age is anticipated.

* * *

In an address on the part played by science and invention in adding to the horrors of war, Professor GILBERT MURRAY mentioned a certain powder, one teaspoonful of which, properly distributed in the air, would kill a million people. Ruthless belligerents would not hesitate to use tablespoons.

* * *

Bagpipes are mostly made in England, we learn. Our regret is that fellow-countrymen of ours should trade upon the reprehensible proclivities of other races.



Father. "WELL, MY BOY, YOU MUST MAKE UP YOUR MIND WHAT YOU ARE GOING IN FOR. WHAT ABOUT AVIATION?"
Son. "TOO EFFEMINATE."

Television is said to have been so greatly developed that soon people sitting in a theatre will be able to watch a distant cricket-match. The advantage of the distractions offered by the stage will be appreciated when rain stops play.

* * *

In a production of *The Taming of the Shrew* at Stockholm in modern Swedish dress, *Petruchio* appears on a motor-cycle. There should be dramatic possibilities in *Katharina* as a pillion-rider.

* * *

Daily Mail readers complain that under the present school system they can't call their sons their own. An urgent educational reform is the provision of special schools for the sons of *Daily Mail* readers.

* * *

During a tornado at Uniontown (Penn.) a policeman was blown fifty yards up the street and through a shop-window. A tornado that can shift a cop is considered to be some breeze.

* * *

We read of a dog being toasted at a public dinner. In our opinion "hot dogs" are out of place at these functions.

* * *

Reports of the scenes of violence after the victory of a Uruguay team in a match at Lima, Peru, when the police fired on the spectators, will have aroused regrets that Latin Americans as football fans are not actuated by the spirit of good-nature which characterises them in revolutions.

* * *

An Austrian musician has invented a saxophone which can be played by machine. World peace seems further off than ever.

* * *

A leakage in Birmingham's new reservoir at Bartley is said to waste three hundred thousand gallons of water daily. We understand that a plumber has been sent for.

* * *

"January is a bad month for catching colds," says a doctor. All the more credit to us for having caught one.

* * *

It is calculated that the projected Humber Bridge, recently approved by poll, will bring Hull twenty-six miles nearer London. Local opinion considers that any further move should come from the Metropolis.

* * *

It is reported that one of the things recently discovered in the Luxor tombs was the sign of Dad of Osiris. Not, of course, to be confused with *Pop* of *The Daily Sketch*.

* * *

Of a Park orator it is said that he talks with his cheek in his tongue.

* * *

A Frenchman who wounded his mother-in-law in the nose with a revolver-shot was fined the equivalent of eight shillings. The tariff seems very reasonable.

"Widespread floods have occurred in the districts of Adana and Mersina following the recent Persis Tent rain."—*Jersey Paper.*

This beats the De Luge which flooded Paris.

KRIME FOR THE KIDDIES.

I HAVE just found in a certain American journal of a few weeks ago a list of professional entertainers for children's parties, accompanied by a brief intimation of what each one undertakes to do to keep the little ones amused and generally to pep up the party. One of the items which particularly caught my eye ran as follows:—

"*Miss M—— S—— arranges whatever is desired for sophisticated or quaint children, including a Murder-Party for sixteen-year-olds and a trick Russian Poodle Act for the little tots.*"

Now I would like you all to consider this simple statement. The lady—we'll call her Miss Mary Smith—is, you see, out to oblige; she can arrange for them "whatever is desired," even though it may be difficult to know what American youth, judging by the books written by and about it, will be asking for next.

"My Anna is such a quaint girl," one can hear a Society mother of the near future confiding in Miss Mary Smith when fixing up for an entertainment. "I'm almost afraid to have you give your Murder-Party for her. She's so—so unusual. Why, do you know, she's nearly sixteen and hasn't even begun to use lipstick yet, and she actually refused a cocktail the other day—just said she wasn't thirsty! What's more, I've caught her reading MARK TWAIN. I can't make her out."

"Now, Mrs. Bimberger, just you quit worrying," Miss Mary Smith will reply briskly. "She'll be all right on my Murder-Party when she sees the others enjoying themselves. That's what she needs—more getting around among a bunch of jolly sophisticated girls and boys with a good healthy taste for murder. For this is a Murder-Party that's *different*. Not a washy English parlour-game; that line doesn't go with our sixteen-year-olds. Why, let me tell you I've arranged parties for kids in dear old Chicago, and *they* take some pleasing. When your girl hears the other children's merry chuckles—did I tell you it's supposed to be done with a meat-cleaver?—she'll soon loosen up from these quaint fancies. Why, look how my kind of party begins! I have them all sitting around, and then suddenly I pretend to read out the headlines from a 'tabloid' newspaper: 'CLUBMAN FOUND DEAD IN LOVE NEST. ASKED CUTIE FOR KISS, GOT CLEAVER. LOVE-CRAZED BLONDE SLAYS SUGAR DADDIE, HELD, GRILLED.' And then we draw slips out of a hat and one of the kids is the blonde and one is—— But you'll see it all at the time. It's swell!"

So Mrs. Bimberger goes away feeling that she can safely leave the "normalizing" of Anna in such capable hands.

I don't for a moment suppose, remembering the possible Chicago clientèle, that the Murder-Party is Miss Mary Smith's sole stock-in-trade. Indeed, in the statement quoted she refers to "a trick Russian Poodle Act for the little tots." But this, I feel certain, is a misprint. Poodles at a Christmas-party indeed! No, for the words "Poodle Act for the little tots" I think one should read, "*Bottle* Act *with* little tots." It would be a sort of bootlegging round game, and probably some straitlaced mother had once complained that the tots supplied for the purposes of the game were too big.

About the rest of Miss Mary Smith's répertoire I have no clue, except that she arranges "whatever is desired." And one must still not forget Chicago. So very diffidently I suggest a few games of my own:—

(1) *Ring-a-ring-a-racket.*—Half the children form a ring. (It can be called a liquor-ring or a dope-ring or a vice-ring, according to taste.) These players are then given two automatics between them (toy ones, if they can be obtained), which they pass stealthily from hand to hand. Of the remaining players, who call themselves racketeers, each one in turn comes up with an automatic, stands behind one of the ring and sticks it into his ribs, crying out, "I'm muscling in." If the player he has selected happens to be in possession of one of the ring's guns the attacker passes out; if not, he takes the other's place. The winning side is that which has the majority in the ring when each racketeer has made his attempt at muscling-in. It should not normally be settled by recourse to the automatics, which, if possible, should be unloaded beforehand by a parent.

(2) *Here we come peddling beer and gin.*—A little bootlegging game for young children. The two sides are supposed to be rival bootlegging organisations, and it is played on the same lines as "Here we come gathering nuts and may," with a chorus of, "Whom shall we have to take for a ride?"

(3) *Policeman's Knock*, or *Illegal Assembly.*—A couple of patrolman's night-sticks are required for this, and only the thicker-skulled toddlers should take part.

(4) *Musical Bumping-Off.*

(5) *Blind Man's Bluff.*—One player (the "detective") has a handkerchief (a "graft") tied over his eyes. The others ("gangsters") adopt varying numbers, from 0 upwards, to signify their rank, the highest being the gang-leader, and then try to evade capture. Whenever the "detective" catches a "gangster" he must free him on receipt from the others of a number of beans corresponding to the captive's rank. The game goes on until he secures the gangster called "0," in which case he is considered to have Effected an Important Capture; or until he has amassed twenty beans and retires. Should he at any time capture the "gang-leader" he must apologise and release him at once.

(6) *Hide and Seek.*—A variant of the above. One player (the "murderer") goes and hides. When ready, he calls out "Rothstein!" and the others (the "cops") go and look for him. Whoever finds him is penalised.

(7) *Yegg-and-Spoon Race.* A. A.

POSTAL IMPERATIVES.

THIS advertising by means of postmarks no doubt serves a useful purpose. Thus, if I write to a friend in Switzerland asking him to bring me home a cuckoo-clock, he has only to return the envelope, inscribed by our postal authorities with the slogan BUY BRITISH GOODS, to put me to shame and spare himself the bother. In this instance, as in others, it might save the writer's time (and his face) if he knew beforehand how his envelope was to be postmarked.

Two missives received from France, one in the summer and one in the winter, show that if, as it seems, there is in that country some attempt at co-ordination with the writer, the postal authorities there contrive to have the last word. A letter from an artist-friend who had gone to Brittany to paint concludes, "I have been here a fortnight and haven't done a thing. The place swarms with people producing horrors and the sight of their daubs has reduced me to complete incapacity." The postmark, in what looked like derision, urged the world—

VISITEZ CONCARNEAU, LA VILLE DES PEINTRES.

The other was a Christmas postcard from a lady visiting Pau for the sake of avoiding the rigours of the English winter: "We shan't stay long; beautiful but so cold!" It speaks much for French broadmindedness that they did not obliterate these words. They contented themselves with stamping emphatically on the part reserved for the address—

PASSEZ L'HIVER À PAU. CLIMAT IDÉAL.

"Bicycles Built to Stand Fifty Years."
Trade Advertisement.

But for how long are they built to ride?



GREAT REFUSALS.

MR. JACK JONES, M.P. (*to Mr. JAMES MAXTON, M.P.*). "BRAVO, JIMMY! WHEN I'M OFFERED A D.C.L. BY OXFORD UNIVERSITY I HOPE I TOO SHALL BE A GOOD ENOUGH SOCIALIST TO DECLINE."

[Mr. MAXTON has declined the Honorary Degree of LL.D. of Edinburgh University on the ground that he does not wish to be distinguished from other men.]



Partner. "I SAY, DO YOU LIKE THESE LONG DRESSES?"
Girl. "YOU BET I DO. I'VE GOT SUCH *GHASTLY* LEGS."

PARADISE REGAINED.

WE unanimously decided that Rastus must be retired.

Rastus was the best newspaper-office cat in the world—he never missed an edition. The thunderous rumble of the printing-presses was music to his soul and he simply had to be on the spot when they were running. There was a legend in the office that the rats and mice came out to play only when they heard the presses roaring.

Once pure white, Rastus went through life piebald owing to his frequent contact with printer's ink. Some say he was too lazy to wash; I prefer to believe that he took a pride in exhibiting the trade-mark of his craft.

While the machine-room with its hideous din was his special heaven, he had made it a life-long habit to pay a daily visit to all departments, stalking round them like a perambulating general manager, with a purr of satisfaction for everybody, even leader-writers. From his intelligent proprietorial air you half expected to hear him remark, "We turned out a good paper yesterday," or discuss the latest scoop.

He was most assuredly part and parcel of the paper and the office. He was born in it, brought up in it, lived all his days up till then in it, and as many of his nights as could reasonably be expected from a cat.

Stone and steelwork, machinery and noise, especially noise, constituted his entire world. For him the country did not exist. Birds and the other side of the garden-wall were outside his ambit. He asked for nothing better than to live and die with the clatter of linotypes in his ears.

But it was not to be. Rastus was getting on in years; he had earned honourable retirement, and it was decided that he should spend the evening of his nine lives in some quiet home away from the din of a newspaper office.

We drew lots and that is how Rastus came to me. How happy, I fondly imagined, he would be in a countrified home in the far suburbs with a garden, trees, a lawn and a world-on-the-other-side-of-the-wall.

But I had reckoned without his upbringing.

Have you ever seen an elderly cat being introduced to grass, trees, bushes, flowers (and weeds) for the first time in his life? All the unimagined devils of a diseased brain and a few more besides Rastus saw in my snapdragons and roses, my dahlias and lawn. They simply paralysed this poor cat that had grown up with thundering printing-machines as bed companions and with stone and steel as his sole surroundings.

He gave a wide-eyed stare of terror; then recoiled and, turning tail, dashed from the incredible horrors of a trim suburban garden to a congenial retreat in the coal-cellar.

Nothing would tempt him out. There he stayed a week, occasionally upsetting buckets and garden implements apparently in an effort to recapture something of the noise of his newspaper-office.

Obviously "The Laurels," S.W.46, was no place for him. It was too quiet. He wanted bustle and noise; they were in his blood. We should have to find a more uproarious home for him—engineering works or a shunting yard.

* * * * *

It all happened without fuss one afternoon. I was cutting the lawn with the noisiest mower in the world; my wife with the loud-speaker on the lawn was getting an unholy mixture of grand opera and stentorian atmospherics; the family heir was rattling a

tin train over the crazy-paving, and fifty yards away the road-drillers were in full blast on the new by-pass.

It was pandemonium, but to one glad soul it was paradise.

We did not see him prowl out to the garden; we did not see his face light up with joy; and we did not see him make up his mind to stay. But we did see him fast asleep under a rose-bush wearing a smile of blessed contentment, and we knew that in his dreams Rastus was listening to his beloved printing-machines again.

THE GATE SCENE IN "MACBETH."

DE QUINCEY and I have both been greatly impressed by the incident of the knocking at the gate that follows the murder of *Duncan*. In fact, had he not written a comprehensive essay on the subject, I should have felt bound to do so myself. It is one of the tensest moments in the whole of dramatic literature and ought by its stark horror to have overcome all the disadvantages incidental to our production of it.

Last week the Ashmere Literary and Dramatic Society presented a triple bill, opening with the Letter Scene from *Twelfth Night*. Then followed the scene from *Macbeth*, to show that we were capable of sterner stuff, and finally we presented some *Malaprop* excerpts from *The Rivals*. As stage-manager I was cast for the small but significant part of the *Porter* in the second spasm.

We had a very splendid gate at the back of the stage, complete with massive bolts borrowed from the front-door of the Hall itself. By the time *Macbeth* and his *Lady* had done their worst and retired I was thoroughly distracted with the cares of stage-management, but contrived to ooze onto the scene at a more or less appropriate moment. The first knock after my arrival was of so much the same quality as the dozens of knocks that happen on my door daily that I naturally answered "Come in," an aberration easily covered, however, by the magnificent delivery of my opening lines. The timid knocking and my speech continued. The latter ran something as follows:—

> "Knock, knock, knock! [*Louder, you fool!*] Who's there i' the name of Beelzebub? . . . Knock, knock! [*Much louder—they can't possibly hear at the back.*]"

Eventually the exasperated knocker knocked the top left-hand panel clean out. It fell with a sickening crash onto the boards. Nor was the situation made any easier by a gentleman in the unreserved seats who, carried away by the realism of the acting, shouted out, "Ye'll 'av 'em in if ye bain't quick!"

When the moment came for the door to be opened it worked perfectly, except that it disclosed *Lennox* without *Macduff*, who explained afterwards that he had gone to get a piece of wood with which to produce a more awe-inspiring knock. *Lennox* stepped into the breach manfully by taking *Macduff's* opening lines. Mercifully *Macduff*, on his return, sized up the situation in a flash and took *Lennox's*. This exchange lasted until their withdrawal to the fatal chamber. By the time they returned they had managed to sort themselves out, having left the wretched *Macbeth* to render his dialogue with *Lennox* as a dignified soliloquy.

It is an overworked commonplace that SHAKESPEARE'S lines are as apt to-day as when they were written, and it is a striking testimony to the unfailing politeness of our Ashmere audiences that *Macduff's* line—

> "Confusion now hath made his master-piece,"

was not greeted with ironic applause.



THE MAN WHO SAID, "FINE, THANKS!" WHEN ASKED "HOW'S BUSINESS?"

Stage-Stuck.

"Footwork on the stage is as vital as in tennis or cricket, and very often through lack of control an amateur finds his feet literally (*sic*) glued to the ground."

Miss LENA ASHWELL in Daily Paper.

"MUSIC HATH CHARMS."

EVERY Christmas I receive a perfectly foul greeting-card from my old friend, Deuteronomy Wagstaffe, now resident in Rasherville, Oklahoma, of which great industrial centre he is to-day, I believe, mayor, besides being the biggest landowner in the district and chairman of half-a-dozen abortive but high-sounding societies. Nauseating though these Christmas-cards are, I never fail to write and thank him, nor let slip the opportunity of reminding him that it was I, *moi qui parle*, who set his foot upon the first rung of the ladder of success. Deuteronomy (he was called that because he was the youngest of a family of thirteen and so came after numbers) ought to cut up for something pretty substantial when probate is established, and it will indeed go hard if I, who practically put him where he is, do not ultimately figure big in the column headed "Other People's Money."

You see, it was I who introduced him to Cyrus J. Polkinghorne; and from that moment he has never looked back.

Deuteronomy Wagstaffe thought he could sing. It is curious how mistaken some people can be about that sort of thing and what appalling risks they will take once the idea is firmly planted in their heads. In Deuteronomy's case the belief was sedulously fostered by a host of admiring relatives, who clubbed together to pay for the young man's musical education and engaged a venal professor of singing to supervise his studies. The professor drew a handsome salary, but if he does not stand his trial for perjury in this life he will surely reap his reward in the next. Happily for the world at large, the singing lessons were conducted in private and behind closed doors, so that for many months the majority of law-abiding citizens went about their business in happy ignorance of the impending breach of the peace, until the fateful day when the professor decided to release the film, the Pyrotechnic Hall was engaged, and Deuteronomy Wagstaffe burst upon an astonished public like the monsoon breaking over Colombo.

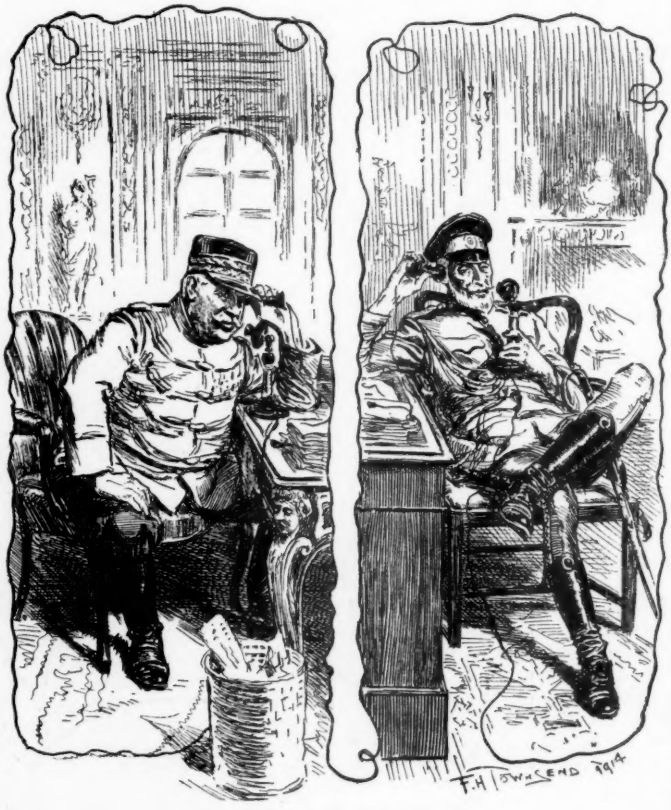
I was there, in the front row, and with me was Cyrus J. Polkinghorne. Deuteronomy had sent me two tickets, and as Cyrus J. was my guest at the time, having come over from New York on business connected with the sale of sausage-skins, I took him along. He was a fat stocky little man with a smooth round face and birdlike glittering eyes, a strange contrast to the lean and lantern-jawed Wagstaffe, who now appeared on the stage in immaculate evening dress, tripped over a pot of ferns, bowed right, left and centre to the audience and cleared his throat. The professor, seated at the piano down-stage, smiled encouragingly, tossed his mane over his left shoulder and let his fingers ripple along the keys in a series of minatory *arpeggios*. The members of the audience settled themselves well into their plush tip-ups, took a deep breath and waited. Zero hour had struck.

You know those modern melodramas where corpses fall unexpectedly out of cupboards, the stage every now and then is thrown into complete darkness and shrieks and groans are heard that freeze the very marrow in your bones? Well, Deuteronomy's singing was just like that. It was quite the most blood-curdling thing I had ever listened to. Of sound there was plenty, but there was a peculiar quality in it that carried one back across the centuries to prehistoric times. It was like the hoarse bellowing of an enraged diplodocus or some great megalosaurus calling to its mate across the primeval jungle. The effect upon the audience was devastating and immediate, and the wild unanimous rush for the emergency exits set me thinking how merciful a thing it was that no children were present. Mob psychology is always an interesting study, but the speed and determination with which that audience got out of the hall was an eye-opener. Many minds with but a single thought—to go while the going was good. And they went. The swing-door closed upon the last panic-stricken ticket-holder, and I turned to find Cyrus J. at my side, betraying marked signs of agitation.

"Lead me to him," he spluttered, indicating the unhappy Deuteronomy, who stood leaning against the piano with dropped jaw and an expression reminiscent of "A Hopeless Dawn." The professor, I noticed, had wisely disappeared into the wings.

"Lead me to him," repeated Cyrus J., plucking at my sleeve. "I just gotta meet him. Oh, boy, he's the guy I've been looking for ever since last Fall. He

To the Memory of Marshal Joffre.



MEN OF FEW WORDS.

GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS. "ÇA MARCHE?"
GENERAL JOFFRE. "ASSEZ BIEN. ET CHEZ VOUS?"
GRAND DUKE. "PAS MAL."

Reproduced from "Punch" of December 2, 1914.

sure can loose off *the* most alluring chin-music I've heard since I attended the Hog-Callers' Convention at Oklahoma City way back in '23. Hog-calling? Yes, Sir. That guy has a fortune behind his tonsils, and he don't want to go casting pearls before British swine, singing at concerts evenings. Let me take him to the States and I'll fix him so he'll be Hog-Calling Champion of the Middle West in two years from now. You sure gotta hand it to him; if he sings the first three bars of "Sonny Boy" or "The Lost Chord" within a mile of a hog-pen the shotes 'll come clustering around him just as fast as they kin pick their puppies up. Lead me to him. Right here's where we sign the contract on the dotted line."

There is little left to tell. The dumb misery of the wretched Deuteronomy was not proof against the blandishments of my little American friend. His dreams of a sensational appearance at Queen's Hall, of recording for His Master's Voice and of a Command performance at Windsor had been rudely shattered and he cared not what became of him. Cyrus J. shepherded him out to Oklahoma by the next boat and without preliminary training put him in for the Junior Hog-Calling Contest at Rasherville six weeks later. He won in a cantata, and thereafter went on from strength to strength, reaping a golden harvest the while. They tell me that there is no hog yet farrowed that can resist the urgent pleading of his rich baritone, and he has but to whisper down the breeze for whole litters of porkers to come tumbling out of their sties five miles away in answer to his call. Deuteronomy Wagstaffe has definitely arrived.

We are asked to deny the rumour that all the workers in the margarine trade have come out on strike, owing to a dispute about the spread-over.

"Miss Johnson knows some Russian, and is carrying a revolver."—*Daily Paper.*

Happily she seems to have postponed the idea of shooting him.

THE NEW SUN-WORSHIP.

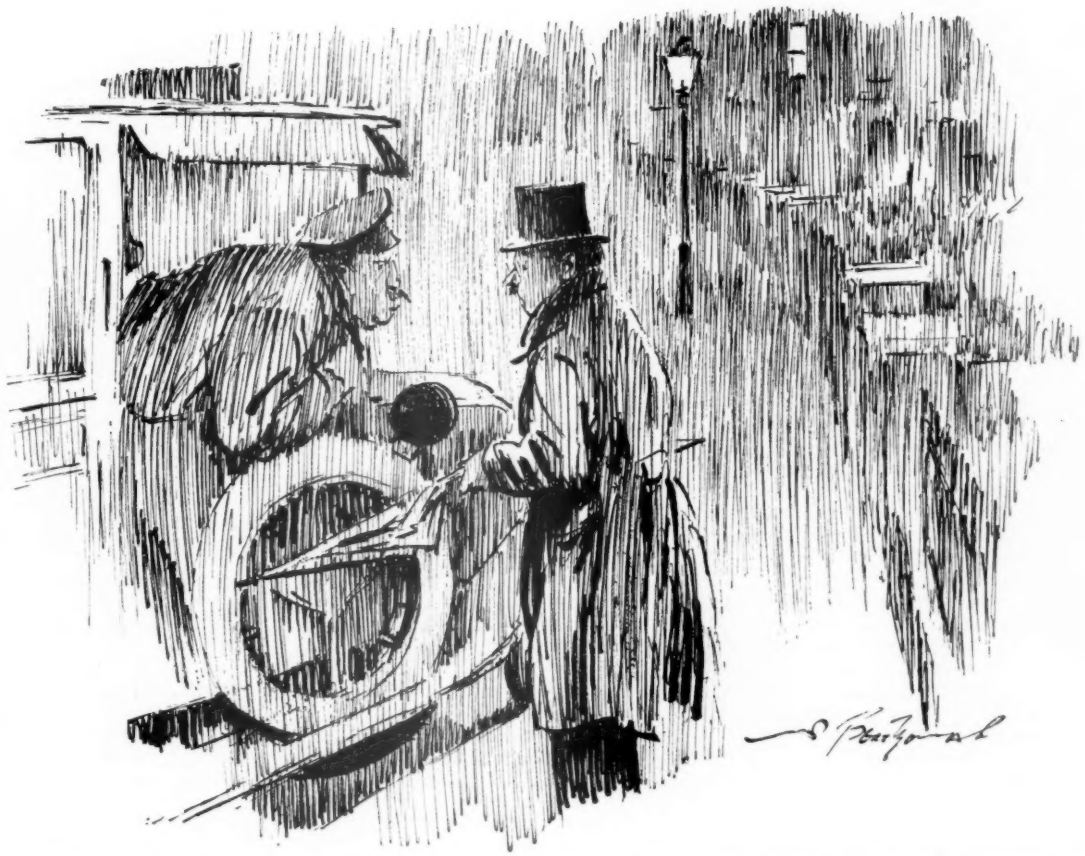
[Sir JAMES JEANS has announced that the sun is losing weight at the rate of four million tons a second.—*Daily Paper.*]

FOR countless years the sun has been
  Of all celestial bodies
The most completely masculine;
But now at last 'tis plainly seen
  He's changed into a goddess.

Phœbus, or rather Phœbe, can
  (So scientists have reckoned)
Be called the champion slimming fan;
She casts aside no fewer than
  Four million tons a second.

O sylph-like sovereign of the skies
  Unparalleled reducer,
To thee my heart-felt prayer shall rise:
Grant that these clothes—too, too outsize—
  May speedily grow looser.

In vain the sweets of life I shun—
  I'm still as plump as suet.
Tell me, I beg, Omniscient One,
O slim, O svelte, O slender sun,
  How in the world you do it!



Taximan (arguing about fare, late at night, in "select" suburb). "LOOK AT THE NEIGHBOURHOOD YER BROUGHT ME INTO. LIKELY AS NOT I'LL GET ME THROAT CUT GOIN' 'OME."

MEDICAL DETAILS.

THE present system of rendering medical accounts has lately been called in question by the Press, and it is proposed to substitute for the customary general statement covering a period of visits, "To medical attendance to December, 1930," a detailed list of services, with dates.

It is possible that this criticism will be succeeded before long by an insistent clamour for further and more intimate details, with some such result as the following:—

From Mrs. X to Dr. Y.

The Chatteries, Little Dithering.

DEAR DR. Y,—I am returning your account as I am quite unable to understand it. I fail to see why the removal of a small wart from my left hand should cost a guinea. I am sure you must have made some mistake and I must ask you to furnish details.

January 5, 1931. I am, yours, etc.

From Dr. Y to Mrs. X.

The Black Bag, Great Dithering.

DEAR MRS. X,—I thank you for your letter and have pleasure in enclosing details of my account as requested. I am sorry that you should consider it excessive. The column on the right represents what I regard as the adequate fee for my services.

January 6, 1931. I am, yours, etc.

THE ACCOUNT.

Mrs. X in a/c with Dr. Y for Professional Attendance as follows:—

	Actual fee charged. £ s. d.	Estimated adequate fee. £ s. d.
1. To being summoned (from my bath) to answer the telephone .	6	10 6
2. To being required to come at once as the case was urgent and to subsequently discovering that you had been in possession of the growth in question for a period of not less than five years . .	6	10 6
3. To the postponement of three important and lucrative appointments in order that I might go to see you at once, at (say) 3*s.* per appointment . .	9 0	3 3 0
4. To driving seven miles (in the rain and at a dangerous pace) to see you and to being kept waiting fourteen minutes in your draughty drawing-room with subsequent stiff-neck	1 0	1 1 0
5. To listening to your theories about the origin of (*a*) warts in general and (*b*) yours in particular	6	10 6
6. To listening to long, irrelevant and uninteresting histories of the illnesses of various of your relations, none of whom I have ever met, and to attempting to appear sympathetic	1 0	1 1 0
7. To attempting to answer impossible questions arising out of item 6 (*e.g.*, did I think the local doctor's treatment was adequate in the case of your cousin Lucy?)	6	10 6
8. To answering the following questions:—		
(*a*) "Do you think it is a cancer?"		10 6
(*b*) "Do you think it is consumption?"	1 0	10 6
(*c*) "*Must* you cut it out?" .		10 6
(*d*) "Can't you disperse it with medicine?"		10 6
9. To snipping off the wart and applying a dressing	1 6	1 11 6
10. To listening patiently to a further spate of irrelevant conversation (ten minutes)	6	10 6
11. To explaining at your request and at great length to your husband *exactly* what the condition was and *exactly* what I had done for it	6	10 6
12. Ditto separately to (*a*) your daughter and (*b*) your sister (who happened to be staying with you)	1 0	1 1 0
13. To driving home (in the rain) and being late for surgery hour	6	10 6
14. To answering you on the telephone (in the middle of my dinner), the question being what were you to do if the "wound" started to bleed during the night	6	10 6
15. To answering your husband on the telephone (after I had retired to bed), the question being whether I thought you would be well enough to go out in the car next week	6	10 6
16. To driving out to see you again two days later at your request to inspect the "wound," and to a modified repetition of items 5, 10, 11, 12, 13 and 15 . . .	2 0	2 2 0
17. To general wear and tear . . .	Nil.	10 10 0
TOTALS . . .	£1 1 0	£27 6 0

WOON.

EUCALYPTUS.

A WHIFF of eucalyptus! Grey stems among the dark
And rustling iguanas that climb the ribboned bark;
White stars that blaze like diamonds, the soft cicada's croon,
The shadowy opossums marked out against the moon.

The tang of eucalyptus! And all the Bush comes back;
The beauty of the box-trees that line the river-track,
The tinkle of the horse-bells, the camp-fire's golden glow,
The ten-foot gum-log burning, the white ash spread like snow.

A waft of eucalyptus! A message from the plains,
A breath of scented gum-boughs that brush the rider's reins;
The bluest skies in all the world within one kerchief's fold;
And so we nurse our memories—the while we nurse our cold.

W. H. O.

Things which might have been more Charitably Expressed.

"CITY'S THREAT TO 2,000.

More than 2,000 of Liverpool's aged poor are to be entertained in St. George's Hall to-morrow."—*Manchester Paper.*



Employer. "WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN ALL THIS TIME?"
Office-Boy. "I WENT OUT FOR MY LUNCH, SIR, AND GOT LOST IN THE FOG."
Employer. "FOG! IT'S A PERFECTLY FINE DAY."
Office-Boy. "THE FOGS THIS YEAR ARE VERY LOCAL, SIR."

PERSIA AND OUR SUBURB.

I PERCEIVE that the reactions of West Marwood to Persia are likely to be intense. They were intense to Italy. For a long time they lent a cinquecento flavour to every dinner-party, at least until the ladies had gone, when we became more primitive and remembered what the Irishman said to the Jew. Italy, however, has slipped back into the Mediterranean, just as Holland did into the Zuyder Zee, and our feet are planted firmly on the shores of the Caspian—I feel almost certain that it is the Caspian—Sea.

I realised all this when Mrs. Bellamy came round to see me about the Orphanage Fund. As soon as I asked her whether she was going to see the Persian Exhibition she replied, "I should rather think I was going. It will be like holding the Gorgeous East in fee!"

And I said I supposed it would, and pointed out that, except on Fridays, the entrance fee was only eighteenpence.

But for myself, deep down inside me I feel rather annoyed about Persian Art. To all intents and purposes Persia for several years has been a province of my own, because, as I have mentioned once or twice, my Cousin Frederick is out there. In a sense I may have been said to own Persia; not in the purple and complete way in which it was owned by Cyrus or Alexander the Great or Tamerlane, but palely, with a kind of vicarious grasp, I stood not far off the peacock throne. If ever the question of Persia cropped up, and I took care that it should crop up often, I would say, "Ah, Persia—

yes, I have some very interesting news from my cousin who is there. He has been snipe-shooting, and says that trade is rotten. He has moved from Isfahan to Sultanabad. In a few months he hopes to get some gazelle."

For the best of it is that my Cousin Frederick's activities cover the whole of Persia. He is not like these people who are merely in Anglo-Persian oil, which is not one of the best bits of Persia at all. People in Anglo-Persian oil scarcely see anything of the real Persia, so Cousin Frederick says. But he himself is always going from Tehran to Shiraz, or from Shiraz to Isfahan, or from Isfahan to Sultanabad, and wondering whether trade will improve and if there will be many snipe. His letters have three pictures of Reza Khan on them, and three pictures of a bird flying over a valley, which is the air-mail stamp, and they always make me feel in touch, as I open them, with Eastern life and thought.

I asked him once when he was at home on leave what Persian gardens were like, and he told me that they would be better if the Persians understood gardening at all. He seems to like bathing-pools and he approves of camel-hair cloth. But he has told me hardly anything about Persian Art, and I fear that the little peak of knowledge upon which I stood, dominating, as it were, the civilisation of Central Asia, is going to be swamped in the present flood.

The men, of course (I speak of West Marwood and West Marwood alone), will not be dragged in so easily as the women. Mrs. Carruthers saw the Italian pictures fifteen times and the Dutch seven. I do not think anyone beat that. But she only took Carruthers three times.

"Directly after breakfast," she used to point out, "is the best time. If you get there as early as half-past nine you can see quite a lot."

That meant Saturdays only for Carruthers, and on Saturdays he likes to be on the first tee by half-past ten.

"Shall I have to toddle along to these Persian things too?" he asked me rather anxiously the other day.

"Of course you will," I said.

"Well, you mayn't believe me," he grumbled, "but the Italian ones took a matter of seventy minutes every time."

"Bogey for the Persian Exhibition," I replied firmly, "will be more like eighty-two."

Ponderby also is inclined to be rebellious.

"Is there much art in Persia?" he queried, putting his ball down on a peg tee.

"Shoals of it," I said. "I have a cousin there."

He hit a good one.

"What sort of art?" he asked, looking rather pleased.

"Oh, pottery."

I hit a good one too.

"Poetry, did you say?" he inquired as we walked to our balls.



Lady (*viewing house*). "WHAT'S THAT?"
House-Agent. "I THINK YOUR HUSBAND MUST HAVE DISCOVERED THE SECRET PASSAGE. WE INCLUDE THEM IN ALL OUR BEST TUDOR MANSIONETTES."

"No, pottery—pottery and praying-rugs."

"Oh, praying-rugs," he muttered. "Everyone's seen Persian praying-rugs."

And with these words he took an enormous divot out of the swearing-mat in front of the green.

But he is going to know a lot more about Persian æsthetics now. So am I. So are we all.

It is strange, I sometimes think, that a far-away culture can appear suddenly in West Marwood and overwhelm it, like skating-rinks and loftier waists, and disappear again—much, I suppose, as foreign cultures and invasions used to overwhelm Persia, though they were more violent and lasted longer, as is the way in the East, than they do in our suburb.

Mrs. Bellamy already has a coat of Persian lamb, and is so well posted in Persian Art, having read not only *The Times' Supplement* but two handbooks, that the other day I begged her to give me a sort of scenario of the whole idea.

"The art of Iran——" she began.

"It was Persia that I was asking about," I said with a little smile of reproach.

"The art of Iran," she went on, taking no notice, "cannot be studied at all unless one distinguishes between the Mongolian, the Arabian and the native influences."

I said that I hoped one would not be so stupid as to study it without doing that.

"But what do you think," I persisted, "would be the best thing to see first in the show?"

"That entirely depends on one's taste," she replied; "but the whole thing will be simply too marvellous for words."

I doubt that. It will only be too marvellous for words until we learn what are the right words to say, and I shall try to learn them early. I have a faint hope also of doing even more than this, for my Cousin Frederick is coming home again this year, and he may get back before the Exhibition ends. If he does, I shall make him come and see it, and, standing in a good place and speaking loudly, I shall remark, "Now when you were last in Shiraz yourself," or "When you were after ibex round Isfahan——" and then sink my voice to a murmur again.

In West Marwood also I shall regain something of my old Asiatic suzerainty. Mrs. Bellamy is quite sure to ask Cousin Frederick out to bridge. EVOE.

Good News for the Stock Exchange.

"Earnings of the most extravagant design and size threaten to become fashionable in London this winter."—*Montreal Paper.*

"The story is poor; it would not even make a good talking-film."
Review in Sunday Paper.

Too bad, in fact, for words.

During the present week *Colonel Satan* is to be produced at the Haymarket and *Madam Satan* at the Empire Theatre. We seem to be going to have a hell of a time.



THE PERSIAN CULT.

INAUGURAL DINNER OF THE WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF HUBBLE-BUBBLE-MAKERS.

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE LOVE POTION.

Captain Parapet had plenty of money which had been left him by an uncle who had made it out of manufacturing sock-suspenders, and when he was about thirty-five he thought it was quite time he got married, because he liked the idea of settling down and having several children which he thought was a good thing for the nation. But he didn't believe in marrying somebody without falling in love with her first so he paid particular attention to girls when he had once retired from the army and wasn't so much occupied and found he quite liked their society, and he was rather in love with some of them but the worst of it was that none of them wanted to fall in love with him because he had a squint in both his eyes so they never knew which of them he was looking at and got nervous when he was making love to them. And his squint had really prevented him from getting on in the army, they didn't mind it so much while the war was going on but when it was over they said he spoilt the look of the regiment and they would rather he retired, but the Colonel went on being friends with him and he often went to see him and his wife who was rather fat but very lively and fond of teasing people.

Well one day Captain Parapet went to see the Colonel and his wife and there was a girl there called Rosemary Folio who was so absolutely lovely that he fell in love with her at first sight, and he told the Colonel's wife whose name was Mrs. Sill about it and said that unless he could marry Rosemary Folio his life would be blighted. And she sympathized with him and said she would do all she could to help him, and what she did was to tease Rosemary Folio about him all the time he was there, and as she hadn't even begun to fall in love with him it only made her hate the very sight of him and he went away very miserable.

Well by this time his squint had got on his nerves and he put it all down to that, so he thought it was time he did something about it and he went to see a doctor to ask if he couldn't straighten it out for him, and the doctor said he thought he could if he paid him a hundred pounds but he warned him that it might make his eyes turn right round and look straight inside him which wouldn't be any good, so he decided that the risk was too great and he would win Rosemary Folio squint or no squint, because it was really ridiculous letting a little thing like a double squint make all that difference and he thought she would soon get used to it if she made up her mind to. And when he saw her next he told her that and she said she was very sorry because his income was quite satisfactory and she was sure he would make a good husband, but she found him rather revolting and didn't think she should ever change.



"MY OWNEST OWN LET US FLY TOGETHER."

Well then Captain Parapet was almost in despair, but an idea struck him and he went round to a chemist's where he bought tonics and pills and things like that and he said could you supply me with a love potion? And the chemist said well I gave up stocking them some time ago as they used to cause such a lot of trouble, but I might be able to lay my hand on one that was left over as you have been a good customer to me, but you must promise not to use it on a married lady because that is what upsets things so and I don't want to be mixed up in it. And Captain Parapet laughed and said he could easily promise that, and the chemist laid his hand on a love potion and he went away with it.

Well the next thing he did was to ask Colonel and Mrs. Sill and Rosemary Folio to tea in his flat, and he poured out the tea himself and put the love potion in one of the cups with his back turned towards them and handed it to Rosemary Folio with a trembling hand. But Mrs. Sill who was sitting next to her on the sofa said oh what manners not offering tea to a married lady first, it shows what a conquest you have made of him Rosemary or else it is his squint, and she seized the cup of tea and swallowed it down, remarking that the weather was very hot and she was thirsty. And she did it so quickly that he could only stare at her in horror, and it was no use trying to stop her by saying that the tea was poisoned or something like that because it would want so much explanation afterwards. So all he could do was to laugh it off and wait to see what happened.

Well what did happen was that Mrs. Sill became very quiet but she kept her eyes fixed on Captain Parapet and they grew more and more languishing as the love potion got to work in her, and he was so nervous that it was like a nightmare and the tea-party wasn't at all a success. And when the Colonel had smoked one cigarette after tea he said it is as dull as ditchwater here and I'm sure I don't know why we came, I think we will go now.

So they went, and as Mrs. Sill was going out through the door she squeezed Captain Parapet's hand and whispered to him I adore you Bertie very intensely.

Well there was no doubt about the love potion working because she had never thought of calling him Bertie before or even Albert which it was short for, and she hadn't been gone five minutes before she rushed into the room again and said I told them I had forgotten my vanity bag which I didn't even bring with me, but I don't mind telling a lie for your sake my ownest own let us fly together. And it was no good him telling her that he didn't want to fly with her because she only looked at him languishingly and said what is it makes me love you so, I think it is your squint. But he knew it wasn't.

Well the only thing to do was to take her home and tell the Colonel about the love potion and ask him to have her locked up. So he did that and the Colonel was very much amused



PLAYS FOR THE HUNTING-FIELD.

"LEAVE IT TO PSMITH."

and said he had not known there were such things as love potions now and the best thing would be for Captain Parapet to see if he could get an antidote to it, as it was so awkward for his wife to be in love with somebody else and contrary to the King's Regulations. And he persuaded Mrs. Sill to go into her room and pack so as to be able to fly with Captain Parapet and then he locked the door on her.

Well Captain Parapet went round to the chemist and told him what had happened, and the chemist said there you are you see, I told you that these love potions always made trouble, and there aren't any antidotes to them but they wear off after a time, can I sell you anything else?

And he said yes you can sell me something that will remove my squint. And the chemist said oh that will be easy enough, I am just going to put a new squint cure on the market myself and I want somebody to try it on, so you shall have the first dose as you have always been a good customer to me, only don't blame me if it doesn't go right.

Well Captain Parapet had got himself into such a muddle by this time that he didn't seem to care what happened. So he drank off the dose and his eyes clicked straight at once which hurt him rather but he didn't mind that and rushed off at once to throw himself at the feet of Rosemary Folio and ask her to marry him. And she had heard about Mrs. Sill from the Colonel who couldn't keep the joke to himself, so she wasn't very offended with Captain Parapet because she knew how much he must have loved her, and he was quite good-looking now without his squint, so she accepted him and he was as happy as a king.

And the best thing about the love potion was that it didn't only act for one person, so when Mrs. Sill didn't see Captain Parapet any more it acted on the Colonel, and she loved him more than ever until it wore off, and he wasn't sorry when it did because she languished at him when he was trying to play bridge and had once tried to kiss him on parade. A. M.

"The new mausoleum rises in front of the massive old Kremlin wall. . . . Immediately inside the entrance one is struck by an oval piece of granite."—*Sunday Paper.*

We shall not visit this mausoleum.

MY FIRST MATCH.

"STICK to me, old man!" Jenkins had exhorted me at the moment of our committing ourselves to the Gadarene venture.

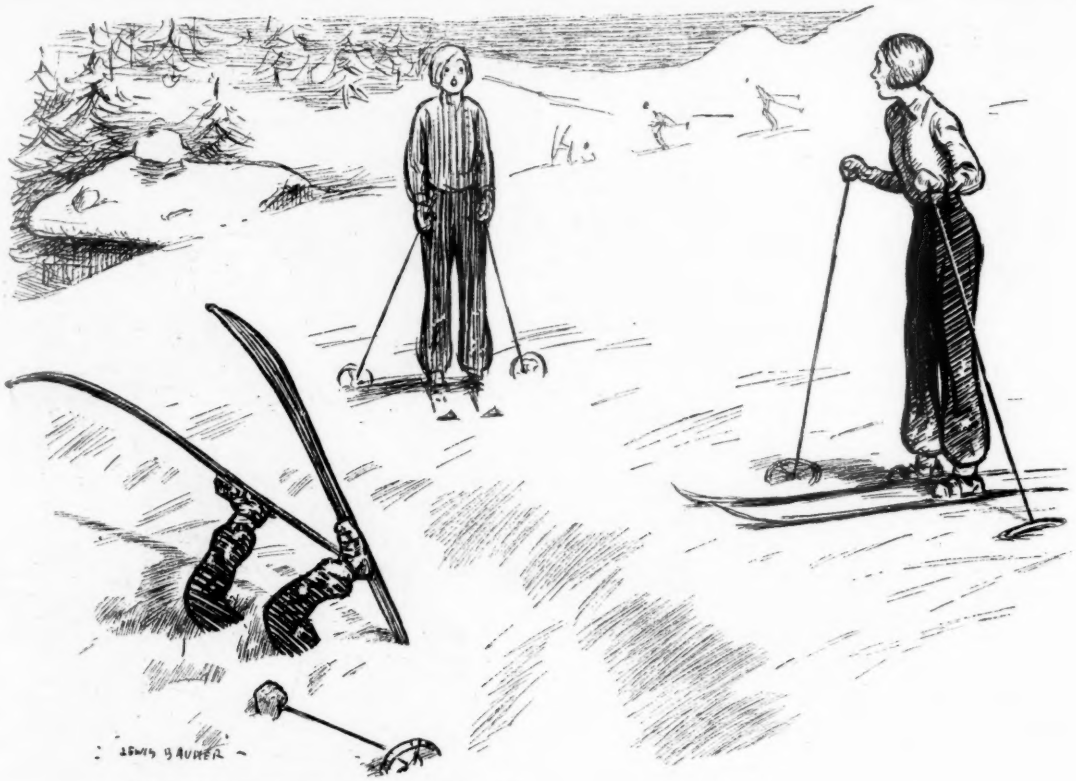
And I did; like a porous plaster. Then we moved forward. We moved backward, too. And sideways. We even moved up and down. I can recall no single effort of either Jenkins or myself that exercised the remotest influence on our trajectory. But wherever Jenkins moved I was on his heels—save only when Jenkins was on my toes.

As I glided through the turnstile—backward and with both feet off the ground—I remember feeling amazed and gratified on observing that I had brought away no portion of the mechanism with me.

In retrospect I sometimes live again the period that followed. On my right I see something of Jenkins' head and shoulder. He is striving vainly to release one arm with a view to the readjustment of his hat.

"We're in a champion position!" I hear him pant.

Before me, at a distance of two



"HADN'T YOU BETTER GIVE HIM A HAND?"
"WELL, I HARDLY LIKE TO. YOU SEE, HE'S IN THE MIDDLE OF GIVING ME A LESSON."

inches from my nose, the woolly overcoat of a tall gross man fills my horizon. On my left, his elbow resting heavily on my shoulder, a large man with adenoidal trouble is proclaiming the might of the Wanderers. He is also endeavouring to usurp my bit of concrete step—the sharp edge of it. I learn to dislike this man with an intensity foreign to my nature. For the rest we appear to be hemmed in by partisans who make no secret of their loyalty to the Wanderers.

And now the Wanderers themselves are coming on to the field. I cannot see them. I can only see the woolly overcoat. But there is wassail amongst the pro-Wanderer faction; and the man who knocks my hat off from behind is forgetting my very existence in his transports.

Plonk! There is a sound as of the father and mother of all ammunition boots impinging on inflated leather. The kick-off, they tell me. I hear it distinctly. Jenkins claims to have *seen* it. Who knows?

"Bravo the Wanderers!" he shouts into the hip-pocket of a man in front.

The Wanderers are well away. Everything points to it. The man who knocks my hat off from behind has done it again and is resting his knuckles in my hair. My face is deep in the folds of the woolly overcoat. I hear the muffled cries of Jenkins. "Bravo the Wanderers!" he is trying to shout.

The Wanderers have scored. But how did Jenkins find out? The pressure has turned him about so that he faces directly away from where I judge the game to be going on.

It is a fast game, and I follow it in a state of high nervous tension. When the adenoidal one gives tongue and his co-partisans begin to heave in their sockets, then I judge the Wanderers to be nearing their opponents' goal, and I brace myself accordingly. On they come. Nothing, unfortunately, can stop them. My hat is off again. My eyes bulge from the effects of pressure on the carotid. Then a mighty roar goes up and the sky comes into view once more. The Wanderers, I understand, have scored for the second time.

But the best of games must come to an end. As in a dream I hear Jenkins bemoan the fact. Also we appear to be leaving the ground. And Jenkins, from somewhere in the rear, is telling me that there are thousands of men in England this day who would have given their souls to be in our places. I am moved to inquire the reason. But I impinge on a gate-post while Jenkins sweeps by. And I hear his voice no more until the Friday following.

"That you, Fatty?" he hails me over the 'phone. "Sorry to have missed you on Saturday. Bit crowded, wasn't it? However, we'll be more careful to-morrow—Wanderers *v.* the Mastodons, you know. I'll look for you outside the station."

"Do," said I, not without emotion; "and if you succeed in your treasure-hunt I'll give you five pounds a week for the rest of your unnatural life."

Sergeants' Wives have Mercy . . .

"Sergt. —— was acquitted by a court marital at Chelsea Barracks on a charge of being drunk outside the Hyde Park barracks."—*Daily Paper.*

"Professor Sir Arthur Eddington impersonated Aladdin yesterday. He said 'Open Sesame!' and the exhibition of the National Optical and Physical Society was open."
Daily Paper.

It is now up to Sir JAMES JEANS to impersonate *Ali Baba* with his wonderful lamp.



POLITICS BARRED.

MR. PUNCH. "I AM TRYING TO PRESERVE AN IMPARTIAL ATTITUDE TOWARDS THESE INDUSTRIAL DISPUTES; I HOPE, MR. PRIME MINISTER, YOU ARE DOING THE SAME."



STUDIES IN CRIME.

AN INTERNATIONAL CROOK GETTING AWAY WITH THE CROWN JEWELS OF YAMERKHOOSH, PURSUED BY C.I.D. FLYING SQUAD MOUNTED ON FAST RACING YAKS.

CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY MOTORIST (1931).

WHO is the happy motorist, who is he
That every man in cars should wish to be?
It is the generous spirit who, when short
Of clothing and of boots, appears in court
And pays the magistrate with no retort;
Whose long endeavour keeps a rearward light
Fixed on his number-plate, serene and bright;
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
Policemen's signals, is yet quick to learn,
Abides by what they say and parks not there
But in some different place, he knows not where;
Who, doomed to turn about and turn again
With circling cabs, a miserable train,
Shows on his beaming face no kind of strain
But shouts aloud, rejoicing in the dower
Of high taxation on his engine power,
Controls his brakes and gears, for cash receives
The guerdon of a book with several leaves,
That proves him worthy of the awful task
Of driving as the State may choose to ask,
And one round card, contained in glass, to prove
The car he drives is privileged to move;
Yet one more book, that registers at need
The car he drives in is his car indeed,
And still one book, by no device obscured,
To show that if he died he died insured;
And thus equipped he makes a sacrifice
Of all that makes earth beautiful and nice;
Bullied by constables and called a toad
He moves in gangs about the slippery road.
'Tis he whom law despises, who depends
On luck for paying visits to his friends,
Who cannot start if it be cold or chill,
Who pays the interminable garage bill;
Whose life is spent amid a constant toil
Of adding grease to grease and oil to oil,
Fears of the failure of electric wire
And the loud burst of the interior tyre;
Who, if he seeks to overtake, will find
The undertaker following fast behind;
Who loudly blows, because compelled, his horn
Pedestrians or wandering pigs to warn,
Yet if he blows too oft or blows too much
Is called by everyone a such and such;
On whom the rain of broken glass shall fall
Like showers of manna if he hits a wall;
Who, if the unexpected skid arrives,
Rolls in the ditch and faints, and then revives,
Mixed up with lots of other people's wives.
'Tis, finally, the man who, spite all this,
Detested by the world, retains his bliss,
Transcends, by confidence in feeling great,
His persecuted and impoverished state,
And ceases not to talk, vainglorious,
About the speed and virtues of his bus,
And tells all men the mileage he has done
On how much petrol, each succeeding run;
Looks forward, persevering to the last,
To see his old car by his next surpassed,
And from some secret tank of courage draws
The power to circumvent or dodge the laws.
This is the happy motorist, this is he
That every man in cars should wish to be.

EVOE.

THE SUB-EDITOR'S REVENGE.

Blenkinsop is the proprietor and editor of *Fireside Gossip*, a weekly paper which (so Blenkinsop says—and particularly to advertisers) appeals to all that is best in the womanhood of the country. Gilson was his chief assistant on the paper. Blenkinsop says that Gilson has always taken too flippant a view of an important and noble calling; and Gilson asserts that Blenkinsop is a pompous ass with no sense of proportion; so the office of *Fireside Gossip* was not always harmonious.

A standing and much valued feature of the paper is "Clara's Causerie," a column to which readers are invited to write asking for advice and assistance of every sort in their affairs. Some of them bare their inmost souls in a way that would make most people go hot and cold down the spine. The Clara who guided, philosophised to and befriended anybody about anything (always provided they attached the coupon from the current issue) was Miss Pogson, a most competent young woman with an encyclopædic knowledge of the troubles of the love-lorn and the housewife. But Miss Pogson recently gave up to one what was meant for mankind and became Mrs. Smythe-Tucker; and until a worthy successor could be found it fell to Gilson to edit "Clara's Causerie." About a week after the start of the Smythe-Tucker honeymoon he had words with Blenkinsop of a more acid nature than usual. Blenkinsop—or so he thought—had the last word, which consisted of a week's notice. It was unfortunate in the circumstances that a long-standing engagement took him into the country for the next few days.

At lunch-time to-day I met Gilson at the club, and he handed me this week's number of *Fireside Gossip* and told me to have a look at "Clara's Causerie." This is what I read:—

My fiancé has taken to making excuses for not coming to see me, and I hear that there is another girl he often takes out. What should I do?—DESERTED, Giggleswick.

Cover with a damp cloth and iron two or three times. Then rub the blemishes with a little methylated spirit on a dry cloth. Finally brush thoroughly with a stiff brush.

In cold weather my face gets very rough and sore. Can you tell me what is the best thing to do?—DOREEN, New Brighton.

First strip off the old lacquer by washing with a solution of benzol. Scour with sand, dry thoroughly and apply two fresh coats of good quality lacquer. This will protect the surface, which should be rubbed over ever so often with a warm dry flannel.

My baby-girl, who is two years and three months old, generally seems quite well, but is subject to fits of listlessness, during which she does not keep her food down.—ANXIOUS, Worksop.



Local Universal Provider (to Assistant). "'ERE, PUT YOUR 'AT AND COAT ON AND RUN THESE FOUR 'OT-WATER BOTTLES ROUND TO 'SUN TRAP.'"

This is probably just her way of finding out if you really love her. Think of the proverb about faint hearts and don't be discouraged. Remember that every girl is a bit of a coquette at heart.

I have a marble mantelpiece which gets greasy and shows finger-marks, etc., very easily. Can you tell me the best way to prevent this?—MARTHA, Much Hadham.

First thing in the morning use Beauté de Diable Vanishing Cream, massaging it well in with the tips of the fingers. Then dust lightly with a good powder (Beauté de Diable is best) and powder at intervals during the day. Last thing at night apply Cold Cream—you will find the Beauté de Diable brand the most satisfactory.

I have a girl-friend who is about a year younger than I am. I am very much in love with her, but I don't know how she feels about me. Generally she seems glad to go out with me, but sometimes she is quite cold and distant.—ARDENT, Peebles.

You should brace up her general health by accustoming her to a cold or tepid sponge-down every morning. Keep her out in the fresh air as much as possible and be sure she has her bedroom windows open at night. Consult a doctor as to whether she has adenoids.

I have a large brass figure of an Indian elephant which very easily becomes spotted. What do you recommend?—HOUSE-PROUD, Oldham.

I should have a heart-to-heart talk with him and ask him to explain quite frankly and openly. Probably there is some good reason.

I should be glad of your advice about what to do with velvet that has got stained.—VIOLET, Padstow.

Conduct such as this is inexcusable. There is nothing to do but break off all intercourse and congratulate yourself on having found out the truth in good time.

A young man who I am very fond of and who has shown a lot of interest in me asked me to a dance and then did not turn up himself. What ought I to do?—PANSY, Frinton.

First pour on boiling water and then scour hard with bath-brick and a strong solution of oxalic acid. You will find this a very effective remedy for the trouble."

When I had finished gasping I looked at Gilson. He was lying back in his chair puffing at his pipe with a thoughtful smile. "I should like to watch Blenkinsop answering to-morrow's letters," he murmured happily.

Mr. Punch's Bedside Bookshelf.

"Addison.—Sir Roger de Coverley (*wearing a little*)."—*Bookseller's List.*

Things which should be kept from Mr. Snowden.

"MEXICAN SEIZED ON SUSPICION OF MAKING MONEY."
New York Paper.

"POLL ABANDONED."—*Poster.*

Another outbreak of psittacosis is feared.

"A NOVEL WASHING PLANT."
Motor Paper.

This seems a real step forward in the Cleaner Literature Crusade.

A NAUGHTY LITTLE MAN.

[The Australian Board of Control recently reduced "BOY" BRADMAN'S Good Conduct money from £150 to £100, following the report of Mr. KELLY, manager of the touring team.]

"SILENCE!" a voice was bawling,
"The Chairman's on his feet!"
And order was at once restored
Among the members of the Board
Who'd met for overhauling
BOY BRADMAN'S conduct-sheet.

"I fear the news will hurt you,"
The Chairman then began,
"And add to your anxieties,
But you must know that BRADMAN is
A boy bereft of virtue,
A naughty little man.

"His nurse, whose name is KELLY,
Reports that he was late
Repeatedly for meals and that
He was disposed to grumble at
His food and leave his jelly
Unfinished on his plate.

"He tore his Sunday knickers
And soiled his sailor-suit;
His manner too was rather rough;
That he was not polite enough
To noblemen and vicars
Appears beyond dispute.

"Against his morning washes
His wicked heart he set,
And nearly always made a face
When asked by Nurse to say the grace
Or put on his goloshes
Because the grass was wet.

"He never would perform at
A drawing-room affair,
When asked, for instance, to recite,
Nor do what he was told was right
Relating to a door-mat,
A handkerchief or hair.

"When Nanny asked for less din
His answer would be more;
For hours on end the boy would hide——"
"Enough, enough!" the members cried;
"The ways that he transgressed in
We very much deplore.

"Our hopes that you'd have shown us
A model kind of kid
Are most unhappily destroyed;
We are, to say the least, annoyed,
And will reduce his bonus
By just a third." They did. C. B.

Humility in our Contemporaries.

"Christmas Day.

To-morrow, Christmas day, the anniversary of God's great charity to man, The Star will not be published."

Montreal Paper.



"THIS 'ERE WIRELESS IS VERY 'ELPFUL TO LEARN YOU TO PERNOUNCE WORDS."
"AY, BUT THERE'S ONE THEY ONLY SPELLS, AND I CAN'T GET IT NO'OW —THAT'S S.O.S."

OF TAME GUINEA-PIGS.

WHILE glancing at one of the daily papers in the club library the other day my attention was caught by a letter headed "Peter, a Guinea-Pig," inquiring whether anyone besides the writer had ever been able to tame a long-haired guinea-pig. The accomplishments claimed for this guinea-pig were that (1) it would sit on its owner's knee like a cat; (2) it would follow on a lead like a small dog; (3) it knew that its name was Peter.

I liked this letter. It raised no knotty points of economics, politics or finance, like so many letters to the Press, but confined itself to the single straightforward issue, "I have got a well-tamed guinea-pig. Can anyone beat it?"

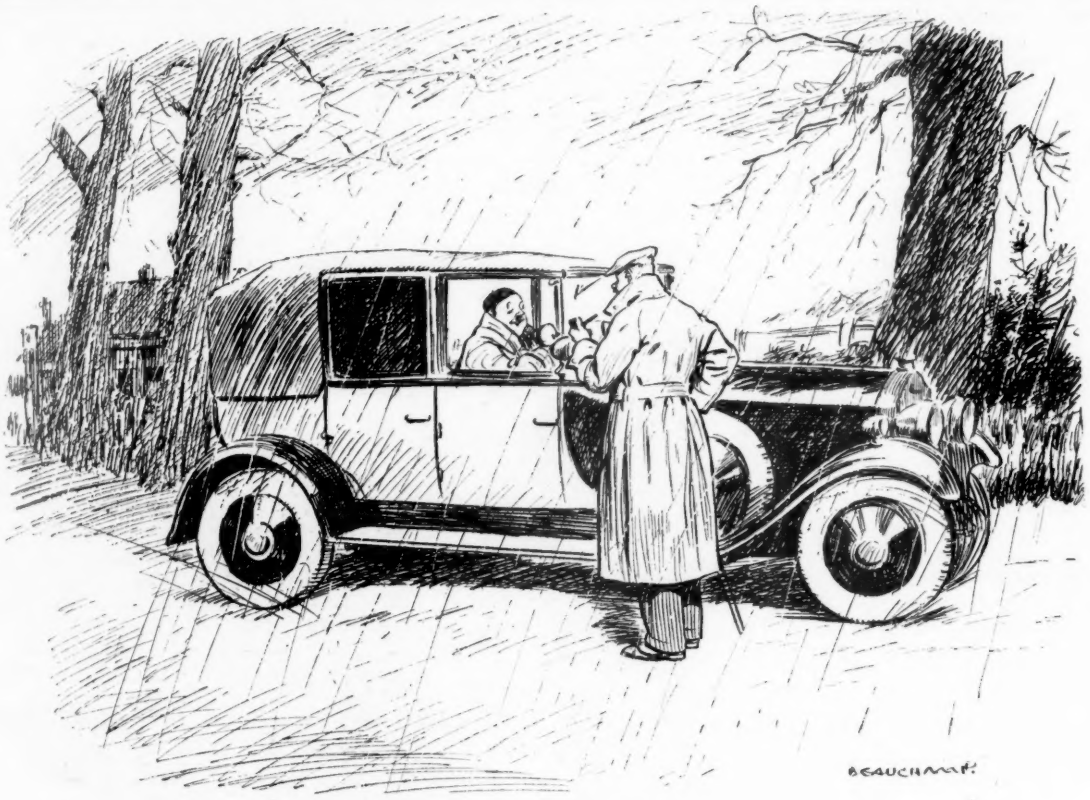
I determined to accept the challenge.

Now, I have been out of touch with guinea-pigs for a good many years, but there was a time when what I did not know of these engaging little creatures was not worth knowing, and I had little doubt that, by calling on half-forgotten memories embracing innumerable guinea-pigs of both the long- and short-haired varieties, I should have no difficulty in upsetting the record in tameness claimed for Peter.

Without waste of time I sat down at the writing-table and wrote:—

"*Peter's Accomplishments.*
(1) Sits on knee.
(2) Follows on lead.
(3) Knows his name."

Not a very extensive répertoire, you



ROAD COURTESY, 1931.

Pedestrian (who has stopped car travelling at sixty miles per hour). "CAN YOU OBLIGE ME WITH A MATCH, SIR?"
Motorist. "CERTAINLY, SIR."

may reflect, and so did I; but when I began to think it out I saw that Peter was not going to be beaten so easily after all.

(1) I could not conscientiously say that any of my guinea-pigs had ever sat on my knee. They were brought up in a sterner school than Peter and were not encouraged to develop the softer side of their natures. One up to Peter.

(2) I was quite certain that no guinea-pig of mine was ever taken on a lead, like a small dog. I did not believe in gentle exercise for my guinea-pigs. When I considered that they wanted exercise they got exercise and plenty of it. For instance, they all took naturally to water. Well, perhaps not naturally, but, anyhow, they took to water and engaged in the most exciting aquatic contests. They also ran obstacle races on land.

I had to allow Peter a mark for submitting to a lead, which made him two up; but I could claim marks for racing by land and water. We were thus all square.

(3) I was now faced with a poser, for I was not prepared to swear that any of my guinea-pigs had known their names. In fact, only one of them had ever had a name. This was my first guinea-pig—a fine long-haired animal which I named Rachel. I paid an outside price for Rachel on the understanding that she would shortly be surrounded by a "rare lot of little 'uns." Halfway through the holidays, however, her name was changed to Jacob at the suggestion of the gardener, who tersely announced one day that "that there Rachel is only a 'og."

After this episode I never risked naming any of my guinea-pigs.

Now, whether Jacob believed to the last that he was still Rachel, or was never aware that he had any name at all, I could not tell, so I had reluctantly to admit that Peter was one up again.

And one up he seemed likely to remain as I could remember no other feat to set against this achievement.

I was on the point of giving in when my eye lit on the *Encyclopædia Britannica* standing in the bookcase opposite me. Dislodging Volume XII. (GIC—HAR), I looked for statistics relating to the tameness of guinea-pigs. To my disappointment I found that, while the guinea-fowl and guinea-worm were noticed in some detail, the guinea-pig was ignored. I was equally unsuccessful when I searched the volumes dealing with Pig and Coney, but eventually I struck the trail under Rodentia (Vol. XXIII.), and finally ran my quarry to earth under the disguise of Cavy (Vol. V.).

Here I learned that the guinea-pig "is wanting in that intelligence which usually characterises domestic pets, although said to show some discrimination."

The concluding words were illuminating, as they showed that Peter's ability to know that his name was Peter and not Paul or anything else was not the result of special training but due to a natural instinct inherent in the whole *genus Cavium*. It followed also that Jacob must have known that his name had been changed.

Having arrived at this satisfactory conclusion, I was replacing Volume V. in the bookcase when I was startled by a truculent voice demanding, "Why

the deuce do you keep fussing about with those books? Most disturbing."

I had been so engrossed in my task that I had quite forgotten I was not alone in the room. One of our most august members, in the person of Sir James Bompton, Bart., had all this time been dozing in an armchair by the fire. He was now wide-awake and sitting up with a nasty look on his face.

"Sorry, Sir James," I answered politely; "I was trying to inform myself about guinea-pigs." And I pointed to the heading of the letter.

Now I was aware that Sir James's temper, uncertain at the best of times, had deteriorated in a marked degree ever since he had received a hint (following upon a campaign in the Press against pluralist Directors whose services were incommensurate with their salaries) that it would be injudicious to offer himself for re-election to the Boards of several Companies whose activities lay outside the range of his technical knowledge. But I was not prepared for the startling effect which my courteous reply produced. His face turned a rich purple, the veins in his forehead stood out in an alarming manner and his eyes bulged horribly. In short, I was vouchsafed an unparalleled close-up of an elderly gentleman registering extreme rage.

He was still struggling to articulate as I withdrew from his immediate neighbourhood.

A FALLIBLE REMEDY.

[A doctor declares that the railway-poster is not only an advertisement but also a tonic.]

WHEN poor is my condition
No more I'll send (express)
Our family physician
An anxious S.O.S.
And, credulously hoping
He knows the trick that heals,
Commit myself to doping
Thrice daily after meals.

For ailments almost chronic,
For trifling ills and small,
Henceforth I'll use the tonic
That decks our railway's wall;
While minutes not a few tick
Their course I'll stand and gaze
Upon its therapeutic
Pictorial displays.

For one whom sickness whitens
The spectacle provides
A gladder sun than Brighton's,
A bluer sea than Ryde's;
And in no other places,
When once the season's in,
Are bathing-belles whose faces
Show quite so broad a grin.

Enlivened at the station,
I'll take no further step
Towards the restoration
Of my accustomed pep;
The use of drugs I'll call off,
And while I'm hale and stout,
If doctors' takings fall off,
Well, that is their look-out.

Thus, emptiest of boasters,
I mused, and went to pay
A visit to the posters
A week ago to-day,
And in the draught around them
(Of which I'd not been told)
Contrived to catch (confound them!)
My present beastly cold.



"I LOVE THE COLOUR, ONLY ONE REALLY WANTS FAIR HAIR FOR THIS FROCK."
"BUT FAIR HAIR WOULD SUIT MODOM."

Sprouts in the Top Dressings.

"Lady —— looked really lovely in soft white satin, quite unrelieved except for a gardenia in her hair which she is now allowing to grow again."—*Weekly Paper.*

For ourselves, we propose this Spring to permit the stunted milkwort in the North Toupet to become resilient.

In refusing an honorary degree at Edinburgh (see Cartoon), Mr. JAMES MAXTON states that anything that tends to mark out a man from other men should not be acceptable to a Socialist. We understand that in conformity with this principle Mr. MAXTON is visiting his hairdresser.

AT THE MUSIC-HALL.

"COCHRAN'S 1931 VARIETIES" (PALACE).

To prevent disappointment it had better be said at once that the figure 1931 in the title refers to the current year and not to the number of turns in the entertainment. Nor does the name of the march selected for the overture, FINCK'S "Splendour and Victory," though it may reflect Mr. COCHRAN'S justifiable confidence in the success of his new enterprise, bear any significance in relation to its dominant feature. For it makes no claim to splendour; it dispenses altogether with the spectacular brilliance of his *Ever Green*. This fact illustrates once again how versatile is Mr. COCHRAN'S own gift of variety, but it also implies that his inventive genius has played a much smaller part, if any, in the present production. In fact he has simply made an international collection of picked exponents of various arts and eccentricities—a juggler, a conjurer, a low-wire equilibrist, a slow-motion high-kicker, a boneless poupée, a trick-cyclist, a singing parodist and some step-dancers—and let them loose on us to do their feats.

The first half was largely an exhibition of physical skill; indeed no call was made upon our intelligence, except by M. DE BIERE, who baffled it with his sleight-of-hand, and by Miss IVY ST. HELIER in her excellent imitations of stage-favourites. The place of honour was reserved for the Four MARX Brothers (three and another), who occupied most of the second half. To those who recall their unfavourable reception when they first appeared in London some time ago their present popularity, won through the medium of the pictures, seems an incredible achievement. Perhaps it was of their early experience that one of them was thinking when he told us at the end that he had not prepared a speech as he doubted whether they would get as far as that.

The spoken humour—here and there too slick and rapid to deceive us into a belief in its spontaneity—was supplied by Mr. GROUCHO MARX, whose "first name" I take from a film-report, for Mr. COCHRAN'S extremely inadequate programme—two pages of information to twenty-one of advertisement and irrelevance—offered us no means of identification. But of this amazing fraternity it was Mr. HARPO of the red head who ultimately brought down the house about our enchanted ears. Having contented himself with openly playing the buffoon and privily stealing the silver plate of his hostess, both feats



MR. GEORGE DORMONDE DOES US A GOOD TURN
(partly by refraining from playing the saxophone).

being accomplished in perfect silence, he took his harp and found a voice in his eloquent fingers. But it was not till Brother GROUCHO, after enduring a few ripples that were almost inaudible, had called out, "Softer! We can still hear you!" that HARPO became seriously articulate. I think that many of us had had no conception what entrancing music could be extracted from an instrument that seldom gets a chance of recovering its ancient appeal.

When the thunder of applause had slowly rolled away, HARPO, by an easy transition which betrayed the modesty of a great artist, resumed his silent buffoonery. The sudden change was accentuated by the music of the stolen silver as it slid in tinkling cascades from his sleeve under the eyes of the incredulous detective.

Mr. CHICO MARX for his part supplemented his confirmed taciturnity with a remarkable performance on the piano. Nothing was too difficult for him, except that, try as he would, he could not remember how his piece finished.

Apart from a couple of introductory spasms, in which they simulated the starting of a train—not a very novel effect—we saw nothing of Mr. COCHRAN'S Young Ladies. But we had seen plenty of them in *Ever Green*. And it is to *Ever Green* that you must go if you want—as well you may—a lavish profusion of colour and beauty and spectacle, and don't mind putting up with a relatively moderate allowance of broad humour, and a not very convincing pretence of continuous plot. But it is to *Cochran's 1931 Varieties* that you must resort if you want—as well, or even better, you may—a really spirited return to all that was best in the old Music-Hall tradition, with none of the tedium of its sentimental and comic songs or other depressing banalities. O. S.



THE AWAKENING CONSCIENCE.
MR. HARPO MARX AND THE DETECTIVE.
(*Inset:* MR. HARPO harps.)

AT THE PLAY.

"TWELFTH NIGHT" (SADLER'S WELLS).

THE opening of the new Sadler's Wells was a brilliant and, something much better, a serious and affectionate affair. The Old Victorians were there in their hundreds; buzzing with excitement and with pride in their new austerely beautiful and spacious "people's theatre"—pride which was legitimate and rightly self-conscious because, if there had been no sedulous Old Victorians, there would have been no spiritual force behind the appeal which in so dismal a period of depression and for so finely uncommercial a cause has been so successful.

After the Mayor of FINSBURY had

said his few words (as Mayors will), and Sir JOHNSTON FORBES-ROBERTSON, declaring the theatre open in words eloquent because so obviously heart-felt, had called to our minds his master, SAMUEL PHELPS, and thus struck the right notes of pedigree and tradition, Mr. REGINALD ROWE, that zealous beggar, reminded us that "The Wells" still needs £21,000 and the Old Vic 7,000 to be free of the debt that so harasses enterprises which aim at something more than box-office scoring. The Old Vic and Sadler's Wells are now the nearest we have to the school of the theatre which we need. It is for some enlightened millionaire who, as Mr. ROWE well said, could find this mere bagatelle of £28,000 and go to heaven without feeling it, to step forward now that he has seen what has already been done against heavy odds. I feel sure that if any millionaire was present at this opening he would have passed an uneasy night stifling (if indeed he succeeded in stifling) his conscience, which bade him leap from his bed, creep down to his study and write his cheque before his bad angel returned in the morning to remind him—well, of the things that millionaires' bad angels do remind them of.

When the National Anthem had been sung, knavish tricks and confounded politics and all (no League of Nations' officer being present, we hope), we settled down with a renewed buzz of happy anticipation for the curtain to rise upon the love-sick music-ridden *Duke*. And a very brave unmannered scene it was. Here indeed is the place to say that this production by Mr. HARCOURT WILLIAMS was startlingly and unexpectedly fine. I don't mean that the Old Vic under other producers has not done excellent work, but I think it can now be said that its work has (and rightly, I think, because of its heroic intention) been consistently overpraised and has perhaps suffered a little thereby. It is true that this evergreen evergold comedy nearly plays itself. But it is also true that its clowning scenes can be crudely overplayed, and this fault the producer has finely avoided. Mr. HARCOURT WILLIAMS had done admirable work before this as player and producer; he is a genuine well-trained man of the theatre, with intelligence and perception; and this affair makes us hope that he will be left long in unfettered control. He will forgive me, I hope, for hinting at the one blemish that mars his and his present company's work. A good deal of the text was lost, even though we almost know it by heart, by faulty elocution. Mr. HOWE'S *Sir Andrew*, excellent as miming, was largely inaudible. To confine *Malvolio* in a narrow box (in the dungeon scene), whence he was perforce almost entirely inaudible, shows that the producer himself has not a really sensitive conscience in this matter. The word's the thing before the play can become it.



THE OPENING KNIGHT.
SIR JOHNSTON FORBES-ROBERTSON REVIVES SADLER'S WELLS.



CROSS-GARTERS AND CROSS-PURPOSES.
Malvolio . . . . . MR. JOHN GIELGUD.
Olivia . . . . . MISS JOAN HARBEN.

Miss DOROTHY GREEN'S *Viola* was delightful altogether—a gracious person, a fine command of her musical voice—you could hear her when she softly whispered her concealments. Miss JOAN HARBEN made the beautiful *Olivia's* maidenly-unmaidenly forwardness the natural expression of a fervid girlish nature; an older *Olivia* is much less plausible. Mr. RALPH RICHARDSON'S *Sir Toby* was in its way as fine as that of the late ARTHUR WHITBY, which dwells in our grateful memories. It was so discreet, and discretion here is difficult and the better part of fooling. The man was, however unscrupulous, a gentleman of much humour and some intelligence, not a mere roystering clown. And in the great scene there was one skilful touch of the producer's art that was especially effective. *Feste*, sad at heart as all the great clowns are, we are told, sits quiet unsmiling in the firelight while the two knights are vaguely spilling the remains of the sack.

Mr. LESLIE FRENCH'S playing was sound, and his singing, clear, beautifully phrased and of very pleasing tone, compelled all January coughs to silence till the last dying notes of the last cadence, and then there was no holding us.

As for Mr. GIELGUD'S *Malvolio*, I was not prepared even by this clever young actor's excellent record for the perception, subtlety and stifled fire of this interpretation. *Malvolio* here was, as he was meant to be, a tragic figure, a man of worth in grain with a fundamental weakness which betrayed him to the only half-intended cruelty of his tormentors. We had, too, a cheerful buxom *Maria* (Miss ELSA PALMER), a grave-spirited *Sebastian* (Mr. ANTHONY HAWTREY) and a *Duke* (Mr. GODFREY KENTON) who really seemed to feel the beauty of his lines and the anguish of his mistress's unresponsiveness.

A great occasion indeed and a memorable performance. And a real proof of how fine a dream, and how practical, a people's theatre can be, and of how genuine are the love and understanding of that people for our divine poet. It makes our West-End indifference appear the idiotic thing it is. T.

"FREAKS IN SERVICE."
Daily Paper.

We back our Tweeny against all comers.

GOING HOME.

(Three Variations on a Holiday Theme.)

I.—ERNEST HEMINGWAY.

IN the morning we walked down to the station with our bags. It was a fine warm morning and I was sweating when we got there. The train was late and we had to wait for it.

"Hell," I said, "I hate waiting for a train."

"Oh, darling, there's nothing in it," Jane said.

"There's a lot in it. I hate waiting for a train."

There were a few porters about. I stopped one.

"How long is this damn train going to be?" I said.

"There's been a breakdown up the line."

"How long is this damn train going to be?"

"Ten minutes, maybe more." He grinned.

"Hell," I said, "I hate waiting for a train."

"There's nothing in it," Jane said.

We sat down on a seat and waited. The breeze was cool, but I was still sweating with the weight of those bags. After a while the train came in and we walked up the length of it, looking in the windows.

Jane got in. I got in after her and lifted in the bags. We sat down, and after a couple of minutes the train started.

"Well, we've had a good time," Jane said.

"So we have." I was tired with carrying the bags and went to sleep.

II.—ALDOUS HUXLEY.

The bags were extremely heavy, heavy with disgust, with disappointment, with frustration. He carried them one in each hand, a martyr balanced on his knife-edge; tralatitiously at every step he felt his unhappy feet being lacerated; his brain writhed under the bludgeonings of angry thought. A damnable holiday it had been, damnable, damnable. With a sudden catachresis his mind elaborated the knife-edge fancy; he imagined himself an amœba being divided, the knife-edge along which he mentally walked being the blade. But the metaphor was all too literal. If the knife-edge divided his nucleus, the two halves of his being would go on living their lives independently—as they did now, confound them! as they did now. If the blade missed the nucleus and merely cut off part of his protective jelly, that part would certainly die and the nucleus would shrink until it was in the right proportion to the rest.

"Next year," he panted to Jane, setting down the bags with a thump on the station platform, "we will go somewhere else."

Jane made no reply. He sat down on a dusty seat and rubbed his tingling hands together. Next year, he thought, they would have to bring the children and a nurse; revolting responsibility! But that made only four persons besides himself. He ought not to mind. GIOVANNI DI CAPISTRANO had taken forty thousand Christians to Belgrade in 1456. . . .

"Belgrade, perhaps," he suggested as the train came in, belching its excrementitious steam, an infernal monster.

"Demoni fatali,
Fantasmi d'orror,
Dei regni infernali. . . ."

he hummed softly, helping Jane in with the bags. What had made him think of that?

III.—J. B. PRIESTLEY.

A little, tumbledown, ramshackle place, this railway-station, suggesting that it was a cluster of buildings through which a railway-line had happened to run as an afterthought, not out of malice, you know, but on its way to somewhere. There were three porters: one aged man with a terrifying habit of thrusting his face close up to yours when you asked him a question and blowing out his white straggly moustache like a fan, and two others, young, bossy, negligent men who were quite obviously only enduring this job until they could get another. It was the aged porter, whose name (as he liked to sign it) was Saml. Swirlingham, who met Horace and Jane when they arrived at the station, hot and dusty, with their bags.

"Will the train be very long?" Horace inquired. He didn't really want to know, and it would do neither him nor Jane any good to know, but if you had asked him why he had asked he would have replied, "Oh, well, y'know, it's as well to know."

Saml. Swirlingham came and thrust his face close to Horace's, blowing out his moustache. "Well," he wheezed, "I couldn' say—I couldn' say, an' 'atsa fac'. No, I couldn' say. Not for certain," he added warningly as though Horace were not to run away with the idea that he couldn't say at all. "Not for certain, y' know. No, it may be a long time an' it may be a short time, an' it may be a middlin' sort o' time, 'few know what I mean"—he took a deep breath in the hope that Horace saw what he meant, and his moustache was sucked into the cavern—"but"—and the moustache blew out again as if anxious for air—"it may come awlmowst immedjut. Awlmowst immedjut," he repeated solemnly, nodding.

"He says it may come in at any minute," Horace translated for the benefit of Jane.

And indeed it came in almost at once. "There you are," said Saml. Swirlingham to Horace and Jane, with the gloomy relish of the successful prophet, as they got in. "There you are. An' thank *you*, Sir."

For, naturally (to us, at any rate, who know Horace), Saml. Swirlingham had been scandalously overtipped.

HATS OFF TO PERSIA.

[Dr. DEARMER, in a letter to *The Times* on our debt to Persian Art, maintains that the best authorities, among whom he specially singles out STRZYGOWSKY, are agreed in attributing the invention of the dome to Persia and not to Rome.]

IN *The Times*, on the "best" of its pages,
Dr. DEARMER avows his belief
In the view of those experts and sages
Summed up by STRZYGOWSKY, their chief,
That the dome, that surpassing invention,
That high architectural grace,
In spite of the Romans' pretension,
We owe to the Persian race.

When I think that St. Paul's would be domeless
And cruelly docked of its due,
Like a cock that is crestless and combless,
Had Persia not given the cue;
When I think of the world-wide approval
Bestowed on her carpets and cats,
In the process of constant removal
I wear out the brims of my hats.

Let others extol the Sahara,
Let others sing Erin-go-bragh,
I find the green glories of Tara
Eclipsed by the land of the Shah,
Which gave us (see ZNOSKO-BOROWSKY)
The marvellous pastime of chess,
And the dome, as we learn from STRZYGOWSKY
Whose name I repeatedly bless.

Although my depleted exchequer
Won't stand what is called in a pome
From the pen of the luminous FLECKER
A "great lapis lazuli dome,"
The roof of my bungalow dwelling,
Though only twelve feet from the ground,
With a gaudy and globular swelling
Already is suitably crowned.

So I dream of the curves of my ceiling
When drudging by day in Whitehall,
Or when I return to West Ealing
As the shadows of evening fall;
For even when pent in a dull bus
On wings of the spirit I roam
To my bungalow, bonny and bulbous,
My dear little delicate dome. C. L. G.



THE VICIOUS CIRCLE.



THE SOCIAL HANDICAP; OR, INEQUALITIES IN THE BEST WAX CIRCLES.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I FEEL that *Enchanting Clementina* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) provides Mrs. SOPHIA CLEUGH with the matter and manner of an enchanting short story, but perhaps with too little matter and a thought overmuch manner for a full-dress novel. The period staged—that of the Great Exhibition—has hardly proved helpful, for the author's sense of atmosphere is inveterately *poudré*, and, though the Victorian aristocracy admittedly retained a good deal of eighteenth century in its make-up, it was not, I think, quite so steeped in SHERIDAN as Mrs. CLEUGH would like us to believe. This admitted, however, there is a pleasant spell of dainty entertainment to be got out of the adventures of *Clementina Arlieska*, *ballerina*, and her swains-in-chief, *Victor, Duke of Llandudno*, and *Harry Romaine;* out of the intrigues of *Harriet*, the *Duke's* masterful mother, to end an entanglement which not only threatened to become an engagement but actually became one; and out of *Harry's* undesigned connivance at a plot which threatened his own happiness even more acutely than his rival's. Everyone but the *Arlieska*—who, bad language and all, is nature's noblewoman—belongs to the highest circles, with a suitable background of Abigails, lackeys and stage associates. They are none of them particularly witty, and their folly, though spectacular, is lacking in vigour and conviction. So rarefied is their air that they themselves appear to experience some difficulty in breathing it. And this perhaps is the reason—besides certain picturesque but otiose iterations—why the book, for all its ingenuous charm, leaves a disappointing impression.

Out of Great Tribulation (HUTCHINSON, 7/6) might conceivably have been dictated at a sitting for a bet. It is certainly not up to Mr. HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL'S standard. A widow, *Violet*, and a widower, *Standish, K.C.*, past-master at throwing dust in the eyes of juries and saving murderers from the hempen rope, both, "curiously enough" (as the "blurb" says—but is it so curious?), had sons who were artists. *Violet's Harry* was a good boy but a bad painter, *Standish's "Bunt"* a sound painter but a totally unsatisfactory citizen. *Harry* used to treat his models with respect; not so *"Bunt,"* and this and a habit of taking cocaine washed down with whisky in large doses led to his strangling by accident, as it were, little *Nell*, who had come for a special sitting to *Harry's* studio at midnight. And as *Harry* was engaged at the moment of the accident in leading home a bibulous R.A. who was so utterly sozzled that he was unable to remember this courtesy, he is duly suspected. *"Bunt"* makes a most ingenious alibi for himself but is distressed to find his friend in such a hole. The K.C., resolute this time to bring a murderer to justice, stumbles across the truth. There are trimmings of blackmail and love, and *Violet* says more than once that *Standish* is her man and she his woman. *Harry* is much too nice a boy for any coroner's jury to throw doubt on, especially after the prompting they had received from a voice from the back of the court which declared him to be a bit of all right. The detrimental and entirely unsatisfactory *"Bunt"* shipped himself to Valparaiso, and the story came alive for a moment when he offered to pour boiling grease over a bullying cook. Publisher, printer and printer's reader seem to have conspired to increase the air of slovenliness which this book rather sadly wears.

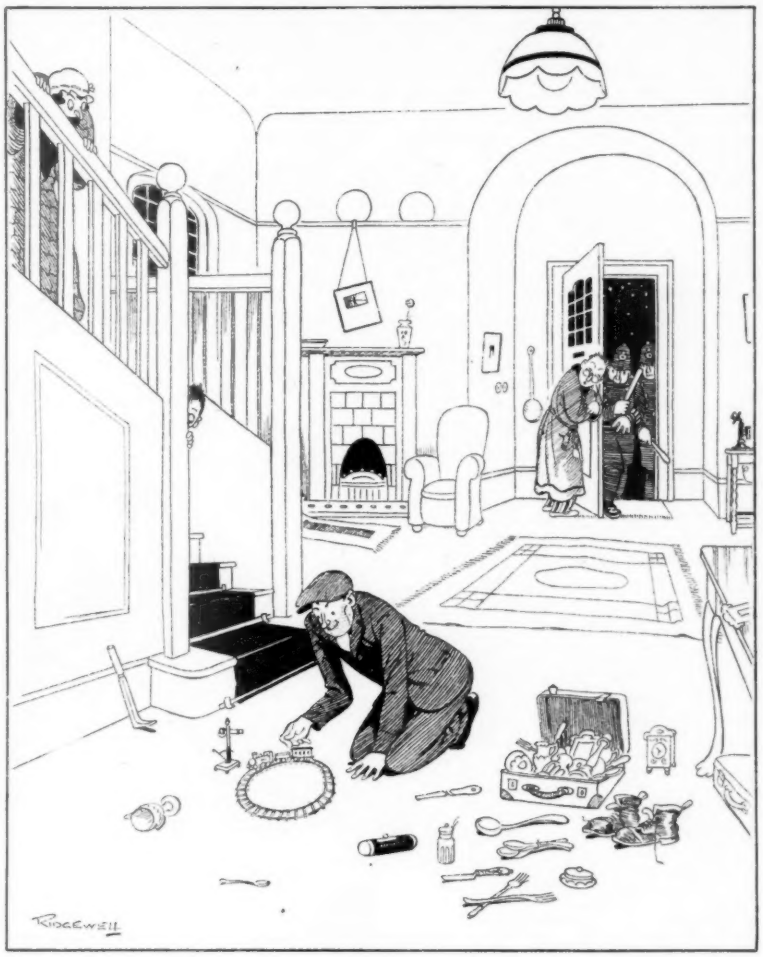
I've never clearly fathomed what
The Rosicrucians were up to,
But Mr. TEMPLE THURSTON'S lot
I raise in awe a silent cup to;
Of all the crooks I've read about
Who probe the black beyond or skim it,
His villain is without a doubt
The absolutely creepy limit.

He slays two persons—nearly three—
Whose doings check the evolution
Of that exalted calm which he
Exists in as a Rosicrucian;
And, when he bumps them off, the job
Is done so shrewdly and discreetly
That coroners and all the mob
Of sleuths are led astray completely.

Indeed the questions raised in *Man In a Black Hat* (which CASSELL'S selling)
Are framed on too obstruse a plan
To lend themselves to clear-cut telling;
And I for one would rather spend
My hard-earned seven-and-a-tanner
On thriller-mysteries which end
In slightly less occult a manner.

There is no doubt, I think, that the best minds of the age are heading away from democracy. Not so much (in England, at any rate) out of ill-will towards a political theory as out of horror at that theory's moral, physical and intellectual results. They do not, as a rule, feel drawn towards such existing counter-irritants as Bolshevism or Fascism. Rather they share the ultimately aristocratic aspirations of Mr. ALDERTON PINK, who has not only written a brilliant and honest indictment of the pass to which democracy has brought us, but has proposed, as the only way out, a commonwealth directed by the sagacious and disinterested few. Mr. ALDOUS HUXLEY, prefacing *A Realist Looks at Democracy* (BENN, 10/6), suggests that the law of diminishing returns, so potent in the case of cabbages and fertilisers, is equally operative in the political field, and argues that latter-day demands for further education and further amusement have been productive of far more of both "artificials" than the nation can possibly assimilate. Mr. PINK deals with these and other concomitants of democratic "progress" in gross and in detail, showing how the spread of popular education has coincided with the rise of the cinema, the stunt Press and other irresponsible influences, and how the common voter still remains poles apart from the ideal citizen. This being conceded, it remains for Mr. PINK to devote his next book to the education of the new leaders. It was ST. JOHN CHRYSOSTOM, if I remember rightly, who said that when *he* swept the stairs he was careful to begin from the top.

On one of the EX-KAISER'S visits to England he was attended by a certain German officer of high rank who did not confine himself to his official duties. When he wandered off to visit an obscure hairdresser of foreign extraction in a North London side-street, he was shadowed, and an examination of the hairdresser's correspondence disclosed the presence of a particularly important spy-centre. How material this discovery was to the despatch and unheralded arrival in France of the B.E.F. in 1914 may be read in Sir GEORGE ASTON'S *Secret Service* (FABER AND FABER, 18/-). This is a book which, while in many chapters it is little more than well-informed talk about the War and a retelling of oft-told tales, is throughout more concerned with the value of surprise in battle-operations than with those "gripping" details of the masterpieces of bluff and lure and self-sacrifice, those revolver-point plots and counter-plots which of course the title made one expect. The author himself indeed seems to feel at times that he is hardly living up to his expectations, for he writes with somewhat of the air of one looking to find really important disclosures on his very next page, only to discover that for some intangible reason, most often his own annoyingly admirable discretion, the revelation is not to hand. Yet his account of the creating of an atmosphere of deception before the second battle of Gaza, to mention only one instance, with the tale of the "baited haversack"—false information most artistically conveyed—is as good of its sort as anyone could desire.



SHOWING HOW THE SIMPLE TOY OF A LITTLE CHILD SAVED THE FAMILY PLATE AT "THE LABURNUMS."

I hope Mr. DION CLAYTON CALTHROP will forgive me if I call him a practical romantic for insisting on the glamour which is inherent in modern big business. He is also undoubtedly an epicure. These trenchant observations I deduce from a pleasant reading of his latest novel, *Refreshment* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6). It describes the career of a country boy of good birth who, possessed of an odd urge to become a restaurant-king and improve the condition of his fellows by the admirable method of selling them properly-cooked food at a fair price, went to London and, like DICK WHITTINGTON, made an early and enduring mark. *Sebastian Chariot* is a queer mixture. Half idealist and half egoist, he is absorbed by the intricacies of his expanding business to the exclusion of recreation; and it is almost too late when he wakes up to what he has been missing. *Isidore*, his partner and financial brain, has all the catholic intuition of the international Jew, and together they form a complete and interesting whole. Romance of the sort distinct from the balance-sheet drifts into their lives in the arbitrary form of an orphaned princess from Italy, and the trio combine to make good refreshment, both in fact and in fiction. Though Mr. CALTHROP would have us see them through a slightly roseate haze, he keeps them alive and crisp. His school of writing is seldom humorous, but it leaves room for epigram and wit, and of these *Refreshment* has its fair share.

A Labour Government had granted Home Rule to India, and this meant the ascendency of the Congress Party. The British troops were being withdrawn when suddenly two armed forces, one in Delhi, the other in Madras, seized the reins of power and established rival empires in the north and south. Civil war ensued, leading to a general collapse, and in the end America, France and (can you believe it?) Portugal stepped in and divided the sub-continent which Britain had forsaken. All these alarming events are described by Mr. DONALD SINDERBY in *Mother-in-Law India* (MARRIOT, 7/6), together with the adventures which befell certain characters in the general confusion. The military operations and their horrible results are detailed with great candour and gusto. The devastations of the Great War are completely outdone by the wholesale destructiveness of a flying bomb controlled by wireless. It is all very excellent, if taken in the right spirit. Fortunately we are by now inured to the methods of the hard-boiled school. We have completely shed our prudish Victorian ideas, so that we can read without embarrassment any words which authors care to print, and even those whose waists are thinned into dashes. This accomplishment has stood us in good stead while studying Mr. SINDERBY. The particular relevance of the title is something of a problem. The publisher, apparently recognizing this difficulty, has made a shot at a solution on the wrapper, but it is not really a good shot.



Customer (entering large stores). "I WANT A STICK, PLEASE."
Shopwalker. "CERTAINLY, SIR. LIP, SUGAR, SHAVING, WALKING, SHOOTING OR CANDLE?"

Sir SAMUEL HOARE has chosen to decorate a straightforward, common-sense and thoroughly English account of his war-time experiences in Russia with lurid prophetic quotations at the head of his chapters, with illustrations in the finest flight of Slavonic nightmare from the Old Believers' Apocalypse, and with a title—*The Fourth Seal* (HEINEMANN, 15/-)—that really amounts to false pretences. It is as if some simple ballad of the English countryside, compound of grave and gay, were warbled to an accompaniment of Tibetan devil-dance trumpets, sounded in a different key. The effect, as for instance when the stories of "the first peas of the season" or of the golosh that got into the samovar, approach too near to the "Pale Horse" and the "reign of The Beast," tends to become, as diverging keys are apt to be, a little excruciating. Sir SAMUEL did extremely valuable work in Russia in the months when the old order was moving to the edge of the cataract. His sketches of the life of Petrograd and Moscow when the war-effort was fading out in incoherent confusion, and his studies of the men he met—introduced "even at the risk of some irrelevance"—are more than interesting in that they throw fresh light on a very obscure period; but it is of the old order and the ways of the old order that he writes, even though the imminence of death was upon it when first he met its Grand Dukes and Princes or joined in its Easter festivals.

The titular story in Mr. CONINGSBY DAWSON'S collection of six tales, *When Father Christmas was Late* (HUTCHINSON, 6/-), is a charming story enough, but both as regards originality of idea and delicacy of treatment it should, I think, yield pride of place to "The Little House." Mr. DAWSON is one of those rare and refreshing writers who can be sentimental without being maudlin, and "The Little House" will give real pleasure to those of us who are not scared by the mere suggestion of sentiment. But all of these tales in their various ways are an addition to Christmas literature, and deserve to be remembered for their sincerity and simplicity.

More Internal Trouble in India.

"Wanted, a young educated Parsee who has an appetite for machinery."—*Advt. in Indian Paper.*

Migrants from the Greater Suburbs.

"C. H. —— & Co. announce the arrival from Sourabaya, N.E.1, of Mr. —— buying men's wear."—*Trade Paper.*

"HOW MR. WELLS'S 'OUTLINE' GREW."—*Literary Paper.*
Mr. WELLS'S cook could probably tell us.

CHARIVARIA.

IN a recent weather forecast, skating near London was said to be probable if the frost should continue. Close observation has convinced our meteorological experts that the prospects of this pastime are adversely affected by a thaw.

***

"Put the British Nation to Work," urges a headline. It is remarkable that this obvious cure for unemployment should have so long escaped notice.

***

The disclosure that a night-watchman has read EINSTEIN'S *Relattivity* will have revived interest in the question of the best brazier-side books.

***

Mr. CLYNES has been in the House of Commons for twenty-five years. It is felt that he ought to have had something taken off for good behaviour.

***

Some of WAGNER'S operas are to be given in Vienna without music. WAGNER'S popularity has, of course, suffered much from a belief that the noise was essential. By its elimination it is hoped to get at the source of the trouble.

***

"Husbands should share the house-work with their wives," says a woman's paper. We despise those selfish husbands who want to do it all themselves.

***

So many banking houses have gone broke in America that people are not surprised to receive returned cheques marked "No bank."

***

MIR SULTAN KHAN is described as "the Ranji of Chess." His moves seem to be executed with a flick of the wrist.

***

Addressing a gathering on the Cotswold Hills, Mr. BALDWIN mentioned that further up the valley in Shropshire his people helped to keep watch and ward on the Welsh frontier for centuries and centuries. It was too bad that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE slipped across after all.

***

A naturalist has observed that seals frequenting our Western coasts are subject to nightmare. This lends colour to the suspicion that they prey upon lobsters.

A Rugby footballer has been awarded two guineas out of the public funds for tackling a burglar. It is understood that this does not affect his amateur status.

***

The woman with bare legs whom a paragraphist has noticed at the sales is believed to have been actuated by the desire to emphasise her contempt for those who wear shin-guards at these contests.

***

Signor D'ANNUNZIO has ordered his tomb. It is also understood that he has been measured for his halo.

***

According to a writer who describes the growing popularity of these functions among seafaring men, many a sailor's romance begins at a whist-drive. A whist-drive in every port is indicated.

***

It should be clearly understood that the Drought Relief Bill, which is before the U.S. Senate, is not an anti-Prohibition measure.

***

"Scarface" AL CAPONE assured an interviewer that he supplied liquor to the best people, judges included. He said nothing, however, about allowing testimonials to be inspected at any time.

***

According to a statistical report twenty-eight million persons pass Finsbury Park station every year. We don't blame them.

***

A gossip-writer mentions that he recently found a fly in the bottom of his glass of whisky. Perhaps it didn't know he was a gossip-writer.

***

A Californian cat has been left three thousand pounds and a beautiful villa by her mistress. With a little careful investment all nine lives should be comfortably provided for.

***

Old cinematograph films are boiled down and converted into patent-leather for boots. From the talkies to the walkies.

***

Manchester has just had a five-days' fog. So much for the theory that it is always raining there.

***

When about to putt on a Clydeside golf-course a member, himself a keen angler, discovered a live fish wriggling on the grass. American papers, please exaggerate.

***

Mr. JAMES CLARKE, the Glasgow Socialist M.P., entered a lions' den at a local circus. The lions sustained no damage.

***

A burglar recently posed as a doctor and carried a stethoscope. Suspicion was aroused when it was discovered that his handwriting was legible.

***

Many people are said to carry potatoes in their pockets to prevent rheumatism. In Aberdeen it is a common custom to keep a prickly horse-chestnut in the trouser-pocket to discourage spending.

***

"Literary people rarely commit crimes," says a writer. He evidently doesn't read many modern novels.

***

"Wine and women," it has been said, "are responsible for more than half of the crime in France." If it isn't the juice of the grape, it's the grace of the *jupe*.

***

For the tropics, special golf-balls are used to stand the heat. Even in this country we have seen a golfer fan his ball for a long time with his club before hitting it.

***

"What is more pleasant than a cold bath before breakfast?" asks a writer. The answer is: No cold bath before breakfast.



"I WANT A BOWLER HAT, PLEASE."
"YES, SIR. WHAT SIZE?"
"OH, ANY SIZE. IT'S FOR MY JAZZ-TRUMPET."

COMES THE SO-CALLED DAWN.

WHEN New Year's Day upon us broke,
In this same column I expressed
The view that certain dates provoke
Expansion in the human chest.

To perfect strangers overnight
I'd sung aloud that I would not,
By all those vows we used to plight,
Suffer Auld Syne to be forgot.

To some this psychologic date
Promised a large resilient boom;
Instantly—so I heard them state—
It would disperse the pall of gloom.

I cannot say that I have seen
Much sign of bounding health so far;
No marked improvement yet has been
Occasioned by the calendar.

I note about Throgmorton Street
The stony broker's trust betrayed;
No joyous lips their jest repeat
Inside the furious Bulls' stockade.

Meanwhile the wretched welkin rings
With trade-disputes where men rehearse
The likeliest means of making things,
If possible, a little worse.

And Ministers, lest we should fail
To wallow deeper in the dyke,
Put up the Law's protective pale
Round their old friend, the General Strike.

Oh, dates may have their magic touch,
But up to now, in point of fun,
I do not fancy very much
The dawn of 1931. O. S.

LITERARY APPENDICITIS.

A LADY-NOVELIST (you will observe that I do not call her a woman-writer; there is a gulf between the two which goes on yawning) has caused her Press agent to inform a daily paper that in her forthcoming book she has indexed all the subjects dealt with as the plot unfolds. "Nobody need read the book," archly concludes the puff; "they simply refer to the index for subjects that interest them."

An even better plan—since there may be some people who, besides wishing to gather information and instruction, actually want to enjoy the story itself—would be a series of appendices dealing, at fuller length than would be advisable in the course of the plot, with objects and topics of interest that arose from time to time.

The sole objection to this method is that the selection of subjects for these appendices would have to be arbitrary, since otherwise the book would run to the bulk of a Post-Office Directory.

In the following specimen the possibilities of this scheme are explored.

CHAPTER I.

It was Sylvia's twenty-first birthday. As she stood at the window and pouted, the rebellious little curls clustered round her head, framing her small patrician (see "Patricians, Rome under rule of;" also "Plebeian") face.

One could only guess at the perfect teeth, over which the pink mouth was compressed like a naughty rosebud. (See "Horticulture," "Roses, Wars of," "*Roses, The Two*, by JAMES ALBERY, prod. Vaudeville Theatre, 1891"; see also under "Literature, the rose in," and "Alexandra, origin and purposes of Day.")

Uncle Hubert, of course, had been a dear, and the cheque he had put into her hands would have rejoiced the heart of any normal girl. "It is time, Sylvie girl, that you learnt the value of money" (see "Crœsus," "Midas, King, myth of," "Vanderbilt," "Money, Sir Chiozza," and "Banking, history of"), he had said, and she knew that the remark was wise. Dear whimsical Uncle Hubert! But—there was a very big fly in the ointment. (See "Entomology" and "Insects, tropical"; also "Balsams, ancient and quaint uses of," "Simples, common belief in," "Herbalists, persecution of, in Middle Ages.")

Dick Marlowe had promised to run in and congratulate her. And it was already eleven o'clock and he hadn't kept his word. A smile, secret and brooding (see under "Fowl, the domestic, in sickness and health"), lit Sylvia's eyes. To-day—oh, surely to-day!—he would tell her that which she longed to hear. Or was—and at this thought lines furrowed her white forehead (see "Beauty, how to get and keep," and "Wrinkles, removal of")—his absence a sign that she and Dick were not, after all, meant for each other? Did not true love (see "Eros," "Cupid," "Love," under sub-divisions "Sacred," "Profane," "Free," "Illicit," "of Children," "in Matrimony," "Courts of, in Middle Ages"; also "Appeal, Sex," "Attraction, chemical," "Selection, natural," and "Re-marry, should widows?") come swiftly? Was not the broken promise incompatible with the ideal? At twenty-one, one sought signs and saw in each trivial occurrence an omen. (See "Superstitions, history of popular.")

As indignation grew, aspects of the case crowded into her brain. (See "Organs, vital," "Trepanning," "Brain, derangements of," and "Inferior, are women mentally?") Was it possible that her urge to Dick and his to her were merely delusion, youth, proximity, love of love? Of life? (See "Darwin, what I think about.")

Would the mutual attraction of herself and Dick become in time a mechanical gesture? Was it, indeed, the stuff which, like youth itself, "will not endure," as the wise old Swan of Avon (see "Avon, Stratford-upon-" and "Shakespeare, impressions when seeing bed of") warned? But doubts and heart-searchings vanished as the front-door-bell rang and, after an agonising pause, the smiling maid, Mary (see under "Tudor," "Scots," "Webb, is *Precious Bane* a great book?") entered and announced "Mr. Marlowe."

"Dicky!"

"My darling! I was kept by a jam in the traffic. Why, you're crying! Was it being separated" (see "Separation, by mutual consent"; also "Divorce, loopholes in existing laws relating to") "from me?"

With an April face she put her hands in his and drew him into a chair. (See "Chippendale," "Ball-and-claw, evolution of," "Hepplewhite"; see also "Chairs, Professorial, at Universities," and "Chair, Aldermen who have passed the.") . . . RACHEL.

"THIS SCEPTRED ISLE."

[In the course of an appeal in the King's Bench Division, Mr. HARMAN, the "king" of Lundy, stated that the island had its own stamps and postal service, adding, "I dismissed the G.P.O."]

KINGS once were kings: when NERO fired
Old Rome and watched destruction dealt,
Men thought him mad or ill-inspired,
But still he made his presence felt.

In later days our HENRY too,
In pride of power and native force,
Brushed from his path a CLEMENT who
Held different views upon divorce.

No king, but kingly, CROMWELL spake
In accents of command; he bent
His eye upon the mace; said, "Take
Away this bauble!"—and it went.

We hardly hoped that we could meet
Such men; and yet can History show
A speech more royal, more complete
Than "I dismissed the G.P.O."?

Bereavement.

"Maurice Chevalier left Plymouth for New York.

Owing to the depression, Fakenham and District Agricultural Association Show will not be held this year."—*West-Country Paper.*

"The market had to be closed at 12-45 due to some bad smell which was unbearable. The cause of the smell is unknown."
Bombay Paper.

We suspect bears.



OUTLOOK UNCERTAIN.

MR. MACDONALD. "HERE COMES THE LIBERAL BUS."
THE LITTLE BILLS. "WILL IT TAKE US HOME, DADDY?"
MR. MACDONALD. "IF IT DOESN'T KNOCK US DOWN."



THE YOUNG WOMAN IN BUSINESS.

THE MANAGER AND HER PRIVATE SECRETARY.

INCOME-TAX IN KIND.

IT is not often your New Year resolutions end by leading you into real trouble. Usually, like old soldiers, they gently fade away half-way through January, before you can permanently hurt either your friends or your system. But I am at this moment involved in quite a row with the Income-Tax authorities over a very reasonable 1931 resolution.

My resolution had nothing to do with smoking, cold baths, chocolate or arriving-down-in-time-for-breakfast, and probably was unique. I first had the idea from a pleasant Christmassy little note which flipped into my letter-box on December 24th. It requested me to pay on or before the 1st January, to a gentleman whom I had never even met, a certain sum (1) in cash, (2) by crossed-cheque or (3) by money-order-see-directions-below. And eight days later I formally decided not to do any of them. This year I resolved I would pay my income-tax in kind.

I have two reasons for this. In the first place who is this man to whom I am curtly asked to entrust my cash (or crossed-cheque or money-order-see-directions-below)? I don't know him. I don't want to know him. Though a very regrettable curiosity has so far characterised all our relations (even dependant female ones, for whom a deduction of tax may be claimed), that curiosity—inquisitorial as it was—has been entirely on his side.

And yet all *he* wants is to *receive* my money. Whereas I, who, had it not been for my resolution, would have handed over to him a large portion of my earnings in easily negotiable form, have politely refrained from any inquiry whatsoever into his character, antecedents or home circumstances. *I* don't know how many children he has under sixteen years old on 6th April, 1930, or, if over that age, receiving full-time instruction at any university, college, school or other educational establishment. *I* haven't asked him whether his wife—even if not living with him—is wholly maintained by him, or how he stands about life assurance or contracts for deferred annuities. In fact I don't know a darn thing about him, and yet I'm supposed to give him my money to hand over to Mr. SNOWDEN to whack out to the unemployed or to facilitate trade with Russia, or to promote whatever other statesmanlike scheme the Government may devise for spending the taxpayer's money. Why, he may never hand it over to Mr. SNOWDEN. For all I know he may spend it all himself on dependant and riotous female relatives, when that little extra from me might have been just the bit that would have sent our very inefficient fishmonger's boy back to school for another year.

However, that isn't my main reason for deciding not to send him cash, crossed-cheque or money-order. It is that payment in kind, as I see it, will be far more beneficial to everybody concerned, except of course to this tax-collector fellow, and I don't give a damn for him. For I have in my small but compact house (2 recep., 4 bed., bath, all mod. con.) a vacancy for a cook. I have already learnt from

experience that there are no cooks available. *But* there are 390,000 or so unemployed women and girls drawing the dole and I 'm sure one of them could cook well enough for me. Any woman who takes this situation for the year will have a pleasant room to herself, not too much work, reasonable wages, the wireless each night and in all ways will be practically one of the family, except that our set of headphones is out of order. She will be treated with kindness, consideration and often with awe. Leaving the ranks of the unemployed women and girls, she will have for the year a job carrying good wages and good food, instead of no job and a small dole of 15*s.* 6*d.* per week. That is the thing from her point of view.

From the country's point of view (which is where my payment in kind comes in) there will then as a result be only 389,999 unemployed women and girls to be paid unemployment benefit for the year, so that when next the MINISTER OF LABOUR has to ask the Exchequer for another ten million pounds, please, she will, thanks to my action in taking a woman off the dole for twelve months, be in a position to make it only £9,999,959 14*s.*, a clear saving of £40 6*s.*

Lastly, *my* point of view is that I shall have less worry, less indigestion, and so more time and energy to devote to my work. Thus I shall become a more useful citizen, and perhaps even be making enough money to start paying in cash or cheque or money-order, as well as in kind. Moreover, another and present benefit to me is that, assuming my assessment in cash is less than the £40 6*s.* that the Government would definitely save by my payment in kind, I hold that the CHANCELLOR will actually *owe me* the difference. In fact, I have already claimed this, but the income-tax authorities, purblind bats, refuse to see my point. Hence the existing row, which becomes more acrimonious every day. . . .

On re-reading the excessive penalties attending refusal to pay, I think I shall change my mind after all. Payment in kind does not seem such a good New Year resolution as I thought. I must find an easier one. So I shall pay in cash, crossed-cheque or money-order-see-directions-below and give up, say, smoking for three days, or the duration of the resolution, whichever is the shorter. A. A.

Journalistic Candour.

"BRIDGE PLAYER HOLDS STRAIGHT SPADE FLUSH.

The four participants are all newspaper men, but the hand is vouched for by creditable witnesses."—*Montreal Paper.*



"I SHOULD PERSEVERE WITH THE LOTION, SIR. YOU'RE WHAT I'D CALL A THREE-BOTTLE MAN."

HOTCHPOTCH.

THE POET LAUREATE INDITES A RECIPE FOR A CROOKERY-BOOK.

(*With acknowledgments and apologies.*)

CRYPTOGRAM and mystery of Hidden Treasure,
Lazar-house as haven for sunny village lass,
With a hotchpotch of thuggery,
Gunmen and sandbags,
Homicide, suicide and stark Black Mass.

Lately-vanished maniac coming from the priest-hole,
Ripping up the attics and the blood-red floors,
With a hotchpotch of devil-drums,
Racketeers, Bolshevists,
Scorpions and Chinamen and secret doors.

Dirty foreign gangster with a brain-caked black-jack
Squealing in a cellar with the trap-flap barred,
With a hotchpotch of vitriol,
Plague-lice, death-germs,
Were-wolf, Frankenstein and Scotland Yard.

WOON.

MIXED CARGOES.

By the time I was steered out of the Toy Department I was loaded well above the Plimsoll line with clockwork mice, crackers, footballs, lead soldiers and cannon. Inside I had a sinking feeling, due probably to my lack of ballast. If only I had been allowed to get a decent lunch before I received my sailing orders.

But unseen hands still lowered bales of merchandise upon the parcels already in my hold. From the exotic odour and the refaned voices I gathered I was in Lingerie and Toilet.

"Come along, John," commanded the Purser. "Look where you're going and don't dawdle."

I put my helm hard over and escaped shipwreck on a glass-case of To-day's Evening Wear. Then I steamed cautiously through a mannequin parade, keeping a weather eye open for any saucy craft which might cross the horizon. But with my port-holes choked up with parcels there was nothing doing. However——

I tacked into Men's Wear and tacked out again without anchoring. A pair of braces for Uncle John and half-a-dozen handkerchiefs for Cousin Herbert were thrown on deck without materially affecting the number of my knots. Men's Wear is soon bought.

By this time the Channel was crowded with traffic. I couldn't see it, of course, but I could hear the pointed remarks of the other craft I collided with.

"One more for Uncle Josh," said a clear young voice.

Well, thank goodness that wasn't my Purser's voice. Another parcel would have threatened to founder me.

"Do you think a pipe-rack suitable?" asked the clear young voice very close to my ear.

A parcel was dumped on my pile—somewhere about the level of my hat. I could still catch a glimpse of the ceiling through little gaps in the cargo.

"You poor dear!" exclaimed the clear voice; "you're half-buried. But I must buy you something. What about a nice box of cigars?"

"A box of nice cigars would be better."

"You shall choose them yourself."

"Need we wait now? My arms are coming out of their sockets."

"So sorry. We needn't be a minute. Yes, cigars, please. Good ones. Oh, not quite so good as all that. Would you like these, Ralph?"

"Yes," I lied, anxious to get away before I turned turtle. Another parcel was plonked on deck.

"Let me see, what else was there?" hesitated the clear young voice.

"Couldn't we cross to the bar?" I suggested.



Clerk at Provincial Hotel. "THAT GENTLEMAN HAS WRITTEN SOMETHING IN THE VISITORS' BOOK IN FRENCH."

Proprietor. "BETTER BE ON THE SAFE SIDE AND BLACK IT OUT."

"I could do with a cup of tea. But the parcels——"

"We might jettison them."

"I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll dash off home and then come back and have tea. How's that, Ralph?"

"Splendid!" I cried; "but why do you call me Ralph?"

She gave a little squeak of dismay.

"Oh, there you are," interrupted the cool competent voice of my Purser. "Trust a man for getting lost. Come along."

I was piloted through the harbour entrance into the calm of Oxford Street and soon came to anchor at home.

After the crew had been revived with tea and massage we proceeded to open hatches and examine our cargo, ticking each item off when identified on the Purser's bill of lading.

Clockwork mouse for baby.

Crackers for the twins.

Football for John.

Lead soldiers, all present and correct, for Terence.

Pair of braces for Uncle John.

"But what's this?" demanded the Purser, holding up something in foaming organdie.

"It's—it's——" I hesitated, not knowing exactly what the garment was called.

"Nice of you to buy it for me," she said, "but you might have remembered it's not my colour. How much did you give for it? I expect I could have got it cheaper. What's this?"

"A pipe-rack," I said.

"But who is it for?"

"Uncle Josh," I explained.

"But we haven't an Uncle Josh."

"I distinctly heard Uncle Josh mentioned before the parcel was dumped on my pile."

"Not by me."

"I'm afraid there's been a mistake."

"A box of cigars. Look at it. Is that another mistake?"

I looked at the box dubiously. "I'm afraid it must be," I decided. "Still, it's rather a joke having these extra parcels dumped on me like that. I was smothered up to the eyes in parcels. No wonder the poor girl thought I was her husband!"

"Joke!" exclaimed the Purser. "Do you call that a joke?"

"I thought it rather funny at the time. She called me Ralph."

"The hussy!" she said coldly. "And what have you done with the other parcels?"

"The others?" I echoed, licking my dry lips.

"My present to you," she continued remorselessly. "A real meerschaum pipe——"

"A pity," I said bravely. "I shall just have to do without it."

"Of course," she snapped. "And the other was your present to me."

"And what did I buy you, dear?"

"A fur necklet. Nothing expensive,

of course. A matter of five guineas. Still, I expect I can——"

"Never!" I exclaimed bravely, opening my purse. "How were you to know that the man to whom you gave your parcels was not your husband?"

"Thank you, dear," sighed the Purser, dashing a tear from her eye. "But I'm so sorry about your present. Do you think——?"

"No," I said firmly, "I can't afford to receive another present."

"Still," she consoled me, "you've got the cigars. They ought to last you a long time."

"Couldn't we go back?" I suggested hastily; "we might meet the lady and exchange cargoes. She said something about tea——"

"I think not," decided the Purser. "I will go back alone. If I can save you the price of another necklet I will."

She left me in dry dock. W. E R.

"Mr. Haig Thomas will have charge of the crew for the final and more important stages of the training. He will coach on the Cam, the Upper Thomas and the tideway."
Yorkshire Paper.

We know no "Upper Thomas" except J. H.

IN THE PASSAGE OF THE SUN.

[In appreciation of the good fortune of our leading professional cricketers who contrive to escape the English winter.]

A MAN'S profession varies
According to his lot;
Where one must toil upon the soil
Another one need not;
The job a score would have 'll
Be denied to all but one;
And few can be the winners
Of the wife's and kiddies' dinners
Who are privileged to travel
In the passage of the sun.

I visited last summer
The cricket-ground of LORD;
A famous pair were batting there
And rapidly they scored;
The first as cheer on cheer rose
Hit at all that came his way;
The second was a stylist
And of fours compiled a high list;
They were each accounted heroes;
Where are those two men to-day?

Upon the other side of
The equatorial belt,
Where natives chew the flesh of gnu,
The ostrich roams the veld;
The bulletins we see state
That the pair are being fanned
By cricket-loving Kaffirs,
Middle-aged and brats and gaffers,
In the Cape and Orange Free State
And the cities of the Rand.

I saw that summer evening
A bowler breaking well;
From arm or wrist the type of twist
No batsman could foretell;
And now, as you and I know,
Summer's gone and he is—where?
Gone too to bowl the googly
In the country of the Hooghly,
And to pot the boar and rhino
In the time he has to spare.

Compare, ye pale-faced drudges
Who in your native isle,
Where mire and murk and drizzle lurk,
Preserve your domicile—
Compare the roads you follow
Where the skies resemble lead,
The day is short, the chill grim,
With the pathway of the pilgrim
Who accompanies Apollo
In the quest of daily bread. C. B.

Another Challenge to the Amenities.
"Aspidistra Invigorator . . . Tins, 3d."
Seedman's List.



Lady of the Intelligentsia. "HE'S NOT *quite* ONE OF OURSELVES. I'M TOLD HE WAS READING PROUST WHEN PIRANDELLO WAS IN SEASON."

BRIDGE AT "THE MERMAID."

MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *v.* MR. BEN JONSON AND MR. CHRISTOPHER ("KIT") MARLOWE.

Shakespeare.	"How shall we try it? We'll draw cuts" . . .	*Comedy of Errors* V. i.
Jonson.	"I will bid thee draw as we do the minstrels. Draw to pleasure us"	*Much Ado About Nothing* V. i.
Mrs. S.	"Well, sit we down" . .	*Hamlet* I. i.
Marlowe.	"Who calls?"	*Julius Cæsar* I. ii.
Mrs. S.	"I'll call for clubs" . . .	*I. Henry VI.* I. iii.
Shakes.	"Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call" . . .	*Merchant of Venice* II. v.
Mrs. S.	"Clubs! Clubs!"	*Titus Andronicus* II. i.
Marl.	"Why then, I'll double thy folly"	*Two Gentlemen of Verona* II. v.
Shakes.	"Hit the woman who cried out 'Clubs'"	*Henry VII.* V. iv.
Marl.	"It was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common"	*II. Henry IV.* I. ii.
Jons.	"Let us not wrangle" . .	*Julius Cæsar* IV. ii.
Mrs. S.	"Obedience bids I should not bid again"	*Richard II.* I. i.
Jons.	"A spade, a spade" . . .	*Hamlet* V. i.
Marl.	"Why this spade?" . . .	*Timon of Athens* IV. iii.
Jons.	"It fits thee not to ask the reason why, because we bid it"	*Pericles* I. i.
Marl.	"Thou bid'st me to my loss"	*Cymbeline* III. v.
Mrs. S.	"I would be glad to hear some instruction from my fellow-partner"	*Measure for Measure* IV. ii.
Shakes.	"Hang thyself—no, I will do nothing at thy bidding"	*Timon of Athens* I. i.
Mrs. S.	"I will hold my tongue, so your face bids me, though you say nothing" . . .	*King Lear* I. iv.
	"And with those hands that grasped the heaviest club subdue myself"	*Antony and Cleopatra* IV. xii.
Shakes.	"Thy biddings have been done"	*Antony and Cleopatra* I. iv.
Marl.	"Dismiss *me*, it was *his* bidding"	*Othello* IV. iii.
Jons.	"Mark our contract" . .	*Winter's Tale* IV. iv.
Shakes.	"Lead, lead"	*Cymbeline* IV. iv.
Jons.	"Lay out, lay out" . . .	*I. Henry IV.* IV. ii.
Marl.	"You have always been called a merciful man partner"	*Much Ado* III. iii.
	"This have I thought good to deliver to thee, my dearest partner of greatness—"	*Macbeth* I. v.
	"but an ace—"	*Midsummer Night's Dream* V. i.
	"else were they very wretched"	*As You Like It* II. iv.
Jons.	"O Hell! What have we here?"	*Merchant of Venice* [II. vii.
	". . . Give me leave to ponder"	*King Lear* III. iv.
Shakes.	"A subtle knave, and yet it shall not serve. . . ."	*II. Henry VI.* II. i.
	"There, I take it" . . .	*Henry VIII.* I. iii.
Jons.	"Then lead thou" . . .	*Comedy of Errors* V. i.
Shakes.	"The King, my master" .	*Henry VIII.* V. iii.
Mrs. S.	"Go to! Let that be mine"	*Measure for Measure* II. ii.
Shakes.	"What means that trump?"	*Timon of Athens* I. ii.
	"Thou cream-faced loon" .	*Macbeth* V. iii.
Mrs. S.	"But yet it is our trick" .	*Julius Cæsar* IV. vii.
Marl.	"If she did play false, the fault was hers; which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands that marry wives"	*King John* I. i.
Mrs. S.	"Patience I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling" .	*Taming of the Shrew* [IV. i.
	"We will yet have more tricks"	*Merry Wives of Windsor* III. iii.
Jons.	"I know Anne's mind;—that's neither here nor there"	*Merry Wives of Windsor* I. iv.
Mrs. S.	"Why, there's for thee, and there, and there" . . .	*Twelfth Night* IV. i.
Shakes.	"You have put him down, lady! You have put him down!"	*Much Ado* II. i.
	"Why there's a wench! Come on and kiss me" .	*Taming of the Shrew* V. ii.
Marl.	"Accursed fatal hand that has contrived this tragedy!"	*I. Henry VI.* I. iv.
Jons.	"Give me your pardon, Sir, I've done you wrong" .	*Hamlet* V. ii.
Marl.	"The fault's your own, so is the dearest of the loss"	*The Tempest* II. i.
Jons.	"There's but one down" .	*Macbeth* III. iii.
Mrs. S.	"There were two honours"	*II. Henry IV.* II. iii.
Jons.	"I have no joy of this contract to-night"	*Romeo and Juliet* II. ii.
Marl.	"Come on then, let's to bed. Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late"	*Romeo and Juliet* I. v.
Shakes.	"And, being a winner, God give you good-night" .	*Taming of the Shrew* V. ii.

Advertisements Which Do Not Compel.

"The open sea is then again the objective, and the next twenty-four hours, spent in the Bay of Biscay, afford the first occasion of enjoying to the full ship life."—*Shipowner's Pamphlet.*

Our own experience of ship life in the Bay is that one's full enjoyment of it is apt to become an aching void.

"The claims of the Soviet Government to real achievements in the past thirteen years of its existence are described in terms of billions of troubles by Michael Kalinin, president of the Central executive committee of the U.S.S.R., in a recent speech."

Canadian Paper.

This unit of the Soviet fiscal system becomes increasingly prominent.



Canvasser. "WHAT ARE YOUR HUSBAND'S POLITICAL VIEWS, MRS. BROWN?"
Mrs. Brown. "WHEN 'E'S AT A CONSERVATIVE MEETIN' 'E'S A CONSERVATIVE; AN' WHEN 'E'S AT A SOCIALIST MEETIN' 'E'S A SOCIALIST."
Canvasser. "AND WHAT IS HE WHEN HE'S AT HOME?"
Mrs. Brown. "THERE AIN'T NO WORDS FOR 'IM."

WHO WOULD BE A BLOOD-SPORT?

I AM not one of those townsmen who are no sooner in the country than they are assailed by the Urge-to-Slaughter. But I must admit that something primeval in me stirred when, searching hopelessly for Timbo's lead in the chaos of the Rectory boot-cupboard, I came upon one of those deadly-looking guns, small and very blue, the sort with a button in the middle which when pressed causes it to fall instantly to pieces in the poacher's hand.

I shut Timbo adroitly into the cupboard and bore my find in triumph to John's study. He was contemplating a half-written sermon with evident distaste.

"I am just drawing an interesting parallel between the Flood and the present industrial situation," he said. "It seems to me that the Ark, standing as it does for the conservation of essentials, makes a pretty——"

"Please," I begged, "don't spoil it for me. I've got to listen to it tomorrow."

"I was only going to ask your advice, as a man of the world," said John, a little huffily.

"Oh well, keep it brief, and don't forget the broad general principles. There's nothing like them. You remember what MARCO POLO said in 1281. Have you any cartridges for this?"

"You'll find some on the upper shelf in the biscuit-tin. That gun's a lot more lethal than it looks—I got a rabbit with it the other day at forty yards—so have a care. I should lock

up Timbo and the children if I were you. The trouble about using NOAH is——"

I shut the door quietly.

The Rectory meadow is a rather neat oblong. It is bounded by Farmer Gubb's mangels, a pine coppice at the end of the Squire's land, a stretch of open heath, and John's garden. Dotted about it are a few large oak-trees, and at one end (the mangel one) are some vacant pigsties.

While I was still trying out the gun's balance I heard a warning caw, and a rook flapped pompously towards me. It was an augury, I felt as I pressed the trigger, which presaged happily for the morning's sport.

The bird gave an impudent cackle, and when a little later the smoke cleared I watched it fly ponderously out of sight. The gun wanted knowing. I slipped another cartridge into its breach, lit a pipe and tip-toed warily along the hedge.

I hadn't long to wait. A brace of large grey birds, which I took to be either sea-gulls or escaped parrots, swooped down and settled in the top branches of an oak-tree. I began to stalk them, holding the gun behind my back and registering a look at once humane and vaguely vegetarian. Half-way across I was observed. One of them set up a kind of muffled hooting, and as I reached the foot of the tree they broke together into little cheeps of welcome. For a moment I had qualms, they seemed so pleasant and so friendly; but I steeled myself. They should have a sporting chance and no more.

"Go away," I cried.

One of the birds pecked the other mischievously in the ribs, and they both guffawed.

"Boo!" I yelled. "Garn!"

They rocked gently to and fro on the bough. The fluffier one blew out its chest and let off an affected wheep.

I waved the gun at them. I shouted the kind of noises that you get when tuning-in by mistake to Copenhagen. I cast a number of aspersions. Finally I picked up a half-brick and cast that.

They rose, hovering above me and protesting in little squeals indicative of high dudgeon and umbrage. They made a fine vertical shot and I took it. . . . As they made for the Rectory chimney-stack they said such hard things about me in such shrill tones that my ears went pink with shame.

I began to doubt, as I made my way to the pigsties, that story of Jefferson's of how he had scuppered an eagle, firing from his hip-pocket and the observation-car of a funicular in the Andes. It ceased to seem so plausible.

By the sties there was a queer scuffling noise and a rabbit ran out between my legs. It tripped me, but as I sat down I contrived to cover its stern and let drive. Before it stepped into its burrow it gave me a look which I shall not soon forget.

In the shelter of the pigsty wall I waited relentlessly. For what, I was uncertain. I fingered the trigger, a cold and predatory glint in both my eyes.

There was suddenly a tremendous whirr and for a moment the sun was eclipsed. A large bird, half-way between a feather-boa and a Handley-Page, alighted on the wall beside me. It kept up a low explosive murmur as if its engines had been left running.

I picked a cartridge from my pocket and hurled it, catching the bustard (if it was that) full upon the nose. Almost as it took the air I fired. . . . The smoke hung thickly over the sties. As I ran out to attend to the corpse I saw it, already at a great altitude, droning across the coppice.

I was seized with a quick and terrible anger. John had got a rabbit at forty yards. Jefferson had bagged, he said, eighty brace of something last week in Norfolk. Was I so innocuous that I was to become a sort of perambulating bird-sanctuary?

On the pigsty roof behind me, about three yards away, there sat quite still one of those impertinent light-blue birds, very tiny, the kind that looks so much more effective in a cage. It chirruped vulgarly.

Fixing the gun in the gutter with painstaking precision, I levelled the sights on the middle of the bird. Never, I pondered as I drew the trigger lovingly towards me, had fowl been so near Nirvana. . . . Through the pall of smoke, with devastating clarity, there came a second and a louder chirrup.

I left the gun where it was, wedged in the gutter. I didn't wait to knock at the door of John's study.

"That strip of tired gas-piping," I said curtly, "you'll find it in the pigsties."

"Gas-piping? My 410? My dear fellow, the other day I potted a bun——"

"Ha! At what distance? At forty yards!" I laughed dramatically. "Well, let me tell you, it'd be a rest-cure to an insect to be sitting in the barrel when the darned thing goes off. It wouldn't even get its liver shaken up."

Without mincing my idiom I told him of that infuriating chirrup. He got up and went across to the shelf. There was an ominous silence.

"Did I say the biscuit-tin? I say, old man, I'm frightfully sorry. Those are blanks."

"Blanks?" I echoed. An amazing suspicion crossed my mind. "Blanks, John? You, the gunman parson? You haven't gone soft about blood-sports?"

A look of pain crossed his face at the suggestion.

"These were left over from starting the Sunday-School Sports," he said.

It seemed a pity that he was my host.

ERIC.



"UP, LAGGARDS, AND AT 'EM!"

Shame on the Tory loafer
Who lingers in his bower,
When BALDWINUS of Bewdlium
Is on the march for power.

After "Lays of Ancient Rome."

Commercial Modesty.

"UNREPEATABLE PRICES."
Sale Poster.

"We know, of course, that the French call London, Londres, but how many realise that the Livorns is the Italian name for Leghorn?"—*Weekly Paper.*

Only a very few, even among Italians.



THE PERSIAN CULT.

AL RUSCHID HOUR IN THE WEST-END.



Client. "HERE, CAN'T YOU KEEP THE UMBRELLA MORE OVER ME?"
Commissionaire. "I'M SORRY, SIR, BUT I DAREN'T GET THIS UNIFORM WET; IT'S NEW."

THE SONG OF THE SAW.

["Colonel ——'s contribution to the entertainment of the guests was 'Just a Song at Twilight,' played on a saw. A more ambitious effort of the same kind was a duet performed by the host and Captain ——, who chose the Baccarole (*sic*) from the *Tales of Hoffmann* as their piece."—*Evening Paper.*]

THE "saxo's" acid squealing,
The banjo's vulgar hum,
Though once to me appealing,
Now irk my tympanum;
No more do I belabour
The tambourine or tabor
Or irritate my neighbour
With any sort of drum.

For I have found a medium
That pays a double debt,
Relieving Fashion's tedium,
Rewarding Labour's sweat;
The tool that helps the trader
To combat the invader
And aids the serenader—
The saw that does not fret.

Although its blade is pliant,
Its teeth cleave wood like wax;
It fells the forest giant
More surely than the axe,
And yet the saw can render
Airs that are soft and tender,
And shuns the strident splendour
Of Mr. ARNOLD BAX.

Less blatant than the cornet
With its metallic ring,
It emulates the hornet
Without the hornet's sting;
And, having joined the coterie
Whose principle is Rotary,
I am a fervent votary
Of saws that buzz and sing.

Let millionaires and MORGANS
Regardless of expense
Erect new-fangled organs,
Sonorous and immense;
Cheap saws, when handled featly,
Sedately and discreetly,
More keenly and more sweetly
Ravish the aural sense.

Let champions of the Cheka,
Who Russia's fate control,
The bally balalaika
Persistently extol;
To twilit haunts withdrawing,
Where rooks at eve are cawing,
I mean to go on sawing
My blameless barcarolle. C. L. G.

"KITCHEN HINTS.

A slice of lemon thrown in the pan with the washing-up water removes the smell of opinions from plates and forks."
Irish Paper.

This tip should be of great value to the Members' Dining-Room at Westminster.

ILLUSTRATIONS TO MY ARTICLES.

OFTEN and often I have wondered, inspecting from all angles some illustration to an article by me written in the first person, whether it is that my literary style does not do me justice. Or perhaps, I have then thought—for I have my pride—or perhaps it is that my articles are habitually handed for illustration to artists of crude and undistinguished mind, artists incapable of realising that articles of such subtlety, such charm of manner, such learning and such wit are unlikely to have been written by a man with a face like a hyacinth bulb or a dollop of dough. And then I have cast away the magazine in despair. What, I have demanded of the unresponsive heavens—what makes them think I look like that?

Since March, 1930, readers in the North of Scotland—and in the South too, for that matter—when they have happened on an article by me, have turned over the page with a look of disgust. In that unhappy month I was represented to my Scottish readers, in one of their own magazines, by (I suppose) one of their own artists, as a Perfect Bounder. He drew me with a large sneering nose; he drew me with a lot of hair smarmed back from my

forehead with some nauseous greasy preparation in which (I have no doubt) he had some proprietary interest; he drew me with a most unfortunate moustache; he drew me in shirt-sleeves, and very kindly (damn him!) drew a pair of those spring-armlets for me to keep my shirt-sleeves up with. I have not the illustration before me at the moment, but I have an idea he also represented me wearing striped trousers and spats.

Now I have no wish to suggest that every man who has a large nose, who wears spring-armlets, striped trousers and spats, and sloshes a lot of grease on his hair—though the combination is undoubtedly a deadly one—is a perfect bounder. I merely wish to point out that this Scottish artist, with all the clothes and all the personal attributes in creation to choose from, selected those and bestowed them on me. There was nothing in the article itself to suggest that I looked like that. In fact I may say that modesty forbids me to describe the kind of man that any sensitive reader of my article would without that misleading illustration have imagined me to be. I had never done the artist any harm; he had never set eyes on me. I ask, was it fair?

But I have no prejudice against Scottish artists in particular. London artists have treated me as badly, if not worse. One has performed the astonishing feat of drawing me twice in four months as entirely dissimilar persons, both equally repulsive. In April he drew me as a short stout man with a little moustache and boiled-looking protruding eyes, wearing a ridiculous little cap, plus-fours and a jazz pullover, and smoking what appeared to be a small clay pipe upside-down. In August he drew me as a smooth pasty-faced moist young man in pince-nez, with a loose, wavy, wandering mouth half open to produce a word that (I am convinced) has never passed my lips, making a fatuous unnecessary gesture with his right hand while he speaks into a telephone. What right has this confounded artist, who has never seen me either, to suggest to the readers of the paper that I am the kind of man who gesticulates at the telephone?

Again I must point out that the fault was not mine. Neither of the articles should have conveyed the impression that I in any way resembled either of these imaginary ugly men. What little narrative there was in them was founded on fact; in each I was what I may call my usual sunny self.

And finally to-day there came the last straw. It has caused me to resolve at last that, since I can never tell when an article of mine will be illustrated, I will never write in the first person again. Before me as I write there lies a magazine containing a story by me. At the top there is an illustration representing me as a fat complacent man with a bulbous nose and a large simpering mouth. My neck rolls in gentle undulations over my collar both at the front and the back. My eyes are fixed in mild surprise apparently on some supernatural manifestation out of the picture to the left. It makes me look, in fact, an utter fool; and with a proper sense of shame the perpetrator of this insult appears to have omitted to sign it. . . .

One moment: I can distinguish some sort of hieroglyphic underneath. Yes. I now recognise it as the signature of my photographer.



Wife of eminent author. "COOK WANTS ME TO ASK YOU, DEAREST, WHETHER YOU 'LL WRITE A PREFACE FOR HER NEW BOOK OF POEMS."

Statements we could not have Improved Upon.

"Vienna has the largest open-air ice-skating rink in the world. It has seating accommodation for several thousands."
Evening Paper.

How to Relieve your Feelings.

"RECORD BREAKING AT THE WINTER SALES."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

"The price of the new £100 motor-car works out at 1*s.* 8*d.* a lb. This is cheaper than British beef or mutton."—*Daily Paper.*
We will remember this next time we are hungry.

"Le détachement comprendra soldats prélevés sur le 1er bataillon du Gold Stream Guard. . ."—*French Paper.*
This is the famous regiment of which we understand Mr. SNOWDEN has been appointed Colonel-in-chief.



He. "I SAY, THAT SORT O' THING PUTS YOU OFF SKATING A BIT, DOESN'T IT?"
She. "DON'T BE DISCOURAGED, DARLING; YOU'LL GET LIKE THAT IN TIME."

MEET PERSIA.

AWAKE! for SOLYMAN and his Djinns have planned,
Borne on Roc's wings, a Conquest of our Land;
Some at the Caves of sacred Alph embarked,
Some took the Golden Road from Samarkand.

Awake! the Bulbul sings in London now;
OMAR has left his Vine, his Jug, his Thou;
Above the traffic KUBLA hears from far
His Clans broadcasting some ancestral Row.

Incognito, HAROUN AL-RASCHID flew
(Baghdad, first stop from Wer-iz-Xanadu);
Their precious Goods they hid in magic Smoke,
Nor Customs paid on Silks, like Me and You.

O'er Kentish Hop-fields their swift Convoy sails,
While Nard and Jasmine spice the Croydon gales;
With "Open Sesame" they reached their Inn,
And in its Halls undid their corded Bales.

The Moving Finger writes, and, having writ,
Behold our Pleasure-Dome, most exquisite,
Moon o' the East, Attar of Persia's self,
Pale hands I loved, and all the Rest of It.

The daedal Fabrics of a thousand Looms
Glow on its walls; the Rose of Shiraz blooms
On pictured scrolls, where BAHRAM hunts, and where
SOHRAB and RUSTUM meet their classic dooms.

I sometimes think some Gold looks much like Brass,
Some Gems too big, like Chunks of coloured Glass,
Yet these recall *Aladdin*, and "The Nights";
We do not reason, we but glance—and pass.

Come, feast on Tissues, coral, silvery-grey,
Flower-sprinkled, fit some Princess to array,
When thro' that blue, blue Gate of Isfahan
She passes, veiled, to greet her Bridal-day.

Benito Benedetto.

"MR. SCULLIN'S MEETING WITH THE POPE.

Mr. J. H. Scullin, Australian Premier, and Signor Mussolini had a twenty minutes' talk yesterday at Rome."—*Shanghai Paper.*

"Mr. F. S. Smythe has completed a party of five for next year's expedition to Mount Kamet. Mr. Kamet is 25,431 feet high."
Indian Paper.

Mr. Kamet ought to be a useful climber.

"The L.N.E.R. reports that 10,000 worms a week are being conveyed by passenger train in Norfolk."—*Scots Paper.*

We shouldn't have thought that any of our railways could afford to say a thing like that.

"Hot and Cold Luncheons and Teas are provided in the comfortable Restaurant. Remnants are disposed of each Friday."
Advt. in Kent Paper.

We shall take our own sandwiches to the Bargain Basement on that day.

"Merry mermaids of the surf. . . . Had Ulysses encountered sirens like these, he might have wondered if his Golden Fleece was worth while after all!"—*Caption of Picture in Australian Paper.*

Jason in similar circumstances might have permitted the *Mayflower* to sail without him.



BUEN VIAJE, AND A FAIR TRADE WIND!

WITH MR. PUNCH'S LOYAL GOOD WISHES TO THE PRINCE OF MERCHANT ADVENTURERS.

[The PRINCE OF WALES has sailed for South America, where His Royal Highness is to open the British Empire Trade Exhibition at Buenos Aires.]

"TO INTRODUCE."

THE formality of the Introduction—once known among the *jeunesse dorée* of Suburbia as the "Intro"—has passed from life to literature. Banished from Society or cut down to a miserable "Angel-face, this is Stinker," it has taken refuge in the world of books. No reprint, no collected edition, no new volume of poetry or *belles lettres*—whatever they may be—is complete without a preamble setting forth the author's or the introducer's merits.

The foreword has replaced the list of persons of quality whom the eighteenth-century author had managed to sting for a couple of guineas, and—how greatly to our loss!—the laudatory "sonnets by divers hands" of an earlier day.

Originally the introducer was one who had attained success in that branch of literature or learning to which the volume in question was intended as a contribution. The practice was soon discerned to be lacking in kick, and it was felt that a contrast as marked as possible in taste and style would be more alluring than a tame similarity. This method, first applied to the Classics, who are unable to retaliate, was extended to living authors, and it was finally realised that an even greater attraction would be an introduction by someone who had achieved fame or notoriety in a different line of business altogether.

Both ideas, I feel sure—that of employing a fellow-writer as sponsor no less than that of turning to some more respectable walk of life—are capable of still further development, and we must expect the following or similar combinations from the enterprise of one or other of our great publishing firms in the Spring offensive.

Eric; or, Little by Little. Dean FARRAR. With an introduction by the Headmaster of Eton.

The Poetry of Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Complete in one volume. With an appreciation by JOHN MASEFIELD.

The Omnibus Einstein. The great philosopher's mathematical and astrophysical publications, collected for the first time between two covers, with a foreword by C. B. COCHRAN.

The Pantechnicon Wallace. With a preface by Dean INGE.

The Dolly Dialogues. A reprint of ANTHONY HOPE'S masterpiece, with a foreword by the President of the Miners' Federation.

Browning: Sordello and Paracelsus. With an introduction by LUPINO LANE.

The Man Behind the Cigar. A character-study of the Earl of LONSDALE. With a preface by ELLEN WILKINSON.



Shopwalker (venomously). "BABY-LINEN SPEAKING!"

365 Great Thoughts from Ethel M. Dell. An inspiring message for every day in the year. Introduced by ARNOLD BENNETT.

The Longer Poems of Wordsworth. With an introduction by GLADYS COOPER.

"Stitch! Stitch! Stitch!" A century of "Fragrant Minutes." With a preface by NOEL COWARD.

Wembley Ho! or, My Football Feats. The life-story of the famous Sid Puddiface (Oswaldthistle Olympic, Clapham Belvedere and Tooting Stiffs). With an introductory encomium by Sir OLIVER LODGE.

The Best of Barclay. A selection of the most tenderly characteristic passages from *The Rosary* and her other works. With a preface by CHARLES CHAPLIN.

The Pocket Tertullian. With an introduction by AMY JOHNSON.

Lyrics from the Rig-Veda. With a foreword by YOUNG STRIBLING.

The Big Nursery-rhyme Book. With a prefatory essay by ALDOUS HUXLEY.

Trio for Big Drum, Trumpet and Megaphone. A critical appreciation of the lives and writings of EDITH, OSBERT and SACHEVERELL SITWELL. With a preface by C. J. H. TOLLEY.

Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity. With an introduction by BETTY NUTHALL.

On a "through-pittin'" (English: "energetically industrious") woman.

Her character-sketch is a paradox neat,
For of her it might truly be said
That never the grass shall grow under her feet
Until it grows over her head.



Assyrian Father (concluding lecture to his son on the subject of extravagance). "AND WHAT IS MORE, MY BOY, WHEN *I* WAS YOUNG I REFRAINED FROM GROWING A BEARD UNTIL I WAS IN A POSITION WHICH ENABLED ME TO MAINTAIN IT IN COMFORT."

BUNTER.

AN OBITUARY.

Bunter, whose death under a large saloon car occurred recently, thus adding to the annual heavy number of pedestrian casualties, was born of humble but respectable terrier parentage.

A son of two well-known wire-haired residents in the village, Bunter showed signs at an early age of that sound intelligence that often goes with sturdy red-blooded stock. His vivid and highly attractive personality, the result possibly of a crossing of strains in his ancestry, showed itself even in puppyhood. He had a charm of manner few of his playmates could withstand; those who tried generally had the worst of it. He had little affectionate gestures with which to abate your wrath over a chewed slipper or a scratched-up flower-bed. He had a keen sense of comedy; his laugh was irresistibly infectious; he made friends wherever he went. Even cats liked him; and the Doubledays' bad-tempered goose, that everyone else avoided, didn't even hiss when she saw him approach.

Like most people of volatile temperament, it is true, he had his awkward angles, his obstinacies. He was apt to form strong attachments and equally dogged prejudices, and nothing could shake his opinion once he had made up his mind. Some of these were in direct defiance of racial tradition. His friendship with the postman, for instance, in the very teeth of the vendetta of generations between the two species, was as unshakeable as it was, in our view—for the postman was a surly fellow—illogical. One pat from the postman's hand would arouse in him an ecstasy of love it would never have aroused in us, an ecstasy that lit bright lamps behind his eyes and set up the swiftest vibrations of his tail.

On the other hand he could see nothing good in the baker, a charming young man with a pleasant open manner. We could find no explanation of Bunter's loathing of the baker. Ourselves, we liked the baker. He reminded us rather of MAURICE CHEVALIER. He had the same mobile features, the same quick and brilliant smile, the same understanding of women. Yet this delightful creature aroused only the deepest antipathy in Bunter. Possibly some obscure sex jealousy, some profound masculine dislike of too great charm in another male, was behind it. The very sound of the baker's footsteps coming up the brick path would rouse Bunter even from the depths of sleep to a display of frenzied and ungovernable anger. An early attempt to fasten his teeth in the enemy's leg having resulted in a sound thrashing, he knew better than to embark again on active hostilities. He would merely stand behind Jane at the back-door, listening to her as she told the baker to go on, and spluttering hatred and contempt at the well-modelled grey-trousered leg on the doorstep.

Outstanding events in Bunter's brief life were few enough. There was his fight with the Grices' Airedale—a nasty-tempered domineering animal—during the week when the Council men were tarring the road. It took all three Council men to remove the tarred and bleeding mass that was Bunter from the freshly-done highway, and it took nearly a gallon of paraffin to remove the freshly-done highway from the tarred and bleeding mass that was Bunter. And there was the occasion when he chewed the appendage of mangy-looking fur off Mrs. Grimsmith's black mantle, under the natural impression that she had been down a rabbit-hole and that he was doing her a good turn by removing the signs of guilt. Mrs.

Grimsmith, who had come in to tea before we could prevent it—ostensibly to leave the Parish Magazine, but actually to try to find out why Martha Binns had left the Rectory—was furious, and refused to call again with the Parish Magazine if Bunter was on the premises. Forced to choose between Mrs. Grimsmith with the Parish Magazine and Bunter without it, our verdict was rapid and unanimous. We chose Bunter.

But, if there were few striking events or dramatic experiences in that little span of life, he has left behind him a memory of fine companionship and unquenchable gaiety; a memory that lays gentle melancholy hands upon us when we find no half-buried bones protruding from the rose-bed, no illicit hairs on the spare-room eiderdown, no frenzied muddy embraces to welcome us on our return from a visit to Town.

He found life so profoundly fascinating that he shamed us for feeling occasionally bored. "*Bored?*" he would say in astonishment, cocking his ears on discovering one of us sitting moodily beside the fire, wondering what everything was for—"*bored?* Why, life's simply amazing; it's wonderful; it's great! Something interesting and jolly every minute! A new hiding-place for a bone, a walk, a chat with the fellows in the village, wondering what Jane's going to give you for dinner, a game with the cat. . . . Can't you see what fun it all is?" And, though we hadn't seen before what fun it all was, somehow we began to see then.

The daily walk down to the village without Bunter skipping along beside us, telling us all the latest news, diving into the hedge after a new smell, stopping now and then to chat to a friend, seems flat and profitless. It was that eager friendliness of his, alas! that caused the final tragedy. He had just caught sight of a pal, an Irish terrier who had been away with the little girl who belonged to him, on the other side of the road. "Hullo!" cries Bunter, "there's dear old Pat come back. I must just run over and hear the news."

He had started before he saw the great touring-car that turned the corner just as he plunged across; and when he saw it it was too late. And he never heard the news.

Where is that vivacious and loving spirit now? Extinguished? A drift of cosmic vapour? A fusion in a group-soul? Impossible. If there is a hereafter for Mrs. Grimsmith, how much more must there be a hereafter for Bunter! It would take more than mere death to kill anything so individual and so alive.

Au revoir, little friend!



"WELL, HERE WE ARE. I DID SAY 'FIVE,' DIDN'T I?"
"AS A MATTER OF FACT YOU SAID 'FOUR.'"
"OH, THANK GOODNESS, THAT'S ALL RIGHT, THEN! I WAS TERRIBLY AFRAID I'D SAID 'THREE.'"

MENU

OF A DINNER TO BE GIVEN AT BURLINGTON HOUSE TO CELEBRATE THE PERSIAN EXHIBITION.

Hors D'Œuvre.
Sardinopolis.

Soup.
Oxus-tail.

Fish.
Homard Kháyyám.

Entrée.
Braised Hamadan.

Joint.
Zoroasted Leopard "Kilim."
Mashhad Potatoes.

Sweets.
Roum-Baba.
Gâteau Sultanabad, Sauce Jamshid.
Malik Kandi.

Savoury.
Roes of Sharon.

Cheese.
Kurd.

Fruit.
Kranberries.

Wines.
Mede.
Sparkling Mosul
(from the famed Jehan-bin).
Vin Rouge (Rubáiyát 1849).

Mineral Water.
Persepollinaris.

Tactless Remarks.

"Professor —— asked if the scholars might be allowed a half-day holiday in compensation for listening to his dull speech.

The Chairman suggested that they should make it a full day's holiday. (Applause.)

School Magazine.

AT THE PICTURES.

PARIS ON THE TILES.

I CAME away from the Regal convinced that *Sous Les Toits de Paris* deserved all the praise it had been given, and with the feeling that I had just left actual French territory.

In a shabby attic lived *Albert*, a fascinating young man who spent his days singing and selling his own songs in the streets. While he was doing this a disreputable friend sometimes took the opportunity to investigate the crowd's purses; but *Albert* didn't seem to mind; nor did we until *Pola*, the little midinette, came along.

Always an opportunist, *Albert* wrested her handbag from his friend and took it chivalrously back to her. His personality, as I knew it would, did the rest. She was having trouble at the time with a gentleman named *Fred*—an underworld swell with a singularly repulsive expression and a loud tweed suit and cap of which I am afraid I felt a secret envy—and she was quite glad to go shares with *Albert* in the attic. Platonic shares, I am bound to add; for *Pola*, though later she disappointed me, showed signs of having come in the first instance from a nice home.

Albert should have known that it never does to insult a tough chum, either in real life or on the screen. Very soon this one got together with *Fred*, who was



SOUS LES CHAPEAUX.

clearly a man unaccustomed to being thwarted (I think that is the word he would have liked) and who was feeling pretty sore with *Albert* about *Pola*. Between them they deposited in his room a large Gladstone-bag bulging with illicit tea-spoons, and then introduced the police. Although *Albert* had all our sympathy (I would have paid hundreds of francs to have bounced the Gladstone-bag on the unshapely head of the policeman), he had to go to prison.

While he was there, *Pola* began to



SOUS LA COIFFURE.

show her true form. Almost immediately she went shares in the attic of *Louis*, *Albert's* best friend; whether they were platonic ones we couldn't tell. And shortly after she let us all down badly by going about with *Fred*.

When *Albert* came out, full of pent-up displeasure with his pals, he and *Fred* said it with jack-knives, and he and *Louis* with fists. Finally he embraced *Louis*, and manfully relinquished *Pola* to him. And for *Albert's* sake we were glad.

It sounds a very simple story. The characters, indeed, were very simple people. But they were perfectly cast, and the excellence of their acting and of the photography gained an effect which was at once absorbing and natural. I looked in vain for a single instance of good taste sacrificed to a sensational appeal; and the whole film was a striking lesson in the art of omission—it has been cut considerably, I understand, in this country. There were no captions, and the economic use of speech (in French) got great effect. The sounds, which are after all the main feature of Paris, were most impressive, and they were modulated with an ingenuity which I have not noticed before. Conversations were shut off by the closing of a *café* door, so that you could only follow them optically through the glass; and so good was the reproduction that I began for the first time to estimate distance by the intensity of common noises.

The other picture at the Regal was a new Elstree affair, *Cape Forlorn*, a quadrangle drama of lighthouse life in New Zealand. The cute angle was Miss FAY COMPTON. It was competently acted and produced with care, and I give it fairly high marks; but with the perfection of *Sous Les Toits* haunting me it was impossible not to notice that this cast all looked as though they retained a suspicion of a formal stage technique unsuited to the screen.

Eileen Kell had married the lighthouse skipper in order to get away from a squalid existence in a night-club, but the monotony of the rock filled her with an increasing discontent. Marine beauty meant nothing to her. Her only solaces were the clumsy advances of the assistant-keeper, an enormous creature named *Cass* (the obtuse angle), who had saved six hundred pounds, he said, and was constantly urging her in a wonderfully bass voice to elope with him. I must confess that not even for double that sum would such a manœuvre have seemed to me advisable.

Captain Kell himself, good old man, had no suspicions. I had little hope for his ultimate happiness after the scene in which, giving a good imitation



LIGHTHOUSE BEAMS.

Cass . . . . . MR. EDMUND WILLARD.
Gordon Kingsley . MR. IAN HUNTER.
Eileen Kell . . . MISS FAY COMPTON.
Captain Kell . . MR. FRANK HARVEY.

of a Pilgrim Father at bay, he flung his wife's cosmetics to the hurricane.

Gordon Kingsley soon arrived, and then the quartet was complete. He was an absconding financier, wrecked on the rock, and he provided fine scope for *Mrs. Kell's* amorous proclivities. In the tension which resulted she shot



PLAYS FOR THE HUNTING-FIELD.

"LET US BE GAY."

Cass, and *Captain Kell*, good old man, became at last suspicious. He agreed to rig the affair and make it appear an accident, but he had the good sense to return his wife to her night-club and to assist in the arrest of *Kingsley*, whose manipulations in Sydney had incidentally ruined him.

This was all very dramatic, but it was a better film than you might think, for the lighthouse itself was always interesting and the cleverly-taken shots of its interior and of the surrounding sea were admirable.

It struck me that the *tempo* was on the slow side, but I suppose that frequently it would be so in most lighthouses. The sound effects, especially those of the storm, were restrained, and mechanically the talking seemed to me to be almost without blemish.

Mr. FRANK HARVEY as the *Captain* was the best performer. ERIC.

The Manchester Corporation is displaying announcements that in thirty years only one person has been killed while travelling in its tramcars. But it does not mention how many have died a natural death while waiting for the trams to move.

PRELIMINARY INQUIRIES.

[A recent speaker declared that the girl who had been taught to sing would make a better wife than one who just knew how to cook the average meal.]

AMELIA, pardon the care I display
Ere putting my head in the halter
By fondly demanding of you if I may
Accompany you to the altar;
I want to be sure in my middle-aged mind
That, while your attractions are plenty,
You're truly the wife I've been trying to find
Since I was a youngster of twenty.

Already I've tasted the meals you've contrived
And know that at them you're a winner,
For often I've dined with your folk and survived,
Though you had concocted the dinner;
But cooking is not all-important with me,
Though I don't rate the skill that you show low;
Ere I start the duet that a marriage should be
Pray, what are you like in a solo?

When you lift up your voice in a ballad or hymn
Is the noise that you make a divine song?
Can you give "Sonny Boy" with the requisite vim
And what is your form in the "Stein Song"?
If, dearest, you make a melodious din
I shall know I am wise and, eschewing
All further delay, I will promptly begin
A really tempestuous wooing.

More Municipal Metaphors.

"Mr. F. C. ——, chairman of the Tram-Ways Committee, said he objected to the tramways being treated as a milch cow for all kinds of purposes. If that continued the committee would soon be in the soup."
Liverpool Paper.

Mr. Punch considers the conversion of our tramcars into soup-kitchens a very practical suggestion.

"SIR OTTO NIEMEYER'S NEW MISSION.
To Advise Brazilian Government.
Our City Editor writes: BBrazil's high reputation will be enhanced by this announcement."—*Daily Paper.*

Anyway, she couldn't start better than by doubling her capital.

AT THE PLAY.

"BETRAYAL" (LITTLE).

IT is difficult to give a just account of this gloomy and rather dismaying affair. There can be no doubt of the sincerity and indeed intensity of the author of *He Who Gets Slapped* and *The Seven Who were Hanged*—LEONID ANDREYEV; nor of the emotional power of Mr. DAVID HORNE, who takes the principal *rôle*. But this is not a play for the sensitive. Moreover it is doubtful whether the horrors of the deepest tragedy that afflicts human beings is really a fit subject for the stage. In *King Lear*—if that be quoted to dispose of this opinion—there is a splendour of language, a dignity and a reticence which make the old mad King's sufferings tolerable. In this translation no beauty of language shows through, even if it did in the original; and in the working out of the theme there seems little but a morbid pessimism. The horrors of a mental hospital ward, the shrieks of violent maniacs, the cynicism of the doctors, hardened by their dreadful work—these things do not so much entertain the mind as turn the stomach. True there is one redeeming touch of real beauty—the character of the peasant nurse, *Masha* (Miss MARGERY PHIPPS-WALKER), with her simplicity, tenderness and deep reserves of power. There is too the well-written part of the vain, ineffective and fundamentally cruel popular author, *Saveloff* (Mr. ROY MALCOLM); but in general it is not easy to follow the direction of the author's intention—if indeed there was any direction and not merely, as it were, the passive following of a theme stated and allowed to work itself out.

Kerjentzeff (Mr. DAVID HORNE), doctor and psychologist, keeps an orang-utan: tells us through his friend, *Kraft* (Mr. EVAN JOHN), that these higher apes are of all the beasts alone capable of madness. He has looked into the mournful eyes of his pet (and subject) for hours, nay days, together; he has seen in them the tragic memories of a time when the beast was about to become a rational man, indeed a king—and then a barrier had fallen between it and its high destiny. Hence the tragic melancholy amounting to madness, the pining away and finally the death of the poor beast. (We hear no more of this theme; it is simply left at a loose end).

Kerjentzeff lives a lonely life with ape and wine-bottle for sole companions. He is obsessed with the commanding splendour of the human brain, its power to control destiny. The only exercise of this power that suggests itself to him is to simulate madness, kill the exasperating prig, *Saveloff*, escape the gallows, and later with discretion gradually resume his right mind.



HIS POINT OF VIEW.

Anton . . . . . MR. DAVID HORNE.
Tatiana . . . . . MISS FLORA ROBSON.

Saveloff has married and is loved (for no reason that is made apparent to us) by *Tatiana*, whom *Kerjentzeff* had in vain wooed seven years ago and (or so he tells us) still loves. For her sake he has shut himself in his cage of a flat next the cage of his beast.



THOUGHT-TRANSFERENCE.

Anton to Saveloff (Mr. ROY MALCOLM). "I AM GOING TO PUT MY THOUGHTS INTO YOUR HEAD." *(Brains him with paper-weight).*

Overwork and his own morbid speculations are breaking down his controls; he does indeed, taunted beyond endurance by the insufferable *Saveloff*, kill him very quietly and deliberately with one blow of a heavy paper-weight in the presence of *Tatiana*. He is arrested, tried and confined in an asylum. The doctors are inclined to think him sane. For himself, he does not now know whether he is sane or not. *Tatiana* visits him and in revenge, in answer to his piteous appeal to her to declare him sane, gives him a deliberately lying version of his action when killing her husband. As he naturally remembers nothing of these invented details of uncontrollable frenzy, he accepts the fact that he is indeed mad, that his vaunted brain has played him false—which is "The Betrayal" of the title. There is the supplementary cruel betrayal also by *Tatiana* as a dramatic undertone.

There were some bearable episodes admirably presented: the little passage of veiled love-making between *Kerjentzeff* and *Tatiana* (Miss FLORA ROBSON played this with great sensitiveness of touch); the few moments of a harsh coarse wooing of his secretary or maid-servant after the murder. I was near enough and seated at a convenient angle to catch the play of shifting moods—fear at first and then gross acceptance—upon the face of *Darya* (Miss BARBARA NIXON), in spite of the inadequate lighting, a fault to which ambitious producers of Russian plays are subject in their zeal for complementary effects. Mr. HORNE here relieved the somewhat monotonous (perhaps necessarily monotonous) tension of his part by a sound piece of imaginative acting, and Miss NIXON ably seconded him.

There was, too, the passage between patient and nurse which was finely done by both. The rest is too strong meat and I think too badly tainted to cause that exaltation induced by the contemplation of human misfortune nobly or bravely sustained which is the classic excuse for tragedy.

Mr. HORNE'S production was imaginative and not spoiled by excessive straining after effect (with the exception of occasional under-illumination). He proves himself also an actor of intelligence and power; and he cleverly conveyed to us the tragic doubt of the overwrought morbid doctor as to his mental condition. But——! T.

"THE SONG OF THE DRUM" (DRURY LANE).

Sir ALFRED BUTT has surpassed himself, indulging his foible of mammoth magnificence, nor disdaining to take leaves out of the books of his rival entrepreneurs.

To begin with, there is a cast of one hundred and twenty-four, exclusive of a *camelus bactrianus*, a white horse, two borzois, a donkey, a monkey and several hens. There is a most attractive series of settings by ERNST STERN, who contrives his effects of splendour in the spirit of true stage-craftsmanship with relatively simple means and with little attempt to provide that builders' realism which so palpably betrays its own unreality. There is a good, honest, traditional, absurd book by FRED THOMPSON and GUY BOLTON; tuneful music by VIVIAN ELLIS and HERMAN FINCK, now seductive in the Finckian mode, now passionate or flippant or martial with brave accompaniment of sounding brass and tinkling cymbal in the Ellisian.

No wonder that the stage-machinery of Drury Lane broke down under the load; great wonder that the producer, Mr. FELIX EDWARDES, and the ballet and ensemble expert, Mr. RALPH READER, and Sir ALFRED, who personally directed these directors, had drilled their armies with such mastery and handled their elaborate changes of scene with such admirable despatch.

The plot is set out with more than ordinary circumstance. A British garrison is stationed at Tussbud, in Huzbaria, a country adjoining Kahlek, the Ilkhani of which is suspected of anti-British leanings: rather heavy leanings as it transpired. *Captain Anthony Darrell, Tony* for short (Mr. DEREK OLDHAM), the darling of the regiment, is the affianced lover of *Sheila McKenna* (Miss HELEN GILLILAND), the *Colonel's* elder daughter. There is a regimental gymkhana toward in Tussbud, giving occasion for some diverting antics by Mr. BOBBY HOWES ("*Chips*" *Wilcox*), half engaged to *Sheila's* sister, *Judy* (Miss CLARICE HARDWICKE). The *Colonel's* ratification of the engagement depends on whether the formula for a new explosive which "*Chips*" has inherited from an uncle turns out to be really deadly or only so-so. The beautiful slinky *Countess Olga* (Miss MARIE BURKE), who is up to no good as we can see from her face and figure and cigarette, drifts up and down the scene. *Tony* is instructed by a secret-service agent to contrive that this lady shall deliver to the hostile Ilkhani faked plans of our frontier defences. This is easy, as he has formerly been her lover. What indeed is simpler than to invite her to his bungalow at the dead of night, feign a renewal of his old love, and drunkenness, to boast about his special knowledge and draw a detailed plan for the *Countess*; for *Major Bonnington*, the regimental cad, himself in love with *Sheila*, to call, pick up the half-burnt plan from the fire, take it to the *Colonel*, tell the story of *Tony's* immorality and treachery before the assembled officers; for *Tony* to be disgraced and cashiered; to haunt the native bazaar and pretend to be drinking himself to death; to take service with the Ilkhani, still feigning love for *Olga*, and finally to be the means of saving his country, the lives of his *Colonel* and staff, and the honour of his *Sheila* from the treachery and lust of the Ilkhani (whom I rather suspect of having seen *The Green Goddess* at the local cinema)?



LOVE'S REJECTED TRIBUTE.

"*Chips*" *Wilcox* . . . . . MR. BOBBY HOWES.
Judy McKenna . . . . . MISS CLARICE HARDWICKE.



HER HERO COMES OUT TOP.

Sheila McKenna . . . MISS HELEN GILLILAND.
Captain Darrell . . . MR. DEREK OLDHAM.
The Ilkhani . . . . MR. ALLAN JEAYES.

I particularly admired the cynical way in which the authors, having tied a whole tangle of elaborate knots, just perfunctorily cut one or two of them and left the rest as if it didn't matter in the least. And of course in this queer *genre* it doesn't. What we are meant to (and do) enjoy is the general contrast between British gallantry, virtue and obtuseness and Oriental guile and wantonness; the shady "House with the Red Door" and the intriguing silhouette on the window-curtain of the lady who was having painted on her back the secret formula of the explosive, stolen from the adventurous "*Chips*" on a previous indiscreet visit; the sale of wives within—two scenes which may well make the ghost of Mrs. ORMISTON CHANT walk "the Lane" for the run of the piece, notwithstanding the tact with which they were managed; the sound nonsense of "*Chips*" and his bone-headed friend, "*Goofy*"

Topham (Mr. PETER HADDON), and his *fiancée*, *Judy*; the manœuvres of a ballroom full of British officers (of both sexes) shouting with terrific zeal "The Song of the Drum," a brief banal melody banged into our brains by sheer weight of metal and bold reiteration; the rugged Hillmen of the Ilkhani singing very much the same most unoriental melody with an equal passion—and sophistication; the charming young ladies of the ballet, moving with discretion in the well-managed Feather Dance and dashing about with glorious abandon in less conventional scenes; the gallant little HELEN HOWELL, worthy rival to CHITA, being tossed about by her companions and bringing our hearts into our mouths lest one of her shapely slight limbs should break; Mr. ALLAN JEAYES, the Ilkhani, dark-visaged and very sinister, riding upon a white horse or calling for wine in his voluptuous bedroom, while *Sheila* shivers apprehensively until the resourceful *Tony*, arriving in the very nick of time, strangles the villain after a desperate struggle (*Sheila* of course, instead of helping her lover by hitting the Ilkhani on the head with the wine-bottle, merely shuffles anxiously about as if refereeing the fight).

A good sound British show. But it is only fair to say that Professor STERN's settings were the most distinguished thing about it and ought to teach us something about the value of imagination and brains with a paint-pot. T.

ANOTHER PHILANTHROPIST.

HE was that often-very-wise man, an old American traveller, and we shared a little table in a *wagon-lit* restaurant, where, even for so diffident a person as myself, it is almost impossible to withhold conversation. As for my companion, silence was to him unknown, and, naturally. since we were eating our way through the fair land of France, it was of France and the French that he talked: always a sound topic, and always provocative of candour.

"They're an odd bunch, the French," he said, "but I like them more than not. They have ways that irritate me, such as not being able to see without staring; and having only one idea at a time; and preferring leatherette to leather; and not letting partridges hang; and drinking their claret cold; and not heating the plates; and being so indifferent to the beauty of flowers; and in the pension hotels getting, I notice, too fond of that infernal kill-joy the paper napkin. But I like them. They're quick and happy and jocular; they don't mind how near the road they fix their picnics; they dress for themselves and not for others; and they don't allow newspaper posters.

"And, take it all round, they run their country well. Well enough, at any rate, for the French. It's a country fit for Frenchmen to live in, as your Mr. LLOYD GEORGE might say. When I first came over many years ago I expected to find the United States wherever I went, and I was very critical when they were missing. But I've long got over such nonsense. I now leave the United States behind me at Cherbourg or Southampton or wherever I get off and try to belong to the new land.

"But, although I've learned to like the French and even to believe that, if I were given the chance of a second time on earth and might choose my nationality, I would elect to be a Frenchman, there are two places where I can't follow them. First, their post-offices. When it comes to post-offices I withdraw everything good I've said about France. They are so incredibly bad that one is amazed that the revolutionary spirit, which used to be so active, never awakes to burn them. I myself never enter one to-day: I pay others to do so; but, if I had again the hours I have spent there trying to get a letter from the Poste Restante, trying to get a stamp, trying to send a telegram, my death would be postponed for years and years. If it had been in my nature to shove I might die a little earlier, for some of the lost time was captured by other customers forcing their way out of their places into mine. But I can't shove.

"And, when you've got the telegram across and the assistant has finished writing a book about it and given you the change, what confidence have you that it will ever be sent? None. And what confidence have you that your letters will be delivered? None. Unless they're registered, when the postman is as punctual as Fate and as irresistible, breaking even into your bedroom.

"I pass over the distressing themes of the ink, the pens, the blotting-paper, and come to the second place where the French fail me—in their drug-stores or, as you would say, their chemists' shops. Not that these are scandalous, like the post-offices, but they're without authority. They don't look right. You can't believe that the man behind the counter knows, and when it's a matter of physic of course he ought to know. That's his sole reason for existence. And it may be a question of life or death.

"For the French they're good enough. The French don't approach physic as they approach food; they're casual about it, and in point of fact are rarely ill; but it matters to us, because when we're ill we're really ill and we know what we want. But suppose we can't speak enough French, what check have we on these dope-merchants? None. Do you know that I've motored thousands of miles in France and I've been in hundreds of drug-stores—for I'm a bit of a sufferer, as a man is apt to be when he's past three-score-and-ten—and I've never found an English-French dictionary in one of them. Not one! And where are you when you know what you need but can't ask for it?

"Of course there ought to be an Esperanto for medicaments. There would be in a sensible world. But of course there isn't, and at this very moment in a drug-store in that town over there among the trees there may be an American or an Englishman with dyspepsia crying for peppermint and getting prussic acid. It's a solemn thought."

For a second—a second only—he paused. And then he resumed. "So what do you think I'm going to do when I get home?" he asked. "Mr. ROCKEFELLER, who's a fine old fellow even if he can't grow any hair, gives his money to schools, while the late ANDREW CARNEGIE endowed libraries, and to a certain extent I am copying them. Directly I get back I'm going to see my lawyer and arrange for a fund to supply every French drug-store with a dictionary—yes, and a chain to hold it, like the Bible in your old churches—so that there won't be so many mistakes as there are to-day, and your countrymen and mine—the salt of the earth—will have a chance. Hey? What do you know about that?"

I said—and it was the first remark I had had the chance of making—that I thought it was sound and that he was in the direct line of common-sense from that great American Ambassador to France and laughing philosopher, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. Nothing could have given him greater pleasure. E. V. L.

THIS FREEDOM.

[On reading the statement in *The Evening Standard* that English is to be taught at Moscow University, the Oxford accent being preferred to that of the proletariat.]

WHY should the Bolshie teach his masses
The Oxford accent in their classes?

Why let them 'neath their ruddy banner
Assimilate the Oxford manner?

Because a fellow-feeling draws his
Heart to our Home for Hopeless Causes.

A. K.

THE MENACE TO BRITISH SPORT.

IT IS TO BE HOPED THAT THE GOVERNMENT INQUIRY INTO THE IMPORTATION OF FOREIGN FOOTBALLERS WILL BEAR FRUIT.



BECAUSE—



YOU CAN—



NEVER—



TELL—



WHERE—



THAT SORT—



OF THING—



IS GOING—



TO STOP.



Mother. "BETTY! YOU MUSTN'T USE THAT WORD. MUMMIE'S VERY SHOCKED. GO UPSTAIRS AND GARGLE AT ONCE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I HAVE more than once encountered the theosophically-minded old lady who adorns her very notepaper with symbols that look like AARON'S breastplate or a proposition of EUCLID; but I doubt if she exists in sufficient quantities to constitute an audience for Mr. CHARLES WILLIAMS' new novel, and if she doesn't I am not at all certain who will. *Many Dimensions* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6) is a strange mingling of esoteric cults, galvanic sensationalism, good honest uplift and a little rather primitive comedy; but the esoteric predominates, if hardly in adequate strength to subordinate the heartier if more commonplace elements. *Sir Giles Tumulty*, archæologist, and his nephew, *Reginald Montague*, a stockbroker, become possessed (it is hinted by nefarious means) of a magic stone set in what was once the diadem of KING SOLOMON. The stone transports you not only hither and thither in time and space, but gives you free access to the minds of others. Moreover it can be chipped into fragments of similar size and virtue without detraction from its own. But there is a snag for the unworthy possessor. *Sir Giles* and *Montague* are obviously unworthy. So too is at least one of the noble Persians who try by legal and illegal methods to retrieve the jewel. But there is a charming English secretary and a venerable Chief Justice, her employer, and these—but let Mr. WILLIAMS unwind his own mystery his own way. It is a good enough way in itself and, lavished on ingredients less mutually destructive, might have issued in a distinctly entertaining book.

It does not, I imagine, often happen that a man who has had a chance of studying *The Methods of the Ogpu* (HARPER, 9/-) from the intimate vantage of a condemned cell comes out to give the world an account of his experiences. M. VLADIMIR BRUNOVSKY, an agricultural expert who had hoped great things from the revolution, spent the best part of four years under Bolshevist sentence of death before he finally emerged with the document itself secured by bread-pellets to his suitcase-lining. He owed his life—as he largely owed the threats to it—to his having assumed Latvian citizenship and to the intercession of two Powers—British and Norwegian—with whose pretended methods of espionage the Tche-Ka had sought to associate him. His book has no literary pretensions and can afford to forgo them. It is a careful, and as far as possible statistical, record of the treatment of the writer and his fellow-prisoners of the Kremlin and its punitive annex, Loubyanka. By means of an elaborate system of codes and signals, varying from sandwiches with significant fillings to a species of Morse alphabet, M. BRUNOVSKY kept in touch with the outside world and the rest of the prison. He estimates the annual number of executions in Russia at between six thousand and six thousand five hundred, and gives countless instances actually witnessed of the degradation of the executioners and the agony of their victims. If any indifference still exists as to the condition of Russia—or any illusion—this is the book to shatter them.

Mr. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL begins *Two Families* (COLLINS, 7/6) in 1865, when the *Blakes* were all-powerful in Harford

and the *Abels* of no importance, and ends it in 1917, when *Sir Ebenezer Abel* says to a young *Blake* who wants to marry his daughter, "What on earth have *you* got to offer her, I should like to know?" Quite dispassionately Mr. MARSHALL relates the misfortunes of the *Blakes* when caught in the flood of new ideas in which they fail to swim, and the rise of the *Abels* from peasants to financial prosperity and power. On a canvas so widely spread he has perforce to draw many portraits, and if he is happier with the *Blakes*, as a little wistfully he tells us of their waning fortunes, he is at the same time absolutely fair and just to the *Abels*. Such a story as this, quite apart from its interest as a tale, possesses definite importance. In a sense it is a history of a part of rural England as it is changed by the overwhelming torrent of modernity, and Mr. MARSHALL'S freedom from any trace of either sensationalism or sentimentalism makes him no less excellent as an historian than as a novelist.

Of WALTER DE LA MARE the labour—
And labour never lost—
Are these eight tales, from Messrs. FABER,
At half-a-guinea's cost;
Weaving the elfin hour or minute
Each one is, I allege,
Fine as spun glass with colours in it;
Please ask for *On the Edge*.
But if my "elfin" 's unbecoming
And too suggests the fay
Gold-wigged, gold-wanded, wings a-humming,
I hasten then to say
That here are woven, woof and shuttle,
All with a twilight use,
Fantastic things and terrors subtle—
See "Crewe" or "A Recluse."
Who here seeks cradles in a bud errs;
This book a master hand
Made out of shadows, shades and shudders
And that dim borderland
Where never, never April's smile lent
A bud to any tree,
Where bird-song in the wood is silent,
And never sucks the bee.



Sergeant. "I'VE PUT YOUR NAME DOWN FOR THE ARMY AND NAVY BOXING CHAMPIONSHIPS."

Private. "BUT, SERGEANT, I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT BOXING."

Sergeant. "I KNOW THAT; BUT A DASHED GOOD HIDING WILL DO YOU A LOT OF GOOD."

The publishers would have displayed a pretty sense of period had they presented us with *Broad Acres* (CONSTABLE, 7/6) in three volumes. For Miss J. E. CRANSWICK, writing of the 'eighties, might very well have been writing *in* them. Both in sentiment and in style she, as well as her characters, seems to belong to a more ceremonious and less sophisticated age than ours. Her story of love in a village, of love going whatever is the Yorkshire equivalent of agley, is, in two senses of the word, rather an artless one. Not that it is ill-contrived, though it is a little hard to believe that a young woman, inheriting an uncle's estate and priding herself on her aptitude for business, would remain for a whole year in ignorance of the fact that she holds a heavy mortgage on a neighbour's property; but there is a lack of craft in the telling of it, a lack especially of the sovran art to blot, which betrays an unpractised hand. Nearly everyone in it is allowed to speak far too many unnecessary mouthfuls, and the rustic chorus misses the incisiveness as well as the humour of HARDY'S. The two principal male characters, however, the incompetent young prig of a squire and his brother, a scapegrace with a heart of gold, are neatly contrasted, and their creditor, with whom they both in different ways become sentimentally involved, has at least the originality to be unattractive. But even for a pastoral the pace of the tale is a little too leisurely.

The ablest of the Russian commanders of the Great War, the late General BRUSSILOV, has left, in *A Soldier's Note-Book*, 1914—1918 (MACMILLAN, 18/-), an account of the movements of the forces controlled by him that will be invaluable to military students. His outlook is that of the consummate chess-player who realises that pawns are expected to suffer casualties, and is annoyed when they have neither rifles to fight with nor food to eat nor clothes to wear, mainly because in such circumstances even the bravest of pawns cannot continue to advance. Yet he had the true commander's gift for inspiring flagging troops to further effort, no less than the strategist's intuitive appreciation of possibilities, and if he is contemptuous of his colleagues' vacillations he is no less scornful of his TSAR'S inability to say three words of cheer to men who needed but a spark of kingliness to set them ablaze with loyalty to the Throne. Ill-fated, oppressed and overshadowed by advancing destiny, yawning at his Councils of War, listening to self-interested advisers but chilly to his honest men, the TSAR drifts through these pages under a burden of Shakespearean portent, a bubble of human drama in a chaos of primordial antagonisms. There is a persistent undertone of personal complaint in this volume which prevents its being one of the great books of the War, yet for its suggestion of the heart-breaking intrigues that destroyed Russia, as well as for its very fascinating technical expositions, it must rank as an essential document.



Dear old Soul. "ALFIE, GIVE THE GENTLEMAN HIS BALL; HE'S READY TO PLAY WITH IT AGAIN NOW."

The name of *Bligh of the "Bounty,"* the subject of Mr. GEOFFREY RAWSON'S excellent biography (PHILIP ALLAN, 10/6), is most frequently associated in the popular mind with the idea of the worst type of martinet; a few perhaps also recalling the indomitable courage and resource which brought the voyage of the ship's boat in which he and his companions were turned adrift from the *Bounty* to a successful termination, after a journey of nearly four thousand miles through dangerous and little-known waters. It is unfortunately undeniable that the conception of BLIGH as a petty tyrant appears to be largely justified. He seems indeed to have been a veritable stormy petrel, both ashore and afloat, with a positive genius for rubbing both his superiors and subordinates the wrong way; and Mr. RAWSON suggests that it may well have been his choleric temper which was the immediate cause of the death of COOK, with whom he sailed as master on his last voyage. But it should in all fairness be remembered that he was to a great extent a product of his times and of the state of the naval service in his day. The conditions which brought forth BLIGH and many like him were not unlike those which three-quarters of a century later evolved the "bucko" officer of the American merchant-ship. Crews composed of "tough" and undisciplined elements had to be controlled with a high hand; and thus began the vicious circle which finally resulted in the tragedy of the Nore, in which incidentally BLIGH was a minor actor. Mr. RAWSON'S book is an interesting study both of a strange and arresting personality and of the circumstances which shaped it.

I can imagine no better present for an industrious Penelope than a copy of *Shallow Seas* (THORNTON BUTTERWORTH, 7/6), for RICHARD DEHAN'S manner of writing is so complicated that both her plots and most of her sentences have to be read, unravelled (I can think of no other word) and read again. Only those who enjoy reading as hard exercise will find pleasure in such sentences as this: "Men of his tall broad-shouldered type, with muscles tough as wire, with bold keen hawk-eyes looking out from thin-cheeked sun-bronzed faces, resist the attacks of sickness long, or the period of inactivity enforced on the possessor of a badly-broken leg." That is a comparatively easy one; there is no space here in which to quote the real teasers. I should like to give a *résumé* of one of the plots, but I do not know where to begin because the scenes change almost as constantly as the author leaps from tense to tense. The various characters in the book spend most of their time in looking for things that are lost, stolen or strayed. Among these are a sultan's kris, the amputated hand of an Eastern princess, some secret plans, a lover and an india-rubber toy. In the end something is found by nearly everyone, and the hero makes arrangements for a happy marriage.

The jacket of *The Forbidden Way* (COLLINS, 7/6) is so indicative of sensation that I found myself wondering whether Miss KATHARINE TYNAN had not forsaken the pleasant paths through which she has often led me and deliberately tried to make my hair stand on end. Very soon, however, my doubts and fears were at rest; her story certainly contains dramatic incidents and tense situations, but taken as a whole it leaves an impression that is far more fragrant and agreeable than alarming. Miss TYNAN is in her element when she is describing Ireland and Irish people, and here her pictures of the *Burkes* and their household are as vivid as any she has ever drawn. As a novelist she may be a shade too old-fashioned in method for some tastes, but many writers of the modern school might reasonably envy her the ease with which she creates atmosphere and makes it a vital part of her picture.

A New Offence.

"POLICE HUNT FOR MAN WITH SCOTCH ACCENT."
Headline in Daily Paper.

James Boswell Rotates in his Grave.

"Dr. Johnson, the 'great sham' of literature . . ."
North-Country Paper.

CHARIVARIA.

THE mirrors which were a feature of the Café Royal when it was a favourite resort of Bohemians are to be restored. For many Bohemians mirrors have an inexplicable attraction.

***

What was good enough for MICHEL ANGELO is good enough for me, says Mr. JACOB EPSTEIN. It is doubtful whether Chelsea would go quite so far as that.

***

Mr. REGINALD MCKENNA, Chairman of the Midland Bank, has recommended that people should leave less money lying idle at the banks and spend more. The enthusiasm for this idea has been so great that many patriotic clients of the Midland Bank have determined to increase their overdraft.

***

"Do not lunch with anger" is the advice of a medical writer. We ourselves have always found that no real benefit is to be derived from savaging a chop.

***

A journalist writes that according to statistics there are at least sixty stars for every man, woman and child on earth. Anyone may have ours.

***

"Shall we lose India?" asks Lord ROTHERMERE. In that event we should certainly support a United Empire Search Party.

***

Lord IRWIN is said to be likely to take over the mastership of a pack of foxhounds when he comes home. The appointment of course is not subject to Lord ROTHERMERE's approval.

***

With reference to our recent allusion to the discovery at Luxor of the sign of Dad of Osiris, a correspondent expresses the hope that Egyptologists may yet identify Osiris's Mummy.

***

The Italian committee appointed to consider the reform of the calendar has unanimously decided against any change. So much for the rumour that a month called Benito was to be added to those named in honour of JULIUS and AUGUSTUS.

***

We are authorised to correct the rumour that the exhibition of work by members of the Ministry of Health Art Club includes paintings in cod-liver-oil colours.

***

Spectators who made a scene when a New York glove-fight ended in a knock-out were under the impression that the referee had only counted nine. A more conciliatory referee would have offered to count again.

***

The suggested widening of Piccadilly by cutting a slice off Green Park is considered more practicable than the alternative of pushing back the opposite buildings.

***

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has accused *The Times* of sneering at his efforts to earn his living as a journalist on the "Hirst" (*sic*) Press. Confidence is felt that Mr. W. R. HEARST will take a lenient view of the misspelling of his name by a contributor under stress of emotion.



VISITOR FROM CHICAGO ENTERS AN ENGLISH BARBER'S.

***

A gossip-writer reverts to the question whether a cigar which has gone out should be relighted. Some cigars, of course, should never be lighted at all.

***

On reading that Chinese-bred pigs in Malaya are fed on tapioca, we decided that it would be inadvisable to mention this before the children.

***

At a dinner given recently at Tilehurst each guest was required to bring his own knife, fork and spoon. We are not told whether the host had missed things before.

***

Telephones are being installed in British houses at the rate of six thousand a month, we read. It is feared that nothing can be done about it.

***

Asked where he would like to go for a day in London a Warwickshire schoolboy said he would like to spend it in the House of Commons. He seems to be a precociously morbid boy.

***

It appears that the Bar Council is considering the introduction of microphones in the Law Courts. Nothing annoys a criminal more than inability to hear the judge's sentence.

***

According to a New York journal there are people in Chicago who have never seen anybody shot. We can only suggest an eye test and the purchase of suitable glasses.

***

"You will be surprised at the amount you will have at the end of a year if you save only a penny a day," states a parish magazine. The answers at the end of arithmetic books always came as a bit of a surprise to us.

***

A school where the art of making-up is to be taught is being established in Paris. This means, we fear, that another problem of the school-leaving age is threatened.

***

A clergyman makes the original observation that it costs nothing to be polite. Has he tried being expansively polite in a telegram?

***

An editor is to bury a series of articles entitled "What I think about," for the benefit of posterity. It is doubtless hoped that this may shed some light on posterity's problem, "What *could* they have been thinking about?"

***

When the jury in an American murder trial were about to retire the daughter of the murdered man shot the prisoner in court. The jury proceeded to retire.

***

A gossip-writer says that it is not easy to keep a marriage secret for long these days. The news of the divorce soon leaks out.

***

"Many of London's best actors are playing in New York," says a daily. We wondered where they were.

***

"The POSTMASTER-GENERAL is an extremely good man, but he is not a member of the Cabinet," declares Lord EUSTACE PERCY. Perhaps they rang him up to ask him to join, but got the wrong number?

CRUELTY TO ACTORS.

[Lines addressed in a spirit of humanitarianism to one who protests against the cruelty alleged to be inflicted on performing animals in the process of training.]

You say we should not take our little scions
To view the antics, at our cushioned ease,
Done under duress vile by circus lions,
Elephants, horses and performing fleas;
The trainer's harshness, when their tricks they bungle,
Should move our sorrow for the poor brutes' plight,
Plucked from the homely joys of stall or jungle
And lashed for our delight.

"Let pity rend your bosoms," you implore us;
But is your own, Sir, similarly torn
By the gymnastics of the Beauty Chorus
When you reflect on what they must have borne:
What wrenching of the back and lumbar muscles,
What hideous agonies of calf or thigh,
What dislocation of the red corpuscles,
Ere they could kick so high?

Like the dumb beasts, their bodies suffer Hades;
But what about the hell of mind and heart
Endured by leading gentlemen and ladies
Before they get word-perfect in their part?
When on the opening night you gaily sport your
Opera-glasses, do you never feel
How sharp the anguish, due to mental torture,
Those lipstick smiles conceal?

There are that in the moving scene immerse all
Their thoughts in lieu of letting some be bent
On what the heroine suffered in rehearsal
From fools that have no flair for temperament;
But you who loathe what pachyderms go through, Sir,
For the rude language hurled about her head
By dastard author or profane producer
Have you no tears to shed? O. S.

THE HEADLINE GAME.

SPORTSMANSHIP is a quality confined to the male sex, and women have no sense of fair-play. Anyhow, that's what I told Margery when I caught her cheating at "Happy Families" with the children the other day, and again yesterday when she confessed her duplicity in the headline game. This game, which we had been playing for some days, required a careful search of the newspapers for bizarre and arresting headlines; these we cut out and pasted on slips of paper and at the end of the day, when I came home from the office, we compared notes and by mutual agreement awarded winning points for the most startling extract. Had the sub-editors been aware of this entertaining contest they would no doubt have been spurred on to superhuman efforts, but we do not know any sub-editors, which is perhaps just as well, for Margery would think nothing of resorting to bribery.

On the first day of the match I got back from the office early. I had made a close study of the more sensational London journals during the morning, and as I pressed a folded slip of paper into Margery's palm I was confident of victory. Margery smoothed it out on the table in the drawing-room.

NIGHT-CLUB QUEEN BITTEN BY PERFORMING PIG.

"Yes," she said, "not at all bad; but I think mine is better;" and with an air of triumph she laid her own entry beside mine:—

WEB-TOED GIRL IN DEATH RIDDLE.

That put Margery one up on the first day's play, for I was forced to admit, however reluctantly, that a web-toed girl involved in a death riddle provided more food for sensation than a night-club queen in the jaws of a performing pig. After all, one might expect to see a performing pig at a night-club, whereas a web-toed girl, herself a matter for marvel, at once arouses keen interest when mixed up in a death riddle. Next day, however, I brought the score to one all, for we agreed, after some discussion, that my YOUNG GIRL KILLED BY GRANDMOTHER'S MOTOR-CYCLE was a worthier entry than Margery's MYSTERY SKULL IN SUFFOLK GRAVEYARD.

It was just after this, I think, that Margery began to cheat. She had admitted that the idea first came to her when, as she was cutting a headline out, the scissors slipped and beheaded a sentence, and she was forced to repair the damage with paste. It was, she found, so easy to compile one's own headlines by picking out words from the advertisement columns and pasting them up in the required order. A few tentative experiments set Margery's feet upon the downward path and it was with feelings of surprise not unmixed with suspicion that I saw my next entry, CUT OFF WITH A SHILLING—GAS-METER AND SUICIDE-PACT DRAMA, go down to her BOOT-SCRAPER IN A WEDDING-CAKE—BRIDAL PARTY MARRED BY TRAGEDY.

I made no protest, however, and Margery, encouraged by the success of her little deception, proceeded recklessly to further excesses. Her next effort, which I found awaiting me on the hatstand in the hall when I came home, was impudent and audacious:—

"BRING ME FLESH AND BRING ME WINE!"
HUNGRY CANNIBALS' CHRISTMAS AT ESSEX BABY FARM.

My own poor attempt, COFFIN IN A CABMAN'S SHELTER—UNDERTAKER'S GRIM JEST, was a pale and lifeless thing beside it, and Margery joyfully chalked up the score on a bridge-marker, three—one.

But it was her next entry, submitted only yesterday evening, that gave the game away. As a rival to my BRIDEGROOM'S TROUSERS LEFT IN TUBE, she had the consummate effrontery to contribute the following:—

GOVERNOR OF SOUTH AFRICA EATEN BY BEARS IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

This, of course, was pure nonsense.

"You made that up," I said accusingly. "There are no bears in Kensington Gardens, and in any case bears don't eat human beings."

"Oh, yes, they do," said Margery. "What about the prophet ELISHA?"

I unfolded the evening paper.

"I'm afraid you've overshot the mark this time," I said. "What about this, 'GOVERNOR OF SOUTH AFRICA SAYS GOOD-BYE AT WATERLOO'?"

"That must be the new one," replied Margery without a blush.

"Exactly," said I. "Or the rumblings of ursine indigestion."

Our Modest Reviewers.

"To me it seems an absolutely satisfactory work of art. And I can conceive no higher praise."—*Daily Paper.*

"After all, even Ariel plumed himself a little on the unprecedented speed at which he could put a girdle round the earth."
Adelaide Paper.

Ariel was in error. *Puck* holds the World-Girdling Record.

"Then the trend of his thoughts—chamois-like—changed."—*Interview in Evening Paper with Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.*

They may almost be said to have bounded about—chameleon-like.



THE UNFAIRY GODFATHER.

DR. ADDISON. "I AM HERE TO PROTECT YOU."
BRITISH FARMER. "PROTECT ME FROM WHAT? FOREIGN COMPETITION?"
DR. ADDISON. "NO! NO! FROM YOUR OWN INCOMPETENCE."
BRITISH FARMER. "THANK YOU VERY MUCH."

[Under Dr. ADDISON'S Bill, home producers are to have their output controlled, but foreigners may continue to send their produce here in unrestricted quantities. Meanwhile, as *The Times* points out, he has irritated the farmers "by unnecessary criticism of their technical ability."]



Instructress. "AH! *THAT*'S BETTER; *THAT*'S WHAT I WANT TO SEE—A LITTLE MORE HE-MAN STUFF."

AN ESSAY IN CONVALESCENCE.

THERE is nothing, I suppose, more delightful than a fine winter day on which one is compelled to stay indoors.

I write that sentence for several reasons. In the first place it sounds paradoxical, and if a man does not open an essay with a paradox he is but a tinkling cymbal. Nobody will read him. And if you argue, "Why should they? There is already too much reading matter in the world," I reply that your opinion was not invited. We are the heirs of the ages, and the work that WILLIAM CAXTON began is bound to go on.

I wrote that sentence in the second place because the simple reader, having thought about it and wondered what, if anything, it could mean, will be almost certain to conclude, "Ah! I understand now. He is an altruist. He is suffering, poor fellow, from bronchitis, gout or glanders. But the happiness of others is more to him than his own. On his bed of pain and suffering he likes to think of the world rejoicing in the freshness of wind-swept skies and the pale but resolute shining of the winter sun."

And that, again, is a good point. For nothing is more important to the essayist than to make his readers believe him to be a man of kindly and benevolent character, though this of course is very far from the truth. A rough savage man is the author. Nothing but rage or necessity has spurred him to the sorry task of writing anything at all, and happy are those authors who feel both incentives at once.

But in the third place I wrote that sentence because it is true, or as true as anything else I am likely to say. The contemplation of a fine day requires leisure, aloofness and calm. Here comes the sun, to whom you have already alluded with your pleasant bedside manner—here comes the sun, shining through the window-pane recently cleaned by a man who imperilled his life by standing back foremost on the edge of a red-brick precipice and humming as he peeped at us: "Why, why am I so happy I could cry?"

Here then comes this sun, throwing its rays on to the furniture, gilding the backs of even the most wretchedly-written books and making a pathway of light across the Persian or half-Persian rug. Motes dance in the sunbeams, and there are corners of the room in which we perceive with a tolerant smile that even the patent vacuum-cleaner has its limitations, like the rest of us who inhale less deeply and less noisily except when the doctor listens-in to our backs.

Outside the window, beyond the delicate tracery of the trees, the shining chimney-pots, there are the manifold glories of light and space revealed to us. We think of Professor EINSTEIN. We remember that because he preferred to study these things in the calm seclusion of the scientist's observatory, and not in the busy hum of the market-place, Professor EINSTEIN, inventor of the algebraical formula which has readjusted Space and disintegrated Time, has refused an offer of forty thousand pounds from the impresarios of Hollywood to be flicked. We feel that we too would have made this great renunciation had it come our way, holding out perhaps for forty-five thousand, perhaps for fifty, in the belief that any alteration in Time and Space was certain amongst a world of cinema-fans to be a wow. We remember too in this connection that a night-watchman was recently fined for stealing two books from a public library. One of them was a book on biological chemistry, the other was Professor EINSTEIN's

Relativity. We are led to ask whether, if the two books had been the Bible and *Shakespeare*, some one would not have stepped forward in court and offered to pay the fine; and, again, to wonder whether CHARLES II., when he gave a silver mace to the Royal Society, ever imagined that science would catch on like this. And yet again to wonder what is the favourite literature of the five jolly dustmen who at this very moment are arriving, a joyous gang, at the house next-door seated on an enormous petrol-driven cylinder with cupboards all down the sides. Memoirs, I hazard a guess, of bygone French beauties and departed kings. Or IMMANUEL KANT?

But I should be far from completing my labours if I did not prove to your satisfaction that there are positive disadvantages in going out-of-doors on a beautiful day like this, quite apart from the loss of contemplation and philosophy. And that I can easily do.

To begin with, the finer the day the more numerous the motor-cars, the less chance therefore of gazing up at the skies or gazing up at them very often or very long. I doubt indeed whether the ordinary Londoner, chased by or immune from motor-cars, has any leisure to observe a fine day in winter when he gets one. There are too many competing spectacles in this large city of ours. Equestrian statues, irreparable vistas, immense buildings which he has not previously noticed, suddenly obtrude themselves on his view, and this is not all to the good. He becomes aware for the first time as he moves along the Mall that the Admiralty Arch is crowned as with laurels by the advertisement of a penny newspaper, which may or may not represent his political opinions, but at any rate is a far from adequate superscription for the entrance to Trafalgar Square. He sees that there are no longer any houses in the West End of London, but only flats and restaurants, restaurants and flats. Ever since November he has been allowed to forget this tragedy. Again, if he pauses to look at the sun, he is butted by rude men off the pavement; and if, as is only too probable, he be a woman, they rob him of his vanity-bag. Be he woman or man, what can he do with a fine day in winter-time? Merely regret that on a day such as this he must follow the dull routine of urban business and metropolitan pleasure when he would rather be riding or striding over the rolling downland, his heart filled with song.

And if it be said that this man or woman — anyhow this tiresome half-baked creature we are talking about, with its passion for the Great Outdoors —may after all be living in the country and not in London at all, I respond——

Happily there is no need for me to respond. A jolly great grey cloud has covered up the face of the futile sun. It is raining. Quite a number of people, I am glad to notice, have been caught without umbrellas, and even one or two without overcoats.

There is nothing, I suppose, more delightful than a wet winter day on which one is obliged to stay indoors. . . .

EVOE.



AT THE PERSIAN EXHIBITION.

"DARLING, YOU LOOK DISTRACTED. WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

"OH, MY DEAR, I'VE BEEN ALL THE MORNING CHOOSING PERSIAN RUGS AND I *so* MUCH PREFER THESE."

"Cut up the meat. Put into the pan or crock half a pound of lentils, a large Spaniard, a carrot and a turnip, each sliced."
Bristol Paper.

An outsize toreador takes a terrible lot of slicing.

An International Apology which Impends.

"BRITISH MOTOR-CAR PRODUCTS TO BE PUSHED."
Argentine Paper.

"The alarm created in recent months by Soviet exports is ascribed to the re-appearance of raw materialism. . . ."
Montreal Paper.

This is the first reference we have seen to the spiritual interlude in Soviet activities which this statement implies.

"The wife of a North London chemist claims that, under the control of spirits, she can speak Hindustani, Chinese and a Red Indian tribal language."—*Evening Paper.*

Under the control of enough spirits we feel that no language would be beyond us.

PURE ENGLISH.

THE annual spate of cinema-going in which my family invariably indulges during the Christmas holidays was beginning to produce such alarming results that action became more imperative from day to day. It was not that I feared for my children's morals. It was their vocabulary which worried me. As talkie after talkie was received by their youthful minds the house began to resound with American slang and catchwords, and the illuminating remarks of Mildred or myself were distressingly greeted with "Oh, yeah!" or (more politely) "O.K., chief!"

Most definitely something had to be done, and after consulting Mildred I decided to offer a prize of one pound to whichever of my children should use during a measured week less American talkie language than the others. A simple means of calculation was devised. The use of a single banned word (such as "quitter" or "wop") was to count as one bad mark, while the use of a phrase of two or more words (such as "And how!" or "See you in jail!") was to count two. Whoever had the lowest score was to win the prize.

After the first day or two, when the forgetful children incurred marks with astonishing frequency, the competition began to produce remarkable effects. Diana was never seriously in the running, for there were too many occasions in her bright young life when she found that only the American language could express what she felt. For example, when she came down late to breakfast on the Sunday morning and found that Ralph and Cedric had eaten all the sausages, leaving her two small pieces of bacon, she deliberately scored two marks by fixing her brothers with a contemptuous stare and bitterly saying, "Well, fer cryin' out loud!" And, although I do not like the expression, I am bound to admit that it seemed to meet the case.

The struggle between Ralph and Cedric was very keen, and several points had to be submitted to an Arbitration Board, consisting of Mildred and myself. One of the most heated disputes occurred when Ralph interrupted a long story of Cedric's with "W-why bring that up?" and Cedric promptly declared that the phrase entailed a score of two marks. Ralph protested that "Why bring that up?" was perfectly good English, and he ingeniously added that it was used by DICKENS—a statement which everyone doubted but no one was prepared to disprove. The Arbitration Board was hastily summoned, and after hearing the claims of the owners and miners—I mean, of Cedric and Ralph—it decided to compromise. Its ruling was that, although the phrase itself was perhaps allowable, Ralph had given it a Hollywood twist by the initial stammer on the "Why"; and it should therefore be treated as a single American word, entailing a score of one mark. The Board added a rider that any further use of the phrase would involve the full score of two. But it was never used again.



A SINISTER DIRECTION.

On the final day of the competition, when there were only three hours to go, the score was as follows:—

Ralph	30
Cedric	31
Diana	55

And since more than half of these points had been registered in the first two days it can be seen how successfully the contest had worked. Even Diana, who had now no chance of winning, was displaying her sporting nature by trying to keep her score as low as possible, and as for Ralph, he appeared to be rapidly qualifying for a vice-presidency of the Society for Pure English. Cedric was close behind him, but in the short time that was left it seemed very unlikely that Ralph would score an additional couple of marks and allow the prize to slip from his grasp. On that afternoon my Uncle Henry came to tea.

Now my Uncle Henry is a dear old gentleman who has only one fault. In the course of a long career of public work he has taken the Chair at so many public meetings that he often brings the Chairman's manner into his private life. His fondness for long and pontifical sentences has frequently reduced my children to helpless merriment, and Uncle Henry (who can see a joke as well as the next man) is rather apt to encourage them to rag him. Both Diana and Ralph have obtained much simple pleasure from the sport of pulling his leg.

On this particular day his language was less involved than usual, and at five to six, when he rose to go, I explained to him that in five minutes Ralph would have won my prize for avoiding the idiom of the talkies.

"Really?" said Uncle Henry, beaming cheerfully at Ralph. "Now that is most interesting. My dear Ralph, I am more than delighted to hear how successfully you have conquered your unfortunate tendency to use ungainly American expressions, and I can only hope that you will—ah—continue to strive for the purity of the English language, than which, I can assure you, there is no more precious heritage for all who call themselves Englishmen."

He beamed again. By a tremendous effort of will Cedric and Diana remained silent. But it was too much for Ralph.

"Sez you," he observed sardonically, and lost the prize.

"They had become celebrities in that remote age of plush-and-guilt which we call the Edwardian."—*Weekly Paper.*

Guilt-and-blush, we like to think.

KUPPAN THE BEGGAR.

Kuppan the old beggar sits under the tamarind-tree
With the sweetmeat man and the loafers, hard by the town bridge-end,
Naked and ribbed and wrinkled; the crows are his company,
The sparrows call him a brother and the mynas know him a friend;
He sits in the drift of the shadows and the traffic's come-and-go
And he cries, "Aiyo, S'ami! Oh, Maharaj! Aiyo!"

The carts come in from the country, the fishers come up from the sea,
Constable, clerk and coolie, they stop in the shade and chat;
He hears the news they are telling, he sees what there is to see,
Cross-legged there by the roadside, rocking himself on his mat;
He cries upon Heaven for mercy, he wails to mankind in woe,
But there's little happens in *this* town he doesn't contrive to know.

He never worked and he never will, but he knows he can always live,
It's sometimes brinjal or chillies, it's sometimes ragi or dhal,
But it's always the scraps and the oddments this one and that one give,
And Kuppan, blank and impartial, drones a blessing for all;
Nothing to own and nothing to lose, he has stripped Fate's armoury bare,
For he knows what will happen to-morrow—he knows and he doesn't care.

He knows he'll be there to-morrow—next week, next month, next year,
Nothing to plan or think of, never a worry or doubt,
And always the people passing and always something to hear. . . .
He sees day in with the sunrise, he sees late evening out—
Free, gratis, for nothing, with a front row seat in the show,
Crying, "Aiyo, S'ami! Oh, Maharaj! Aiyo!" H. B.

A Blood-Sportsman de se.

"Lord Woolavington writes . . . I have hunted and shot myself so long as I was physically able to do so."—*Daily Paper.*

Though it may sound like a reflection on his skill, we are glad to think that his lordship remains alive.

"Mystery surrounds the discovery of a 12 inch dagger 12 inches long inside the City Police Station gates on Tuesday night."
Madras Paper.

There seems to be no mystery about its length.

"George ——, who was voted by his schoolfellows the most popular boy in the School. His prize was the gift of an old boy. . . ."
Caption in Lancashire Paper.

We cannot refrain from thinking that the old boy may prove to be an old white elephant.



Child. "WHY YOU DOING ALL THAT? DON'T YOU WANT THEM TO KNOW YOU?"

THE PERSIAN GULF.

My wife has been swallowed up in the Persian gulf. In a moment of weakness I took her to see the Exhibition of Iranian Art at Burlington House, and ever since then she has wandered about our flat in a pair of carpet slippers, dreamily reciting passages from OMAR KHÁYYÁM, which just shows that you can never be certain how an outbreak of art will affect a woman, for Margery is normally the most level-headed of girls and hitherto has declined to be stampeded into following the more extravagant dictates of fashion. She has, for example, retained her eyebrows, though she now threatens to grow them slantwise across her forehead in what is alleged to be the Persian manner.

We are leaving London very shortly. We have rented an oast-house in Kent, and the builders are at work converting what was once a receptacle for hops into a country cottage for our use. This means that we have to buy furniture, house-linen, crockery and kitchen utensils, and Margery is having the time of her life flitting from bargain sale to bargain sale. I wish I had never taken her to the Persian Art Exhibition. They say the lion and the lizard keep the courts where JAMSHYD gloried and drank deep, but I am morally certain JAMSHYD didn't drink honest British beer—it took something stronger than that to make him see lizards—and it is incongruous to soak an oast-house in an atmosphere of EDWARD FITZGERALD.

Margery insists on calling the place "Isfahan," and has ordered a supply of notepaper with the address printed at the top—"Isfahan," Mudslap, Kent. She has also been down there once or twice in a motor-bus, and it won't be surprising if the builders think her a little bit "touched." They have the straightforward views of the British workman on the right way of making an oast-house fit for human habitation, and Margery, I fancy, wants our new home to look like a mosque. By the time she has finished with it it will look like nothing on earth.

Meanwhile her bargain-sale purchases have been pouring into the flat in an unending stream, and the floor of our drawing-room is cluttered up with piles of "genuine" Persian rugs bought in Tottenham Court Road.

But there are even more terrifying aspects of this new craze. Margery has secured a copy of a Persian cookery-book, and now in the evenings, when the muezzin calls the faithful to dinner, there is served up a mysterious Oriental dish known as Gaz, which to my uneducated Western palate is singularly unappetising. On Sundays we have lamb, Persian lamb, richly flavoured with honey and saffron, and, although for as long as we are in London I can dine at my club, once we move to "Isfahan" that refuge will be denied me and I shall either have to go and eat worms in our Persian garden or steal out at night for a frugal supper of bread-and-cheese and beer at the "Stag and Beetle" in Mudslap village. There I shall mix with honest Kentish yokels and wash the cloying taste of the East out of my mouth with copious draughts of English ale.

I can forgive all this, for I am aware that with Margery it is only a passing phase, but I shudder to think of the possible effect on my breakfast-eggs of a fashionable exhibition of the treasures of ancient Egypt, and in the meantime I cannot condone my wife's inhumane treatment of a dumb animal. Tibbles, our aged tom-cat, lately rechristened Artaxerxes, is a battle-scarred veteran whose raiment of short coarse fur betrays his mongrel ancestry. Yesterday I came upon Margery vigorously massaging the unfortunate creature's skin with hair-restorer. "He doesn't look much like a Persian now," she explained, "but if I keep on at it his coat may grow long and silky in time."

"Oh, khúm off it!" I said tersely.

TRADE LOOKS UP.

A Cabinet Minister has been telling us that in this time of industrial depression it is up to anyone who finds trade not so black as it is painted to make public declaration of the fact and so help to restore the nation's confidence. Hence this article. Ordinarily I dislike anything in the way of publicity for myself or my family, but I put the national well-being before my personal susceptibilities and am prepared to state quite simply my own experience.

My elder son has recently set up a building, carpentry and general contractor's business, and finds that orders have been coming in since Christmas at a pace which threatens to tax the firm's resources. He has contracts which will keep him busy for many months, and his chief concern at the moment is to obtain sufficient cheap money to finance his various undertakings. In order to help him out I have already advanced a good deal of cash and have also given some practical assistance in the newly-enlarged workshops.

It was on Christmas morning that "The Boy's Own Complete Carpentry Outfit" arrived, and within a few hours an order had been placed (by the firm's sister) for a large doll's dining-table. This was followed almost immediately by an important contract (from the firm's brother) for a real fort, with gun emplacements, in connection with projected operations on a hitherto unattempted scale between the Grenadier Guards and a recently-formed battery. Then at the beginning of the year, following a wireless reference to the housing situation in "The Children's Hour," the firm's other sister decided to embark on a slum-clearance scheme and placed an order for two pairs of semi-detached dolls' villas, to be completed by the end of January.

An order for a pipe-rack (by the firm's uncle) was only accepted under protest and completion was not guaranteed before next Christmas, while one for a new toy cupboard (by the firm's mother) was definitely refused on the ground of pressure of work. The workshops are now very busy and, the floor-space in the day-nursery having been declared insufficient, temporary premises have been set up in the dining-room.

There are, however, as I hinted, slight financial difficulties. The firm's initial capital proved quite inadequate and the demand by most of the customers for extended credit facilities has rendered necessary considerable borrowings. The firm has recently received a pretty straight hint from its chief creditor (the firm's father) that money is not quite so cheap as an article in the Junior Section of *The Daily Gurgle* seemed to indicate.

It must be admitted too that at the moment there is a threat of labour troubles. The rush of orders at the beginning of the year necessitated the employment of spare-time hands (the firm's father's), and unfortunately a controversy has arisen on the question of hours. The firm is demanding a two-hour evening on five days a week with a seven-hour Saturday; but the other side has expressed doubt of the acceptability of these terms, even though modified by the option of a spread-over.

A deadlock has not yet been reached, however, thanks to the extremely conciliatory attitude of the hands; and, provided that a settlement can be effected on the hours' question and that further borrowings can be obviated by obtaining materials in a cheaper market (*e.g.*, orange-boxes from the greengrocer round the corner), the firm is confident that the present prosperity will be maintained.

One Final Noun of Assemblage: A Copse of Traffic-Police.



"SO I SEZ TO 'IM, 'WE'LL BE MARRIED IN A CHURCH OR NOT AT ALL,' I SEZ; 'I DON'T 'OLD WITH THEM OFF-LICENCES.'"

IN PRAISE OF WIND.

[A bad gale, according to a doctor, makes an epidemic impossible by clearing the air of our big towns.]

NEVER again will I don a funereal
  Air and lament though the maddest of gales
Lumbers the roadway with building material,
  Fills every paper with paragraph tales;
Worry will not set me scratching a baffled poll
  Over the cost of repairs when I see
(Horrible sight) my aërial scaffold-pole
  Mixed with my favourite tree.

It were ungrateful to wear a lugubrious
  Mien for my tiles' and my chimney-pots'
    sake
Now I'm aware of the highly salubrious
  Blessings the blizzard will bring in its wake;
No epidemic will sap our virility;
  Scared by the gale and its clarion trump,
Measles (I'll think) are an impossibility,
  There is no chance for a mump.

Though for the moment the wind plays Old Harry,
    time
  Shortly will show how it's hardened our tone;
It is as good as a month at a maritime
  Region renowned for its bracing ozone;
This, while my strength with the hurricane grapples
  Faintly, I'll have as a comfort and stay,
Knowing it acts like an orchard of apples,
  Keeping the doctor away.

ECONOMIC NOTES.

THE pronouncements of bankers and economists fall about us as thick as bills in January. Every day the man in the street is told very firmly what his economic duty is by one great man or another. And if the man in the street has now a clear idea of what his economic duty is I hope he will send me a postcard, for I'm darned if I have.

A few points only are plain to me—

(1) It is the economic duty of the man in the street (or rather the woman in the shop) (*a*) to practise drastic economy; and (*b*) to spend freely.

(2) (*a*) We have been working hard ever since the war to reduce the cost of living; and we have succeeded.

(*b*) The great justification of our glorious Free Trade system is that it keeps things cheap; they are. But

(*c*) The industrial ills of our country are due to a lamentable fall in commodity prices.

(3) The price of herrings at Hammersmith is governed entirely by the amount of gold at Chicago (from which it follows that AL CAPONE is king of Hammersmith as well).

NOTES ON THE ABOVE.

From the above dogmas or corollaries it should be easy enough to frame a workable monetary policy which will put everything right.

It is clear in the first place that everything ought to be extremely cheap and expensive—cheap so as to keep down the cost of living, and expensive so as to keep wages high; and why the Government does not arrange this simple matter passes my understanding. All we have to do is to keep prices up and down; in other words everything ought to have two prices, one for the rich and another for the poor . . . ,

(*Editor*. That is exactly what happens now. A herring has one price at Hammersmith and another at the Hotel Stupendous.

Author. Quite.

Editor. Then what is all the fuss about?

Author. Quite.

Editor. What is your answer to my dilemma?

Author. Don't butt in.)

Let us turn now to Resolution 1 (Economic Duty of Man in Street).

When I turn to Resolution 1, I do not feel that I can add much to it. The crux of the whole position is, of course, the Gold Standard, which is a large yellow flag on the top of the Woolworth Building in New York City. When the New York Stock Exchange closes, this flag is hauled down and the price of Herrings Deferred is cabled to London. The debtor nations then ship gold to America, and this gold is given to AL CAPONE. At about the same time (owing to the geographical differences between New York and London) the housewife of Hammersmith goes out to buy herrings, candles and motor-cars. Let us assume that she has enough money in her purse to buy seven herrings, five candles and two motor-cars. Her first instinct will be to buy only five herrings, three candles and one motor-car, and she is right. For she has been taught that thrift is a virtue and saving a national necessity. Through her buying only five herrings and one motor-car less gold goes to AL CAPONE, and she will be setting aside a sum which may be employed as capital, which is the life-blood of industry.

Unfortunately she does not much believe in industry at the moment, so she buys a Savings Certificate; and the Government gives this money to somebody who is unemployed because she did not (*a*) buy two motor-cars, or (*b*) invest her savings in industry. Therefore the woman is wrong; and Mr. MCKENNA himself has practically said that thrift is foul. This fool-female should borrow money (which is cheap) and buy twelve herrings, nine candles and *three* motor-cars. She will then put money into circulation, increase consumption, stimulate production, suck gold out of America and baffle AL CAPONE. There is, however, a snag in this, the exact nature of which for the moment escapes me. Prices rise (I fancy), there is inflation (or is it deflation?), there is a boom and that, of course, leads naturally to a slump. At that point the poor woman at Hammersmith is again in a slight fog about her herring problem, and the only point perfectly clear is that whatever she does she will do the wrong thing. The bankers, I am sure, know all about it, and it would be frightful fun if they would make up their minds and tell us all about it. Meanwhile, personally, I am going out to do a good spend, put some money in circulation and have a nice bottle of claret. That, at any rate, is more than AL CAPONE can do.

A. P. H.



Costumier. "NO, MODDOM, WE ARE MAKING NO DIFFERENCE IN OUR CHARGES. SIMPLY THE LONGER FROCKS MEAN SHORTER CREDIT."

Is there a Nineteenth Goal?

"Barnsley are another side who badly require pints and should get them—at the expense of Charlton."—*Daily Paper.*

The Truth about Eights Week.

"C. M. Johnston, who stoked the Brasenose crew at the head of the river last summer. . . ." *Daily Paper.*

Mr. Punch hesitates to suggest that in order to brighten up the Boat-Race Oxford might borrow the s.s. *B.N.C.* for the day.

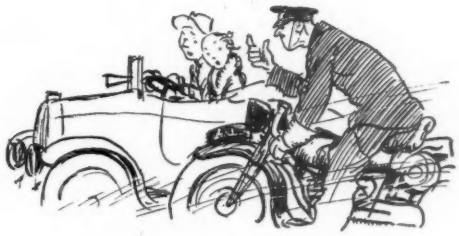
"Our 'ETERNA' Fountain-Pen is a revolting invention."—*German Pamphlet.*

Who are we to question the authority of this writer?

"It is officially announced that the *Daily Telegraph* Challenge Cup awarded annually in the TeTrritorial Army for the best attendance at camp has been won this year by the 6th (Lanarkshire) Battalion the Camerinians with an attendatce of 95.87 per cent." *Daily Paper.*

Not to be confused with the Cameroonians of the ReRrregular Army.

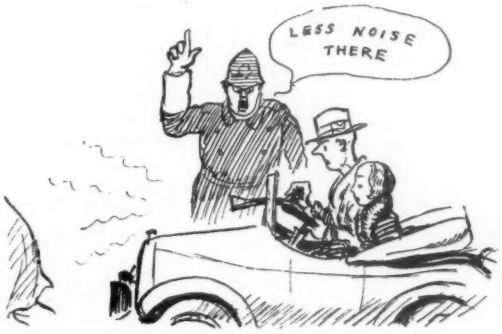
YOU'RE WRONG—



IF YOU DRIVE YOUR CAR TOO FAST—



OR TOO SLOW;



IF YOU HOOT—



OR FAIL TO HOOT;



IF YOU STOP—



OR DON'T STOP;



AND, WHEN YOU 'RE SO DISCOURAGED THAT YOU ABANDON THE THING, YOU 'RE CALLED BACK.

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE KITTENS.

Miss Peduncle had a favourite cat which she called Pompey until it had six kittens and then she called it Poppy instead because she thought it wouldn't notice having a letter or so left out of its name when she spoke to it. And she was rather annoyed about the six kittens because she lived in quite a small flat at Bordighera Mansions and didn't want seven cats in it besides Poppy's husband coming to see his kittens sometimes which she thought he might do as she didn't know much about cats though she kept one.

Well she asked the hall-porter at Bordighera Mansions what she had better do with the kittens and he said drown them. And she said oh I couldn't possibly do that, Poppy would never speak to me again, would you do it for me if I gave you sixpence? And he said yes I always like to oblige and I will do it for sixpence a kitten and that will make it three shillings. And she had meant sixpence for drowning all the kittens but as that would only be a penny a kitten she thought perhaps it wasn't quite enough so she said she would give him half-a-crown, and he said very well then bring the kittens down but don't say anything to Poppy about it.

So she brought the kittens down and then went up to her flat again to comfort Poppy, but Poppy didn't really mind because she didn't know what was happening, and besides she could easily have some more kittens if she wanted to. And soon afterwards the hall-porter came up and said well I have done the deed and here they are, and he put the six kittens which he had drowned on the table.

Well fortunately Poppy had just gone out of the room so she didn't see them, but Miss Peduncle was horrified and she said why have you brought them here? And the hall-porter said well if I hadn't you might have said that I had taken your half-crown without drowning the kittens but as I have brought them here you can't say that, I believe in having everything open and above board, and the best thing for you to do now is to take the kittens and throw them into the river Thames when nobody is looking.

And she said I expected you to get rid of them. And he said oh did you? Well expecting something is one thing and getting it done is another, I can't leave the building now and as I have done all the dirty work it isn't much for you to do the rest, and besides I am sure Poppy would like to go to the funeral.

Well Miss Peduncle got him to put the kittens in an old attaché-case which she didn't want as she didn't like to touch them herself and he didn't mind doing that for her as he said she generally behaved like a lady though not too free with her money, and she



"AND HE SAID HE WOULD IF SHE WOULD MAKE IT THIRTY SHILLINGS."

put on her fur coat and her hat and went out with the attaché-case, but she left Poppy behind in the kitchen with a saucer of milk and the hall-porter said if he had time he would go up and read to her.

Well it was a good long way to the river Thames and it was night-time, and as Miss Peduncle was going through a rather lonely street a man ran out of another street and snatched the attaché-case out of her hand and ran away with it as fast as he could. And Miss Peduncle was so surprised at this that she didn't even scream out, but just then a policeman came out of another street and saw the man running away with the attaché-case and without waiting to say anything to Miss Peduncle he ran after him blowing his whistle all the time, and presently a lot of people were running after him and Miss Peduncle was left alone.

Well when she had had time to get over the shock she thought it wasn't such a bad thing to have happened after all and she went back to Bordighera Mansions quite glad at not having had to walk all the way to the river Thames and back, and she told the hall-porter about it and he said well old dear some people have all the luck.

Well the next morning a policeman called at Bordighera Mansions and asked for Miss Peduncle, and what had happened was that they had found her name and address in the attaché-case at the police-station and he said she was wanted there. So she had to go with him, and the hall-porter pretended to throw a shoe he was cleaning after her for luck.

Well when they got to the police-station she had to explain everything, and when she had finished the head policeman said I am not at all satisfied with that story because the man we caught says that you are his aunt and are slightly dippy, and the form it takes is that you go about murdering kittens and disposing of their bodies, and he says all your relations are afraid you will be trying it on human beings next and that is why he took the kittens away from you to preserve you from committing a more serious crime, now are these your kittens or not? And he took a sheet off the table and there were the six kittens.

Well Miss Peduncle was obliged to say that they were hers, and he said well then that corroborates his story, one of you must be telling a lot of lies but I haven't time to find out which it is as we are very busy with drunks this morning after the Cup Final. So I shall let you both go and I should advise you to buy your nephew a new pair of boots and a decent hat because he is not fit to be seen in those he has on and he may be taken up at any time.

Well Miss Peduncle was very indignant but when she began to argue the head policeman wouldn't listen to her but he said take your kittens and go, and he put them back into the attaché-case and handed it to her and she went. And when she had got out of the police-station the man who had snatched her



"I SAY, I WISH YOU WOULDN'T KEEP WHISPERING THE TITLES."
"SORRY I CAN'T SPEAK ANY LOUDER. I GOT A COLD."

attaché-case came up to her and said well I got you out of that lady and I think it is worth ten bob, I won't say anything about expecting to find a diamond necklace in the attaché-case and finding six dead kittens instead because I am sure a lady like you must be ashamed by this time of playing a trick like that on a poor man, but if you like to make it a pound I will promise not to write to *The Times* about it.

Well by this time Miss Peduncle hardly knew whether she wasn't dreaming it all, and she was so upset at having the kittens again and thinking what the hall-porter would say if she took them back to Bordighera Mansions that she said to the man look here if I give you a pound will you take the kittens away and never let me see them again? And he said he would if she would make it thirty shillings.

So she made it thirty shillings though she couldn't really afford it and he took the attaché-case with the six kittens inside it and went away and she never saw them again. And when she got back to Bordighera Mansions the hall-porter said well here you are back again like a bad penny, when are the kittens going to be buried because I should like to send a wreath.

And she turned on him and said if you ever mention kittens to me again it's the last you will ever see of my money. And she went up to her flat and burst into tears, and then she turned on Poppy and said it is all your fault I hate you. But after she had had a cup of tea she felt better and gave Poppy the rest of the milk because she said to herself I must consider a mother's feelings. A. M.

THE BRIDGE CRUISE.

[A newspaper states that recently "more than two-hundred-and-fifty people set out in a United States liner for a sixteen-day 'bridge cruise' in West Indian waters." It was "not mandatory that they should go ashore anywhere." The following is an account of certain incidents in the trip by one who did not take part in it.]

As south-by-west the helmsman steered,
The haze dissolving, there appeared—
An island locked within it—
A strand to starboard, glittering red;
A coral reef! and no one said
A word for quite a minute.
Then suddenly a tourist did;
He uttered two: "No bid."

How fair a vision! How serene!
Can men forget them who have seen
West Indian panoramas?
Can others match the palm-tree cove
They entered on the day they hove
In sight of the Bahamas?
On that occasion someone broke
The silence with "Revoke."

How soft a breeze off Cuba blows!
One day, however, there arose
A squall that threatened trouble.
Though perfect order was preserved,
One passenger appeared unnerved,
Exclaiming, "I redouble!"
His neighbour also had the jumps;
He shouted "Five no trumps!"

Time fled. Relations met the ship:
"And did success attend the trip
Across the Line of Cancer?"
A tripper, being questioned so
(Returned from tripping southward ho!),
Replied, "I guess the answer
Is 'Yes' and 'No'; my score was fine—
On both sides of the line." C. B.

Another Platform Innuendo.

"After referring to the small audience, Bailie —— said that they had all heard of the speaker before. . . ."—*Scots Paper.*

"The world slump in wheat prices reached its height on Saturday."—*Daily Paper.*

Prices having at last sunk to their zenith.



"I'LL DO THE TALKIN' THIS TIME; YOU AIN'T GOT NO SEX-APPEAL."

LABOUR OF LOVE.

["Astronomers all over the world are taking photographs of the planet Eros, which on January 30 will reach its nearest point to the earth."—*Daily Press.*]

A THOUSAND poets sighing
Have failed to estimate
(Though not for want of trying)
Love's density and weight;
And now serene Astronomy
Is trailing through the sky
The star in whose economy
Is neither When nor Why.

'Tis love that laughs at locksmiths
And makes the world go round;
The Joneses and the Jock Smiths
By nothing else are bound;
It gilds the workman's hovel,
The palace of the King,
And nearly every novel
Goes ga-ga on the thing.

With heads how moist, how shining,
The herd of authors shove
Their backs into defining
And re-defining Love;
The books stand high as mountains,
Stern monuments of pain,
But still the golden fountains
Leap from their case again.

A sea whereof no chart is,
A forest filled with fire,
To various other parties
A dumb or dammed desire,
Love like a raging lion
Springs straight at Wilfred's throat,
But follows poor old Brian
Furtively, like a stoat.

And Cynthia climbs to meet it
But Celia stumbles in;
John battles to defeat it
But George concedes a win;
Dizzily, blindly, madly
They laugh, they writhe, they squirm;
Most of them take it badly,
Like a malignant germ.

Some hold it at a distance,
Some with an evil sneer
Throw doubts on its existence
(But these are insincere);
The author of *Twin Cages*,
Describing it, employed,
I recollect, eight pages
Of undiluted FREUD.

O Love, it does seem curious,
Considering all we know
Of things that are injurious
Like eating too much dough,
Or helpful things like apples
And taking time to chew,
That no one ever grapples
Successfully with you!

O Love, it is peculiar
That as the ages roll
You seem to get unrulier
And less beneath control;
A flame, a wind, a treason,
A madness, an abyss—
For some confounded reason
You burke analysis.

Most likely, then, the planet
Of Love is just a mass
Of white-hot coke or granite
That radiates a gas;
And Science, strange old satyr,
Will set Love in its place
As bits of molten matter
Sent buzzing into Space.

And all the dark fires burning
With buds and fronds of pain,
Half sweetness and half yearning,
In Henry and in Jane
Can be set down on paper
As erotite or *n*,
A circumambient vapour
Of not much use to men. EVOE.

Glad News for British Perches.

"GRANTHAM BIRD SHOW.
Mr. W. P. —— stood alone in the mixed canary classes."—*Lincolnshire Paper.*

". . . marble top hat and umbrella stand . . . ."—*Auction List in Jersey Paper.*

We long ago discarded our marble top-hat in favour of a bloodstone boater.

"Mrs. E. ——, who has been working in a London factory as a glass-blower for over sixty years. She is seen making a retort."
Caption in Daily Paper.

Women always get the last word.

"'Cellist Wanted, high-class suburban Cinema; must be first-class or useless."
Advt. in Birmingham Paper.

Many applications should be secured by these alternative requirements.



A QUESTION OF CONTROL.

INDIA. "WHAT ABOUT CHANGING PLACES?"

JOHN BULL. "WELL, YOU'RE WELCOME TO SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO AT THE WHEEL; BUT I THINK I'D BETTER SIT BESIDE YOU—WITHIN REACH OF THE BRAKE."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, January 20th.—A certain restiveness discernible on the Labour benches, not all of it attributable to an accumulation of holiday pep, found an adequate outlet when Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS, K.C., the new Solicitor-General and M.P. for East Bristol, took his seat. Balloting for Notices of Motion followed, wherein one lucky prize-winner caused some amusement by fixing his eye firmly on a paper in his hand and announcing that he would "call attention to the question of alternative work in dockyards *or some other suitable subject* and move a resolution."

Brief but moving tributes by the PRIME MINISTER and LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION to the late PRINCESS ROYAL were offered at the commencement of public business, and a humble address of condolence with HIS MAJESTY was agreed to. Thereafter Mr. MACDONALD moved the expected resolution to filch private Members' time between now and Easter—a practice that has become almost traditional, but still continues to be the subject of much indignant and time-wasting debate. Mr. BALDWIN, it is true, pleaded guilty to having gone and done likewise in his day, but urged that, whereas he had had the excuse of an imminent General Election, Mr. MACDONALD was not similarly menaced. Inquiring and ironical gazes sought Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's face at this juncture, but wrung only a slightly self-conscious smile from the Master of the Show.

Sterner criticism came from Mr. BROCKWAY, who welcomed the motion but urged that time thus taken from private Members should be used "to deal with the desperate condition of the working classes." Mr. ERNEST BROWN also hinted that there was such a thing as the problem of unemployment.

Mr. W. J. BROWN pertinently pointed out that in the nine stolen days the Government could reform the procedure of the House and make it a "suitable medium for handling twentieth-century problems." Mr. JACK JONES made a gallant but not too successful effort to confine himself to the motion before the House. Remarking somewhat cryptically that he did not want to go a bit of the way with everybody, like *Flannigan's* pup, he found himself tugging with more than pup-like inconsequence at the SPEAKER's leash. He was not the only Member to digress, and after a further instalment of increasingly wranglesome debate the Conservatives, misled by the apparent emptiness of the Liberal benches, moved to adjourn it. Liberal benches were indeed empty, but when it came to filling the Lobby the Conservative army was found to be equally evanescent, and the motion was handsomely defeated. This is not the first time of late nor is it likely to be the last that the Conservative Whips have lamented their inability to turn themselves into scorpions.



"THERE'S A SWEET LITTLE CHERUB THAT SITS UP ALOFT."

Lord PARMOOR in the Peers' Gallery surveys with parental pride the reception of his son, Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS, K.C., the new Solicitor-General, on taking his seat for East Bristol.

Thereafter the House turned to less contentious matters and the China Indemnity Bill (involving the interesting if academic question of whether China most needs railways or education), the Colonial Naval Defence Bill and other measures were duly dealt with.

Wednesday, January 21st.—The prime purpose of Question-time is the reverse of that which (according to DAVID HARUM) Providence had in mind in decreeing the association of fleas with dogs. It is designed to keep Ministers worrying about being Ministers. No brand of Question, one would suppose, could ever accomplish this end so successfully as those dealing with the Soviet Government, its propaganda, its wheat dumping, its slave labour, its reception of Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON's protests on these and kindred matters.

On the other hand both Mr. HENDERSON (now absent at Geneva) and his cheerful Under-Secretary find in these far-flung queries a magnificent opportunity to practise the gentle art of politely saying nothing. Sometimes the politeness becomes almost unbearable. "Are we to understand so-and-so and so-and-so?" Mr. HACKING will ask in almost wheedling tones. "Perhaps I had better let the right hon. gentleman have a copy of such-and-such a document and let him form his own opinion," Mr. DALTON will reply solicitously. "Cannot the hon. gentleman form his own opinion?" Mr. HACKING will ask, only to be assured that his and the MINISTER's opinions might conceivably differ. This is said in tones which suggest that in such circumstances the MINISTER's opinion is really not worth mentioning; but the pretence does not deceive anybody. Nothing, one imagines, would make Mr. DALTON worry about being Mr. DALTON.



FLANNIGAN'S PUP.
(*See Text.*)
THE SPEAKER AND MR. JACK JONES.

Mr. SCURR earned his title (bestowed by an incorrigible Clydeside Member) of the Scurrge of God by moving his threatened Amendment to postpone the coming into operation of the Education Bill until provision has been made to meet the expense incurred by the non-provided schools as the result of raising the school-leaving age. While he and Mr. RAMSBOTHAM and Mr. FOOT explored the

intricacies of the problem of secular *v.* denominational schools the House was chiefly interested to see what would come of it all. What came of it was a defeat of the Government by a matter of 33 votes, a blow which the placatory utterances of the PRIME MINISTER was quite powerless to avert.

The Opposition made no attempt to hide its joy at seeing the superior Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN taken down a peg. The Liberals who had flocked to the Government's support in the name of Wee Freedom looked disgusted, and the Treasury Bench, accustomed to rebellious words that do not translate themselves into deeds of Lobby-do, looked frankly astonished. Without doubt it was Mr. SCURR and his forty sectarian Ronins that won the victory of Piety over Party; but a good many heartily secular Socialists abstained from voting on the principle that here was a chance to get a thoroughly unsatisfactory Treasury Bench well tickled up without risking a dissolution.

Defeated but still defiant, the PRIME MINISTER announced his intention of going on with the Bill, and in spite of the efforts of Lord EUSTACE PERCY and Mr. CHURCHILL to delay matters the Third Reading was carried by the unconvincing majority of 18.

Thursday, January 22nd. The House of Commons had a Budget night air when Sir WILLIAM JOWETT rose to move the Second Reading of the Trade Disputes Bill. Members who could not get in on the ground floor overflowed into the galleries, and a goodly band of Peers, lent an added solemnity to the scene. The Government's supporters enjoyed every minute of it.

It took the ATTORNEY-GENERAL an hour-and-three-quarters to expound the Bill, or rather to expound with smooth but not altogether convincing eloquence what should be the guiding principles of legislation governing trade disputes, and, as Mr. NORMAN BIRKETT rather unkindly intimated, to avoid skilfully the more vulnerable parts of the Bill.

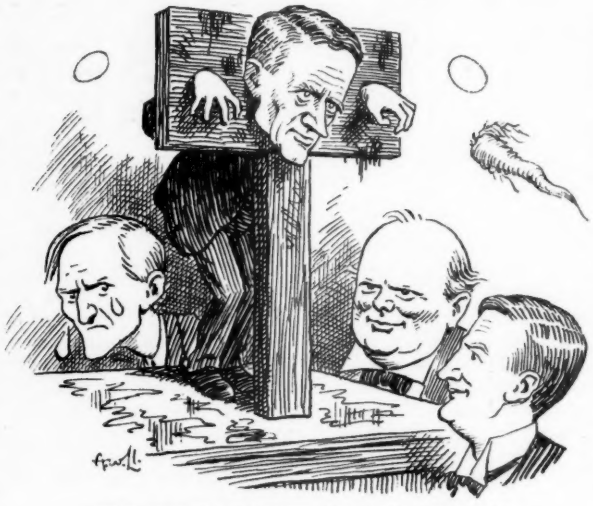
It was a happy thought that caused Sir WILLIAM to adorn his speech with a quotation from *Measure for Measure*, for if ever a Bill was measure for measure this is it:—

> "O, it is excellent
> To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
> To use it like a giant."

But whereas the ATTORNEY-GENERAL was able to argue with at least a show of reason that the Conservative giant had come it a bit strong in the 1927 Act he made no reference to the fact that his Bill went to the opposite extreme in augmenting the Labour giant's striking power.

Only in two instances did the ATTORNEY-GENERAL in explaining his measure appear slightly befogged. He justified the use of the word "primary" in the clause which requires a General Strike, if it is to be legal, to have the furtherance of an industrial dispute as its primary object, by saying that the Conservatives had used it in *their* Act. They may have done so, but the fact remains that the word "primary" has two entirely different meanings, so that a "primary object" may mean either the object first sought to be attained or the object ultimately sought to be attained.

Later, in dealing with Civil Service employees he declared that the Treasury should make any regulations necessary to control their political activities. What did he mean by the Treasury? asked Mr. CHURCHILL. Did he mean the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER? No, apparently he did not. Sir WILLIAM meant the Treasury. "Do I understand," asked Mr. CHURCHILL in the stern tones of a patriot defending his constitutional whelps, "that you are contemplating a separate responsibility attaching to the body called the Treasury distinct from that exercised by a responsible Minister?"



THE SCHOOLMASTER IN THE PILLORY.

Mr. SCURR (to Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN). "THIS PAINS ME MORE THAN IT PAINS YOU."

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL and Lord EUSTACE PERCY. "IT DOESN'T PAIN US AT ALL."

Apparently that was what the thoughtless Law Officer of the Crown had contemplated. He will be getting a flea in his ear from the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE if he is not careful.

Mr. BALDWIN'S speech moving the rejection of the Bill was mild but cogent, especially in defence of "contracting-in," but he warmed up at the end, warning the Government that in promoting this Bill it represented neither the nation nor a class, but a class within a class. "You represent," he said, "political Labour, and no other Labour at all."

Mr. BIRKETT commanded more attention partly because, though a great lawyer, he is seldom heard in the House, but chiefly because it fell to him to bestow the Liberal blessing—tempered with a strong leavening of Liberal condemnation—on the Bill. He did it in the traditional way, tearing the Bill to tatters in the first part of a closely-reasoned speech and intimating that the Liberal Party would die in the last Lobby in defence of contracting-in, the removal of Civil Servants from politics and the right of local authorities to employ non-union labour, and concluding rather lamely by announcing that the Liberal Party would support a Second Reading of the Bill and give it socks in Committee.

Sir KINGSLEY WOOD got down to the meat of the matter when he asked the ATTORNEY-GENERAL point-blank if it would be possible under the Bill to have a repetition of the General Strike of 1926 legalised and authorised by law, a question to which Sir WILLIAM was not apparently prepared to give a categorical answer. Mr. TOM SHAW, having appeased the Opposition by calling Sir KINGSLEY WOOD a thing of beauty and a joy for ever, encouraged it still further by admitting that "a political or revolutionary strike was a danger to the State." Apart from these points he seemed to be arguing in favour of the Bill. The debate was adjourned.

Another Smith Minority.

"Palmerston often produced awkward situations between Victoria and her foreign relations."—*Answer in Examination Paper.*

"JAPANESE CONTRACT FOR SIAMESE BRIDGE."—*Daily Paper.*

Does the Portland Club approve of this?



EDUCATIONAL ACTIVITIES.

RAISING THE STANDARD OF MILKMEN'S YODELLING. ALPINE EXPERT CONDUCTING A CLASS AT THE COUNTY HALL.

THE UNPROFESSIONAL BURGLAR.

[An application of the narrative method employed in *The Uncelestial City* by Mr. HUMBERT WOLFE, to whom apologies. In self-defence the author would remind purists that the half-rhymes are in the Wolfian manner.]

INTO the house
when all was still
on stockinged feet
crept Burglar Bill,

the idle rich
to disencumber
of their jewels and other
such useless lumber.

(Such trifles as emeralds, diamonds, rubies,
bought for their women by wealthy boobies,
platinum-mounted brooches and gems with intricate and unrhymable names;
not to speak of the notes and cash, bonds, securities and similar trash.)

As the burglar
skilfully broke
open the safe he gave
tongue and spoke;

which was foolish of
him, I know,
but his wits were more than
a trifle slow,

and he was tempted
to indulge in
speech, though his sack
was not yet bulging.

"I," began William, striking a noble attitude
by the side of the safe, which he had to stand up to do,
"am not entirely lacking in bourgeois rectitude,
in spite of what I happen to be doing now;

and if there is one thing that makes me angrier
than another it is, I admit, the suggestion that I
ought to let my wife and kids go hungrier
rather than come out and pinch things in this way."

He would undoubtedly
have gone on
reasoning thus
until the dawn

if the householder
had not come
into the room, which
struck him dumb.

"Well," said the rich man, "if you think
I earn money for you to drink,
that is the worst of inaccuracies;
I propose to telephone the police
and tell them that a dastardly rogue
and possibly others with him in league——"

"No," said the burglar,
"for your pelf
I came entirely
by myself."

"A sign of grace," the plutocrat admitted; "you are to be praised for that,
for if you had come with others like you,
and there had been nobody here to choke you,
together you could have carried more than by yourself you can possibly bear;
as a result of which——"

But deftly,
skilfully and extremely swiftly,
with a brutal horny paw
William socked him on the jaw;

and as he suddenly
tumbled down,
Burglar Bill was as
suddenly gone.

That is my tale;
you mustn't quarrel
when I tell you there isn't the
slightest moral.

THE ELEVENTH PLAGUE.

THE recent troubles on the North-West frontier profoundly affected our battalion. Not that we were in it or received orders to go and mix in, or were even likely to be invited. But any war or rumour of war reacts on the Generals here in Havershott like bootleg whisky on a dying mule. The result, as far as our battalion was concerned, has been what our Captain Bayonet refers to as the Eleventh Plague—that of Inspecting Generals in all our quarters.

We have been inspected up and down and round about till we don't know where we are. We have been reduced to a pitiable condition. The troops creep about in parties of four or five, sending one of their number ahead to scout at every corner. The officers hardly dare go into the Mess between meal-times for fear a visiting General may be outside and see them doing it, and hardly dare go into it during meal-times for fear a visiting General may be inside having a meal.

The Adjutant has fast sprinters on each of the barrack entrances watching the horizon; sentries present arms and turn out the guard to every big car that comes by; buglers burst into tears if spoken to; the R.S.M. has lost three stone; and the battalion cooks wash their hands once a day at least. Pretty parlous!

The one bright point about it all is that we have been able to divide all Inspecting Generals into classes and work out a method for dealing with them—that is, as far as any General *can* be dealt with, you understand.

Here is our list—both the Disease and the Remedy:—

Class 1. *The Rockets.* This class are, thank Heaven, always in a hurry, and insist on having the battalion paraded ready for them half-an-hour before they arrive. Then they whizz in, pass efficiently along the ranks, talking about young pheasants to the Colonel, chat for half-a-minute to a man with two rows of medals, and say, "Very smart body of men!" twice—once to the Colonel as they arrive, and once to the inside of their own car as it gets away to a flying start ten minutes later. These are easy to handle; all that is necessary is to ascertain in what pre-War campaign the particular General played an important part, prime a plausible old soldier with full details of having served under him, give him two rows of medals for the duration of the parade and shove him in the shop-window.

Class 2. *The Gregarious.* These "like to see the men off parade at their normal duties. No special preparations, mind!" Once you grasp that far more special preparations are needed for this than for any half-dozen parades, it is fairly plain sailing. Officers with selected squads whom they are teaching map-reading, parts of the rifle, physical training and so on are planted at various points along the General's route, while every department of the battalion, from Q.M. Store to Canteen, from Mess-Room to Guard-Room Cells, must have specially detailed men "just happening to be there" and doing the appropriate thing.



Artist (*who has requested Mrs. Bloggs to sit for him*). "AT THREE O'CLOCK THEN, JUST AS YOU ARE. DON'T DRESS UP OR DO YOUR HAIR."
Mrs. Bloggs. "MY HAIR *is* DONE!"

Class 3. *The Solitaries.* — These "don't want to see *any men* about at all." It is not, however, sufficient for the Adjutant to detail every man he can think of to jobs out of sight. There will invariably be the man he *hasn't* thought of, generally someone like the padre's batman, and he will invariably be found in shirt-sleeves enveloping "wads" in the canteen just when the General enters, at an hour too when the canteen should be closed anyhow. Nor is it sufficient to send the whole battalion off on a route-march. There will always be Private Barrel, who has flat feet, sitting on a biscuit-tin outside the cook-house scratching the stomach of a mongrel pup. No, the only safe way is to have half-a-dozen sergeants of forceful personality cruising ahead of the General just out of sight—like "the eyes of the Fleet"—and clearing every man out of every building, be it barrack-room, stores or baths. Of course a motley crew, probably headed by Private Butt in a towel, will be perpetually scurrying round and round the barracks in front of them, like fauna before a film forest-fire, but as long as the General isn't allowed to about-turn and run into the teeth of the stampede it is all right.

Class 4. *The Fault-Finders.*—To do them justice these are not out to pick holes. They just feel they haven't done their job if they don't find one small thing wrong. Their invariable mode of attack is to stop suddenly, point at a man walking through the barracks and say, "Why isn't that man on parade?" and the Adjutant, to whom the Colonel will skilfully turn, should learn to expect this "catch-phrase." For it has no answer to it which will avert wrath; it is for you to play while the General Mates in One. Here you will find a few responses which have been tried and found wanting, remembering of course that a General cannot be answered back more than once—if that:—

"Because there isn't a parade, Sir," indicates (*a*) Idleness in the Battalion, and (*b*) Insolence in the Adjutant. "He's on fatigue duty, Sir," means "All Fatigues Should have been Done Before an Inspection." "He's sick, Sir," points to Poor State of Battalion's Health, or, Allowing Sick men to Roam about Barracks. "He's a cook or clerk or what-not, Sir," implies Lack of Supervision in the Cook-house or Orderly-Room or What-notting Office. And an ingenuous, "I haven't the vaguest idea, Sir," is of course equivalent to mass suicide.

The only thing to do is to hang the head guiltily and say, "I—I've just detailed him on a Special Job, Sir." The General, already in better spirits at having caught you, will invariably fall for it and say "What?" You then reply, "I've detailed him to go and



M.F.H. "HOW'S THAT NEW LAD SHAPING, GEORGE?"
Huntsman (gloomily). "WON'T NEVER BE MUCH GOOD, I'M AFRAID, SIR; WHY, THE VERY EVENING AFTER THAT GREAT HUNT LAST WEDNESDAY WHEN WE LOST OUR FOX HE WAS WHISTLIN'!"

mount guard on your car, Sir. There 've been one or two cases of tyre-slashing by civilians working in barracks and so I thought. . . ."

This pleases everybody. But (*a*) make certain the General hasn't come on a horse, (*b*) give the man in question time to get out of sight, otherwise he may be interrogated by the General and will no doubt reply with pained surprise, "Car, Sir? No, Sir. I just been sent across from the Sar'nts' Mess to ask why the 'ell their meat ration's got so much bone." This will sink any inspection.

Class 5. *The Unexpecteds.* These *will* turn up without warning and really necessitate a chain of defensive posts round the whole barracks. But their weak point is an inability to resist "testing your efficiency" by pouncing into unexpected corners to look for unauthorised dust or to disclose some other Achilles' heel. So the great thing is to have one or two ready. A rifle may be left as if forgotten in a dark corner of the cook-house, but it should have been cleaned and oiled beforehand as never a rifle was before. There may also be a suspicious-looking cupboard in the mess-room, from which you obviously try to turn the General away. When opened, of course it will be found recently scrubbed and reeking of disinfectant. It may even contain perhaps a copy or so of "Hints for the Young Soldier," instead of its usual contents —five spiders' webs, three spiders, a brace of earwigs, half a rusted mess-tin and one dead sock with seven holes in it.

Or you may quite simply arrange for a defaulter to "pass by" in full marching order on his way to pack-drill. The General, being an "unexpected," will suddenly demand to see the fellow's pack opened. But he won't find the anticipated crumpled newspapers, or even the usual air-cushion, for your orderly-sergeant of course, before floating the bait out gently across the General's course, will have seen that the defaulter's kit is present and correct to the last detail, even if it has meant borrowing from every other man in the barrack-room. The General will not fail to be impressed.

And finally there is—

Class 6. *The Simple.*—These don't find fault at all. They seem to realise that the mere threat of a General Inspection hoops up a battalion far more effectively than any criticism on the day itself, and consider their job is done the moment they step out of their car and see that the regiment is on parade. Perhaps they should be classed as the "Not So Simple After All." A. A.

EPITAPH ON AN UNCERTAIN QUANTITY.

Hic jacet X.; ring down the curtain
On one who never stood like stone,
The most attractively uncertain
Of all the men I've ever known.

With all the arts and graces gifted
For ruling ordinary roasts,
In less than twenty years he drifted
Into and out of twenty posts.

Profuse in talk, a brilliant planner,
He did not always quite conceal
Beneath a suave and florid manner
The traces of a hirsute heel.

He seemed more fit to fly than flutter,
But he was doubly doomed to fail;
He quarrelled with his bread-and-butter,
But could not carry cakes and ale.

Petting Starts in Scotland.

"Several local ponds were frozen and members of Dunglass Cudling Club had some good sport."—*Scots Paper.*

AT THE PLAY.

"THE LIMPING MAN" (ROYALTY).

THIS affair begins briskly and moves easily to its appointed end. Ten of the clock at night. The owl hoots balefully in the belfry. A gentleman in evening dress lies motionless on the couch in the darkened Monk's Room in Tinker's Revel. We hope he is dead. But, alas! he stirs uneasily in a post-prandial stupor and the *Limping Man* steals (noisily) into the room—Tinker's Revel is a keyless house—feels in his hip-pocket for a torch, a gun or his tobacco, takes one look at the sleeping figure, registers extreme disappointment and steals out again.

Tinker's Revel, a Kentish manor-house in obvious disrepair, has been left by a distant relative to an excellent young man, *Philip Nash* (Mr. RONALD SIMPSON), who is accepted before our eyes by a most charming and pretty young woman, *Gloria Kite* (Miss EVE GRAY). It is father *Kite* (Mr. ARTHUR HARDY) who is now roused from his slumbers to take just a few more nips of brandy—he is a medical man and a knight with a turn for epigram and a strong-minded wife (Miss MIRIAM LEWES) with the same obsession—and we begin to see the reason for a certain permanent coolness between them. We learn that on the battered walls is an authentic Rembrandt, that while broad *Nash* acres surround Tinker's Revel there is no *Nash* cash.

A young woman comes in in a state of panic, declaring she has heard footsteps behind her when playing the *Liebestraum* to celebrate the engagement. "Rats!" say the incredulous guests helpfully.

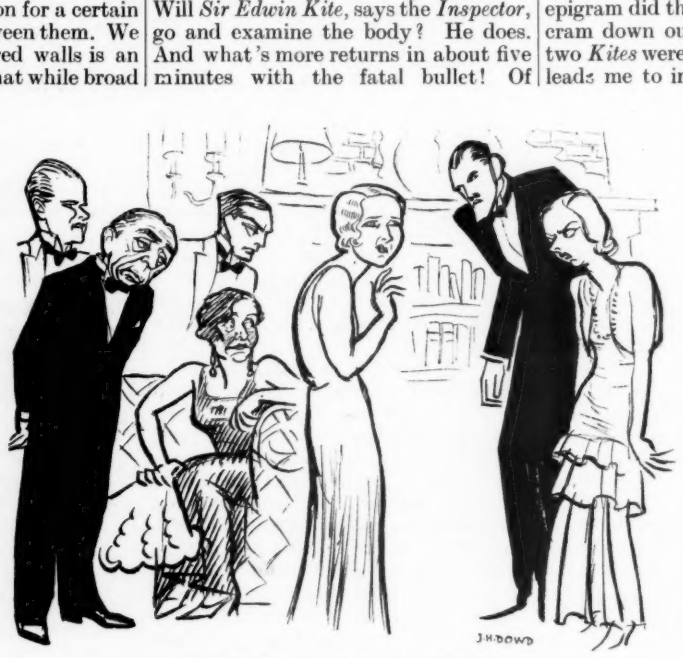
Philip being left alone and the lights having been turned out in the way lights are turned out in these affairs, a figure creeps from a secret door in the book-case, there is a strangled cry of "You!" a tense scuffle and both disappear through the book-case door. This is something like! Follows a desultory hunt for *Philip*. A hearty clerkish person, professing to be the amateur billiard champion of the Felt Hat trade, on his way to play an important match at Canterbury, enters to say that he has broken down on the road nearby at Something Corner. Later news: there has been a



DETECTIVE WEAR (OFF DUTY).
Disher . . . MR. FRANKLIN DYALL.

murder at Something Corner—an American sort of man shot through the heart. Will *Sir Edwin Kite*, says the *Inspector*, go and examine the body? He does. And what's more returns in about five minutes with the fatal bullet! Of course it fits somebody's revolver—but the less said of that the better; we must keep faith with our author. A sinister butler; two rather underbred and mysterious guests, the lady of the footsteps and her husband; an American Art dealer; and finally the great man, *Disher* (Mr. FRANKLIN DYALL), scorning the name of detective but enjoying an international reputation for detecting, complete the picture.

Disher is a fraud; and Mr. WILL SCOTT, his creator, makes the mistake of raising our expectations to too high a pitch. He guessed nothing more than I did (in the Second Act—though I admit Mr. SCOTT very properly made me doubt for a moment later), and he had much more data to work upon—except that he didn't know about the secret passage. However, after a night of communing with himself and a chess-board and putting two and two together and making four he diagnosed secret passage—but it was the *Limping Man* who gave him the clue to its whereabouts. *Disher* was in fact a bore, a clever bore, because he had succeeded in circulating a flattering legend about himself—and he's not the only clever bore who's done that, as contemporary life proves. But epigram after tedious epigram did that swollen-headed fellow cram down our protesting ears. The two *Kites* were nothing to it. And this leads me to implore Mr. SCOTT not to spoil his next thriller (he's a born thriller-maker and builds up his case in the most adroit way) with so unnecessary a display of elaborately manufactured wit.



LISTENING-IN FOR FOOTSTEPS.

Philip Nash	MR. RONALD SIMPSON.
Sir Edwin Kite	MR. ARTHUR HARDY.
Paul Tegle	MR. ALGERNON MILLS.
Lady Kite	MISS MIRIAM LEWES.
Gloria Kite	MISS EVE GRAY.
Peter Hoyt	MR. LAWRENCE HARDMAN.
Olga Hoyt	MISS CONSTANCE GRIFFITH.

I congratulate him on (otherwise) playing fair with us from start to finish. He gave us a fair problem and solved it fairly. He took no more liberties than are proper to the *genre*. One set of his characters thoughtfully moved away for the next set to say their piece, or for the next mysterious person to come in and do a bit of sleuthing or shooting. But this is inevitable.

Mr. ARTHUR HARDY mitigated the tediousness of *Sir Edwin* with not a little skill; Mr. FRANKLIN DYALL seemed to enjoy the egregious *Disher*; Miss MIRIAM LEWES gal-

lantly pretended to like her part; Miss EVE GRAY played quite above the form of the usual heroine in distress; Miss CONSTANCE GRIFFITH, the mysterious guest, capably suggested her terrors, her crookedness, her awkwardness in a society to which she was not accustomed, and Mr. RONALD SIMPSON cleverly managed his key-part. And in general the company competently supported them.

T.

AT THE OPERA.

"TANTIVY TOWERS" (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH).

THIS is the dark tragedy of the great gulf that is fixed, that yawns between the pink-coated Lords (and Masters) of Tantivy and the Shires and the Intelligentsia of Chelsea by Thames; and, though the author's gay (and tender) heart is definitely turned away from the rude slaughterers of the little red fox as they present themselves to his wholesome prejudiced mind let it not be supposed that he cannot laugh (or make us laugh) at the vagaries of the perfectly marvellous men and maidens and what-not disporting themselves with unnatural gaiety in the studios—

> [Where] "the sculptor grows more shaggy
> And the ladies grow less hair,
> [Where] are trousers much more baggy,
> Skirts more scanty than elsewhere,
> [Where] the great Augustus waddles
> Round and round his favourite models."

And so on. In fact wherever Mr. HERBERT sees a protruding leg he proceeds to fulfil his destiny and pulls it.

It would appear that *Tantivy's* daughter, the *Lady Ann Gallop* (Miss BARBARA PETT FRASER) has induced her brother, *Harkaway* (Mr. DENNIS ARUNDELL) to bring her—she is an old-fashioned young lady evidently—to a studio-party.

It happens to be the birthday of the well-known singer, *Hugh Heather* (Mr. TREFOR JONES). A mild rout in the Chelsea manner is toward. *Harkaway* is careful to explain that he really doesn't know a subject so blightin' as paintin' and singin' and readin' and writin'; that he doesn't wish to be taken for an artist; and simply does not believe that the daughters of EVE have such very triangular thighs as pretty *Jenny Jay*, "a sort of artist" (Miss OLIVE EVERS), has given them on her jaundiced canvas. *Hugh* kisses every young lady present and is evidently a prize philanderer with perhaps a special affection for *Jenny*, who on her part assumes proprietary airs.

Enter the *Lady Ann* in *Millamant's* dress out of *The Way of the World* (an interpolation of Sir NIGEL PLAYFAIR's, I'll be bound). *Hugh* loses his heart to her completely; *Ann*, showing an engagement-ring, but confessing that her M.F.H. and J.P. is a bore, gives him shy encouragement and retires to the bar in the cellar. A loud knocking on the studio door preludes the entrance of the *Earl* and *Countess of Tantivy* (Mr. ROY RUSSELL and Miss DORIS WOODALL) to rescue their daughter from this haunt of brains and vice. *Tantivy's* poor old father used to say in 1863, "Once people start on all this Art, good-bye monogamee!" But in their secret souls both *Earl* and *Countess* are rather stimulated. The *Earl* finds that *Jenny* in her pert pyjamas recalls his lost youth, and he invites her down to Tantivy to paint (in oils) a portrait of his horse, now unhappily afflicted with glanders: certain drawings on the walls indicating the sort of portrait he is likely to get.



THE KILL AMOROUS.

Hugh Heather . . . . . MR. TREFOR JONES.
Lady Ann Gallop . . . . MISS BARBARA FRASER.

The *Countess* is inclined to flirt rather heavily with *Hugh*, to his profound dismay. She even (later) snaffles the red rose which *Ann* has given him and twines it in her greying hair. She bids him come down to Tantivy Towers for one of her quiet week-ends and kindly display his exceptional powers to one or two musical friends, *Jenny* seconding this proposition with enthusiasm. He refuses passionately. He is not for hire.

Ann returns. "Who is that harridan?" he asks her. "My mother!" . . . The Tantivy party leaves hastily for Yorkshire, *Ann* throwing a last passionate kiss to her sweet singer.

Tantivy Towers: dinner. The Hunt Ball is (for A. P. H.'s convenience) about to take place in the Tantivy dining-room. The Master, *Captain Bareback* (Mr. HARVEY BRABAN), *Ann's* betrothed, bellows the Briton's creed—to ride straight, ride hard and be a white man. History, he shouts, is made by men of his sort, not by addle-pated highbrows. A little musical interlude follows by a 'cellist and a masked tenor, who sings his song of love at *Ann* and *Ann* alone, who does not recognise him—he has shaved off his face-hair. But in a space when the pink-coats have retired to smoke and drink their port, the ladies to powder the nose, *Ann* puts on one of *Hugh's* gramophone records, and *Hugh*, coming in unseen, stops the record, finishes the song, reveals himself to *Ann* and is found by *Bareback* kissing her hand with a lover's fervour.



THE KILL OUTRAGEOUS.

Victim . . . . . A Fox.
Culprit . . . . . *Hugh Heather.*

Bareback's rage is charmed away by *Hugh's* singing of "John Peel" (it is jolly of

A. P. H. to give us this best of apologias for the fox-hunting man; a fellow who can sing "John Peel" like that must indeed be a MAN! He shall come and hunt the fox with them on the morrow. "No! No!" says *Hugh*. "The yellow streak," say the scandalised members of the Hunt. But it isn't cowardice. It is *Hugh's* compassion for hunted things, and he tells how when he was a child a spent fox took refuge in his chimney and was poked out by the stony-hearted pink gentlemen and tossed to the howling pack, while he himself was blooded. The company, loudly scoffing at this exhibition of chicken-livered sentimentality, dance wildly round the desperate *Hugh*. *Ann* alone is moved to pity—almost to love.

The morrow breaks. The Tantivy party, unable to hunt because of the coolness between the family and the jilted Master, but finding it necessary to kill something, are shooting the Tantivy covers. They gather in the Tantivy wood for lunch. The Hunt comes into view—at the back of the dress circle. A spent draggle-tailed fox is struggling into cover—straight towards them. He must be deaf and blind. *Hugh* snatches a gun and despatches him mercifully. Horror stupefies the Tantivy party, including the butler and the two flunkeys. *Ann* out of pity for the poor fox—foully shot instead of being honourably worried—smacks the singer's face and turns back where she belongs, to her brawny Master. *Hugh* and *Jenny* go their ways together back to the Chelsea they understand.

A jolly affair. The simple plot is very cleverly managed. There is no dialogue, but the action is so adroitly simplified and so plausible within its frame, so judicious is the mixture of sentiment, friendly malice, Herbertian gags and wild hyperbole, and withal so carefully have the singers been trained to let their words be heard, that we miss nothing essential. The production is admirably contrived. Mr. DUNHILL'S music is tuneful, lightly sentimental and skilfully subordinate to the text.

Here indeed is a new vein of light opera. Perhaps we shall have a HERBERT and DUNHILL era—in happy succession to the old masters, GILBERT and SULLIVAN. At any rate we have made an excellent beginning. The whole thing is a "riot." T.

"The slogan 'Socialism in our Time' is, of course, dead as mutton, deader by far than Queen Anne, who herself died long ago."—*Bootle Paper.*

It is hoped that this confirmation of QUEEN ANNE'S demise will heal an old schism amongst Bootle's historians.

ANOTHER FINE-ART COLLECTION.

I AM rather proud of having discovered a new "collectors' piece." I have taken to collecting coal-hole covers. So far not even the British Museum has thought of it, and the Department of Old Iron at the Victoria and Albert Museum is without a single specimen, while my own collection has grown to such an extent that I have been forced to use the spare bedroom as well as the bathroom for the display of my treasures. They range from the Common Coal Cover (Westminsterii) to the comparatively rare and elegant Kensington varieties.

I first came into close touch with coal-hole covers when I slipped on a relic of the Eat More Bananas campaign. The intricate array of circles and stars that confronted me seemed at first the usual results of concussion, until I realised that I was gazing at what I knew later to be a lovely specimen of the genus Claphamium (twelve holes and two diagonals). Greatly struck by the design I determined to devote myself to the collection and preservation of these works of pavement art.

At first it was rather difficult to acquire desirable specimens and get them home without suspicion, until I bought an old perambulator and disguised myself as a father. "Cold night for the baby, Sir," said a kind-hearted policeman as I was returning one evening from an expedition to Camden Town, the perambulator creaking under three rare local examples.

"Yes," I replied brightly, "but mine has an iron constitution."

All the same I thought it best to avoid comment, and later changed the baby into a gramophone and became a street musician.

I safely thought myself the sole collector, until one morning in the fog I stumbled over someone kneeling on the pavement.

"Aw, nah yer've spoilt it," a voice at my feet exclaimed.

"Spoilt what?" I asked, disentangling myself from a vast roll of paper.

"Why, me rubbin'. I'm takin' a rubbin' of this silly plate for an old cove what collects them."

A rival in the field! I tapped the hireling on the shoulder.

"My dear man, do you realise you are committing an offence against the Rubbing and Defacement of Public Monuments Act of 1864, for which you are liable to a fine not exceeding five hundred pounds?"

"He never told me nothing abaht that."

I slipped half-a-crown into his hand in exchange for the illegal rubbing, which now hangs beside the original cover in the maid's room.

For the benefit of my fellow-citizens, to whom I am afraid a coal-cover has been till now a simple coal-cover and nothing more, I am producing a Catalogue Raisonné, in a signed and limited edition, embellished with cuts by my friend McAlistair, who is the acknowledged head of the modern school of manhole design. McAlistair has for many years striven to introduce new *motifs* into coal-cover designs, "something"—as he explained to me—"expressive of the wonders of our coal industry. My first experiment, which was submitted to (and rejected by) the L.C.C., was a simple bronze cover forming a base for a winged figure of Coal rising triumphant over Gas and Electricity. Academized streets, as one might say."

It is a pity one's wife so rarely shares one's enthusiasm. There has never been complete accord between us since the large daguerreotype of her great-grandmother was removed, together with our other pictures, to make room for the expanding section of Kensington covers in the dining-room. The dresser contains the rarer specimens, which I have not trusted to the picture-rail after the large cover from Devonshire House fell on my collection of birds'-eggs.

In Gallery B (the bathroom) are housed the various covers common to the Bayswater district, together with some well-preserved examples from Bloomsbury illustrating the development of cover design from the Simple Cross-Hatching to the lovely Cinquefoil and Reticulated Patterns. I have also here differentiated the Verrous (glass-centred) variety from the Ferrous (or all-metal) form, a distinction I shall illustrate in my catalogue.

Duplicates were rather a problem at first. I would return in triumph with some new specimen only to find a facsimile uncatalogued in the spare bedroom. However I have solved the problem quite profitably by advertising for sale examples of fine Old English Ironwork (uncertain date). Our butcher, who has just retired and built himself a Tudor mansion at Finchley, was attracted by some of the intaglio designs and has had them inserted into the walls of his Turkish lounge. They make useful match-strikers and, as everyone has observed, lend a *cachet* and old-world charm to the apartment.

Gang Outrage at Twickenham.

"Powell slung the ball with all his might in the direction of the centre of the field. It bumped off a Welsh forward . . ."
Daily Paper.



THE JOYS OF TENNIS DEPEND VERY MUCH ON THE WEATHER.



THE SAME WITH CRICKET—



AND CROQUET—



AND BOWLS.



THERE IS NO PLEASURE IN MOTORING IN THE RAIN—



TO SAY NOTHING OF BOATING.



BUT, THANK GOODNESS, YOU CAN ENJOY YOUR GOLF ALL THE YEAR ROUND.



A KENSINGTON HOTEL IS MAKING ITS WAITERS WEAR SIDE-WHISKERS TO DIFFERENTIATE THEM FROM THE DINERS. BUT DINERS OFTEN WEAR SIDE-WHISKERS. PERHAPS A REALLY FULL WHISKER TREATED DECORATIVELY WOULD MEET THE CASE.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE reminiscences of the Grand Duchess MARIE of Russia have, I feel, the interest and pathos of their circumstances, but gain comparatively little from the outlook of their writer. They have apparently been compiled in America, and it is difficult to escape the impression that their estimates of the past have been coloured—somewhat unduly perhaps—by the influences of the present. *Things I Remember* (CASSELL, 21/-) will hardly go down to posterity as an indispensable document; but from the moment when the baby-granddaughter of ALEXANDER II. is borne on a golden coach to her christening at the Winter Palace her chronicle deals picturesquely enough with the externals of a vanished world. The career of the small Grand Duchess was chequered from the first. Her mother died in giving birth to her idolised brother, DMITRI; her father, the Grand Duke PAUL, married again morganatically and was exiled. His two children were tenderly reared by their uncle, SERGE, and his highly original wife, ELIZABETH; but the former was assassinated and the latter, with her elder sister, the EMPRESS, figure chiefly as a pair of tiresome *dévotes* in the memoirs of their younger kinswoman. Wedded at eighteen to a Swedish Prince, the Grand Duchess MARIE saw her marriage annulled shortly before the War; and up to the TSAR'S abdication she worked with heroic self-abandonment as a nurse. Her brother was implicated in RASPUTIN'S murder and banished; and it was a Grand Duchess curiously detached from the main fortunes of the ROMANOVS who finally married a secondary princeling and escaped to Roumania.

David Oxley had been born under a lucky star. An Adonis and an athlete, he was also a Quixote—and the combination shattered his good fortune, for a time. When Mr. J. C. SNAITH opens *The Unforeseen* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) our hero was strolling lightly towards the Marble Arch, a cigar between his lips, feeling that the game called Life was a truly fine adventure. He had left his *Aunt Georgina's* (and she was a duchess) at a quarter-to-two, when the dance was still at its height, because he wanted to get some sleep before playing for the M.C.C. *v.* Oxford University in a few hours' time, and the Selection Committee might be looking out for a good batsman for the opening Test Match at Manchester. But in fact the young man is going back to his flat in Seymour Street to find a corpse lying on his hearth-rug, and for a long time there is no more talk of cricket or of dances. In fact, *David Oxley* is put away for a matter of fifteen years, so determined is he to save a woman's reputation, and thereby he misses the Great War, in which so talented a young man was clearly intended to figure; whereas his man *Jones*, that rather sinister figure, goes through it all and emerges a Colonel, V.C., D.S.O., and what not. Clearly there is something here to be set right, and *John Lumsden*, that most charming of private detectives, is the man to do it. Mr. SNAITH makes a good enough yarn out of the mystery

in *Oxley's* flat; but I think I prefer him in more romantic mood. The sleuth business seems to have had a bad effect on his literary style. He has invented, or adopted, an unholy word, "bonhomous," which I recommend him to abandon as soon as possible.

"Penguin Island," as I've heard tell,
Is a place where thousands of penguins dwell,
But CHERRY KEARTON, who lately spent
Months with a camera there in a tent,
Watching the birds from dawn till dark,
Says that millions is nearer the mark.

He watched them coming, he watched them land,
A countless amazingly human band,
Waddling along in hobble-skirts
With black tail-coats and white dress-shirts;
He with his camera always there
Watched them wooing and saw them pair.
He saw them ogle and saw them click,
And the male bird's swagger that did the trick,
And he saw them—photographs vouch for this—
Clinch the deal with a hearty kiss.

He watched the course of their married life—
Sometimes happiness, sometimes strife,
Due to boredom or else, perhaps,
The old triangular moral lapse;
Indeed there's little his lens could find
Which civilization has left behind,
And all of it's told with smiles and laughs
(Not forgetting the photographs)
In *The Island of Penguins*, which you must get
From LONGMANS at twelve-and-six-pence net.



THE BRIGHTER OUTLOOK.

First Artist. "THAT TALL FELLOW IS PRENDERGAST, THE PORTRAIT-PAINTER. HE'S STARTED WORKING SERIOUSLY AGAIN."
Second Artist. "HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT?"
First Artist. "WELL, I WAS IN A STATIONER'S SHOP YESTERDAY AND HE CAME IN AND BOUGHT A PENNY INDIA-RUBBER."

The foreign diplomat who accused the English of having "fifty vegetables—all of them cabbage" would have, I think, to modify his prejudices on acquaintance with Mrs. ELIZABETH LUCAS's new cookery-book. This is at once the pæan and the text-book of *Vegetable Cookery* (HEINEMANN, 8/6), and it incorporates, in a fashion enchantingly personal, the lore of the cook, the gardener and the historian. The arts know no national boundaries, and I am acquainted with more than one good housewife who brings home the recipe for a Continental *plat*—and not infrequently the seeds of the herb that goes to its making—with the same gusto as her Georgian forebears displayed in the importation of an Old Master. Mrs. LUCAS is one of these rare spirits, and her book picks the brains of French, Austrian and Polish experts as well as those of indigenous *virtuosi*. She deplores the execrable staff-work that sunders in so many English country-houses the interests of the kitchen and garden; so that the cook—whose needs ought to be paramount—has too often to accept as a basis for operations the tasteless mammoth vegetables of the pot-hunting gardener. But she is, as every housewife should be, a gardener herself, and introduces you to such neglected vegetables as the *scarole*, which is so much more succulent and hardy than the *chicorée frisée* we call endive. She tells you too—if you do not know it already—the best place to procure the seeds of her Gallic specialities. Altogether a thoroughly sound and stimulating book.

It was as an historical novelist that Herr LION FEUCHTWANGER took us all by storm, and, though *Success* (SECKER, 10/-) is a story of the post-war years, he has made it an historical novel by the simple device of projecting himself

so far into the future that he has to tell us that "tennis was a game of those days, played with ball and racket," and even that BERNARD SHAW was "a great writer of that period." This he has done, I suppose, that he may see his characters small enough to get them all into his canvas. And in truth they are a multitude. The conviction of *Martin Krüger*, sub-director of the Munich National Gallery, whom the Bavarian Government had reasons for wishing out of the way, on a trumped-up charge of perjury, and the efforts of his girl-friend, *Johanna Krain*, to get the sentence reversed, are hardly more than pretexts for a picture of "three years in the life of a province," into which are introduced ministers of state and political agitators and the men who pull the strings, captains of industry and little tradesmen, lawyers, writers and painters, impresarios, dancers, comedians—in short a whole world of people whose outsides are depicted with pre-Raphaelite precision and their insides exposed with the clairvoyance of the X-ray. To have presented so vast and multifarious a picture without confusion is a notable achievement.

The reading of Miss MAZO DE LA ROCHE'S *Portrait of a Dog* (MACMILLAN, 7/6) has given me such sweet sorrow that I hardly dare recommend it to any of you who may have "given your hearts to a dog to tear." Yet there is, in spite of the inevitable ending, so much beauty and merriment and waggishness in this story of a Scottish terrier, whose tail was "too gay" for showing, that I do not think any dog-lover would care to be without it. The author has been more generous than her title suggests, for side by side with the lively portrait of *Argyle Bunty* she has given us one of *Hamish*, the West Highlander who "hated all he did not love" and sneered at the world. Miss DE LA ROCHE writes of him: "With all the power that was in him he sought to understand you (*Argyle Bunty*), to share in your peculiar ecstasies. When you caught up a green apple from the grass, tossed it, caught it, tossed it again, rolled on it barking with delight, he would sometimes find an apple for himself, walk dourly round the apple-tree with it in his teeth, and finally take it away and lose it, returning with a sheepish air." The characters of the two dogs are shown in many such word-pictures; and Mr. MORGAN DENNIS'S illustrations add further joys to an enchanting book.

The smuggler of the eighteenth century has, of course, provided a theme for countless "period" novelists, and, as in the case of his shore-going prototype, the hightobyman, the tendency has usually been to present him in a more or less romantic light. Mr. FRANK POLLARD'S *Virtue Undone; or, The Carefree Smuggler* (GRANT RICHARDS, 7/6) treats the subject for once from an entirely different angle. He paints a picture rather sordid than sensational of the doings of the "free-traders" on the Norfolk coast, and of the connivance at their proceedings, either active or tacit, of practically the whole community, from parson and squire downwards. The story has more than a touch of Hogarthian humour, and most of its characters are frankly repellent. Among the exceptions are the contrasted personalities of the young Preventive Officer, *Lieutenant Pike*, honestly struggling to do his duty in a network of intrigue and corruption, and his rival, the smuggler *Hurn*. The latter is a really cleverly-drawn portrait; daring and skilful afloat, ashore a sort of nautical *Macheath*, the typical grog-and-woman-loving Jack Tar of DIBDIN'S ballads.



Waiter (who has been under-tipped). "GOOD EVENING, SIR. SHALL I STOP A BUS FOR YOU?"

Bottles in the Smoke (LONGMANS, 8/6) is both an attractive and irritating story. It is attractive because in it Mr. CLEMENT HANKEY gives a vivid picture of Arab life during the War, and has succeeded in conveying to his readers an atmosphere both of glamour and of intrigue. It irritates because Mr. HANKEY'S knowledge of construction is far to seek, and he rambles on and on without any apparent rhyme or reason. Tightened up and compressed this would be a fine and most alluring story; as it stands I admit its fascination but deplore its structure. At the outset we are introduced to an Englishman, *Horace Stone*, who after many years in the East had renounced his faith and nationality and become the *Sheik Horaysh-el-Hajar*. Round him and his adventures in love and war the story circles, and however many technical faults Mr. HANKEY may have as a story-teller he does undoubtedly succeed in giving an impression of the East that will linger in the memory.

In Mr. RUFUS KING'S previous books, *Murder by the Clock* and *A Woman is Dead*, I found *Lieutenant Valcour* a most efficient and unpretentious detective, and my opinion of him is confirmed by the skill which he shows in *Murder by Latitude* (HEINEMANN, 7/6). The *Eastern Bay* had not proceeded far on her voyage from Bermuda to Halifax when the wireless operator was murdered, and soon afterwards a passenger called *Poole*, who was the young husband of a middle-aged and very expensive lady, also died with exceeding abruptness. From the outset *Valcour* with sound reason suspected that one of the few passengers in the boat was responsible for these crimes, and without any fuss he proceeds to stalk his prey. Mr. KING gives a distinct individuality to each of his characters; there is not a single dummy in the cast, and the result is a story that in its class is really first-rate.

CHARIVARIA.

As a precaution against influenza many City men make a practice of gargling frequently with port, and there is a strong feeling that licensed premises should be open during prohibited hours to *bonâ-fide* garglers.

***

A letter posted in 1909 has just been delivered in Birmingham. It appears to be no advantage to post early in the century.

***

At a Scottish dinner a gossip-writer was surprised to see the haggis borne in by Italian waiters. A possible explanation is that they belonged to the clan of the MacAroni.

***

A woman who wanted a separation order told a London magistrate that her marriage was a case of love at first sight. She must have taken another look.

***

A musical expert points out that the Persian scale can be rendered roughly on the bagpipes. Still, we hope it won't.

***

Owing to poor financial support an American who had sat on top of a flagstaff for thirteen days declined to continue. This should bring the public to its senses.

***

Mr. JACK JONES assured Socialist hecklers at Canning Town that if the Government was defeated it would go down with its flag flying. He was understood to refer to the Pink Flag.

***

On reading that a picture exhibited in Paris is remarkable for the fact that the artist has removed hairs from his own head and stuck them on the canvas, we can only express the hope that this practice won't be carried to extremes in Chelsea.

***

With reference to the substitution of an alphabetical for a numerical arrangement of the hat-racks at the House of Lords, mention is made of a peer whose hat and umbrella are marked "Stolen from Lord ——." Nothing is said about his coronet.

***

Sir WILLIAM JOWITT is described as being possibly the best table-tennis player in the country. Regret will be felt in certain quarters that the ATTORNEY-GENERAL has given to politics what was meant for representative ping-pong.

***

We read that the post-office of the future will have a robot behind every counter. We shall welcome the human touch in post-office transactions.

***

At the annual meeting of the Tees Fishing Board Lord GAINFORD stated that previously to last year the worst salmon season ever known was in 1926, when, curiously enough, little pollution entered the river owing to the General Strike. Anglers would therefore appear to have nothing to hope for from the Trade Disputes Bill.

***

Good manners are said to have suddenly come back into fashion; but as yet there has been no rush to take courses of intensive training.

***

A City typist writes novels in her spare time. It is to her credit that she doesn't do it during business-hours.

***

Mineral-water manufacturers are said to be anxious to discover a temperance beverage with the stimulating properties of beer. That should be easy.

***

When an outbreak of fire occurred at a West-End club in the small hours of the morning, members who were sleeping on the premises were awakened by the night-staff. In the small hours of the afternoon this duty would of course devolve upon the day-staff.

***

The Shetland festival of Up-Helly-Aa, which has just been celebrated, is said to be a survival of a Norse ceremony in honour of the coming spring. Its name indicates an affinity with our own spring-cleaning festivities.

***

If I could live my life over again I would not go on the films, says Miss MARY PICKFORD. We fear however that many of the others would.

***

It seems that the dachshund is coming back into fashion in Mayfair. Yet there was a time when one half of it did not know where the other half lived.

***

The Government knows what it wants, says Mr. J. H. THOMAS. It also has a pretty shrewd idea of what it is going to get.

***

"Although I have lived in London eleven years I have never been inside the House of Commons," says a Scottish writer in a contemporary. The coward!

***

"When there is work to be done, get down to it," advises a writer. Steeplejacks, of course, need not pay any attention to this advice.

***

A woman told a Manchester magistrate that her husband beat her every day of the week, including Sundays. He shouldn't have done that. Sunday is a day of rest.

***

The Corporation of Deal congratulated a local couple on the occasion of their diamond wedding. Hollywood remains silent.

***

A newspaper gives a modernised report of the murder of the little Princes in the Tower under the title, "If it had happened yesterday." But surely the investigations of Scotland Yard would have been less advanced.

***

A dentist says that champagne ruins teeth. The best people, however, don't bite the wire to release the cork.



THE MOTORIST OF THE FUTURE.

THE PROGRAMME.

[Part I.: How to legalise a general stoppage of work; Part II. (if any): How to provide work.]

HAD Fortune, just to suit her pleasure,
Arranged to put me on the dole,
Should I have loathed the vacant leisure
That tends to petrify the soul?
Or viewed it as a priceless boon,
Hoping it wouldn't terminate too soon?

The question leaves no room for doubt.
A labourer from my adolescence,
Idleness would have knocked me out,
Taking from life its leading essence;
I with my passionate itch for work—
I should have found existence one long irk.

Toil is by far the noblest thing
That anyone has yet invented;
This truth, which all good poets sing,
I should have solemnised with bent head,
Hinting that, till I got employment,
I shouldn't ever know what perfect joy meant.

So to the PREMIER I'd have said:
"What of that promised land (Utopia),
Where Labour, by its Moses led,
Was to have waved a cornucopia?
Tell me, my RAMSAY, have you toyed
With any notions for the unemployed?"

And he'd reply, while on his face
The light of freedom more and more shone,
"My friend, in your remarks I trace
No sense of sequence or proportion;
Work may be good, but better still
The right to stop it when and how you will.

"LLOYD GEORGE permitting, I will see
That you have leave to join your neighbour
In general strikes; in fact, are free
(Compared with which the joy of labour
Is but a drop within the bucket),
Before you get a job of work, to chuck it.

O. S.

DAILY WANTS.

THE introductory or statistical part of a pocket diary is always rather overpowering. There is so much to fill in that it is a morning's work for a conscientious man like me. This year I have been putting it off until I cannot wake in the mornings without a pang about the great open spaces that I have left untouched.

Right on the first page is a list called Personal Memoranda. It begins with a place for Name and Address. That, of course, is easy enough. Indeed I have always been able to remember this much without writing it down. But the next item, Watch Number, is considerably harder. The number of a watch isn't anywhere on the outside, where you could see it. It is hidden right inside as though the makers were more than a bit ashamed of it. To get to it you have to break open the back of the watch with a bradawl and prise off the inner lid with a penknife. Then, when you have tied up your finger where the penknife slipped, you will find the number too small to be read, but obviously running into tens of thousands.

And now you must take the storm-lantern and go out to the garage to search all over the car for the Chassis Number (the next item); and you must climb up to the armoury to find out if the Gun Licences are in order. For, unlike examination-papers, everything must be answered in a diary; even the bit about Armorial Bearings and Telegraphic Address.

And some of the questions are unpleasantly personal. Size of Boots, for instance. What modest man would not shrink from writing down what had hitherto been a close secret between the shoe-shop assistant and himself? And it is not at all easy for a mere layman to find the size of a pair of boots (who wears boots anyway?) once they have been worn. But it is no use demurring. Off they must come, and the Collar after them and the Gloves as well. The size of everything must be written down.

Not that I haven't grave doubts about the usefulness of some of the entries. If a man can't remember his name and address without seeing it in writing it looks to me as though he'd need more than a diary to get him home safely. But it is a part of the policy of the diarist (commercial) to conceive, and provide for, the most astonishing lacunæ in the mind of man. Look at the section headed Daily Wants. The sort of thing they expect a normal man to need to know in the course of a day's work is the cost of addtnl. ozs. for letters posted from the Irish Free State to Tangier, and that a U.S.A. gallon = ·83 imperial gallons = 3·8 litres. And in case that isn't enough for him they give the length of a standard piece of wallpaper (English), the weight of a sack of potatoes, a lightning method for converting francs per metre into pence per yard, the formula for calculating pressure in pounds per square inch, and an algebraic explanation of the British Thermal Unit.

You might think that would be all anyone would know on earth and all he'd need to know. But that is not so. Sunrises, high-water at London Bridge and at various places round the coast, including Banff (subtract 1 hour 20 minutes from London Bridge time), and the date of all eclipses—even those invisible at Greenwich—appear to play a far larger part in the national life of the Englishman than is generally realised. And evidently there are men amongst us who may at any moment want to know the date of the Mohammedan New Year, of the conversion of the Apostle Paul, of the Vernal Equinox, and the day of the week of any date between 1800 and 2000.

It is this sort of thing, indeed, that makes me wonder at times whether I am quite normal myself. Judged by the standards of even quite a small pocket diary I fail. I have never even been able to keep a Daily Petty Cash Summary or to write down the Titles and Authors of Books Borrowed (by me, does it mean, or by the other fellow?), together with the Date of Return (if any).

But that is not what is troubling me now. I have not got so far as that. I am still stuck at item 2, list 1. I had a new watch at Christmas and I haven't been able to get the back off yet.

THE TREE-CLIMBERS.

[There seem to be more tree-climbing foxes in the Badminton country than in any other.]

HIS GRACE the Duke of BEAUFORT,
He hunts the fox in style,
With great success to show for 't
And lots of fun the while;
So small the quarter given
That now by slow degrees
His foxes have been driven
To sitting up in trees.

The ready Duke of BEAUFORT
Can match their every move,
And neither high nor low fort
A safe retreat will prove;
For, though their lair 's a distance
Of fifty feet from ground,
The DUKE, with due assistance,
Will promptly have them downed.

Your health, my Duke of BEAUFORT!
No fox in all your rides
But you 've a Tally-ho for 't,
However high it hides;
Beneath the earth, upon it,
Or half-way up the sky—
When once your hounds are on it
Your hunted fox must die.

W. H. O.

"VISCOUNT WILLINGDON LIFTS COLLECTION IN MODEST OTTAWA ANGLICAN CHURCH."
Manitoba Paper.

Is this a regular perquisite of the GOVERNOR-GENERAL?



PARTY WORK AT THE CROSS-ROADS;

OR, A GUIDE TO LIBERAL PRINCIPLES.



Desperado (in lonely bank). "COME ON—HUNDRED QUID, QUICK!"
Cashier. "H-HOW WILL YOU TAKE IT?"

FAREWELL TO SAMUEL SMILES!

IT is good news to me when a great banker like Mr. REGINALD MCKENNA says, "Be extravagant." It proves that I have been right all my life, and that the other people have been wrong. I always wanted the things that cost most to buy. Whenever any choice was offered to me—and it made no difference whether it was a choice of chair-covers or cigars—the kind that I liked most was always the most expensive. I didn't know it was dear beforehand, nor was I in any way a connoisseur. Simply, I have had a flair for choosing the thing that, when you looked at the ticket, was priced a little higher than all the rest. How often I have envied those calm competent persons who could say with certitude, "This, though cheap, is more beautiful, more durable, in every way more desirable than the others."

But now, no more. Economy is the tyrant to which I have been reluctantly bowing all my life long, and behold the bankers are rallying to my support and helping me to overcome it!

They must, however, set their own house in order first. I do not think there is anything so daunting to the would-be extravagant man as the whole atmosphere and environment of a banking concern. Merriness and jollity are not the notes of those chilly Victorian palaces where the currency is dealt out to us with mechanical neatness behind gilded bars. When I have written "five," they have never said to me, "Make it ten, old boy. Be a sportsman and cut a dash!" They have never murmured in my ear, "Can I interest you at all in these fifty-pound notes of which we are selling so many just now?" and then, with a kind of pained contempt, "Of course we *have* a cheaper article in stock if you really require it. But this is the line we really recommend to those who know a good thing when they see it."

Nor do I even now detect symptoms of this desire for service and salesmanship in the attitude of Messrs. ——. In default of it we ought, I think, to recast our whole attitude towards our banks.

I would ask the small depositor to remember and remember clearly these things: Unless you have an overdraft, the bank is your debtor. The bank is sponging on you. If you like you can insist on being paid in cash and keep your money in a stocking. (I believe I could keep mine in a sock.) It is very nice of you to lend the bank money at all. Don't go into the place where these necessitous clients of yours reside as if you were a small boy going up for the first term to your preparatory school. Go in with an air. Burst the door open as though you were the Recording Angel and this the Judgment Day. You are not getting any interest out of these chaps; you are merely doing it to oblige and to keep them off the dole. I will take it you have no deposit account, and even if you have the rate of interest you are getting would make the ordinary money-lender like Moses Marjoribanks smile. Nor do I see that you have much security. What could you do with a bank? You might turn it into a night-club or a skating-rink, but probably you have no wish to dabble in house property of this kind.

No, you are not usurious. Put on, therefore, the face of the bluff hearty patron when you walk into your bank, and for goodness' sake don't allow its magnificence to impose upon you. Complain about the pens. Is there any reason why these fellows who have been

borrowing money from you should try to fob you off when you come to claim your own by giving you a pen-nib which has obviously been used for combing the bank cat? Ask for an arm-chair and a writing-table. I see no reason why you should not have a whisky-and-soda too. If there is any complaint, summon the manager immediately. Threaten to remove your custom, and make it known that there is a nice little place round the corner that is more like a home from home than a royal mausoleum and where every patron has his own blotting-pad. Terrify them into asking you to accept a small overdraft as a return for your clemency in the past.

Or stay. Why go round to the bank at all? It has a mania for early closing. No hard-working man can visit it in the morning, and no hard-lunching man who leaves his club at four can find it in the afternoon. Telephone rather to the manager and say, "About that little account of ours. I should like you to settle some part of it at once. Please send round one of your staff to my office with some nice clean notes in a bag."

The fact is that the banks do nothing to encourage trade. They have no agents, no travellers. Those of us who would be almost unable to resist the offer of half-a-dozen handsome green engravings temptingly put before us receive no solicitation from them. They have a wholly erroneous idea of business enterprise. One might expect them to write a letter from time to time, pointing out that we have not been to see them lately and hoping that our business friendship remains as firm as it was. And when we do come to see them they never receive us bare-headed as we step from our car, nor escort us with smiling faces into the marble atrium. If there has been any indisposition to spend, I lay it at their swing-doors.

It is useless to say, "You can be extravagant without going to the bank. You can spend money by writing cheques elsewhere to business houses. And anyhow everybody knows that money melts far more swiftly from the pocket than from the writing-desk."

I would have every bank provided with numbers of sample cheques made out in varying amounts, ready to be handed to each customer as he came, accompanied by shrill cries of joy and pelted with roses into the well-appointed lounge; cheques requiring nothing but his signature, cheques written with a pen that has not known trouble nor ever been crossed in love. And the biggest spender in proportion to his income should be presented with some small token of esteem, say a pass-book bound in morocco, at Christmas-time.

I intend to be extravagant. I always have been extravagant. But I want more encouragement from Messrs. —— in the High Street than I have yet received. EVOE.



Boy (to Dentist). "PLEASE DON'T TAKE OUT MY SWEET TOOTH."

When One Would Be Glad To Do One's Best.

"PLEASE HELP OUR NURSES HOME."
Placard on Hospital.

"The discovery of stolen cars, he added, was almost impossible when rear plates were not properly illuminated."—*Daily Paper.*

This sort of negligence on the part of car thieves is nothing short of criminal.

An Impending Self-apology.

"Fur Coat, the property of a lady chauffeur; real minx . . ."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

"NEW YORK.—Piers along the Hudson River Front are infested with castaway cats that have deserted foreign ships and are unable to get away again."—*Daily Paper.*

The authorities might well institute a special reception port for these immigrants and call it Felis Island.

"The Labour Party was silent, however, when he declared that the Government was not asking the House to abate one job or title of the Emergency powers."
Provincial Paper.

Titles they may have given, but we hope the Government has no jobs to abate.

MISLEADING CASES.

BRIBERY AND CORRUPTION.

Rex v. *GEORGE, MACDONALD, MAXTON and Others.*

A POLITICAL sensation of the first magnitude was caused by the verdict of the jury in the political bribery case at the Old Bailey to-day, when nearly four hundred Members of Parliament crowded the dock.

Mr. Justice PLUSH, in his summing-up to the Jury, said: "You have heard the lengthy and well-paid addresses of counsel, and you will now, if you can, divert your gaze from the distinguished figures in that dock and pay some attention to me.

"The prisoners include the whole of the Parliamentary Labour and Liberal Parties, His Majesty's Ministers (with three exceptions) and the man GEORGE.' They are charged under a section of the Corrupt Practices Act, 1854 (incorporated in the Corrupt Practices Act, 1883), which says that any person shall be guilty of bribery who—

> "'*shall directly or indirectly, by himself or by any other person on his behalf, give or procure, or agree to give or procure, or offer, promise, or promise to procure, or to endeavour to procure any office or employment to or for any voter, or to or for any person on behalf of any voter, or to or for any other person in order to induce such voter to vote or refrain from voting.*'

"Now, you have heard in evidence that at the last General Parliamentary Election all the accused persons presented themselves as Candidates to their respective constituencies; and the evidence is clear also in every case that they did promise to procure employment for certain voters, as a result of which promises they did induce the casting of millions of votes in their own favour. The promises varied in extent and confidence. Some of the prisoners contented themselves with promising to procure employment for particular sections of the people in particular trades, such as coal-mining or the cotton industry; others promised to find 'Work for All,' and among these must be numbered the prisoner GEORGE, whose generous belief in his own capacity to find remunerative employment for all our citizens made a special impression on some of the witnesses.

"There is very little evidence that the promises have in fact been carried out; but that is not a relevant consideration. The charge is one of bribery, not of deceit or false pretences (though that aspect of the matter may call for inquiry on some other occasion). It is sufficient for the prosecution in this case to prove that the undertakings were made and that votes were given in return for them.

"It may occur to you, gentlemen, members of a later generation than my own, to inquire why these facts, if proved, should constitute an offence. The answer is that in the year 1853 a very different view of the nature and responsibilities of the vote was held from that which is common to-day. In that much-abused century the exercise of the suffrage was valued more as a public duty and less as a private right. Men voted, or were expected to vote, after long internal debate, for reasons directed to the general welfare; to remove an incompetent Ministry, to uphold the honour or save the soul of their country, to defend religion or succour the oppressed, but not to advance their personal fortunes. And Parliament, in the statutes already cited, took special steps to secure that the vote should never be bartered for private material gain, whether in the shape of money, place or employment.

"All this, as some of the prisoners confessed, almost with pride, has changed. It is now a commonplace for Parliamentary Candidates to invite the support of the voter by the simple assurance that, if they are elected, the voter will receive more money, more food and more material pleasure. It is odd, perhaps, that this increase of materialism in politics should coincide with the advent to power of certain political parties which claim a monopoly of ideals; but it is the fact. And the vote is generally regarded not as a precious instrument by which each man may do his country good, but as a weapon of offence or cajolery by which his country may be induced to satisfy his material desires.

"If this is the state of the public mind (and that is not, I think, in dispute) it follows that those laws which govern the conduct of Elections must be enforced with particular severity and watchfulness. Our conditions, in some cases our consciences, may have changed, but the law remains the same. It is an offence to persuade the citizen to vote for this man or for that by holding out promises to provide him with employment; for this is to corrupt the character not only of the Candidate but of the voter. It is also to bring into the arena of political warfare matters of trade and industry, which are much better left out of it; but that is by the way. There is no doubt in my mind, and there can be little in yours, that this offence, the offence of bribery, has been committed by all the prisoners. The penalties provided by the Act are heavy, but you must not be deterred by that consideration from bringing in a true verdict. The penalties are: twelve months' imprisonment, with or without hard labour (or a fine of two hundred pounds), deprivation of the suffrage for seven years, and removal from and disqualification for any public office; and if the offender be a Candidate he also loses his seat (if elected) and is disqualified for ever from representing the constituency. Gentlemen, you will now consider your verdict."

The Jury, without leaving the box, found all the prisoners guilty, and in imposing the maximum sentences the Judge said: "I have decided to inflict imprisonment rather than a fine in order to ensure that none of these persons shall be free to take part in the



Fond Mother (to Visitor). "YUS, POOR LAD—'E'S WON A BICYCLE WITH 'IS CIGARETTE-COUPONS, AND NOW 'E CAN'T RIDE IT 'COS 'E'S GOT SMOKER'S 'EART."



"NO, DARLING, I SUPPOSE I DON'T ACTUALLY *NEED* THEM, BUT I LOOK ON IT MORE AS A SORT OF *DUTY*. WHO WAS IT SAID THE OTHER DAY THAT EVERY FIVE SHILLINGS SAVED KEPT SOME POOR DEAR MAN OUT OF A JOB?"

approaching General Election. It has been urged before me that the sudden incarceration of the whole Cabinet may cause some trouble, but I am satisfied that the inconvenience will be both trifling and temporary. More than two hundred Members of the House of Commons will still remain at large, and these should without difficulty be able to provide a Government. I may add that these proceedings were taken at the instance of a Mr. Albert Haddock, and the nation has to thank him, not for the first time, for his enterprise and public spirit." A. P. H.

More Mixed Fruit on the Tree of Metaphor.

". . . the fact that the general widening of the educational ladder has not yet had time to bear its full fruit. . . ."—*Memorandum submitted to the Electors of Oxford and Cambridge Universities by their M.P.'s.*

A Headache for Wisden.

"ANOTHER REMARKABLE WIN FOR WEST INDIES.

FAULTLESS DISPLAY AFTER EARLY BLUNDER AT LINGFIELD."
Headlines in Daily Paper.

And what happened in the long field?

CURRY.

[At a banquet recently given by a distinguished Indian prince a dish of curry was the chief item, and on its appearance was greeted with musical honours.]

YOU trumpets, shame the thunder;
Shatter the ceiling, drums,
While clothed in pomp and wonder
The Pride of India comes;
And hail, historic foison,
Half pain and half delight;
For, though some hold you poison,
To others you're all right.

It comes with breezes laden
As when the bulbul throws
His rapture, East of Aden,
In love-songs to the rose
With scent of Champak flowers,
Such as refreshed the soul
When to Zuleika's bowers
The nimble Yusuf stole.

From the high North (say Murree)
To where Madras lies low
The far-flung gift of curry
Has always been the go;
It cheered the board of AKBAR;
'Twas much esteemed by CLIVE;
And in the meanest snack-bar
Men eat it now and thrive.

None knows of what 'tis fashioned;
Some hold that, if we learned,
Even the most impassioned
Would pale and feel concerned;
Mind may not pierce its mystery;
Save that, when served too hot,
It makes the thorax blistery,
We do not know a lot.

But here it greets us proudly,
Serene and pure and sound;
Then let the shawms bray loudly
And boldly pass it round;
Tackle the fetid biscuit,*
Even the Bombay Duck,
If you're prepared to risk it;
I haven't got the pluck.

DUM-DUM.

Commercial Candour.

"THIS IS NOT A BANK—BUT YOU WILL NEED ONE IF YOU SHOP WITH US!"
Grocer's Advertisement in Provincial Paper.

"Through the Bavarian Islands . . ."
Lecture Society's Pamphlet.

It is many years now since we did the trip to Munich-super-mare.

*Biscuits flavoured with assafœtida are considered palatable (by some).

PRETTY AND POETIC.

"MORNING, old one," said Rhoda irreverently, bursting in at the door and seating herself on the arm of my chair; "rejoice with me; I've got a new blooze."

It is one of Rhoda's innocent little affectations deliberately to deviate from the ordinary pronunciation of words. For instance, she pronounces "Derby" and "Herts" as they are spelt, and talks about lunch as though she were asking for some in Manchester.

"A new blouse, have you?" I said. "And what colour is it?"

Rhoda laughed long and loudly.

"You quaint old antiquarian," she said, transferring roughly half her weight from the chair's arm onto my own; "why, blouses went out with *Othello* the Moor, I should think."

I should explain that Rhoda is at college and taking a course in English. Otherwise this brilliant literary allusion might convey a false impression of her general culture.

"I mean a Blues—a fox-trot," said Rhoda. "It's the very latest. It's called 'When you are cold my finger-tips are blue.'"

"When *you* are cold?" I said. "You mean, 'When *I* am cold,' surely?"

"No, 'When *you* are cold,'" said Rhoda. "You don't understand. It's a pretty poetic way of saying 'I love you'; it's the way they say it in America."

"Say it again slowly," I said, "and let me see if I can follow it."

"I'll read it right through," said Rhoda. "It's worth it."

And she unfolded a double-sheet of printed matter the cover of which was largely occupied by the pictures of two very fat male faces, each wearing a broad grin, dazzling teeth and shiny hair.

"Those are the author and the composer," said Rhoda.

"Never mind," I said. "Let's have the words."

"Verse I.," said Rhoda.

"'Guess I've got a cutie;
She's just fine——'"

"One moment," I said; "what's a 'cutie'? A dog?"

"No," said Rhoda. "A cutie's a—well, a girl-friend. It's a pretty po——"

"All right; I've got that. Go on."

"'Guess I've got a cutie;
She's just fine;
If she ain't a beauty,
Stars don't shine;
Medicine ain't healthy,
Stealth ain't stealthy,
And I'm gonna tell the
World she's mine.
I'm her Big Boy Romeo,
And I woo my sweetie so.'"

My first thought at this juncture was to rise from my chair and fly from the room, but the manœuvre, owing to the strategic position held by Rhoda, was quite impracticable.

"And then comes the refrain," said Rhoda cheerfully.

"Refrain?" I said. "A pretty irony!" And I gave a hollow laugh. She continued:—

"'When you are cold my finger-tips
Are blue.
I'll say I chafe your cherry lips
To chew.
I love your hair, your hips,
Your eyes that roll like ships;
Oh, gee, to come to grips
With you!'"

"Is that all?" I asked, but with very little hope.

"No," said Rhoda. "In the next verse he takes his baby under the moon and——"

"Rhoda," I said, "this is going too far. These words should have been seized by the police at the port of arrival and destroyed. A married man has no business to carry on with a girl-friend in this way."

"A married man?" said Rhoda.

"Certainly," I said. "He's taking his baby under the moon. Of course he's a married man."

It was some time before Rhoda could speak. When her mirth had subsided she explained that a "baby" was merely another pretty expression for a girl-friend, being in fact synonymous with "cutie."

"Go on," I said miserably.

She went on—

"'Do she take it gruesome?
I should swoon!
Reckon I can coo some
Under the moon,
Sighin' to ma baby,
"When can the day be?
Say that it may be
One day soon."
And she answers, "Sure, Big Guy.
Ain't I gonna tell you why?"'

"And then comes another refrain," said Rhoda.

"There shouldn't be another refrain," I said. "In all the best songs the same refrain serves for all the verses."

"But she's going to tell him why they can be married soon," said Rhoda. "She can't do that in the same words as he addressed to her."

"Why not?" I said.

"Of course she can't," said Rhoda scornfully.

"I presume," I said, "that when he's cold her finger-tips register the fact in the same way as his do when she turns chilly? If they don't they certainly ought to."

"Refrain No. 2," said Rhoda shortly—

"'I'll say your absence, honey, cheats
My view.
Your kid without you mopes and bleats;
She's blue.
She leaves untouched her eats,
Complete with meats and sweets;
Oh shakes, her girl-heart beats
For you!'

"Do you like that better?" said Rhoda.

"It depresses me," I said, "because it puts me in mind of the unemployment problem. Are there no writers in this country capable of giving pretty poetic expression to these subjects?"

"Apparently not," said Rhoda. "Shall I read the next verse? Or perhaps you'd like to hear the tune? It might cheer you up."

"I should like to hear the tune," I said.

"I'll play it you," said Rhoda. "Of course it won't sound its best on the piano. To get the full effect you must try to imagine an orchestra of coloured musicians chiming in with the words every now and then; the instruments are nearly all saxophones, and comic noises like fog-horns and fire-irons rattling on the fender are brought in at the appropriate places."

"The piano should serve our purpose well enough," I said.

It served my purpose well enough. It was the cause of Rhoda's relinquishing her position on myself and the chair and enabling me to escape from the room.

C. B.

THE CLAIM.

Lt.-Col. Miniver to Horace Miniver, J.P.

MY DEAR NEPHEW,—I think you ought to know that ever since the morning following your dinner-party on Tuesday I have been very unwell. It was indeed necessary to call in the doctor, an expense I am ill-fitted to afford. What do you think about it?

Your affectionate
UNCLE HECTOR.

Horace Miniver to Lt.-Col. Miniver.

MY DEAR UNCLE,—I am sorry to hear of your illness and can't imagine the cause. Could you have contracted a chill? Or done something imprudent during the day? You have my sympathy.

Your affectionate Nephew,
HORACE.

Lt.-Col. Miniver to Horace Miniver.

MY DEAR NEPHEW,—I think you ought to see my doctor's report, just to convince you that I am not being fanci-



Mistress. "WHAT IS ALL THIS GOING ON IN THE KITCHEN, HAWKINS?"
Maid. "IT'S COOK, MA'AM. SHE BEING CONSERVATIVE AND MY FAMILY LIBERAL, SHE KEEPS SCOLDING ME ABOUT THE GENERAL STRIKE—AND I COULDN'T HELP IT."

ful about your dinner. His fees to date amount to six guineas, a sum for which I have not budgeted and which will leave me sadly short.

Your affectionate
UNCLE HECTOR.

Enclosure.

I certify that my patient, Lt.-Col. Miniver, has been suffering from the effects of poisoning, most probably caused by food not in a fit state for human consumption.

RICHARD BLAIN, M.D.

Horace Miniver to Lt.-Col. Miniver.

MY DEAR UNCLE,—I repeat that I am sorry about your indisposition, but I am bound to express surprise that you send me the doctor's certificate. Do you really suggest that it was in my house that you ate food unfit for human consumption? No one is more particular than I am to give my guests only the best. A host's duty is sacred and I thought you knew me better than to suppose me guilty of such a dereliction.

Your affectionate Nephew,
HORACE.

Lt.-Col. Miniver to Horace Miniver.

MY DEAR HORACE,—Please do not think me too persistent in this matter, but a man must defend his rights. Should it turn out that I was poisoned at your party you surely would not disown liability? It is no small thing to have one's constitution impaired, and particularly when, as in my case, one has to be very frugal and watch every penny. You will do me a great favour and be acting with only common justice if you will interview your cook and find out whether anything could possibly have been a little *passé*.

Your affectionate
UNCLE HECTOR.

(*Continued on next page.*)

Lt.-Col. Miniver to Horace Miniver.

MY DEAR HORACE,—I have been waiting for several posts for a reply to my last letter.

Your affectionate
UNCLE HECTOR.

Lt.-Col. Miniver to Horace Miniver.

MY DEAR HORACE,—Your silence is very disturbing and forces me, having failed to convey my meaning by suggestion, to make myself only too plain by direct methods. My point is that, if a man asks another man to dinner and the guest eats something there that upsets him and puts him to expense, it is the duty of the man who asked him to stand the racket. To put it bluntly, I am not in a position to be made ill by my host and pay for it myself.

Your affectionate
UNCLE HECTOR.

Horace Miniver to Lt.-Col. Miniver.

MY DEAR UNCLE,—In reply to your recent letters, all I can say is that my cook would never send to the table anything that was not right. When you can convince me that it was here that you ate the fatal food I will consider the situation afresh.

Your affectionate
Nephew, HORACE.

Lt.-Col. Miniver to Lady Harpenden.

DEAR LADY HARPENDEN,—Forgive me for troubling you, but you may remember that I had the pleasure of taking you in to dinner at my nephew Horace's on the 17th. I hesitate to ask you, but am most anxious to know if you were in your usual good health the next day? Please consider this request confidential.

I am, Yours sincerely,
HECTOR MINIVER, *Lt.-Col.*

Lady Harpenden to Lt.-Col. Miniver.

DEAR COLONEL MINIVER,—In answer to your kind inquiry, I was as well the next day as ever I am. Real robust health and myself have long been strangers. But then, as you probably noticed, I am a very small eater, and some of the things of which you partook perhaps too freely I probably passed by.

I am, Yours sincerely,
MADGE HARPENDEN.

Lt.-Col. Miniver to Sir James Bucknill.

DEAR SIR JAMES BUCKNILL,—Forgive my troubling you, but I am anxious for information which you alone can give. I had the pleasure of meeting you at my nephew's at dinner on the 17th. Will you tell me in confidence if you suffered any ill-effects after that meal and what were the dishes of which you partook?

I am, Yours sincerely,
HECTOR MINIVER, *Lt.-Col.*

Sir James Bucknill to Lt.-Col. Miniver.

DEAR COLONEL MINIVER,—In answer to yours, all I can say is that I ate everything, as I always do, and was perfectly well afterwards—as I always am when I have dined in your nephew's hospitable and well-appointed home.

I am, Yours sincerely,
JAMES BUCKNILL.



Polite Rescuer. "EXCUSE MY GLOVE."

Lt.-Col. Miniver to Mrs. Lidbetter.

DEAR MRS. LIDBETTER,—Pray forgive my intrusion, but I had the pleasure of sitting next to you at dinner at my nephew Horace's on the 17th. Would you be so very kind as to tell me if you were in your usual state of health on the next day? And, if not, to which of the dishes you attribute the cause?

I am, Yours sincerely,
HECTOR MINIVER, *Lt.-Col.*

Mrs. Lidbetter to Lt.-Col. Miniver.

DEAR COLONEL MINIVER,—It is odd that you should ask me that very personal question, but as a matter of fact I was not at all well the next day. I thought perhaps that one of the tomatoes in the salad was over-ripe.

I am, Yours sincerely,
VERA LIDBETTER.

Lt.-Col. Miniver to Horace Miniver.

MY DEAR NEPHEW,—I have good reason to believe that my disorder proceeds from the tomatoes in the salad which was served with those excellent pheasants that you said your neighbour had sent you.

Your affectionate
UNCLE HECTOR.

Horace Miniver to Lt.-Col. Miniver.

MY DEAR UNCLE,—I have questioned the footmen very carefully and both are unanimous in saying not only that you did not take any salad on that evening but that you never touch it. Andrews can even recall your saying on one occasion, "Don't ever offer me that something rabbit-food again." This brings me to a question which I feel should have been put before: Where did you lunch that day, and on what?

Your affectionate
Nephew, HORACE.

Lt.-Col. Miniver to Horace Miniver.

MY DEAR NEPHEW,—There are exceptions to every rule, and I may easily have, for once, taken salad at your house and thus eaten some of your decayed vegetables. You will not, I trust, accept your servants' word against mine. As to the question of lunch, I ate it, as I always do, at my club, where the food is bought by ourselves and is to be relied upon, and where I shall now probably eat regularly for the rest of my life, which, however, owing to recent unhappy events, is likely to be only of short duration.

But before closing this very disappointing correspondence I must ask for a reply from you on the point which it raises. If it can be proved that a guest has been injured by food provided by his host and thus put to expense, is it not right and just that he should be indemnified? Answer me that.

Your affectionate
UNCLE HECTOR.

Horace Miniver to Lt.-Col. Miniver.

DEAR UNCLE,—If it can be proved, yes.

Your affectionate Nephew, HORACE.

E. V. L.

"It was her daughter, Miss Paulise de Bush, who played Juliet to the Hamlet of Mr. Gyles Isham, the Oxford undergraduate."—*Gossiper in Daily Paper.*

We wonder what *Romeo* thought of *Ophelia.*

FITTED AND FITTING.



ONCE WHEN MILADY WANTED A FROCK—



SHE WAS DULY MEASURED—



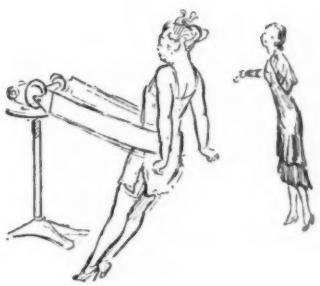
AND FITTED.



BUT NOW WHEN SHE SEES A FROCK SHE FANCIES—



SHE UNDERGOES—



AN INTENSIVE COURSE OF SLIMMING—



IN THE BEAUTY DEPARTMENT—



AFTER WHICH—



SHE FITS IT.



Lady. "BY THE WAY, LEIGHTON, WHAT HAS BECOME OF THAT LITTLE BETWEEN-MAID WHO CAME LAST WEEK?"
Butler. "I HAD TO GET RID OF HER, MADAM. SHE WAS BOLSHEVIKI. SHE HAD THE IMPERTINENCE, MADAM, TO ADDRESS ME AS 'COMRADE.'"

PLAINT.

At my Club there's no Dutch Cheese;
There's no red round Dutch Cheese
Any longer.
Dutch Cheese is off.

There are still, the waiter tells me,
All the other kinds of cheese:
Roquefort, Wensleydale and Brie,
Green-veined Gorgonzola,
Cheshire (blue) and Cheshire (red),
Rugged double Gloucester,
Cheddar, Gruyère, Port-Salut,
Little Norman Camemberts
Even Caerphilly,
And of course
The Stilton.

Colonel Able-Corpusty, the waiter informs me,
A prominent member who's on the committee,
Has just spoken highly
Of the Stilton;
Even though
Two tables away an unbiassed observer
(Myself) might quite fairly assume that the Stilton
Could speak pretty highly
For itself.

(I really don't know why I'm writing in jerks,
Instead of straightforward pedestrian prose,
Except that it sounds far more poignant this way;
And
The subject *is* poignant to me.)

Well, would I care to see the Stilton?
Or would I like a piece of Roquefort?
Or would I try the Brie?

No, I would *not*,
For I want Dutch;
I want an orange section,
Cut from the heart;
But
There is *no* Dutch!

Why is there no Dutch?
Why the deuce is there no Dutch?
Waiter, why the hell is there no Dutch?

Oh!
The members, it seems, did not care for the Dutch.
It was not eaten;
It did not go—
Unlike the Club Stilton
Which Able-Corpusty
Likes
(Lord help him!).
And so an overwhelming vote
Of the Dining-Room Committee
Ruled that the D.
M.G.,
That is to say, the Dutch
Must Go.
So it's off!
The nice round Dutch cheese is no more!
Dutch cheese is off!

Alas! oimoi!
(Or οἴμοι, if we can run to Greek type—
As I observe we can).
It was just *because* the members did not care for Dutch
That I could eat so much,
Cutting a portion fatly curved
From the centre of the sector,
Leaving the rind to lesser men;
But
Now there are only
Double Gloucester, Gorgonzola,

Caerphilly, Wensleydale,
Camembert and Gruyère,
Cheshire (blue or red),
Roquefort, Cheddar,
Port-Salut,
Stilton
And
Brie.
For at my Club there is
No
DUTCH
CHEESE! A. A.

DIANE AND THE LUGE.

LAST year, whenever a luge drawn by a Saint Bernard or other large dog passed us, Jane would murmur wistfully, "Wouldn't it be marvellous to have a Saint Bernard?" But that was as far as it got.

This year, however, Jane announced firmly that a Saint Bernard was to be acquired and harnessed to her luge. I suggested tentatively that dogs broken to harness were probably the sole support of their owners and on that account of a price far above rubies. Jane replied that she would break in her own. "Then when we leave we can sell it at a huge profit." I wondered.

For the next few days I saw little of Jane. She came and went alternately elated and downcast. The search, I was secretly glad to observe, was proving difficult. But the day came when, late for lunch, she announced in triumph, "I've done it! I've found the most divine Saint Bernard. She's called Diane; she's only two, never been driven, and oh! she's a perfect lamb."

"Have you—er—bought her?" I asked, fearing the worst.

"Of course. At least I've said you would."

And so it was. Diane, a perfect lamb in Jane's eyes, but to mine a not inconsiderable calf, became ours.

I will pass rapidly over the training period and its expenses. I should like to inquire, however, why Swiss butchers never have any bones, and why every time I was requested to buy Diane a treat I came away with a grim newspaper parcel containing pigs' trotters. I will not dwell on a visit to the local slaughter-house to buy a "real" bone for Diane. Enough to say that vegetarianism very, very nearly secured a recruit.

I should mention that the harness which was to come *immédiatement* did nothing of the sort, and that preliminary instruction was given by fastening the luge to Diane's collar. For fear of throttling her, Jane would never be a passenger, but had to walk, Diane stepping sedately by her side. I urged caution lest Diane should attempt to model her behaviour too closely on that of Mary's Little Lamb, but was assured that she would do no such thing, and that she was rapidly becoming acquainted with such words of command as *À gauche*, *À droit*, *Allez* and Woa.

"She'll be word-perfect by the time that miserable man sends the harness. She's simply full of intelligence and as good as gold."

When the harness ultimately arrived I helped Jane to put it on Diane, and then went off to inquire about the local Highway Code. On my return I noted with relief that there had been no accident so far. Indeed the scene was one of utter tranquillity, except for Jane's emotion.

"What *am* I to do?" she said. "It's all right so long as I'm beside her, but as soon as I go behind to sit on the luge Diane turns round to look at me, and when I say '*Allez*, Diane,' she just sits down too and gives me her paw to hold. And I can't be angry because she's so sweet."

I'm afraid I wasn't much help. I was busy with my camera. They were both of them so sweet.



ARRIVAL OF THE SALES CHAMPION.

Climatic Reassurances for the Hereafter.

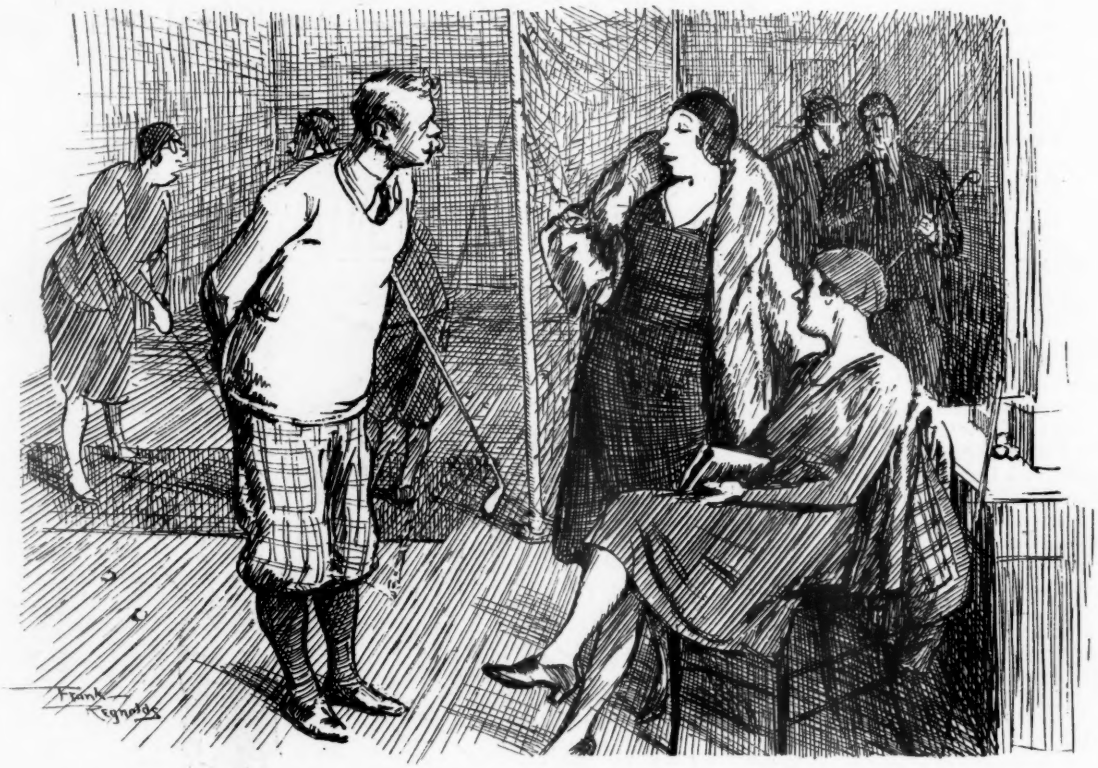
"Miss —— in training for the next World's Skating Championship."
Caption in Weekly Paper.

"SCHNEIDER RACE MOTION IN THE COMMONS."—*Daily Paper.*

Is the Parliamentary machine being speeded up at last?

"Charles —— was fined 15s. for keeping a dog without a front light in Hawley Road, Wilmington."—*Kent Paper.*

Our Timbo condemns such official interference as frankly impertinent.



Professional (at Indoor School of Golf). "ARE YOU GOING TO HAVE A LESSON, MADAM?"
Madam. "NO; BUT MY FRIEND IS. I LEARNT LAST WEEK."

PORTRAIT OF A MAN.

I KNOW about the person
  Who rang me up and swore
Because I was not Speedwell
  Three-one-o-seven-four.

His countenance is ugly,
  Recedent is his chin,
He has no soul for beauty,
  His heart is steeped in sin.

His eyes are those of codfish,
  He wears disgusting hats,
He blackmails other people
  By hiding in their flats.

His wife is large and blowsy
  And walks about with curs
In pearls that knew no oysters
  And furs that are not furs.

He is the kind of person,
  A pestilential brand,
That fills the tube compartment
  And forces me to stand.

He is the sort of person
  That gets in front of me
Whenever there is something
  I greatly wish to see.

He is the man whose motor,
  Whenever it is fine,
Befouls the Surrey landscape
  By overtaking mine.

He stands in queues at talkies,
  He buys up all the seats,
He costs the country millions
  To move him through the streets.

He owns upon the hillside,
  Near Horsted Keynes, a new
And nasty gabled cottage
  That interrupts the view.

He is the kind of person
  Who makes it more than plain
That England never can be
  What England was again.

He beats his little children,
  He issues bad half-crowns,
He leaves his sandwich paper
  Upon the Sussex downs.

I know about the person
  Who rang me up and swore
Because I was not Speedwell
  Three-one-o-seven-four.

EVOE.

Mr. Punch on Tour.

THE Collection of Original Drawings by JOHN LEECH, CHARLES KEENE, Sir JOHN TENNIEL and GEORGE DU MAURIER, and of reproductions of Famous Cartoons, Forecasts and other exhibits from *Punch*, which has recently been on view at the *Punch* Offices, is being made accessible to our readers in the Provinces. It will be shown at the Usher Art Gallery, Lincoln, February 14 to March 14; at Wolverhampton, March 28 to May 9; at Blackpool, May 23 to July 4; at York, July 18 to August 29; at Burton, September 12 to October 24; at Manchester, November 7 to January 9, 1932.

Invitations to visit the Exhibition at any of the above places will be gladly sent to readers if they will apply to the Secretary, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.4.

Relaxation in Chicago.

"Wagner's 'Die Meistersingers' and Smetana's 'The Battered Bride' are planned this year for the first time by the Chicago Civic Opera."—*Vancouver Paper.*

Why not "Die Meistergangsters"?



THE LARGER NEED.

PRIME MINISTER. "WE ARE HAVING A GREAT STRUGGLE TO DEFEND THE RIGHT OF ALL MEN TO COMBINE IN A STOPPAGE OF WORK."

UNEMPLOYED. "I'VE GOT NO WORK TO STOP. CAN'T YOU DO A BIT OF STRUGGLIN' ABOUT THAT?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, January 26th.—The promised debate on the Round Table Conference was in its initial stages better attended in the Distinguished Strangers' and the Peers' Galleries than on the floor of the House. That was not unnatural, for the PRIME MINISTER had said it all before at least twice, and Sir SAMUEL HOARE, who followed him, is a laborious exponent of the Conservative case. The House filled up, however, to hear Sir JOHN SIMON. He is the biggest man and the most formidable debater in the House to-day. His prestige at Westminster is tremendous, and it is only a temperamental chilliness that prevents him from being the outstanding man in current politics. Not a word did he say to suggest that he resented or even disagreed with the Government's action in shelving the Statutory Commission's Report, though he did refer *en passant* to "the three years they had devoted to studying every aspect of the Indian problem." On the contrary, he commended the Conference and applauded the PRIME MINISTER'S final declarations and pledges made to it.

A note of divergence came in when he turned to assuring the House that the Conference had only *begun* the work of bringing British and Indian politicians face to face with the "absolutely stupendous difficulties" of the Indian problem. He pleaded for candour, and followed it up by candidly declaring that "we could not leave this matter simply to be settled by Indian opinion, because there were a hundred Indias lying behind that opinion, every one of which was entitled to the consideration of Parliament."

If Sir JOHN approved the Government's efforts but refused to be optimistic as to the results achieved or in sight, Mr. CHURCHILL was expected to play up to his *rôle* of pace-maker to the upholders of firm British rule in India. Mr. CHURCHILL finds the *rôle* not unpalatable, and made rather more of his lonely furrow—perhaps one should say his lonely *machan*—than the circumstances warranted. It is true that he rose to curse the Government, while Mr. BALDWIN, as everyone knew, would presently rise to bless it, but the only real difference appeared to be that Mr. CHURCHILL stands by the enlargement of Indian self-determination as envisaged in the Simon Report while Mr. BALDWIN is prepared to implement the handsomer offer and more nebulous reservations of the Government.

Since Mr. CHURCHILL in fact disclosed no fundamental divergence of ideas between himself and his Party, his elaborate attitude of isolation was magnificently impressive. There was perhaps more in it than met the eye. If one can imagine a temperamental but gifted polo-player suddenly wearying of his mediocre team-mates and deciding to go away and have a game all by himself, that was our WINSTON.



THE SELF-CHUKKER.

MR. CHURCHILL HAS RETIRED FROM THE BUSINESS COMMITTEE OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY.

(Rare piece of the Mogul School; Eighteenth Century).

Tuesday, January 27th.—In agreeing to allot three days to the debate on the Second Reading of the Trade Disputes Bill the PRIME MINISTER was doubtless moved by the eminence of the probable participants rather than by the diversity of the probable arguments. About all that could be said for the Bill was said last week by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, and all that could be said against it was said by Mr. NORMAN BIRKETT. To-day Sir BOYD MERRIMAN'S voice added to the weight rather than to the variety of the attack, while the LORD ADVOCATE'S advocacy buttressed rather than extended the breastwork of defence raised by his learned colleague.

Deep called to legal deep, but it was only when Sir JOHN SIMON rose that the surface of the waters of debate were really stirred. Mr. BIRKETT had dissected the Bill in detail and thrown away the bits. Sir JOHN tore the whole thing to pieces with cold and contemptuous gestures, revealing its inspirations and demolishing its intents and purposes with merciless logic.

In one sentence he summed up the essential iniquity of the Bill. "In 1926," he said, "the General Strike was entered upon in some quarters with doubts and heart-searchings as to whether or not it was justified. This is a Bill to secure that, if it were attempted again, everybody should know that they have free leave and licence to do it."

Sir JOHN recalled the ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S simile about killing two birds with one stone, and pointed out the difficulty of deciding which was the primary bird. He was moved to wonder what was the primary object of his Liberal friends, who refused to kill this bird out of hand. He thought that perhaps his friend Mr. BIRKETT could find out what Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S primary motive was if he had him under cross-examination.

This was too much for the Liberal leader. "I am quite willing to be cross-examined as to my primary motive if my right hon. friend is also willing to be cross-examined," he interjected amiably. This unexpected, not to say impudent, suggestion that Sir JOHN SIMON also has an uneasy conscience is obviously quite unwarranted, but was enough to enable the adroit Member for Carnarvon Boroughs to turn the laugh away from himself.

The LORD ADVOCATE had commenced his speech earlier in the afternoon by declaring that while the Conservatives were afraid to have the Bill examined in Committee the Liberals were not. Sir JOHN SIMON made it clear that he at any rate was all for humane slaughter on the floor of the House and not, like Mr. BIRKETT, for the process of "death by a thousand cuts" upstairs. The Government knew well that the Bill was never going to pass. What on earth was their primary motive in bringing it in at this time when it was being said on all sides (in the language of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE) that they were tackling "every sort of job except the job that the people put them there to attend to"? What was

the use of sending Mr. HENDERSON to Geneva to discuss international peace and at the same time bringing in a Bill every clause and sub-clause of which was intended, if not to encourage, at least to facilitate and make possible the evils which the country resisted in 1926?

It was a great speech, and left the Labourites, who stand considerably in awe of Sir JOHN SIMON, plunged in uneasy gloom. Liberals cheered decorously, as they could hardly help doing, but without giving any indication of the extent to which they might be expected to follow Sir JOHN into the Opposition Lobby or maintain with Mr. LLOYD GEORGE a benevolent neutrality.

Wednesday, January 28th.—Their Lordships resumed the discussion of the Second Reading of the National Gallery and British Museum Overseas Loans Bill. It was obvious, though nothing to that effect was said, that the hard hearts of the Gallery and Museum authorities have been somewhat softened by their visits to the Persian Exhibition.

Anyway Viscount GREY intimated that with proper safeguards—it is extraordinary how popular safeguards are becoming nowadays—the institutions in question would be prepared to lend such pictures, books and what the old lady called objects of bigotry and virtue as are representative of our own art and culture. They are prepared to lend British and be proud of it, but no more.

The Trade Disputes Bill had a few thrills still to offer besides the division. One was a really masterly exposition by Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL of the history of the relations between trade unionism and the State, from the day when the unions were "the weaker side" to the recent day when as a "political organism of the highest consequence" they had devoured the Liberal Party. In a spirit of light but penetrating banter that soon had the Government benches alternately snorting with indignation and laughing in spite of themselves—references to Mr. TOM SHAW "waxing fat and kicking," like Jeshurun, to the ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S "scared outlook on affairs" and his determination to leave the technical question of whether the Bill legalises a general strike to the "reasoned matter-of-fact eloquence of Mr. THOMAS"—Mr. CHURCHILL passed on to his peroration, in which he drew a sprightly picture of a recent meeting at Downing Street, at which (according to the apocryphal Member for Treorchy) Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD, the "boneless wonder," besought Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, as one Prime Minister to another, to "take the Bill upstairs and cut its dirty throat."

That was all very well in its way, but the sensation of the afternoon was still to come. It came when Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS, rushing in where the ATTORNEY-GENERAL had carefully avoided treading, gave it as his considered opinion that under the Bill as it stood the general strike of 1926 would have been illegal, because its primary object was not industrial.

To say that consternation was written on the honest brows behind him at this announcement is to put it mildly. As for the brows of the Cabinet, their consternation was mingled with something very like disgust. Here they had been at all these pains to bamboozle their followers into thinking that they were getting a Bill to legalise general strikes, and along comes the SOLICITOR-GENERAL and lets the cat out of the bag!

The debate continued, but neither the assaults of Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN nor the light-hearted defence of Mr. J. H. THOMAS could add anything more. The House asked only to be allowed to make its way to the Lobbies, whence after many anxious moments the Government emerged with a majority of 27.

Of the fifty-odd Liberals present, only seven followed Sir JOHN SIMON into the Opposition Lobby. Reprieved for a more lingering end, the Bill was committed to a Committee upstairs by a combined Liberal and Labour vote.



"LETTING THE CAT OUT."

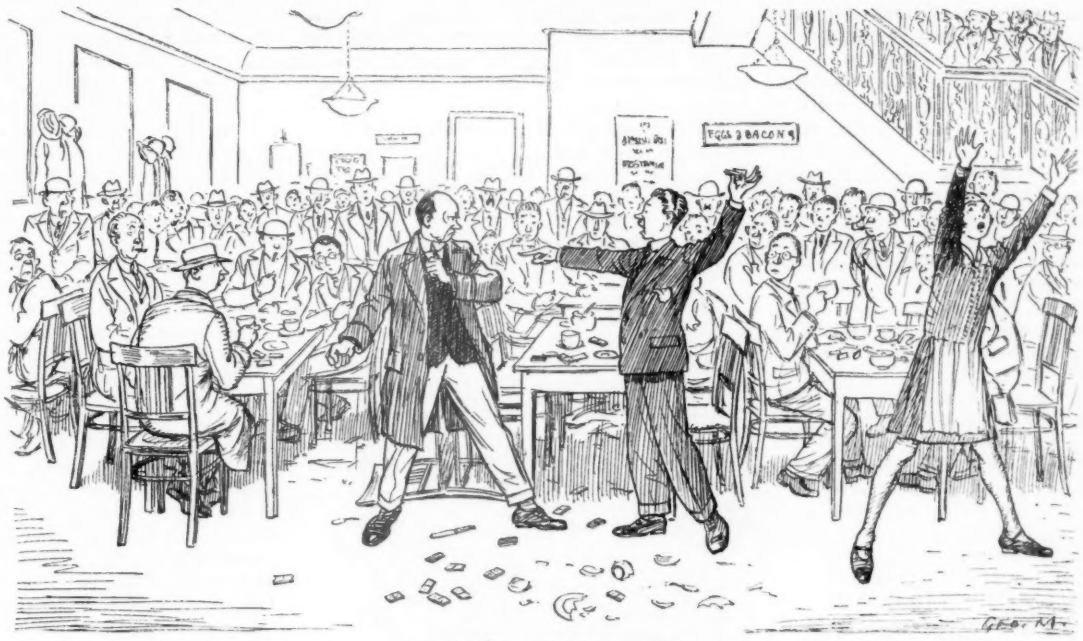
Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS *(exposing the clause of the Trade Disputes Bill which is regarded as legalising a General Strike).* "THIS CREATURE LOOKS FORMIDABLE, BUT I ASSURE YOU THAT IT IS ONLY A HARMLESS DOMESTIC CAT."

Thursday, January 29th.—The PRIME MINISTER having explained to the House that the Government would, after all, help to win the Schneider Trophy again, provided all the money was guaranteed to be forthcoming from other sources, and Mr. CLYNES having signified his intention of shelving the report of the Select Committee on Capital Punishment and considering the question of Sunday cinemas, the House attacked the Report stage of the Agricultural Land (Utilisation) Bill. It was a dull enough subject after the week's excitements, and enlivened only by Mr. ADAMSON'S expressed surprise that one Aberdonian after another (Mr. SCOTT and Mr. BOOTHBY) could be found to make a protest against a portion of the million pounds dedicated by the Bill to large-scale farming being spent in Scotland.



THE RIFT IN THE BOAT; OR, THE EIGHT THAT WON'T WAIT.

SIR JOHN SIMON AND SEVEN OTHER LIBERALS BROKE AWAY FROM THEIR LEADER IN LAST WEDNESDAY'S DIVISION.



LONDON'S UNDERWORLD.

UNMASKING A DOMINO-SHARPER IN A TEASHOP SMOKE-ROOM.

VICTORIAN *v.* GEORGIAN.

Georgian. Well met, Granduncle Jim—four-score, four-square!—
This is good luck—if you've an hour to spare
For the discussion of your favourite point
That modern times are wholly out of joint;
Since, to be frank, I find you ever bolder,
Ever a more impenitent upholder
And panegyrist of the greater glory
Attaching to an age grown dim and hoary.
Yet though I reverence your loyal soul,
And when your generation you extol
I honour you for being honorific,
I still desire more instances specific
To justify the burden of your song,
That age is always right, youth always wrong,
And that you had, when in your early prime,
An infinitely better, happier time.

Victorian. O bright young person! whose ingenuous charm
And winning manners crabbéd age disarm,
I do not claim perfection for our schools,
For our conventions, codes and social rules,
But I resent the fashionable view
That the Victorians were a dismal crew
Made up of tyrants, bullies, frumps and prudes
Who reared and tortured most enormous broods.
Their limitations nobody denies,
Though these were often blessings in disguise.
They never veiled a blazing indiscretion
Under the blesséd catch-word "self-expression."
When luck was bad they made no song about it
Or high upon the house-tops climbed to shout it.
Women indulged in tears and sometimes fainted,
But never in the streets their faces painted.
They swore, but only on grave provocation,
And not for mere parade or ostentation.
Girls looked like girls, and so inspired affection,
Rather than that calm, tepid predilection
Now camouflaged beneath the specious plea
Of self-protective camaraderie.
So much for home-life; as for sport and pleasure
Believe me, we enjoyed them in full measure.
Dancing *was* dancing, not the endless slither
Of languid limbs that delicately dither.
The play-houses were very seldom dreary
With JEFFERSON and SOTHERN (*Lord Dundreary*).
Nor could you say that music did not thrive
With BRAHMS and WAGNER very much alive.
Oh, no, Victorian life was far from "mouldy"
When Cambridge crews were stroked by J. H. GOLDIE,
When TROLLOPE wrote so sanely and benignly,
And PATTI and TREBELLI sang divinely,
When men were chivalrous and women gentle
And nobody was ever temperamental.

Georgian. Bravo, Granduncle! I admire the force
With which your preferences you endorse,
And yet remain unmoved and even stiffer
In my deliberate resolve to differ.
Your tranquil and serene Victorian swans,
I own, are worthy to be sculped in bronze;
But the young heroes of the coming state
Will rightly choose an Amazonian mate.
And if it comes to names by worth or wit
Renowned in fame, I confidently pit
Against your favourites my special list
Of artists clamouring for a eulogist
No less than PATTI, NILSSON and TREBELLI—
KREISLER, KARSAVINA, RUTH DRAPER, "JELLY."

C. L. G.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE IMPROPER DUCHESS" (GLOBE).

THIS, if Mr. FAGAN will forgive me for saying so, is a surprisingly well-invented and craftily-embroidered affair, full of sub-Gallic flavours and a discreetly malicious wit directed against our austere American cousins who have inherited our old Victorian position as censors of morals and seekers of the motes in other people's eyes, ignoring the beams in our own. It is better constructed and more lightly handled than anything of the author's that I have seen.

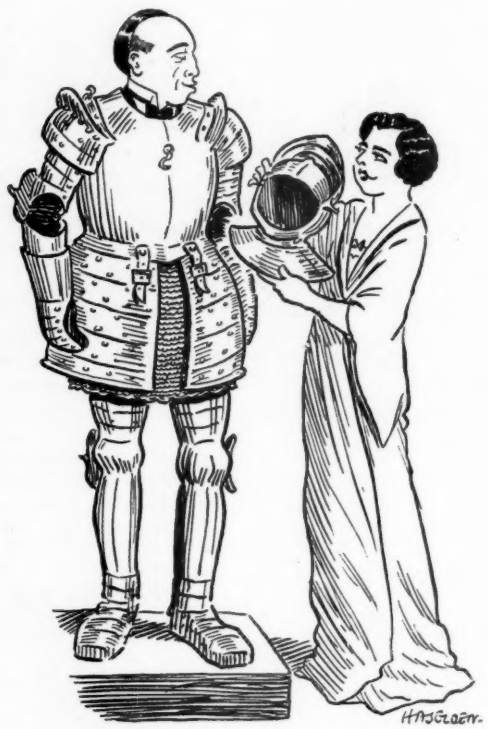
Augustus X. of Poldavia, a merry widower, has as chief counsellor (and mistress) the lively level-headed *Illonya, Duchess of Tann*. Poldavia is rich in oil but without capital. The *Duchess* has staged the royal tour and business-trip by aeroplane up and down America, and the *King*, his fair counsellor and suite are at last settled in the Paradise Hotel, Washington. At the Poldavian Embassy the last details of an agreement between some American Oilmen of the one part and *Augustus* of the other are being settled. The contract is signed. The *King*, though bored with business and blessed with a roving eye, an enormous appetite and a strong head, is pleased; the *Duchess* triumphant. The *King's* head has been of use in the negotiations, as with a royal fortitude he has drunk the American negotiators under the table, so we are given to understand.

And then the blow falls. A noble American law declares that any two persons of opposite sexes found together in any hotel bedroom must forthwith be expelled by the proprietor or the police will promptly take the matter up. Two American citizens, a fanatical preacher from Kansas and a certain *Senator Corcoran* have discovered the *King* dancing in his pyjamas before a mirror in the room of the *Duchess*, who, sitting up in bed, is clapping out the savage rhythm of that ignoble dance, the black bottom. This, in the eyes of the *Rev. Adam B. Macadam*, a hard sour-faced incorruptible, constitutes an orgie. The law has been flouted. Nothing will satisfy this Savonarola from Kansas but the immediate expulsion of the shameless *King* and his ungodly entourage from the Paradise Hotel and from that demi-Paradise and other Eden, God's own country; nor must pure American money be exported to bolster up corrupt Poldavia. The deal must be declared off, otherwise the story goes to the papers and the police will be called upon to uphold the majesty of the law and protect the purity of American homes.

We understand *Macadam's* point of view. The *Senator's* is a little less disinterested. He is a dabbler in oil himself and sees a chance of twisting the tails of the big men who have been trying to squeeze him out. *Impasse!*

But he is a good fellow at heart, this *Senator*; personable too and susceptible. Also he has the grace to recognise that he is being a bit of a dirty dog. He will try to dissuade his intractable old schoolfellow the minister. Time is of the essence of the business. A short stay of execution, but no more, has been wrung from *Macadam*. So the *Senator* comes to the improper *Duchess's* room at midnight to discuss a way out. All goes well. The *Duchess* uses her charms discreetly in the interests of her country—and a little because she is obviously attracted by this unusual type of blackmailer. A plan to bribe the gaunt minister with a two-million-dollar temple in Kansas is concocted. The *Senator* is desperately attracted but respectful—the *Duchess* has her defences. But the two distinctly improve their acquaintance.

Augustus, who has again been busy carrying his liquor like a king, is, however, too confused to understand his *Illonya's* message that she is tired and headachy with the day's strain, and he demands admittance. *Corcoran* is hidden in a suit of armour and the *King* admitted for a parley; is finally dismissed, unsuspicious, dismayed by a display of carefully-calculated tantrums; and our author leaves us to guess whether or no any further favours were granted to the penitent *Senator*—and keeps us guessing to the end.



A NIGHT IN ARMOUR.

Senator Bernard J. Corcoran . . MR. HARTLEY POWER.
H.H. the Duchess of Tann . . MISS YVONNE ARNAUD.

That end, neatly contrived, is the conversion of *Macadam*, the outwitting of the Big Oilmen, the admission of the *Senator* to the Board of the controlling group, the relief of that good fellow, *Augustus X.*, and a final leave-taking between the *Duchess* and the *Senator*, in which she indicates that when he is in Poldavia on business she will be pleased to meet him.

MISS YVONNE ARNAUD is entirely delightful, playing her diplomatic hand seriously or bubbling with laughter or outraged by the manners and customs of the rich barbarians or scrabbling her "*Tutu's*" hair ("*Tutu*" being short for *Augustus*) or describing herself to her tormentors as a woman "of affairs" or lightly playing with fire. MR. HARTLEY POWER'S *Senator* was a most adroit piece of work, the best of many good things he has done. MR. FRANK CELLIER'S half-hearty, half-morose, completely brainless *Augustus*, always managing to retain a certain dignity even in such baffling circumstances, was a good study. MR. JOHN LAURIE (the *Minister*) was a little hampered by the fact that his part was made too farcical for the comedy frame, and the judicious (or hypercritical) may grieve a little over this patch of over-crude colour imposed upon the more delicate fabric of the play. Two minor sketches —of a negro servant at the Embassy (MR. JAMES SOLOMON) and of the *Duchess's* English maid (MISS WINIFRED OUGHTON)—were particularly well done.

The production (by the author) was smooth and plausible, the *décor* adequate, and the whole a very intelligent and diverting entertainment which should please the Town for a goodly while.

T.

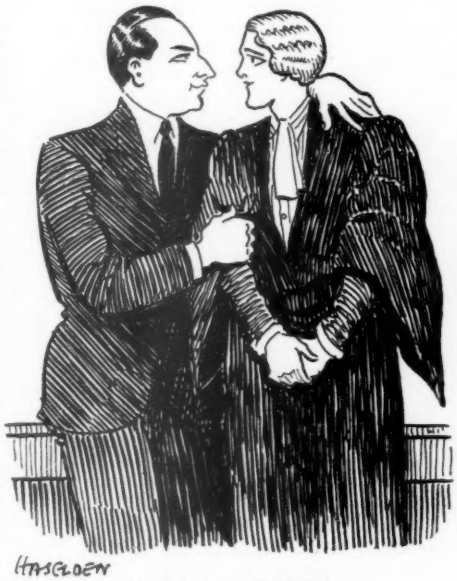
"TO ACCOUNT RENDERED" (NEW).

Mr. JOHN HASTINGS TURNER has given us an exciting sentimental melodrama with a queer tragic-happy ending. I do think, however, that he has laid it all on a little too thick.

Prologue. Young rising barrister, *Nicholas Anne Fleete* (Mr. ANTHONY IRELAND), listening to explanation by young woman, *Mary Barker* (Miss ANGELA BADDELEY), that he is the father of her expected child. Reluctantly but honestly he offers her marriage. Entry of tipsy Scots solicitor (Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL), friend of his father; passionate protest against this piece of Galahadism; expert diagnosis of the young woman as belonging to the genus pretty lady; said young lady, resenting unwarrantable interference, lets herself go in a manner which is a revelation to rising young barrister; diagnosis of solicitor confirmed by a night spent in investigation.

Eight years later. Risen young barrister engaged to perfectly charming rising young barristress, *Laura Wadham* (Miss JANE MILLICAN), exceedingly modern and frank. Shall he tell her about the pretty lady and the seven-year-old son? Certainly not, says old *George McIlwaine*. . . . Return of *Laura* and *Nicholas Anne* from honeymoon to their charming Knightsbridge flat. Bridge with *Laura's* mother (Miss MABEL SEALBY) and old *Mac*. S.O.S. on wireless: Will *Nicholas Anne Fleete* go to 110, Coram Street, where his son is lying dangerously ill? General consternation. *Laura*, in a most unlikely way, as it seems to me from what we've learnt of her, goes straight up in the air (but, I suppose Mr. TURNER means, you never can tell). She will leave the house to-night. Old *Mac*, the picture of half-tipsy despair, slinks away—he ought of course to have gone to Coram Street with *Nick*.

Coram Street. A squalid lodging-house room. *Mary* drinking and doping and sustaining on her earnings a drunken rat of a man, *Harry Welch* (Mr. D. A. CLARKE SMITH). *Harry*, knowing nothing of the S.O.S., having wheedled some money out of his woman, goes off to attempt a little blackmail in Knightsbridge, but relapses into a neighbouring pub. Enter *Nick*. I think our author means us to understand that *Mary*, for all her professional activities, did really love her *Nick*—does still. Certainly she hates *Mrs. Nick*, and the S.O.S. was her revenge. (I wonder if the B.B.C. is quite so simple as this plot demands!) *Mary* attempts blandishments. Confesses that the child is dead—was not his anyway (which raises certain difficulties in the mind). She has done all this because she loves *Nick* and hates *Laura*. *Nick*, disgusted, roughly pushes her from him. She promptly dies. Escape of *Nick*. Re-entry of *Harry*, blind—and murderous—drunk. A pal has told him that he has enjoyed *Mary's* favours. Do *souteneurs* of this particular type take these little things so hard? I doubt it.



SPECIAL PLEADING.

Nicholas Fleete . . MR. ANTHONY IRELAND.
Laura Wadham . . MISS JANE MILLICAN.

Nick's chambers next morning. Innocent, but who will believe it? *Laura*, penitent, comes in to confess she has been a beast. (Agreed *nem. con.*) Old *Mac* arrives, sober and benevolent and very proud of his *Laura*. *Harry Welch* bursts in, badly scared. Thinks he has killed his woman in a drunken fit. Will *Nick* defend him? Consultation between *Mac* and *Nick*, who confesses the truth. Let this rascal, says *Mac* the realist, go on believing that he is a murderer; and rather unwarrantably, as it seems to me, declares that there's not the slightest chance of any jury's believing that *Mary's* death was an accident. *Welch* ought to be hanged anyway. *Nick* can't take this easy way out. But *Mac* gets an idea. He tortures the terror-stricken *Harry* with a picture of the agony of a condemned man and the certainty of his condemnation. Says *Welch*: "I'll not wait to be hanged. I'll throw myself out of the window." (This was *Mac's* calculation—we saw it in his eye. But it seems to me a very unlikely one.) *Welch* on the window-sill can't face this drop—will wait for the other. *Mac* disposes it otherwise. And so the account rendered by fate to a much-harassed young man is settled and all live happily ever after.

The story is exciting if the characterisation is not convincing, and it gives Miss ANGELA BADDELEY, especially in the Coram Street scene, opportunities to display her powers and wrench at our heart-strings in an admirable piece of virtuosity. Mr. D. A. CLARKE SMITH also gives us one of his well-observed portraits of vicious types, and Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL was in excellent form in a part which fitted him like a glove.

But did we quite believe in Mr. HASTINGS TURNER'S sorely-tried puppets? I doubt it. Perhaps he never meant us to, and was content with the contriving of a "well-made play," in which excitement rather than truth was the aim.

T.



MAKING HIS FLESH CREEP.

George McIlwaine . . . . MR. NORMAN MCKINNEL.
Harry Welch . . . . . MR. D. A. CLARKE SMITH.

AT THE PICTURES.

POLITICAL SANDWICH-WOMEN.

AT the Regal this week Miss ADRIANNE ALLEN and Mr. OWEN NARES go their stellar way in *The Woman Between*, a British film version of Mr. MILES MALLESON's play, *Conflict*. Its theme is the clash, I suppose a frequent one, between



THE LARGESSE LOOK.

Lord Bellingdon . . MR. C. M. HALLARD.
Tom Smith . . . . MR. OWEN NARES.

politics and romance; and the dice, largely owing to the persuasive powers of Mr. NARES, are loaded heavily in favour of the Socialist Party. Very humbly I would recommend members of the Carlton Club to deny themselves the Regal for a few days.

Lady Pamela Bellingdon (Miss ALLEN) was one of our Dull Young People, a hard little hedonist with an uncompromising lack of natural affections and a captivating exterior. She had been for some time the mistress of *Sir Clive Marlow* (Mr. DAVID HAWTHORNE), a quite humourless soldier who was standing for the local seat in the Conservative interest. He had been up at Cambridge with *Tom Smith* (Mr. OWEN NARES), but had forgotten all about him until one night *Tom* broke into the library of *Lord Bellingdon*, *Pamela's* father (Mr. C. M. HALLARD) and was caught by him and *Sir Clive* red-handed, or rather red-banded, pocketing the baronial cigars. After he had sunk what seemed to be an immoderate quantity of whisky, and his captors had put away both revolver and suspicions, he told his story. It was a short one and he told it well: dilettante days at Cambridge; the death of his parents; no definite training; one job after another. Then no job; and, shortly after, no food.

Lord Bellingdon, stamping about the library in a brocade dressing-gown, looked every inch of his columns in *Debrett*. He fussed a good deal about the honour of a gentleman, and made *Tom* turn out his pockets; but finally he and *Sir Clive*, who was not a bad fellow though a politician, slipped *Tom* an extravagant sum in notes.

A few months later a regenerate *Tom*, looking almost OWEN NARES again, returned to fight the seat for the Socialists and to extract a promise from *Lord Bellingdon* and *Sir Clive* that they would refrain from any reference to his past. Reluctantly (and it struck me as asking a lot of *Sir Clive*) they agreed to adhere to what I believe is called a clean plank.

The attractions of *Sir Clive*, which consisted mainly in the kind of back-slapping decency which has built the Empire for us (and perhaps the Regal), had already begun to pall on the emotional palate of *Lady Pamela*, which was obviously soon cloyed; and no sooner had she seen *Tom* than she was devastated by his good looks. She had him to a *tête-à-tête* tea, which was not a great success, and then (and for an instant I imagined I could hear the earlier *Bellingdons* revolving in their mausoleum) she attended one of his meetings. After it she went to his bed-sitting-room to consider the undying principles of social equality, but vamped him instead and was kissed good-night.



THE ELECTION LOOK.

Sir Clive Marlow . . MR. D. HAWTHORNE.

On the eve of the Election *Sir Clive*, for whom I was beginning to be sorry, discovered what had happened and was ass enough to tell *Lord Bellingdon*, whose choler rose visibly beyond the safety level set by nature for aged noblemen. *Tom* was summoned from his committee-rooms and with admirable candour he admitted the kiss.

While an impatient mob awaited him at a vital meeting, *Sir Clive* had to decide whether, in view of *Tom's* new delinquency, he wouldn't tell the world the worst about him.

At this point *Lady Pamela*, with the frankest avowal of rather unoriginal sin which I have yet heard at an English theatre, announced in ringing tones that, since she was *Sir Clive's* mistress, she too could take a hand



THE MORAL LAPSE LOOK.

Lady Pamela . . MISS ADRIANNE ALLEN.

in any projected mud-slinging. It was a highly dramatic move, though personally I felt that such a bad let-down of her lover was out of keeping with the code of her kind; and it got its effect. Her father collapsed. And though he was obviously more affected by her political heresy than by the loss of her good name he had my sympathy. For a nasty moment it looked as if *Tom* were going to repudiate a second-hand *Pamela*; but, true to the best traditions of the cinema, beauty triumphed, and *Tom* and *Sir Clive*, who had both temporarily forgotten the Election, went out together onto the balcony to urge their respective claims upon the populace.

It will be evident that this is scarcely an entertainment to which to take one's old people. At its best it is thoroughly cynical, and at its worst more than a little squalid; but if one can accept its somewhat free outlook for what it is worth as an attempt at impartial analysis of modern laxity, it is worth seeing. Among performances which were of a satisfactorily high standard that of Miss ALLEN was prominent. She is clearly in the front rank of our screen stars.

I felt a little uncomfortable for Mr. OWEN NARES while he was down-and-out; but as always he was natural and at ease. He has adapted himself to cinematic needs, and one cannot say that of many of our stage actors. ERIC.



New Sportsman. "BOUGHT HIM CHEAP FROM MY VET BECAUSE HE KICKED. SAID IT WOULD BE ALL RIGHT IF I TIED A RED BOW ON HIS TAIL; BUT IT HASN'T MADE ANY DIFFERENCE SO FAR."

CLASSIC CAMOUFLAGE.

[The contents of a Roman lady's cosmetics box recently discovered in Germany have been proved by chemical analysis to be of practically identical composition with the cosmetics sold to-day.]

HAD young CATULLUS known the way
Their charms were faked by Roman misses,
Should we have had his lines to-day
Demanding *Lesbia's* thousand kisses?

If he'd perceived her beauty came
More from the chemist's than from heaven,
Would he not have revised his claim
And brought it down to six or seven?

(He might have felt consoled to think,
When his affections came a cropper,
How much of her was lead and zinc
And how much calcium and copper!)

If HORACE, when that slender youth
Wooed *Pyrrha* in the roses' petals,
Had known her not "of gold" in truth
But tinctured by the baser metals,

Surely he would have made the point
In formulating his defiance
That, though *his* nose was out of joint,
The girl's derived its charm from science?

Either these Latin bards were blind
Or else they held it prejudicial
To verse of the immortal kind
To own its subject artificial.

Myself I take the latter view;
For, Jane, the canons of poetics,
When I indite my odes to you,
Compel me to ignore cosmetics.

I praise your face, though I confess
I keep a reasonable distance
When your complexion shows excess
Of pharmaceutical assistance.

I touch your lips with due restraint,
But when I write their panegyric
I never mention rouge or paint
Or put your lipstick in a lyric.

"BOUNCING BABIES."
Newspaper Headline.

A very cruel sport, we think.

"OPPORTUNITIES FOR ANTIQUE LOVERS."
Scots Paper.

Our advice is to rule out the parks.

"Miss —— described the junior school as the 'buffet state' in the general system of education."—*North-Country Paper.*

For ourselves we were good trenchermen at all stages of our education.

HITTING THE TRAIL.

"WHAT do you think there is in the garden?" asked Angela.

I looked out of the window.

"Snow," I said.

"Of course there is snow," said Angela. "What else?"

"Not a crocus?"

"No," said Angela. "And for a very good reason," she added fiercely. "Because there's a little beast of a *rabbit* in the garden."

I can't even begin to make you understand the tone of voice in which she said it; primitive man finding an ichthyosaurus in his bed might have used it. I looked out of the window again; the garden seemed to me to be conspicuously empty of rabbits.

"I can't see it," I said mildly.

"Of course you can't. You don't *see* rabbits, but when they eat millions of bulbs they leave footprints——"

"'In the sands of time.'"

"——in the snow—little *beasts!* What are you going to do about it?"

"Nothing," I said. "I never do anything about rabbits. Ever since we won the War on frozen rabbits from Australia——"

"It's kangaroos from Australia, not rabbits."

"We suspected it at the time," I said. "But it was never proved."

"What wasn't?" asked Angela, staring.

"Nothing was. War never proves anything. Ask the League of Nations."

Angela's big blue eyes opened wider.

"What has the League of Nations got to do with my rabbit?" she asked.

"Nothing, unless it is an international rabbit. If it were a canard, now——"

"What's that?"

"A sort of political duck. They have them in France."

"*Are* you coming to see my rabbit or aren't you?"

"Of *course*," I said heartily. "I'd simply love to. Where do you keep it?"

"I don't keep it," said Angela shortly. "I haven't *seen* it yet."

"Then—you know, Angela, this gets more fascinating every minute—then how do you know it's yours?"

"It *isn't* mine. Rabbits aren't anybody's."

"Oh, excuse *me*," I said. "When I was at school I had two. Black ones. Really, Angela, they were the most *extraordinary*——"

"I'm not interested in *your* rabbits," said Angela. "Are you ready?"

I struggled into the near hind gumboot and stood up. Angela led the way out on to the smooth white expanse of the tennis-court.

"There!" she said.

"Where?"

"There!" repeated Angela, pointing.

I followed the direction of her finger but still I couldn't see anything.

"I can't see any rabbits," I said. "Honestly. I'd admit it if I could."

"You didn't suppose it would sit and *wait* for you, did you?"

"My black ones always did. They really were *awfully* intell——"

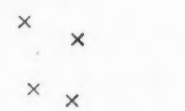
"Never mind about your black ones. What do you make of *that*?"

I looked. Angela was frowning at some impressions in the snow with marked distaste.

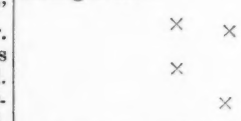
"Nothing," I said truthfully.

"They're the marks of a *rabbit*," said Angela. "Those are its front paws and those are its back paws."

I looked again. It didn't look frightfully likely to me. In the snow was a row of little marks arranged in groups of four, like this:



"Come, come," I said, smiling indulgently. "That's not a rabbit track. If you'd ever been a Boy Scout you'd know that rabbits leave a trail—we always call it a trail in the Boy Scouts—like *this*." And bending down I made with my finger four little marks arranged *so*:—



Angela regarded my diagram with contempt.

"Nonsense," she said. "That's a wombat or a beagle or something. Everybody knows that when a rabbit runs its front feet come down *so*, and its back feet *so*."

"That's just where you're wrong," I said. "A rabbit doesn't run; it lollops, and in lolloping its feet leave tracks like *this*."

I lolloped a few steps and turned. The snow plainly showed an excellent example of a lollop, *thus*:—



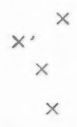
"If you're going to be silly," began Angela in the tired voice which she keeps for my moments of genuine inspiration. But I stopped her with a gesture. Behind her, not five yards away, a little brown rabbit was nosing about on the bulb-bed.

"Angela," I said, "you are painstaking and conscientious, but when it comes to rabbit-tracking you are futile. If you want a lesson——"

"You can't give it me," said Angela scornfully.

"That's just where you're wrong," I said. "Turn round."

I clapped my hands loudly and as Angela turned the rabbit scuttered across the tennis-lawn and disappeared into the shrubbery. And all the way across it left behind it a pattern in the snow arranged in groups like this:—

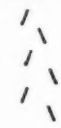


"There," I said. "Now you can see for yourself exactly what sort of a trail——"

But Angela wasn't listening to me. With shining eyes she was watching the little beast.

"Oh!" she said. "The little *darling*!"

There is no accounting for feminine inconsistency. I didn't try. With masculine calm I walked back into the house, leaving behind me a very dignified trail—like this:—



L. DU G.

DISAFFECTION AT LEATHERHEAD.

[Commenting on the congestion of traffic through Leatherhead, a writer in an evening paper deplores the delay in starting work on the proposed by-pass and states that the large number of local residents who resent the invasion of their home town "cannot be put off by occasional flying visits from one or two engineers. They want to hear the pick and see the shovel. And the voice of protest . . . is becoming daily more insistent."]

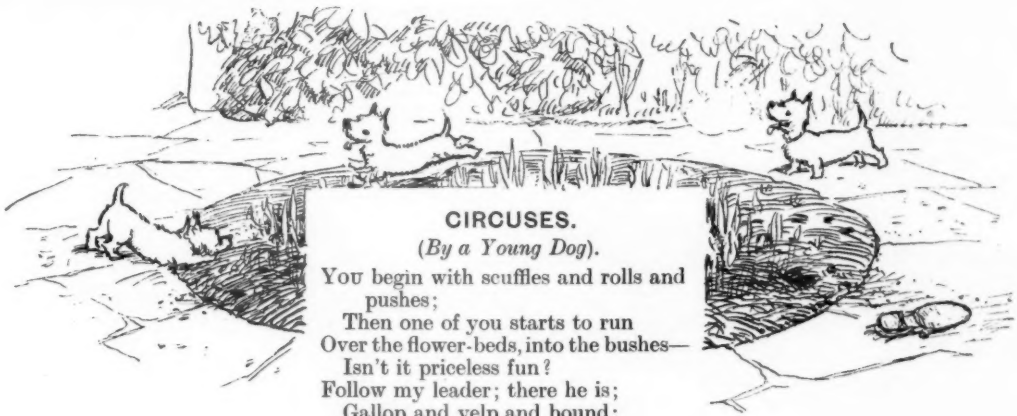
IN Leatherhead, in Leatherhead
Some sharpish things are being said
Where residents no longer shrink
From speaking out just what they think
About the way the traffic roars
In swollen torrents past their doors.
So far are they from feeling cheerful,
Small wonder that they spill an earful.

As car and coach go jostling by,
"It's getting pretty thick," they cry;
"Why don't they build our promised by-pass?
Instead of which some really ripe ass,
Some blundering official feather-head
Dispatches to unhappy Leatherhead
A footling engineer or two.
By heck!" they add, "this will not do!

"To blazes with those useless skites
Who waggle their theodolites
And tentatively sketch a track,
Then shake their heads and hurry back!
We want," they heatedly continue,
"Stern men of action, large of sinew,
Prepared to get a lively jerk on
And push the long-awaited work on.
We yearn to hear (and jolly quick)
The blissful music of the pick
Rending our stubborn Surrey soil,
For pleasant are the sounds of toil
And more congenial to our ears
Than noises made by engineers."

* * * * *

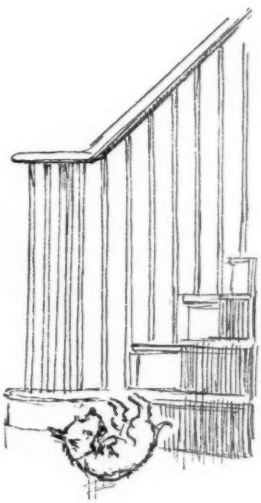
Thus loudly but, alas! in vain
The folk of Leatherhead complain
And shake the unavailing fist
At grievances that still persist.
Their bitter words, their snorts of anger
Are drowned beneath the monstrous clangour
That rises from that turgid ocean
Of traffic in retarded motion.
They might, in fact, as well keep mum
In such a pandemonium. C. L. M.



CIRCUSES.

(By a Young Dog).

You begin with scuffles and rolls and pushes;
Then one of you starts to run
Over the flower-beds, into the bushes—
Isn't it priceless fun?
Follow my leader; there he is;
Gallop and yelp and bound;
Watch us as we do circuses
Round and round and round.



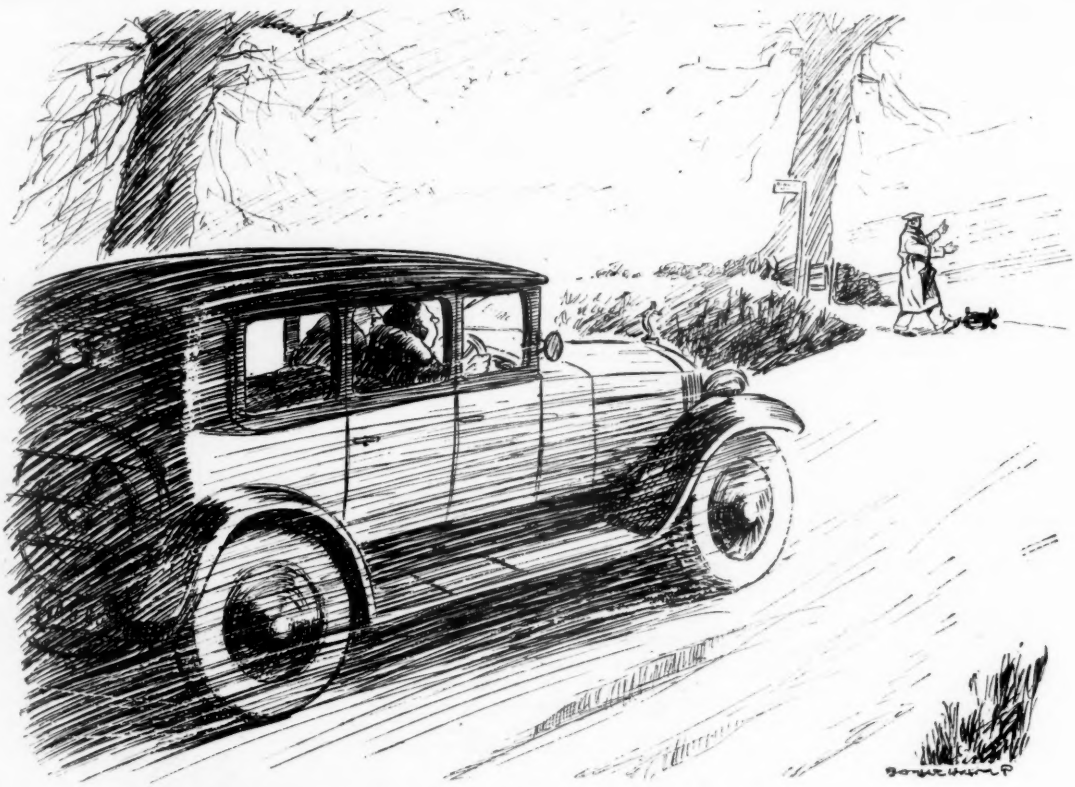
Circuses can be done indoors,
In the hall and up the stairs,
When you dodge each other on slippery floors
Or among the card-room chairs;
But people object and pick you up
As you're scampering to and fro,
For bridge, they say, is harder to play
When the puppies are on the go.



So you pant on somebody's lap and wait,
Which is pleasant enough, it's true;
You can watch them sitting in solemn state,
Though one doesn't know what they do;
One wonders what their amusement is
Or where the fun's to be found,
Compared with doing circuses
Round and round and round.

A. C.





He. "LOOK-OUT—THERE'S A PEDESTRIAN SIGNALLING WHAT HE'S GOING TO DO."
She. "WHAT RIGHT HAS *HE* TO DO *ANYTHING*?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Shorn Lamb (JOHN LANE, 7/6) is, I suppose, the last novel we shall see from the hand of W. J. LOCKE, the creator of so many amiable eccentrics and happy vagabonds. His many admirers will be glad to have one more story of the well-known brand. LOCKE was always interesting. He contrived good plots with a sufficiency of sentiment to send his readers away with a pervasive glow. His characters were pleasant in what is now perhaps rather an old-fashioned way, for the novelist of to-day avoids depicting pleasant characters and shuns sentiment like the plague. I admit that the opening of *The Shorn Lamb* tries us a little high. "*Buddy*" *Drake's* assumption of his twin-brother's personality reminds me a little of Mr. BENNETT'S artist who permitted his valet to be buried in Westminster Abbey—only that this was a case of shyness, whereas the *Drake* affair was due partly to want of cash and partly to an adventurous spirit. But, curiously alike as the twins were, even to the tones of the voice, the reader can with difficulty be persuaded that the doctor of the deceased *Sir Atherton Drake*, his butler, and even the lady who had left her husband for his sake, could have been deceived by the resemblance. This once granted, however, everything else is in the best LOCKE manner. This time the almost inevitable "beloved vagabond" is *Tonio*, the Italian conjurer who had befriended "*Buddy*" out in America and is now discovered by him selling mechanical monkeys in the Boulevard Montmartre. *Tonio*, of course, has to be repaid in his own coin: he becomes secretary to the false *Sir Atherton*, who is now getting deep into toils of his own making, and eventually leads him, through a necessary dose of penal servitude, to love and the inevitable happy ending.

I admit that I found the intimacy of Mrs. HELEN THOMAS'S *World Without End* (HEINEMANN, 6/-) occasionally disconcerting; but I refuse to urge my personal embarrassment against a work which, minor as it is in key and importance, has the makings of a classic. Yet I am sorry that the identity of the "H. T." of *As It Was* should be revealed on the title-page of its sequel; and sorry too to have to identify *David Townsend*, the poet hero of both volumes, with the late EDWARD THOMAS. It will always be a moot-point how far poetic genius should be allowed to exempt a man from the discipline of life. And as one reads this pathetic chronicle of the shifts of a literary household the dilemma becomes acute. My own heretic sympathies lay with the chronicler's father-in-law, who strenuously tried to find his son congenial and well-paid work and reminded him, no doubt unseasonably, of the claims of his wife and children. But the family indubitably saw the exhilarating side of their life of domestic vagabondage and were proud and fond of the husband and father whose moods and misgivings seemed so inevitably the accompaniment of his genius. The present volume sees its hero depart to the Front, leaving implicit the death which so nobly vindicated his passion for the English countryside. This passion in the poet, his wife's fostering admiration for it and him, the grace and moderation of her style and the

insight she herself displays—though into nature rather than humanity—are all in their fashion unforgettable.

"BARTIMEUS'S" *Elephant's Head*
Is among the best of his yarns I've read;
A Naval Lieutenant, a thorough "he-man,"
A typical hard-case Able Seaman,
And an Officer's Steward, *Gish* by name
(Like the Orphan Sisters of cinema fame),
Together meet with exciting "doin's"
In some Central American temple ruins.
There's a maiden also with coppery hair,
The innocent tool, forlorn and fair,
Of a bunch of international crooks,
The kind that are often encountered in books;
And the whole is a tale distinctly thrilling,
Though I find the sentiment somewhat filling,
And the haul of treasure regrettably "nix"—
It comes from CASSELL, at seven-and-six.

For the outline of her latest novel Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES has drawn upon a celebrated Scots murder trial of the mid-nineteenth century. I believe, though I am no virtuoso of homicide myself, that the original name of its heroine was MADELEINE and her original habitat Edinburgh. Here, however, she has been picked up and set down, arsenic and all, in a rich North-country manufacturing town—a distinctly pre-War touch this opulence, though the time is indicated as the present. *Letty Lynton* (HEINEMANN, 7/6), with her intense sensuality and her intense craving for the homage due to innocence, remains in spite of her car and lip-stick a Victorian. But what does this matter when she lives, every inch of her, from the first page to the last, and when her circle lives too? The circle is portrayed with admirable intimacy: kindly *Sir John Lynton*, whose trust in his pretty daughter takes so pathetically long to undermine; harsh *Lady Lynton*, whose pride in her boy renders her shrewishly alive to the flaws in her girl; *Axel Ekebon*, *Letty's* sinister lover-in-chief, sly, untruthful, avaricious, but genuinely impassioned; *Kate Roker*, his subsidiary mistress, and *Maclean* (of the *Lyntons'* chemical works), sole possible witness to the provenance of the poison that frees his once-beloved *Letty* from her superfluous Swede. The tale is a sordid tale enough, and personally I prefer to see its narrator with more scope for her own powers of design. But as an interpreter of human and sub-human motives I have seldom encountered her at greater advantage.

Ninety-eight per cent. of Dr. BARNARDO'S "children" have unequivocally made good. The virility of the British stock is heroically demonstrated in the redemption of over a hundred thousand forlorn unwanted children who have been brought to Christian manhood and womanhood through the genius and prophetic instinct of one immortal leader. In *Doctor Barnardo* (ALLEN AND UNWIN, 7/6), Dr. J. WESLEY BREADY traces the growth of a famous organisation from the first unexpected gift of twenty-seven farthings by an unknown maid-servant to a present yearly expenditure of over half-a-million pounds. His book, which is marred only by a forgivable exuberance in what one might call the professional Cheerio! manner, and a tendency to drop too easily into the phrases of conventional exhortation, is alive with dramatic incident. The moment of revelation, when the pioneer met *Jim Jarvis* and first realised that here was a boy who literally "lived nowhere;"



Rather Tactless Skipper (who has been complimented by passengers on bringing the ship through very heavy weather). "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I THANK YOU. I'M PARTICULARLY GLAD THAT WE GOT THROUGH ALL RIGHT THIS TIME, BECAUSE WE HAVE ON BOARD SOME VERY VALUABLE PEDIGREE CATTLE."

of the triumphant vindication when Lord SHAFTESBURY and his sceptical friends were taken East at midnight; of the death of "*Carrots*" that stirred BARNARDO to adopt the proud and still unshaken declaration of faith—"No destitute child ever refused admission"—these moments stand out among a host of others hardly less appealing. Most of all, this book depicts the Man with the Lantern himself, peremptory, autocratic, but utterly courageous and devoted, stupendously energetic. Dr. BREADY has painted a portrait of one of the heroes of his generation.

Though *Betty Langford*, leading young lady in *The Remorse of Monsieur le Curé* (SHAYLOR, 7/6), is a girl of the War period who has driven ambulances at the Front, the book as a whole takes one back to a much earlier time. Its setting is a lovely old country-house in the Midi, fragrant with flowers and bright with sunshine; *Madame la Marquise* is all a French Marquise of the witty but not naughty type should be; *Monsieur le Curé* is the ideal Curé of fiction, and the minor characters such as we used to meet in the novels of the late HENRY HARLAND and seldom meet anywhere to-day. It would be unfair perhaps to call this a pretty story, because that epithet has a certain slighting significance, but a very pretty story it is in fact. *Monsieur le Curé*, when *Betty* comes as chauffeuse to the *Marquise*, thinks that he has discovered in her a child of the romantic and innocently bigamous marriage of his worldly youth; the *Marquise* is afraid that *Betty's* charm will captivate her own grandson, the present *Marquis*, who must make a good marriage; *Captain de Conquedec*, who loves her, learns with a French aristocrat's proper horror that there is a dark story connected with her birth. And it all ends happily. It would be the easiest thing on earth in these days of ugly and sophisticated novels to make fun of such a story as this. But I have found it a refreshing change and am more than a little grateful to Miss HELEN MARY BOULNOIS for painting life in these charming colours.



Wanderer. "DO YOU REMEMBER TWENTY YEARS AGO I PROMISED YOU THAT IF I MADE MY PILE I'D COME BACK AND SHARE IT WITH YOU?"
Old Crony. "YES, YES, I'LL COME DOWN."
Wanderer. "DON'T TROUBLE; I DIDN'T MAKE IT."

Of shooting-books is no end; they hatch as profusely as the partridge and there's never a bad season. But here is a chick of individuality. *The Gun-Room Guide* is by HUGH POLLARD. It is illustrated (twelve colour plates and many twiddley-bits) by PHILIP RICKMAN and FRANK WALLACE. And it is sold superbly, by SPOTTISWOODE, at six guineas for the lordly patron of sport *de luxe* (a further brace of RICKMAN's to gather here), and at three guineas for the almost equally handsome, ordinary, or rough shoot edition. Mr. POLLARD has made his letterpress so engaging and withal so useful that I'm wondering why no "popular" issue has been contemplated. He discusses modern manorial conditions and advises like a family lawyer. He teaches the cultivation of the gun like a PURDEY. Loads and cartridges are his speciality. And the pheasant and the partridge, in health or out of it, leave him at no loss. The grouse too he knows, and ground game; likewise all varieties of "various" and vermin. And the deer forest is his. And also the kitchen, for his chapter on the cookery of game earns mention, along with Mr. INNES SHAND'S essay on venison in the *Fur and Feather Series*. As a work of shooting reference and rural information this is a book to ask Aunt Janetta to give you next birthday. Its illustrations are prodigiously good. Mr. RICKMAN (is it an impertinence to think that he improves?) has made, among other things, an eagle coming to braxy, and I congratulate him on it. And Mr. WALLACE, who loves the tall deer like his brother and the little roebuck better still, has drawn his darlings, out of the love he bears them, to the life.

Although "TAFFRAIL'S" *The Lonely Bungalow* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) was of especial interest to me because its scene is laid in a part of Cornwall which is very familiar, I cannot say that the story as a whole is quite successful. To my mind "TAFFRAIL" is one of our best writers of love-and-adventure stories: he could not be dull if he tried, and he never strains one's powers of belief to breaking-point. But in this tale of a mysterious ship which has aroused the suspicions of the naval authorities, some of the freshness and charm that as a rule characterise his work seem to be lacking. Excursions and alarms are frequent enough, and the tenants of the isolated bungalow in the Lizard peninsula assuredly did not enjoy a quiet holiday; but some of the incidents are rather commonplace, and I could never really believe in the Russian, *Polinoff*, who is the chief villain of the drama.

My capacity for enjoying Mr. E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM is approximately as enormous as his industry, and I never enjoy him more wholeheartedly than when he is in what, without disparagement, I may call his more extravagant mood. I do not refer to the princely hospitality and abundance of alcoholic refreshment in which the characters of *Up the Ladder of Gold* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) so lavishly indulge, but to his creation of a superlatively wonderful man in *Warren Rand*, round whom this story is written. For those who boggle at its improbabilities, there is compensation in its vision and shrewd observation. It is not for me to reveal how *Rand* sought to force his will upon the world, or how he succeeded in compelling Governments to obey his commands. But those in search of a sensibly sensational tale can be cordially invited to read this latest OPPENHEIM and discover these secrets for themselves.

Mr. Punch extends a paternal blessing to *Tantivy Towers* (METHUEN, 2/6), the libretto of his A. P. H.'s light opera now running at the Lyric, Hammersmith.

CHARIVARIA.

A CORRESPONDENT writing in a contemporary thinks the Empire Crusaders should have a song of their own. What about "Tarifa-boom-de-ay?"

***

A scientist says that the discovery of a single human tooth in a coal-seam would destroy the whole structure of biology. It is felt that warnings of this fresh peril should be posted at pit-heads.

***

The House of Commons' Committee on the Rabbits Bill has failed for the third time to muster a quorum. This is the sort of thing that brings Parliament into discredit with the lesser herbivores.

***

A Baltimore man, Mr. HOGSHEAD, has applied to have his name changed. He claims that under Prohibition the name Hogshead makes him a butt.

***

"February air," says a doctor, "is champagne air. There is a nip in it." We are content with this moderate allowance. We are not asking for a magnum of it.

***

At the special request of Mrs. PHILIP SNOWDEN no alcohol will be served in the refreshment-rooms of the new B.B.C. headquarters. This, of course, is a concession to those listeners-in who make a practice of sniffing the loud-speaker.

***

We read of children who play at being doctors and administer bread-pills and nasty mixtures to their playmates. If they are not checked in time they may end in Harley Street.

***

A bishop has remarked on the disappearance of the shy curate. Yet nobody suggests a search.

***

Daffodils can now be brought into bloom in a few hours by means of artificial sunlight. It seems only fair to point out, however, that no such assistance is given to the swallow.

***

We are informed that there is "a great demand for wives" in Rhodesia. The man who demanded three has had to put two back.

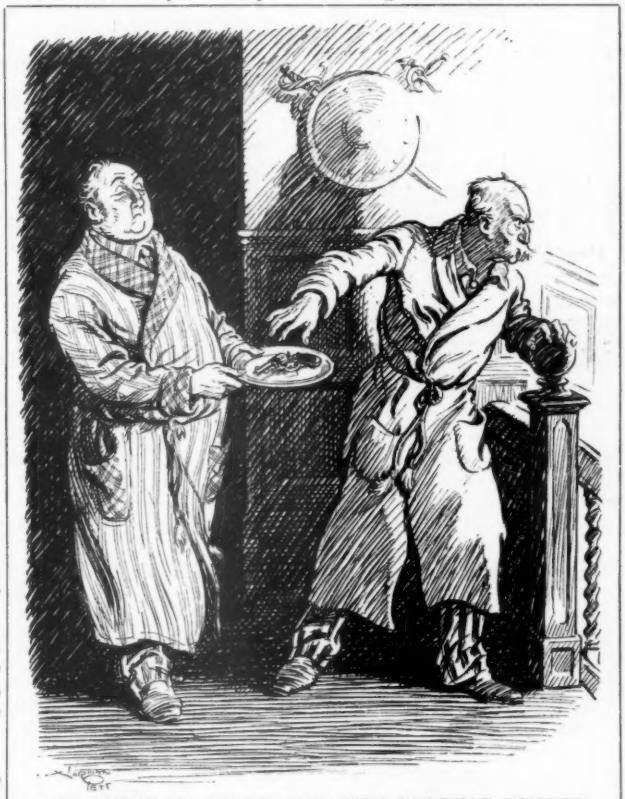
It is thought that the Glasgow bookmaker who is reported to have had remarkable luck at the Riviera tables will cherish tender memories of the bonnie banks of Cannes and Monte Carlo.

***

A famous multi-millionaire is said to make a practice of presenting his friends with cigar-bands for luck when they go to the casinos. Some gamblers consider it luckier to be given a cigar.

***

Miss EDITH SITWELL's acceptance of the presidency of the Wigan Educational Society is a crushing rebuke for those who have been inclined to regard Wigan as a subject for levity.



THE BURGLAR SCARE AND THE PERFECT BUTLER.

***

It is pointed out that a professional footballer in receipt of a salary can draw the dole. At the Ministry of Labour the extraordinary view is taken that professional football is a game.

***

A girl has been seen in a public telephone-box holding the receiver to her hat. Our own experience is that people using the telephone more usually hold the mouthpiece to their hats.

***

Chess is now a feature of the early editions of a London evening paper; but it does not appear that sufficient public interest in the game has yet been aroused to warrant the publication of the latest moves in the "Stop Press" column.

***

On reading of the difficulties experienced by some M.P.'s in reaching Westminster in wintry weather, we find it impossible to repress the thought that, even so, they get there much too easily.

***

A British heavyweight pugilist is criticised for never being off the flat of his feet. To be a thoroughly typical British heavyweight he should, of course, be frequently on the flat of his back.

***

A man told a London magistrate that every time he hit his wife she summonsed him. We think that every other time would have been often enough.

***

Blue worms with green stripes have been discovered. We believe this to be an infringement of some club-tie or other.

***

A scientist has just found out that half the protein in our bread is merely glutominic acid. We must have a straight talk with our baker about this.

***

A foreign correspondent says that a travelling newspaper-office is touring Russia. The Terror seems to have now reached its zenith.

***

Some disappointment was felt at the wedding of Mr. HORACE COLE, described as the world's most ingenious hoaxer, that the happy couple did not leave under an archway of explosive cigars.

***

A Canadian ex-Minister has written some verses in the metre of *Hiawatha* on War debts. Feeling in this country has always been that it is useless to make a song about them.

***

There are frequent reports of the discovery of female stowaways upon liners. Their proper description is "Baggage not wanted upon the voyage."

***

A contemporary gives a recipe for "Invalid Cheese Macaroni." We should prefer the cheese to be quite well.

THE GREAT SKI-ING RACE.

I.

ATTEND all ye who list to hear and I will tell you of the famous ski-ing race held to decide who was the Worst Ski-er in St. Mürrentz—and thus in the World; for it is at St. Mürrentz, as you doubtless know, that sometimes even the blind can ski.

The race, I blush to say, was only between Percival and myself. For, though half St. Mürrentz held that, Percival's ski-ing style being that of a wet hen on the lid of a cardboard-box, he couldn't help being beaten even by me, while the other half—those who had seen *me* ski-ing—maintained stoutly that Percival must be the better, there was a regrettable unanimity of opinion as to the superiority of any third person whatsoever, from the Hôtel infant, who is still halfway through her first lesson, to old Colonel Pluckstie, who skis with crutches.

One famous afternoon, therefore, Percival and I glared at one another across ten yards of deep snow at the top of a high hill, while our seconds busily lashed our skis to our feet and hung us round with satchels and goggles and sandwiches to fall back on (which we later did—several times) and kegs of brandy and other impedimenta of the long-distance ski-er.

Actually we had had two previous attempts to run off this race, but they had not quite come to anything, because on the first occasion, being so excited and what not, I stupidly forgot to put my skis in the funicular which brought us up. No one had any to lend me, and it is difficult to ski well without skis—though personally I find it almost as difficult to ski well with them. And on the second occasion, just as we were about to start, Percival cleared his throat rather forcibly and the recoil unexpectedly sent him off backwards into a snowdrift some hundred feet down the other side of the hill, from which he wasn't excavated till dark.

On this occasion, however, our supporters, determined that the race was to be run whatever happened, had with great forethought tied us to either end of a rope which had been passed round a tree. Under no circumstances were we to be undone till we had been properly numbered from the right, proved and otherwise reported perfectly ready for action in any direction.

Despite this the start was not as successful as it might have been; for, both having been towed to the extreme edge of the hill ready to be cast off, it was remarked that Percival was far heavier than I was. Personally I think he was merely wearing a bigger brandy-keg, or at any rate carrying brandy of a higher specific gravity. But the result was that before anyone could do anything about it he began to slide forward down the hill. And, the rope running easily round the smooth tree-trunk, I began to move at an equal rate *backwards*.

Gravity being a swift worker, Percival gathered speed. So naturally, and in my own direction, did I; till soon I flashed round the tree at a good fifteen m.p.h. and, still going astern and making signals of distress, proceeded helplessly after Percival with the tow-rope taut between us.

Once again the race would have been a total loss had not the starter, gazing intently at his watch, been standing near my line of motion. With some skill I put out a ski-ing stick for him to catch, and with some presence of mind (or it is possible he just wasn't noticing) he caught it, using the crook of his left knee. Thus I brought myself to anchor. Incidentally I brought Percival, by then in mid-flight, to a sudden sitting stop and the starter to a sudden flying sit.

As I tried to point out to the starter subsequently there was little real harm done. His remarks melted the snow out of his mouth almost immediately, and it will no doubt be perfectly easy to recover his watch in the spring when the snow goes. And as for Percival, he evidently attributed his fall to natural causes; for he soon struggled up and, though held stationary by the rope, attempted vainly to ski onward, much puzzled by the fact that he was nominally in motion but actually making no headway.

When everyone, except the starter, had finished laughing Percival was slowly hauled up backwards—which bewildered him even more—till he arrived panting on the hilltop again and matters were explained to him. When he had really grasped it we were lined up once more and a proper start was made.

That is to say, within ten yards both of us were on the ground and within a further seven we were on it again. I then had a clear run of about thirty yards and Percival one of forty, at which point we both went down once more, Percival this time wrong way up.

Being up first and seeing Percival's legs feebly waving like part of a trodden-on earwig, I at once did as any true sportsman would have done. I sank the spirit of rivalry and started on a ten-yard dash to his rescue. Unfortunately, in addition to the spirit of rivalry, I sank myself, skis and all, at the ninth yard, and our friends, ski-ing down to our aid, began to dig me out the first, because they said I was the worse case of the two.

It took them twenty minutes to get us both right way up and breathing with both lungs and all nostrils, by which time the shades of night were falling so fast that we decided to return 'midst snow and ice to our Alpine village and resume next day. So stakes were driven into the snow to mark our furthest south and greatest depth and we were each towed rapidly back by experts. So rapidly that I now have a strong basis of disagreement with those people who say that ski-ing is a change from the sedentary life. A. A.

(*Result of Great Race to be published next week.*)

CHERCHEZ L'ŒUF.

"What! you egg!" (*stabs*).—*Macbeth, Act iv. Scene* 2.

[A daily paper, recording a famous chef's announcement that there are three thousand ways of preparing eggs, speaks of "the traditional charms which for generations have bound us to fried and boiled eggs—the cause of more domestic unhappiness than perhaps any other affliction."]

THE sunlight each succeeding day
Dispels the dark more early,
But Father rises, sad to say,
Unconscionably surly;
His frown comes down, a fearful fog
That checks the cheery babel,
And stealthily he kicks the dog
Under the breakfast-table.

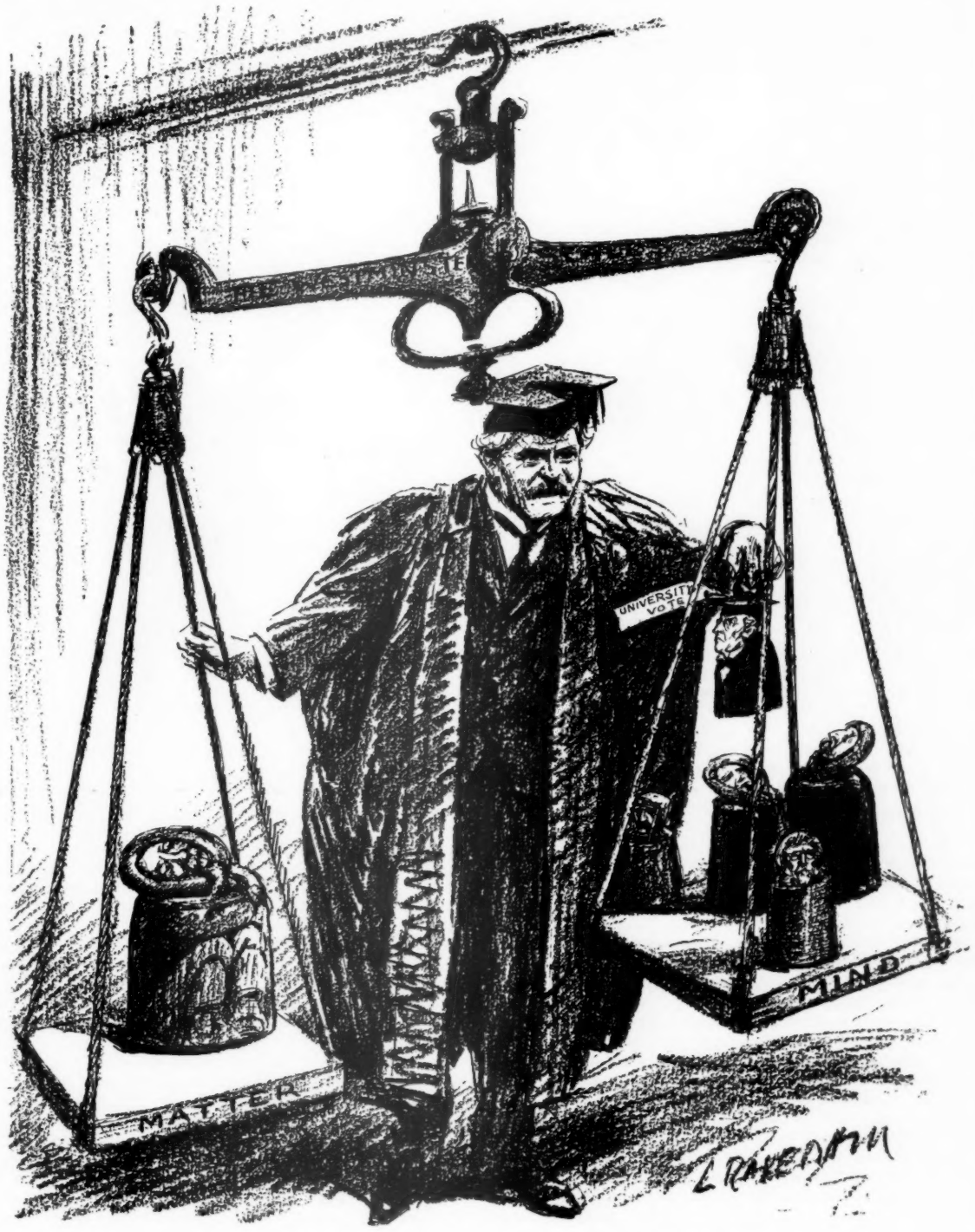
What cup of grief has overflowed?
Why is his tongue so sticky,
As though black Care for ever rode
Behind him (in the dickey)?
Is he in terror of his life
From pains that stab like lances,
Or has Another at his wife
Cast unplatonic glances?

Has ruin unsuspected come
On his financial ventures,
Or is it merely that a crumb
Is underneath his dentures?
Some dreadful weight upon his mind
Has left him half-besotted,
Distinctly, so it seems, inclined
To sever his carotid.

I'll tell you why his temper's gone
That once was blithe and mellow:
Six* times a week he looks upon
The egg when it is yellow.
Thrice weekly it is boiled (with ham),
Thrice it is fried (with bacon);
And long he only muttered "Damn!"
But now his soul is shaken;

So, if there is a messy crime
Reported by a copper,
And Father at the very time
Had been and bought a chopper,
And if the body disappears
And later on they find it,
Although it may be years and years,
There'll be an egg behind it.

* Sausages on Sunday.



THE HONORARY DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD, HON. LL.D., UNIVERSITY OF WALES (*removing an Opposition Weight*).
"MIND MAY BE BETTER THAN MATTER, BUT PARTY IS BETTER THAN BOTH."



American Film-Producer. "I'D HAVE YOU LET ME MEET THAT GENTLEMAN OVER THERE. JUST THE TYPE I WANT FOR A TYPICAL BRITISH SQUIRE."

ALTERCATION WITH CHARLES.

Charles said that he could easily kill me if he liked and not be discovered, but I said No, he was such a stupid blunderer that he would be almost certain to leave some traces behind, and he said I was wrong, because it was motive that gave murderers away, and there would be no motive in this case, except the natural detestation which he shared with all honest men of a character so contemptible as mine.

I contested this. The police would be almost certain to detain on suspicion, I pointed out, all persons of an obviously criminal type with disgustingly unpleasant features, and he would therefore be interrogated under this category and be forced to invent an alibi.

"Which," I added, "you have scarcely the brains to do."

That stung him.

"Putting all this nonsense aside," he said, "I will prove to you that I could murder you any day with the greatest ease and security. In the first place I should get a disguise."

"How original!" I cried in admiration.

"Really," he said, "it is. The ordinary murderer who uses a disguise puts it on for the first time when he does the deed, or dresses himself up to look like somebody else who is known to be an acquaintance of the deceased. I shouldn't do that at all. I should put on a disguise and allow myself to be seen in it for several weeks in the purlieus round about the wretched hovel where you live. I should talk now and then to children, pat dogs, ask postmen the way to places, throw stones into ponds, buy packets of cigarettes and so on. I should thus establish sufficient evidence of the existence of a character who did not exist at all. In the meantime I should visit you perhaps oftener than usual and take a few whiskies-and-sodas, not disguised at all, but wearing my usual clothes."

"Including that tie?"

"Yes."

"There are compensations," I said, "even for being stricken down in one's prime. What sort of disguise did you propose to wear on the days when you didn't come cadging for drinks?"

"Anything slightly marked. A black hat and cloak and short dark side-whiskers, with horn-rimmed spectacles, I expect. There are lots of people like that about here."

"Where would you buy them?" I said.

"Let us suppose that I have them now: used for theatrical purposes or left in my rooms by a friend."

"You would be seen going out in them."

"I should park them in a lock-up studio, taken under a false name."

"Your voice, or whatever you call it, would give you away."

"I should speak with an American accent or with the broken English of Soho. I should also have a limp."

"All right," I said. "Carry on."

"Ringing you up some day to make sure you were not in, I should call at your house."

"And leave a card?"

"No, nothing but a message at the door. A few days later I should call and kill you."

"In your highbrow outfit?"

"Of course."

"Oh, would you?" I said. "And how?"

"Quite quietly here in your room. After a few minutes' cheery conversation about Art I should strike you to the floor, like a dog."

"What with?"

"Anything that you happen to have lying around—a kukri or an assegai would do."

"I have got rid of my old war-trophies," I said.

"Well, a blunt instrument then. Surely you must have some blunt instruments about?"

"There is a pink programme-pencil," I said.

He thought for a moment.

"I know what. That paper-weight. It will do splendidly. You would sink without a cry. I should then say loudly as I opened the door, 'Don't trouble to come down. I'll let myself out,' and walk calmly away. Happily, in fact. I should feel I had been of some service to the world."

"And what then?"

"You have a large open heath hereabouts."

"I believe so."

"It would be night-time. I should take off my disguise, throw it amongst the bushes and go back home. The disguise would be found, the slayer would be known as a queer Bohemian often seen in the vicinity but in no way connected with me."

"And what about your finger-prints on the paper-weight?"

"My good fool, I should wear gloves."

"I see myself having a cheery conversation with a comic Andalusian scrounger who kept his gloves on in my room," I said. "Besides, you would leave boot-marks on the front-doorsteps."

"I should wear goloshes," replied Charles.

"You seem to be rather a fussy type of assassin," I said. "But let us suppose that, being a friend of the deceased, you were asked what you were doing on the night of the crime."

"I went to the cinema. I went to a restaurant. I went to a Queen's Hall concert. I went to a play and sat in the pit. I did anything you please. I am not a very notable-looking man."

"You are not."

"You see my point, though? The whole of England would be hunting for a remarkable-looking foreigner whom dozens of people would have noticed near your house. Nothing could associate me with the crime, if indeed it could be called a crime, for the simple reason that everybody would know who did it. 'That Spanish-looking fellow,' they would say, 'with a limp. We've seen him dozens of times.' In the common murder or the common murder story, no trouble has been taken to prepare a non-existent man before the deed is done."

"A non-existent imbecile," I replied.

"If you care to put it so."

"There is one small error you have made. In my will, which I should have revised only a few weeks previously, I should have left you all my personal effects."

"I don't mind. Are they worth anything?"

"There are some rather decent sleeve-links."

"Good," said Charles.

"They would supply the motive."

"Not at all. A mere posthumous act of gratitude towards a benefactor on the part of a mean-minded man."

"But I should have written rather a neat codicil to say that in the event of my sudden murder the legacy was revoked. That would put the noses of the Big Four on your cowardly trail."

"You swine!" said Charles. "And I thought you were my friend."

EVOE.



Barber's Assistant. "GETTING VERY THIN ON THE TOP, SIR. HAVE YOU TRIED THE BOSS'S SPECIAL LOTION?"
Customer. "YES, BUT I DON'T THINK IT'S THAT."

Our Sensitive Rodents.

"In many parts of Co. Sligo, hares are now practically unknown because of the unreasonable laughter to which they have been subjected in recent years."—*Sligo Paper.*

PEEPS AT POSTERITY.

THE MAYFAIR MAN.

IN May, 2931, a party of Italian tourists, crossing the foot of the Mayfair Glacier (which covers, it will be remembered, the heart of ancient London), came upon the body of a man entombed in the ice. It was thought at first that this must be the victim of some recent holiday disaster; but the attention of the scientists was attracted by the extraordinary garments of the man; the body was carefully removed and the clothes "preserved" by the Odo process, and yesterday at the Antiquarians' Annual Rally Dr. Prod announced hypotheses of a startling nature.

"There is little doubt," said the genial President, "that a lucky chance has handed down to us the actual remains of a Briton of the early twentieth century, dressed in the most fantastic dress of that fantastic period. The body is that of one of the 'upper' or 'well-to-do' classes, as the rich were then described, and the clothes are those which would be worn in the evening or on holiday occasions. There are no portraits extant of men in this dress, and it would appear that the portrait-painters of the time avoided it (a matter which has always been a source of mystification and debate to the historians). A few rare photographs (now in the British Museum) gave us some idea of the general effect of the costume. It has been described by Professor Flick as 'simple but dignified,' and little attention has been given to the odd theory of Dr. Bott that this was the costume not of the aristocratic classes but of a particular class of servant; while his latest hypothesis, that it was worn both by the rich and by their servants, must be contemptuously dismissed. In an age when the classes were so carefully distinguished it is not to be supposed that on ceremonial occasions the nobleman and his menials were dressed in exactly the same style.

"My examination of the Mayfair Man has thrown a new and brilliant light on the subject. So far from being simple, it appears to me to be one of the most complicated uniforms ever devised by man. I have made a careful analysis of the costume, piece by piece, and I find that it is made up of no fewer than twenty-five pieces, as follows:—

1 black coat or tunic.
1 white breast-plate.
1 white half-coat.
1 black leg-covering(? 'trows').
2 pink under-garments.
1 white collar.
2 jewelled studs.
2 other studs.
2 cuff-links.
4 jewelled buttons.
2 socks.
2 suspenders (for above).
2 shoes. ['trows').
1 elastic apparatus (attached to
1 white necklet.

—
25



"WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY CAMEL-HAIR TRAVELLING-COAT?"
"GOOD IDEA. THEN YOU CAN GO FOR SEVEN DAYS WITHOUT REFRESHMENT."

"In addition there are fourteen buttons and two shoe-laces, which I have not included, as these, it seems, were permanently attached to the costume. Without them we are left with twenty-five pieces, which must have been assembled separately and carefully fitted by the man or his servant whenever the dress was worn. By comparison the costume of a mediæval knight was simple and spare, and the dressing of him an easy matter.

"It is interesting again to compare this complicated dress with that of the Belgravia Woman, excavated a few years ago on the Cadogan Moraine and probably contemporaneous with the body we are now discussing. The costume of the Belgravia Woman, it will be remembered, consists of six pieces only (which delicacy forbids me to enumerate), while the outer garment is of the utmost simplicity and could be put on and off in the twinkling of an eye. Compare with this the labours of the contemporary male, whose outer surface was made up of four distinct garments (not counting the collar, socks and shoes), and who before he could begin to dress at all must assemble and adjust a number of studs, buttons, ties, suspenders, braces, links and other small objects. Each of these small objects, it is clear, was an essential part, not so much for adornment as for the practical purpose of keeping the whole complex fabric together. The 'studs,' for example, may be regarded as the rivets of a ship. I have made experiments and I find that the absence or the breaking of the single stud at the neck would cause the utmost discomfort and even strangulation, while a similar accident to the studs of the breast-plate or a single button of the nether garment would bring about a hiatus through which the unsightly under-garments must be immediately discernible. We can only begin to imagine the anxiety and patient labour which must have attended the putting on and wearing of this costume.

"What we are quite unable to understand is the attitude of the satirists of that time, who never wearied of poking fun at the clothes of women, but seem to have accepted as a matter of course the really laughable clothes of the men. We even find jokes suggesting that the women of that day took more time to adorn themselves for the evening than the men—which is obviously nonsense. The costume of the women was not only sensible and sanitary, but swift, and the charge of vanity and artificiality in dress so often preferred against them must for that period at least be levelled at the male.

"On the other hand it is difficult at this date to see what attraction this dress can have had, either for the man who wore it or the woman who beheld it. We can understand a vain man enduring the trouble and anxieties already referred to in order to produce a striking or splendid effect, and therefore we look with a tolerant eye on the fashions of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which were colourful as well as quaint, and where they were elaborate were elaborate to some purpose. But the costume of the Mayfair Man seems to have neither meaning nor



Grannie. "THE HOUSE HAS NEVER BEEN THE SAME SINCE WE GOT MOSCOW ON THE WIRELESS."

beauty, and the general effect is, to our eyes, unpleasing and ridiculous. I cannot imagine the most eccentric of our young people choosing to dress himself in it for a fancy-dress ball, for I have tried it on myself. The colour is dead black, relieved only by a splash of white which covers the chest and abdomen. This breast-plate, by the way, can probably be traced to the mediæval cuirass, and, being very stiff, is almost as uncomfortable. The neck is enclosed by a high collar, which after a minute or two I found to be choking me insupportably, while the sharp edge and points of it chafed the skin.

"To the back of the coat are attached two appendages of black cloth, which slightly overlap each other, like the wings of an insect; these pendants have no apparent purpose, decorative or otherwise, unless we are to suppose that the wearers were accustomed to sit on walls or wet grass and therefore stood in need of additional protection. When the wearer makes any rapid movement they fly out and about in an inexpressibly laughable manner. My wife playfully described them as 'tails,' and when I danced about the room in the strange garment she laughed so uncontrollably that I was compelled to remove it.

"It is odd to think that a thousand years ago the highest in the land would nightly array themselves in this fantastic fashion. But straws show which way the wind is blowing, and it is significant perhaps that at about the same time an Indian patriot called GANDHI launched a movement to keep out 'British cloth' from India. This at first caused some resentment, but even the British people were bound to agree that there was sense in Mr. GANDHI'S campaign when it was revealed that what he wished to keep out was not 'British cloth' but 'British clothes.' "

A. P. H.

Distinctions We Have Never Dared to Draw.

"Nobleman wishes to Recommmend his Head Gamekeeper (Scotsman) to any nobleman or gentleman. . . ."

Advt. in Weekly Paper.

"DESIGNS ON MUSSOLINI."

Daily Paper.

Another military tattoo?

THE MANTELPIECE.

ON Grannie's mantelpiece there stands
A golden clock with golden hands.
Its face is very white and neat
And it has little golden feet.

And there are lots of china things:
A little boy with feathery wings,
A prickly sheep, a dog with spots,
A funny house with chimney-pots,
And in a frilly flowery dress
A very smiling shepherdess.

In tidy rows along the back
Are little pictures, white and black—
Ladies that haven't any eyes
And gentlemen in bunchy ties;
And at the end of all the rest
Are vases (which I like the best)
All hung with crystal bars and balls
Making bright places on the walls.

R. F.

Bouquets Which Lack Fragrance.

"Mr. Jayakar paid a tribute to the permanent officials of the India Office. He added: 'The best safeguard against understanding is to come face to face with the people of the India Office.'"

Calcutta Paper.

"IF IT HAD HAPPENED YESTERDAY."

An enterprising contemporary has lately been publishing news-stories, couched in modern journalistic phraseology, of notable events in English history. The idea might be carried to more fanciful lengths. Why not an excursion into the realm of Fairyland and a series of up-to-date reports of things which happened "once upon a time"? Here are a few samples:—

GAVE NAME AS CINDERELLA.

GLASS SLIPPER CLUE IN NIGHT CLUB THEFT.

The police are anxious to trace the owner of a woman's glass slipper left on the staircase of the Golden Goose Night Club in Regent Street at midnight on Monday. This anxiety is shared by a young man named Prince, who danced with the lady most of the evening and found, when his fair partner had left the club, that his wallet, containing six five-pound notes, was missing from the pocket of his dress-coat.

Interviewed last evening by a *Daily Wizard* representative, Mr. Prince said he had had no reason to suspect the woman of being a crook. She arrived at the club at about ten o'clock in a palatial seven-seater driven by a uniformed chauffeur, and was expensively gowned, wearing a dazzling confection of pale elephant's-breath charmeuse. She gave her name as Cinderella, but this is believed to be an *alias*.

"We danced together many times," said Mr. Prince, "and at twelve o'clock she said that she must go, as her godmother would be sitting up for her and she had to get out to Hampstead by tube. I offered to take her home in a taxi, but she said she preferred to go alone, and left rather hurriedly. It was not until after she had gone that I discovered my loss, and the attendants found the glass slipper on the stairs."

The slipper, a small four, is of solid glass with an unusually high instep. Two elderly women of rough appearance, who created a disturbance in the ladies' cloak-room at the club, declaring that the slipper was their property, have been detained pending inquiries.

* * *

"I KILLED LECOCQUE ROBIN!"

UNEMPLOYED YOUNGSTER'S STRANGE DELUSION.

"I killed him! I shot him dead at twenty paces with my automatic!" was the extraordinary declaration made by a half-demented young man at an inquest on Lecocque Robin (47) held at Surbiton yesterday. Robin was found lying dead in the gutter outside the "Cat and Fiddle" public-house. He had a bullet-wound in his chest and a Browning pistol lay on the pavement near his hand. The jury brought in a verdict of "Suicide while of unsound mind."

Sebastian Sparrow (23), a cousin of deceased, who was in a highly-excited state when giving evidence, made the remarkable confession quoted above, but it was utterly discredited by two other witnesses, H. Fly, a municipal scavenger, who described how, as he came along the road, he saw Robin shoot himself, but was not near enough to prevent the deed, and Dr. Fish, who conducted a post-mortem examination of deceased. "I am positive," said the doctor, "that the wound was self-inflicted."

Sparrow, who had been out of work for many months, was handed over to the Court Missionary.

* * *

NEW LAMPS FOR OLD.

Charged with leaving his car without lights outside the Sesame Turkish Baths in Jermyn Street on Monday, Aladdin (36), who described himself as an old public-school boy, told the Bow Street magistrate that his side-lamps were defective. They had been given to him by an uncle, who had a grudge against him, in exchange for an old pair. Aladdin was fined thirty shillings.

* * *

SLEEPY SICKNESS AT COURT OF ANGOSTURA.

PRINCESS THE DOCTORS CANNOT WAKE.

Buda Pest, Tuesday.—Reuter.

An alarming outbreak of *encephalitis lethargica*, or "sleepy sickness," is reported from the State of Angostura. The inhabitants are falling asleep like flies and strenuously resisting all efforts to keep them awake. The medical authorities are in despair, and it is stated that a British warship has been ordered to Angostura with a supply of alarm-clocks of the latest pattern. The disease is said to have had its inception in the royal palace, the Princess Anæsthesia being the first victim. It seems she pricked her finger with a gramophone-needle and was immediately overcome with drowsiness. To an attendant who was putting on another record she said, "Oh, turn it off! I'm going to sleep. I'm going to sleep for a hundred years!"

The eminent specialist, Dr. Osculatius Küssman, who was responsible for exploding the theory that "kissing spreads consumption," has been summoned from Vienna and is hastening to Angostura by aeroplane.

A LIKELY STORY!

Found loitering in the Bird Sanctuary in Kensington Gardens at eleven o'clock on Saturday night, Arthur and Irene Goodchild, aged 17 and 21 respectively, were bound over at Paddington yesterday. When found they were in possession of a barrel of tar and a sack of feathers, and it is believed they had designs on the Rima statue. They said they had been sent by their wicked uncle, who hoped they would die of exposure so that he could draw the insurance money. "A likely story!" commented the magistrate.

* * *

"I sent him out to sell the cow and he came home too full of beans," said a mother at Willesden Police Court yesterday when her son Jack (14) was charged with stealing a ukulele and a Buff Orpington hen from the Gigantica Stores, Finchley Road.

"I'll give him beans," remarked the magistrate. He ordered the boy ten cuts with the cane and to be sent to an institution for two years.

* * *

A CORNER IN PUDDING.

Mr. Jonathan K. Horner, the well-known New England financier, has made a corner in canned puddings. "Yeah," he told a *Daily Wizard* representative, "I'm always on the look-out for plums, and I sure have a finger in most every pie. This proposition looks good to me."

* * *

TOO PROUD TO WORK.

To the Editor, "Daily Wizard."

DEAR SIR,—On returning home last night from the pictures with my wife and daughter I found a young woman fast asleep in my daughter's bed. She had helped herself liberally to sherry from the sideboard and had smashed the loud pedal of the piano. Before telephoning for the police I questioned her. She gave her name as Goldilocks, and declared that she had been unemployed for a long time and could not keep herself on the dole. I asked her why she did not go into service as she seemed a smart girl, but she replied that domestic service was "degrading." *Verb sap.*

Yours, etc., URSA MAJOR.

Commercial Candour.

"COURTESY WEEK
PRIOR TO
ANNUAL SALE."
Poster in Manchester.

"It was a daring peroration, and Mr. Churchill sat down promptly upon it."
Newcastle Paper.

That would certainly be the end of it.



First Gent. "'AVE YER TRIED THIS 'ERE FOREIGN PORT?"
Second Gent. "FOREIGN PORT! WOT'S THE COUNTRY COMIN' TO? THERE'LL BE NOTHIN' ENGLISH LEFT SOON."

THINKING ABOUT THINKING.

WHEN Mr. J. W. DUNNE propounded the theory of Serialism in his book, *An Experiment with Time*, and returned to the attack in two broadcast talks, I doubt whether he had sufficiently considered the possibility of his remarks being explained by people like Pinleaf.

Pinleaf, as he has often been at pains to point out to me, has a special sort of mind that at once grasps the root of any new and superficially abstruse theory. He has not, however, the special sort of brain that would enable him to explain such a theory to others. This would not matter if he did not try to explain theories to others; but he does. He has tried to explain Serialism to me.

"The main idea you've got to get into your head," he began, "is one of *continuity*. On and on; you must think of a series of terms, as we call them, going on and on."

"On and on," I repeated, nodding, and made a tentative fisherman's gesture. "But what precisely do you mean by *terms*?"

"I was just going to explain that," said Pinleaf cheerfully. "For the moment just think of them as places occupied by an observer; think of the series as a series of observers."

At once I thought of Mr. GARVIN's Sunday organ. I pictured a series of it, week by week. "These *Observers*——" I began.

"And now," interrupted Pinleaf earnestly, "when you've grasped that, you've got to realise that all these terms or observers are, as it were, one inside another. Each successive one surrounds the one before."

"Like a lot of whitings," I said brightly. But then I realised that this was a false analogy. Whitings, if you understand me, surround only them-

selves. But there is a certain species of snake—— "Or snakes," I added.

"The idea you've got to get into your head," said Pinleaf, "is that old business of Chinese boxes—one box inside another, you know, the boxes getting bigger and bigger until you get to the biggest box; only in this case, of course, there isn't any biggest box."

"No biggest box?" I said, dismayed.

"No," said Pinleaf. "They just go on and on, getting bigger and bigger, but never biggest. Can you get that idea into your head?"

I recalled my tentative fisherman's gesture, intended to represent the terms going on and on, and realised with shame how pitifully inadequate it had become.

"Only, of course," Pinleaf added before I could speak, "the terms aren't like boxes in this case, because those boxes had open tops so that you could put other ones inside them. These terms haven't any open tops, as it were. The idea you've got to get into your head is that idea, only with spheres, if you see what I mean, instead of boxes."

"This idea you wish to convey to me, Pinleaf," I said, "is the idea of a series of places occupied by an observer in the form of a sphere without an open top surrounding the one before it and getting bigger and bigger, but never biggest, going on and on. Am I right?"

"More or less," Pinleaf agreed. "Can you imagine that?"

I tried to imagine it. I have, I think, as good an imagination as most people but I am bound to admit that when I set it at this fence it failed even to take off.

"No," I replied.

"Ah, well," said Pinleaf cheerfully, "perhaps you can grasp the direct idea more easily. Now, think."

"What about?"

"Are you thinking?"

"You haven't told me what to think about."

"It doesn't matter," Pinleaf replied. "Just think."

"All right," I said with a meek air; "I'm thinking."

It was perhaps as well he did not want to know what about.

"Exactly," said Pinleaf, pouncing on this damaging admission. "You say you're thinking. Now, to say that, you must be thinking, mustn't you?"

"I just told you I was," I said crossly.

"I don't mean that," Pinleaf said patiently. "What I mean is that, to say that, you must be thinking about yourself *thinking*. Mustn't you? Think now."



Musician (to new partner with whistle). "NOW YOU 'VE GOT TO BLOW AS 'ARD AS YOU CAN T' DROWN ME 'COS I CAN'T PLAY THIS INSTRUMENT PROPERLY YET."

"What about?"

"Well, if you like," said Pinleaf in the utmost good-humour, "think about yourself thinking about yourself thinking. You ought to be able to do that easily."

"One moment, Pinleaf," I said. "I want to get this right. What precisely is it that you want me to be thinking about myself thinking about myself thinking *about*?"

"Anything," said Pinleaf, and waved his arm expansively.

I thought dizzily about myself thinking about myself thinking about anything. The structure was very precarious. I shut my eyes and spoke quietly so as not to disturb it.

"I'm doing it," I said.

"Well, now," said Pinleaf briskly, "if you're thinking about yourself thinking about yourself thinking, and you *know* you're thinking about that, that assumes four separate beings or minds altogether, doesn't it? Your own ordinary mind and three observers."

Into my reeling brain there stealthily crept three Low cartoons of Mr. J. L. GARVIN and three photographs of Mr. J. C. SQUIRE. My laboriously-built edifice of thought began to totter.

"The point is, there's no reason for the series to stop at *three* observers," Pinleaf was proceeding happily. "They go on and on."

An infinite series of TORQUEMADA puzzles presented themselves to my vision. The edifice fell with a crash. I opened my eyes.

"I'm sorry," I said. "It's no good. Perhaps you could lend me the book?"

Pinleaf's face fell. He really likes explaining.

"No, but look here, old man——" he began again.

Does Mr. DUNNE realise the existence of people like Pinleaf? Because, if not, he should be warned. They are doing his theory incalculable harm.

A Blessing in Disguise.

A film-actress says that it is extremely difficult for film folk to recognise their own voices from a talking film.

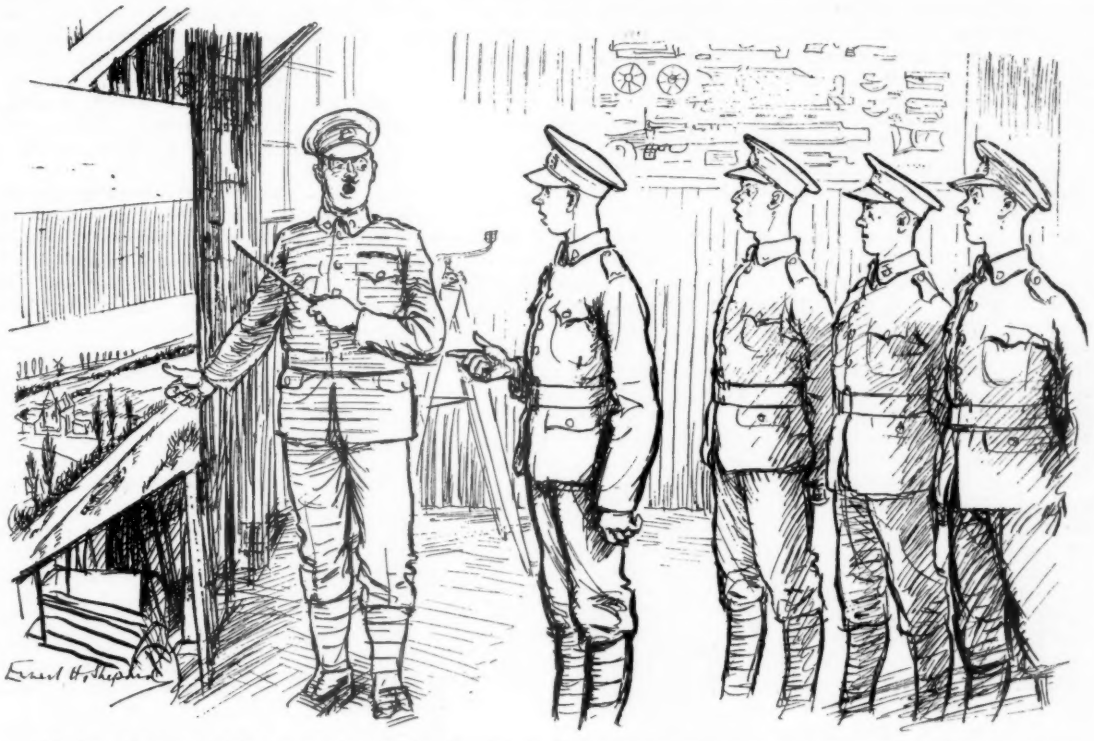
More Effeminacy at Oxford.

"J. A. Adamson, the Oxford Blue and England trial man, is still suffering from the bite on the arm he sustained in one of the earliest college games of the season."—*Sunday Paper.*

The Strange Interlude at the Lyric Theatre: The dinner interval between eight and nine o'clock.

"The following has been recommended for the degree of Ph.D.:—William Arthur ——. Title of thesis: 'The Longitudinal Impact of Bars with Rounded Ends.'"
Yorkshire Paper.

This work should prove of absorbing interest to anyone who has had an accident with a dumb-bell.



Musketry Sergeant (giving instruction in visual training). "NOW WE TAKE THE LANDSCAPE TARGET. DESCRIBE THIS LINE."

Recruit. "ON THE RIGHT I SEE A HEDGE."

Sergeant. "ONE MINUTE. IN THE HARMY WE DON'T CALL A 'EDGE A 'EDGE, WE CALLS IT A 'EDGEROW. THE REASON BEING THAT IF WE TALKED ABOUT 'EDGES THE SQUAD MIGHT THINK WE MEANT A HEDGE LIKE THE HEDGE OF THIS 'ERE BOARD."

MOUNT POPOCATEPETL.

TIED to the desk at college,
Lore of the land and sea,
Rivers and capes and similar knowledge
Never appealed to me;
Physical "geog." my senses galled;
It put me off my mettle,
Save for a single mountain called
Mount Popocatepetl.

Joy of my life! And why, Sir?
Follow the compass round,
Where can you point to a name that's nicer,
Sample as sweet a sound?
Travel the earth from pole to pole;
No feature, dry or wet, 'll
Match in its name the stately roll
Of Popocatepetl.

"Steady; it's not so easy;
Many a river and bay—
Botany, Guadalquivir, Zambesi—
Challenges it," you say.
Not for a moment! Musical ears
Such names would quickly nettle;
Pretty, perhaps, but far from peers
Of Popocatepetl.

Give to the lakes a stanza;
Many the names that please—
Galilee, Eyre, Kivu Nyanza,
Lake of the Woods, Louise;
Mellow the Maori styles, Taupo,
Waikite (Nature's kettle)—
Not of the rhythm and grandeur, though,
Of Popocatepetl.

"Songs to the Hill of Harrow
Many," you say, "will sing;
Sea of Okhotsk and Kilimanjaro
Go with a rousing ring."
Though for a lyrical jig they'll pass,
No names you've mentioned yet'll
Satisfy me they're in the class
Of Popocatepetl.

"What of the pine-tree sungha
Crossing the swift Bhong Chu
Under the shadow of Kangchenjunga?
Poetry there," say you.
Poetry? Bah! Funereal names
That illustrate and settle
Fully the justice of my claims
For Popocatepetl.

Give up the contest, reader!
Own with a handsome grace
Yours is the part of eloquent pleader,
Mine is the winning case.
Love of debate is in your eyes,
You feel in fighting fettle;
Chuck up the brief and give the prize
To Popocatepetl! C. B.

An Apology Which Impends.

"OLD ENGLISH by Sir John Galsworthy. And what a grand old sinner he was."
Cinema Advt. in Bournemouth Paper.

Exercises for the Unimaginative.

"One can imagine the effect of a ride in a tube-train on a reindeer."—*Scots Paper.*

In Exercise Two imagine the effect of an endeavour to ski-run down Piccadilly on a pterodactyl.

"We cannot believe that the public will take the operation of the Lord's Day Observance Act (regarding the closing of cinemas on Sundays) sitting down."—*Morning Paper.*

Standing room only?

" . . . the Bodleian Library with such treasures as the manuscript of Wycliffe's Bible and of Shelley's 'Prometheus' unbound."—*Toronto University Paper.*

We have always thought it a great pity that MILTON'S "Paradise" was lost.

SIMPLE STORIES.

ALI-BALOO AND HIS WIVES.

ONCE there was a sherbet manufacturer called Ali-Baloo who had got on very well in his business because his country had always gone in for Prohibition which was part of their religion, and there weren't any bootleggers there as they would have made them drink boiling oil if they had caught them, so nobody drank any wine except a few poets who liked to be different from other people and found that their poetry came out very dull without it. And Ali-Baloo manufactured very delicious sherbet flavoured with pineapple and advertised it well in all the bazaars, so he soon got quite rich and moved into a nice house with a lovely garden full of roses and fountains and bulbuls, and he was happy there except that he didn't care much for any of his wives, and when he wanted to take a little stroll in the evening after his banquet and listen to the bulbuls there wasn't one of them that didn't rather spoil it for him.

Well he was allowed by his religion to have as many wives as he liked so long as he treated them kindly and kept them shut up in his harem, and you would think that he might have married a few more when he got rich enough and taken his chance of finding one that would have suited him. But he knew he would get into awful trouble with his head wife whose name was Sara if he did that, and he liked peace in his home.

But he never did get any peace because Sara was always nagging at him about something, and when he came home tired from his business and just wanted to sit quietly by a bed of violets and smoke his hookah till it was time to have a shampoo and get ready for the banquet she was just beginning to get lively after sleeping all the afternoon in a hammock with a Nubian to fan her and wanted to hear about everything that had been happening, and if he didn't make it interesting enough she would go on at him and be so rude that he often felt inclined to ask his private muezzin if there was anything in his religion against having her removed by strangling or something like that. And he had a few younger wives but they were all rather silly and spent most of their time giggling, and besides Sara was so awful to them when he was out of the house if he had paid them any attention that they were rather inclined to keep out of his way.

Well one morning after Sara had been perfectly awful to him through her being so livery from not taking enough exercise he told his friend Bukhum about it as they were having a cup of coffee together and smoking their hookahs. And Bukhum said well I always thought there was something wrong with your harem as you left off marrying some time ago. Now I get on very well with my old Sheba, she isn't exactly a houri, though she was when I married her, but she is an old poppet and makes me laugh. Still I like to see new faces about me and what I always say if you once lose the habit of marrying you might just as well sit down and order your tomb.



"WELL SARA WAS SIMPLY FURIOUS WHEN THEY CAME HOME."

And Ali-Baloo said doesn't Sheba object when you bring home a new wife? And he said oh lor no, she likes to have young things about her and she knows I should always love her best because we have grown old together, and at my age I'm not so wrapped up in houris as I used to be.

And Ali-Baloo said the trouble with me would be that if I found an houri that I liked *I shouldn't* love Sara best. And Bukhum said well I don't believe in interfering with another man's harem, it only makes trouble, but my advice to you is to come round to the slave-market, there was a good caravan in this morning, and if you find a houri that suits you buy her and marry her at once, I will be your best man, and take her home and tell Sara that if she doesn't like it she can do the other thing.

So they went round to the slave-market and there was a most lovely Caucasian slave there called Rose with blue eyes and fair hair and Ali-Baloo quite fell in love with her, and she said she shouldn't mind marrying him a bit as he looked kind and she was tired of camels and caravans and wanted a comfortable home.

Well Rose was terribly expensive as there was a great demand for Caucasians, but Bukhum said if you don't buy her I shall, I married a new wife only last month and I haven't got tired of her yet, but Rose is such a nice girl as well as being pretty, and personally I don't consider her expensive. And Ali-Baloo thought it would be dreadful if Rose had to be married to somebody as old as Bukhum though he was only a year older than he was himself, so he haggled a little more and then bought Rose and took her straight to a mosque and married her, and then he took her home in a calash and Bukhum threw one of his slippers after them for luck.

Well Sara was simply furious when they came home and she said Ali-Baloo ought to be ashamed of himself spending so much money without telling her, and she said she wouldn't have minded if Rose had been decently good-looking because she knew what men were, but to go and marry a skinny washed-out dough-coloured foreigner like that was beyond everything and he was to take her straight back to the slave-market again and sell her for what she would fetch.

Well Rose was very gentle and nice but she couldn't quite stand that and she said to Sara if I were as old and fat and ugly as you I should keep a bit quieter, and she said to Ali-Baloo I have taken a dislike to this woman, kindly tell your Nubians to sew her up in a sack with some stones in it and throw her into a pond. And then she sailed into the harem and made friends with the other wives and told them that she meant to be mistress in the house but if they behaved them-

selves they wouldn't have anything to grumble about. And they were quite pleased with the change and giggled a lot.

Well Ali-Baloo wasn't quite ready to drown Sara, but he told her that he was going to pension her off, and she flew at him and tried to scratch his eyes out and he had to call out for his Nubians, and they carried her off screaming and locked her up.

Well the marriage with Rose was quite a success, and when Sara found that she couldn't have her own way any more she calmed down and became a sort of aunt to the other wives and looked after Ali-Baloo's clothes for him and brushed his turbans. And he used to have little conversations with her about old times, which she had enjoyed more than he had, but he didn't tell her so and peace reigned in his home. But it was always Rose he went out into the garden with to listen to the bulbuls, and she was the last wife he ever married though he grew so rich that he could have afforded to have plenty more if he had wanted them. A. M.

HATE-LETTERS.

WE all know now that writing of love-letters is not a lost art. A popular newspaper has proved it. But what about the expression of hate? Can modern men and women write hate-letters? They CAN. I give below a selection:—

MY DAMNEDEST,—You ask me if I really hate you. How can you? I do, my fungus, more than anything in all the world. It is a month since I saw you, but life still seems full of foul fog. I walked out to-day along by the gas-works and thought of you. My landlady brought me poison-mutton and cold potatoes on a filthy plate, and your vision rose before me. To see you sitting opposite me at the breakfast-table every morning would give me seven different kinds of pernicious anæmia. I hate you. I hate you.

Bad-night, DESMOND.

HATEFULLEST,—Your Adam's-apple still haunts me. Why don't you have it removed? I shudder to think that it is possible we may meet again. The memory of your clammy hand lies like a long-dead codfish on my heart. Come back to me never, my chinless wonder, or I die. MARY.

BEHATED ONE,—I am trying to express in words those thoughts and feelings which tongue-tie me in your sour presence. Dreadfullest, do you realise what joy you raised in my heart last night when you hissed (though they contained no sibilants) those lovely words, "I hate you! I hate you!" Their song has been with me all day, lightening every labour. I will try to make myself worthy of the great hate you bear me. Fare-ill (I hope for ever).

YOUR DETESTER.

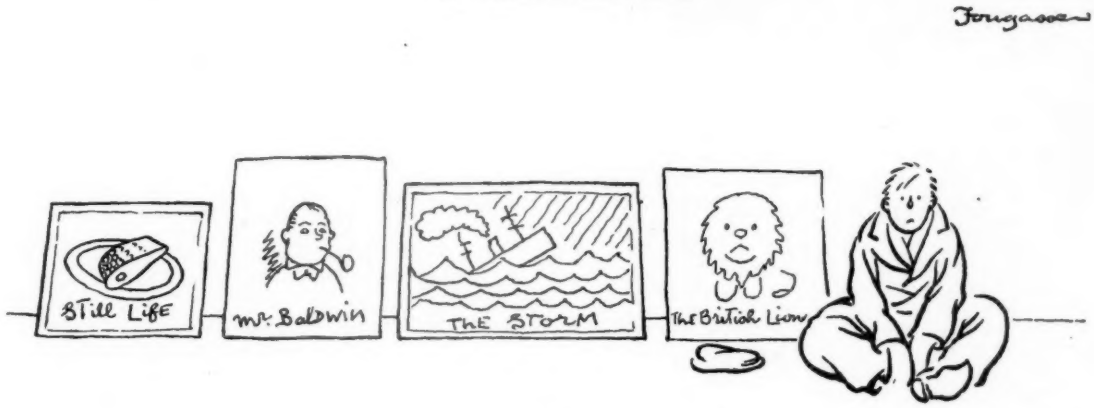
Shy people may enter this competition without a qualm, as their names and addresses will not be printed with the letters. J. B. N.

Things Which Might Have Been More Prettily Expressed.

"The M.C.C.'s chapter of accidents in South Africa has been further added to by the news that Duckworth, the Lancashire and England wicket-keeper, was rescued from drowning while bathing at East London."

Egyptian Paper.

THE COMMERCIAL AGE.



ACT I.



ACT II.



MANNERS AND MODES: THE LATEST LINES.

She. "THAT'S A PRETTY WOMAN."
He. "WHICH? THE ONE IN THE BATH WRAP OR THE ONE IN SURGICAL BANDAGES?"

IN MILDMOUTH NOW.

In that sequestered place where I abode
(The Tamarisk Hotel, Laburnum Road),
In Mildmouth, which is on the southern sea,
The very motor-cars moved silently;
All life did seem
To pass as in a dream.

For somebody at breakfast-time would say,
"Shall we go out a little while to-day?
There seems to be no rime upon the lawn;
I think to-day, my dear, we might be drawn
In this mild air
About in a bath-chair?"

And he or she would answer with a grunt,
"It is too cold to-day upon the front;
Better to read a book till luncheon come
By the warm pipes in the solarium;
This afternoon
The wind may be more boon."

Meanwhile the sun shone and the sky was blue;
The Shetland ponies came by two and two,
Conveying hourly at undangerous speeds
The hardier types amongst the invalids,
Sheltered abaft
With shawls against the draught.

And Nature seemed to know her part, and thus
Had planted infinite euonymus
And dark-leaved rhododendrons, brake by brake,
And all that Nature had not done to make
Earth bright and glad,
The Borough Council had.

With various seats it set the winding paths,
It made the sea yield up warm-water baths,
It built the public lift that seldom jams,
It regulated the electric trams;
Each murmuring pine
Said, "Council! I am thine."

This only made me anxious to be gone
From that dear valley of Avilion—
That those who have been there for seventeen years
Regard with deep contempt and hidden jeers
Mere *parvenus*
Recovering from flu. EVOE.

Another Crossed Strain on the Tree of Metaphor.

"Of course it is fully realised that a good case against the Premier cannot be made out, so every little pinprick must be fed and watered."—*North-Country Paper.*

"In Commons, Mr. Lansbury said he had decided to ask Mr. Hardiman to execute the Haig statue."—*Evening Paper.*

It is hoped that the execution will not be public.



"AN EMPIRE'S LAMENTATION."

HAWKE'S BAY, NEW ZEALAND; FEB. 3, 1931.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, February 2nd.—The House had a sort of Zoological Day—rats, foxes, deer, pigeons and Colorado beetles all being the subject of anxious inquiry by agricultural and humanitarian Members. The MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE indicated that his attitude towards *Chrysomela decemlineata* is one of watchful waiting. This may have satisfied the hon. Member for Ormskirk, but it will not satisfy the British potato-grower, who, as somebody has pointed out, is being ravaged by that far more pestilent insect, *Cobdenius dumpifer*.

Equestrian dreams in stone are a sore point with Mr. LANSBURY just at the moment. At any rate he was by no means his amiable avuncular self when he tartly informed Sir N. GRATTAN-DOYLE—who referred to the unsuitability of the two statues of Earl HAIG that had been proposed—that he was "only aware of great diversity of opinion among certain people who write to the newspapers." Perhaps Uncle Peter Pan, who is certain to become *ære perennius* if only for saving Rotten Row from his colleagues' proletarian fury, secretly fears that he too may have to ride down the grooves of time on an art horse.

Subtlety is not exactly written on Mr. HACKING's honest brow, but you never can tell. What, he asked the P.M.G., had been the cost of the extra staff required to cope with Irish sweepstake correspondence? Mr. LEES-SMITH replied in tones of virtuous self-satisfaction that no extra staff had been required. Then how on earth had the ordinary staff managed to fill in their time before all this extra work had been allocated to them? asked Mr. HACKING. Mr. LEES-SMITH seemed a bit taken aback, but finally intimated that the extra work involved was a mere bagatelle.

Mr. CLYNES is a gentle Home Secretary, and it is to be regretted that a lack of the ruder elements in him, while it does not prevent Nature from standing up and saying, "Here is a man!" does diminish the occasions on which he might stand up and say, "Here is a Bill." He said it to-day, cogently if not very entertainingly, the Bill being the Representation of the People (No. 2) Bill, better known as the Electoral Reform Bill.



THE HOBBY-HORSEMAN.

Design for an equestrian statue to be erected in honour of Mr. LANSBURY.

Mr. CLYNES began weakly, for when he asked himself (rather superfluously) by what "previous statements and public declarations" the Government had entitled itself to spring this Bill on Parliament he could only urge that in *Labour and the Nation* his Party had "by implication" reserved to itself the right to secure a more fitting political instrument to implement the Party's programme. For the rest, Mr. CLYNES was at great pains to prove to the satisfaction of the most Convocationally-minded parson that the university vote did not accurately reflect the brains (as opposed to the cruder political emotions) of the country. He was even less happy in his efforts to satisfy the inexorable democrats behind him that the City's monopoly of financial genius entitled it to retain its own particular Members.

It seemed that Sir SAMUEL HOARE, who led off his opposition to the Bill by a quotation from the "Heathen Chinee," might have carried the matter a bit further. "We are ruined by Chinese cheap labour," murmured *Bill Nye*. Sir SAMUEL was concerned to point out that while the British workman was being ruined by all sorts of cheap foreign labour the Government elected by his votes was only concerned with ruining itself and the Tory Party with cheap Liberal seats.

The real defence of the measure fell, as might be expected, to Sir HERBERT SAMUEL. There is a mass of evidence, historical and mathematical, to prove that our present electoral system is not accurately representative, and Sir HERBERT presented most of it to the House. The Rev. Mr. LANG scandalised his Labour colleagues by pleading for the retention of the University vote—a plea which, one fears, may have merely hardened their belief that it is cast not by eminent academics but by country parsons who have kept their names on the books.

Mr. BUCHAN expressed the one really fundamental objection to the Bill when he urged that our constitution has never envisaged government by an absolute majority of votes cast on a party basis, but has sought to put into power for the time being the party having the greatest number of followers who desire a positive thing. He was followed by Sir ERNEST BENNETT, who made hay of the University vote, by Lord ERSKINE, who made hash of the alternative vote, and by the MINISTER OF HEALTH, who



MR. MAXTON KICKS OFF FOR THE CLYDESDALE ALL REDS.

Fifteen Members of the Left Wing of the Labour Party have handed in a series of Amendments to the Electoral Reform Bill, including one that demands the deletion of the clause dealing with the Alternative Vote.

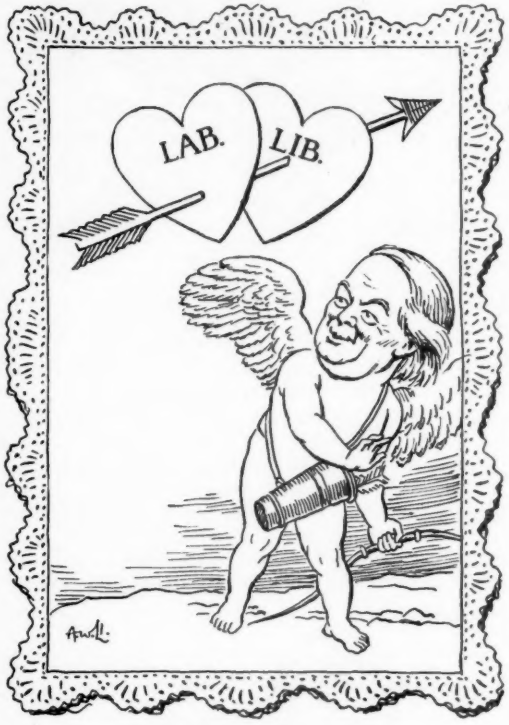
endeavoured with no great success to make mincemeat of the Tory Party.

Tuesday, February 3rd.—"We do not want the country turned into a sort of preserve for ancient monuments," declared Lord BANBURY stoutly and with an eye, as it seemed to some, on the vacant seat usually occupied by Lord PARMOOR. In this spirit and with only one division their Lordships in Committee duly amended the Ancient Monuments Bill.

In the House of Commons a suggestion from the Member for Kidderminster, that the Government should consider the application of the carpet-making industry for a spot of safeguarding, left Mr. GRAHAM cold. At the moment the Government is solely concerned with protecting the magic carpet of Liberal support.

Contributors to the remaining half of the debate on the Second Reading of the Electoral Reform Bill evidently felt that, as everything useful had been said on the previous day, it was up to them to put a little ginger into the proceedings. Sir HILTON YOUNG began by likening Mr. LLOYD GEORGE to AL CAPONE and his methods to those of the racketeers. The simile could not well be pressed, however, for, though Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has undoubtedly held the pistol of Dissolution to the Government's head, crying, "An Electoral Reform Bill or your life!" there is no certainty that the gunman's code will save the Government from being put "on the spot" whenever the Liberal gangsters deem the occasion ripe. The PRIME MINISTER twitted Conservatives for wanting to remain in power when they could not remain in office, and declared, quite incorrectly, that the alternative vote was "a system for securing mathematical representation of minorities." Mr. OLIVER STANLEY, having wrung from Mr. CLYNES the confession that he had left his name on the list of vice-presidents of the Proportional Representation Society through mere carelessness, inquired if the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, the SECRETARY FOR THE DOMINIONS and Lord PARMOOR had also been merely careless, and congratulated the PRIME MINISTER on being able to "stand out against the powerful opinion of his colleagues." Mr. MAXTON said he would have used his influence with the Government against the Bill—if he had had any. He saw no "vitalising streams" coming into either the party of progress or the party of reaction under a system which treated the bulk of Members as a mere voting machine.

Mr. DEVLIN gave a sparkling demonstration not only of the vitality of his own personality but of the liveliness that should inform a first-class debating speech. Needless to say he favoured the Bill without regarding it as "completely satisfying." Subsequent speakers said nothing fresh, if we except Mr. AMERY's suggestion that the principle of the alternative vote was "vote wrong and vote often." The Second Reading of the Bill was passed by a useful majority of 65.



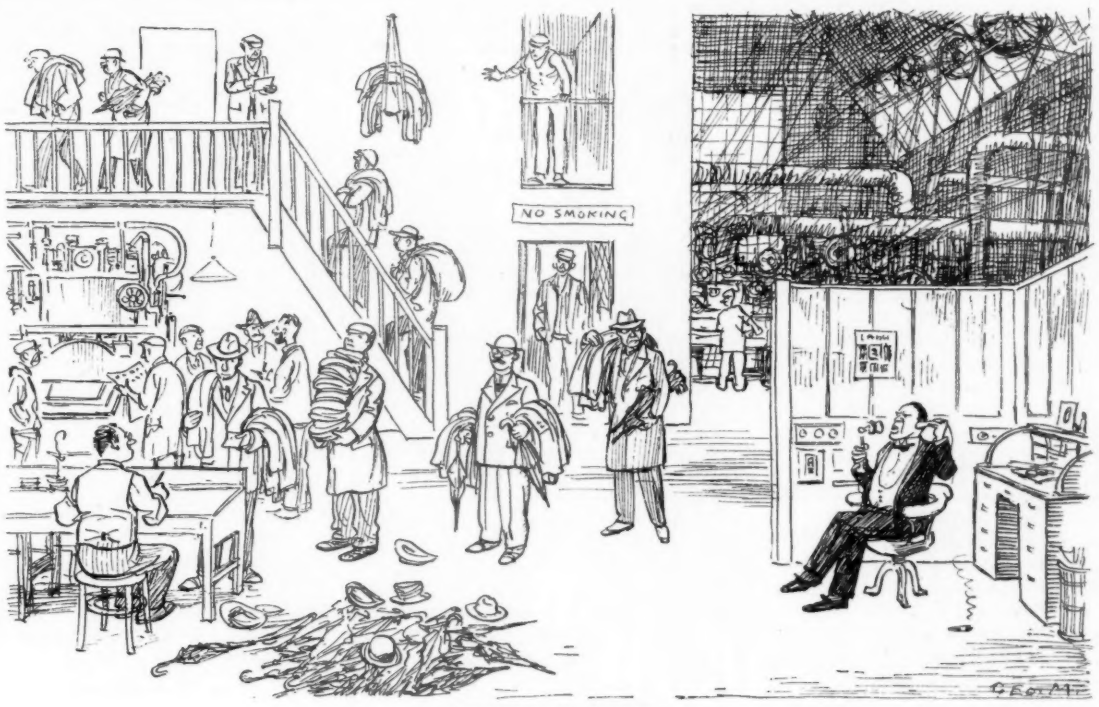
"A KNAVISH LAD."
MR. LLOYD GEORGE.
(St. Valentine's Day.)

Wednesday, February 4th.—In a frenzy of determination to preserve *something* from democracy's disintegrating grip their Lordships proceeded to stuff a few more *verbotens* into the Bill to permit the British Museum and National Gallery Trustees to send objects from the national collections on loan overseas. One Amendment limited the lending power to objects of a more recent date than 1600, Lord MERSEY having conjured up a horrifying picture of *Domesday Book* being posted off to "Big Bill" for a British Exposition at Chicago. A suggestion of Lord AMULREE that pictures might be lent for the embellishment of our far-flung British Embassies was rejected, although Lord ULLSWATER pointed out in a most tactful way that there were plenty of pictures in the collections concerned that could reasonably be dispersed from the cellars without the Trustees losing any sleep over their safety.

Dr. ADDISON may bring in Bills for supplying British agriculture with the great open spaces where wheat is wheat, but he will never persuade the House of Commons to hanker for the great outdoors where men are men. It hankered for it so little that it went on discussing the Report stage of the Land Utilisation Bill until long after the morning milk had gone its rounds.

Meanwhile the milk of Parliamentary kindness had long run dry, and Members alternately tramped with set jaws into the Division Lobbies or shouted unpleasantries, spied strangers, whistled, misquoted KIPLING and otherwise behaved with notable lack of decorum. The one bright moment came when a complaint about the coldness of the Chamber was uttered, appropriately enough, by a gentleman of the name of MUFF.

Thursday, February 5th.—While the Commons were getting all the available satisfaction out of verbal duels between Sir KINGSLEY WOOD and Mr. SNOWDEN on the subject of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S proposals (to revise the incidence of taxation) and between the PRIME MINISTER and Mr. MAXTON (who wants the Government to take over the cotton industry) and (on the motion for Adjournment) were listening with bated breath while Mr. SNOWDEN informed Mr. CHURCHILL that never, never, never would he dream of raising a spectacular National Development Loan, Lords NEWTON, PHILLIMORE, BRENTFORD, HAILSHAM and the Bishop of DURHAM were pouring the vials of their oratory on the Government for its continued indifference to the dumping in this country of Russian slave-produced timber. Lord PONSONBY strove to defend an indefensible position, but all he said really amounted to a plea that, while everybody knew there was industrial slavery in Russia, nobody could prove it, and so the Government could not be expected to do anything about it.



STUDIES IN CRIME.

THE MASTER-MIND DIRECTING THE OPERATIONS OF THE FORGED CLOAK-ROOM TICKET SYNDICATE.

A FABLE OF THE DOLE.

THERE was once a Factory Girl who earned a Modest but Sufficient Livelihood by Joining Soles to Uppers. And it came to pass in the Latter Days that there was Unemployment in the Land so that the Factory Girl lost her Job and was fain to exist upon the Dole. For three years lived she thus in Peace.

And in the third year there arose a Lady of High Degree, even One who sat amongst the Rulers of that Country, and she conceived the Idea of issuing a Decree to the End that the Factory Girl, being no longer able to join Soles to Uppers owing to the Poverty of the Land, should enter Domestic Service.

Then was there a great Outcry amongst the People; and their Leaders declared that it was a Crying Shame to expect a Girl to do any Work she had not done heretofore. And the Factory Girl protested that she was Totally Unfitted to do Domestic Work.

Wherefore the Rulers Bowed their Heads and left her in Peace upon the Dole.

Now it came to pass that a Goodly Man and Fair cast his Eyes upon the Girl and behold she found Favour in his Sight. And he besought her that she would Walk Out with him. And she Did so.

And when they had Walked Out for threescore days and ten the Girl spake unto the Young Man and said thus unto him, "Wot abaht it?"

And he made answer, saying, "Wot abaht wot?"

Then spake she unto him Softly and told him all that was in her Heart, how that she deemed it High Time that he made unto her a Proposal of Wedlock, and so secured a Good Wife.

But he answered her and said, "Nay, not so. For lo this Long Time hast thou existed upon the Dole for Reason that thou art Totally Unfitted to do Domestic Work. How then shouldst thou make a Good Wife? For Looks are but Vanity and Beauty passeth away, but the Skill to prepare Baked Meats and all manner of Savoury Messes lasteth even until a woman Dies."

Then the Factory Girl rent her Three-Piece Garment and lifted up her Voice and Wept.

But the Young Man Hardened his Heart, and he took unto himself a Wife from amongst those who were not Totally Unfitted for Domestic Work. And his Days were Long in the Land.

"... the Monday newspapers (printed on Sunday, in defiance of the law as ordained by Elizabeth Rex)...."—*Kent Paper.*

Any relation of our Dora JIX?

CHAFFINCHES.

HOPE that is lively yet,
Faith in a constant dream—
Heedless of Winter's threat,
Small birds flutter and gleam;
Led by an unseen star,
Warmed by an inward heat,
Gathered from fields afar,
See how the finches meet.

Plotting for months ahead,
Planning the moss-built nest,
Atoms of grey with red
Splashed on the throat and breast
Flicker and wheel and talk
Down in the birdland street,
Fringed by the holly-walk—
That's where the finches meet.

Spring in the flashing eyes,
Bloom on the rainbow wings,
Each one sings as he flies,
Each one flies as he sings;
Heralds of brighter day
Quicken the pulse's beat;
Visions and scents of May
Come when the finches meet.

Court News.

"A royal surgeon, measuring 6ft. in length and landed at Buckie, was sold for £4 5*s*."
West-Country Paper.

We are reassured to learn that Lord MOYNIHAN is still at large.



The Lady. "HOW 'S THE NEW CAR GOING?"
The Man. "OH, TOPPING! THE ONLY TIME I WALK NOW IS WHEN I DANCE."

OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

THE French Foreign Legion has been generally accepted for the last fifty years as being the final resort of those who have lost all hope in life and to whom further existence is a burden. Herbert and I, however, have discovered a job or means of livelihood by the side of which life in the Foreign Legion is a whirl of gaiety. The post in question is that of farrash in one of our desert rest-houses. The correct translation of the word "farrash" is bed-maker. He is the man in charge of the rest-house, who puts the white table-cloths on the beds and the sheets on the dining-room table. He has also other tasks, like using the carving-knife to chop wood, putting paraffin in all the saucepans and making holes in mosquito-nets.

Our desert consists of fifty thousand square miles of "damn all," as an Australian Light Horseman aptly described it during the War, and in the most desolate parts, where nothing obstructs the view for thirty miles, our police-posts and rest-houses are erected. So far we have not contrived to attract the cream of humanity to serve as farrashes. As a profession it has no future, for the only thing that ever occurs to break the monotony is the arrival of an inspector in a particularly foul frame of mind after eighty miles' bumping across the desert, who finds fault with everything; so we have to rely on the scourings of the Beduin population to fill these important posts. They are not a success, as even in the best Beduin circles bed-linen consists of the clothes you stand up in and fingers obviate the use of knives and forks, so that our applicants for the job are unversed in the amenities of civilisation.

It was on a return from a tour of inspection, when Herbert had found a litter of new-born Saluki pups in the bed and some ancient sardines maturing in the teapot, that he suggested the employment of trained Egyptian servants in the rest-houses. I pointed out to him that as a cat hates water so does this race loathe the desert, and that no Egyptian would remain in our rest-houses for five minutes, even if the pay were equal to that of a Cabinet Minister, with an assured entry into Paradise later on.

"But," said Herbert, "they will be marooned there. They can't possibly get away, and so there they will have to stop, and being there they will perforce keep the places clean."

Herbert got his own way, and a week later started from Headquarters with his five new farrashes for the five rest-houses loaded up in the cars, together with their kit and a basket of carrier-pigeons he was training with no marked success to fly with messages from the outposts. The farrashes did not look happy when they saw the desert stretching in front of them, but, as Herbert explained, they were up in the cars and could not get out, and he had purposely embarked them inside a garage facing a wall with the view of withholding their future from them as long as possible.

The first rest-house was forty miles away, and ten hours later, exactly thirty minutes after a carrier-pigeon—for Herbert's pigeons *will* go picnicking with the wild blue rock-pigeons—the first farrash arrived back at Headquarters. The second rest-house is seventy-five miles away, but its farrash had found a short cut and he arrived in twelve-and-a-half hours, beating his pigeon by a short head. After this I realised I was dealing with the world's best Marathon runners and, with the help of a stop-watch and clerk, worked out the timings of the remainder. Making due allowance for shortage of food and water and sandy going, Mohammed Abdul from rest-house number three won with an average of three-and-a-half miles an hour over a

ninety-mile course; and the fact that his pigeon never arrived gave him ten additional points. Number four I regretfully had to disqualify, as he had hired an Arab camel, and, as the local R.S.P.C.A. were greatly concerned over its condition on arrival, his name was erased from the list. Number five, who had been dumped some hundred-and-eighty miles away and should, on the timing of the others, have arrived in about two-and-a-half days, caused some concern till I heard that he had jumped a passing car and arrived in Suez five hours after taking over his post. As he apparently lacked the true sporting instinct he also was disqualified.

Herbert arrived back when the intense excitement over the race had died down. He wore the expression of a man who had deserved well of his country.

"Well, thank God that's finished," he said. "I've got them all nicely settled down to their jobs and the rest-house difficulty is solved."

"Not exactly," I replied; "but we've cleared up the carrier-pigeon trouble all right; we've proved that untrained Egyptian farrashes will come in from a desert post far quicker and with less desire to linger by the way than your pigeons. The winner has earned a prize and, as you were the instigator of the idea, I think you ought to give it."

As a result of these comments on his enterprise Herbert registered a deplorable lack of self-control, and in view of the sharp rise in his temperature I have recommended him to take a rest-house cure.

"STRUBE."

(With Mr. Punch's apologies and compliments.)

A ROSE by any other name
Would smell as rosy; all the same
It is important—yes, it is,
To know how STRUBE pronounces his.
For instance, does he rhyme with "tube"?
I cannot tell you. (Nor can STRUBE.)
Full many a wife informs her hubby
"The only man I love is STRUBE;"
While there are those who rudely dub
This brilliant little fellow STRUBE.
By others he is rhymed with "booby";
But somehow that does not suit STRUBE;
And I have heard the artist blubber
When men accosted him as STRUBE.
It is a fearful thing to think
Wherever Britons sit and drink,
In Madagascar and Ceylon,
And Africa and Kensington,
Where'er they speak the British tongue,
However far the Empire's flung,
All day our countrymen exclaim,
"How *does* this man pronounce his name?"
Canadians wake their wives at night
And mutter, "No, that can't be right."
Australians cooee through the scrub
"STROOB? STROOBY? STRUBBY? STROOBER? STRUB?"
We know the secrets of the sky
And how the stars behave, and why;
We know so much it makes us ill,
But this conundrum beats us still.
No doubt you think the simplest plan
Would be to *ask* the little man.
Well, you are wrong, for when I pounced
And said, "Hi! How are you pronounced?"
He took his horsewhip from the shelf
And said, "I do not know myself."
So we must leave it, I suppose—
The only thing that *no one* knows.

A. P. H.



"SO THAT'S WHY THEY HAVE A NET, GEORGE!"

Our Obliging Malefactors.

"Asked to give an undertaking to steal again —— did so before leaving the dock."
Newcastle Paper.

Varied Sport in 1931.

"BISHOP AND DOG RACING."—*Daily Paper.*

Would an electric dissenter be of sufficient interest to the dog?

AT THE PLAY.

"HAWK ISLAND" (COMEDY).

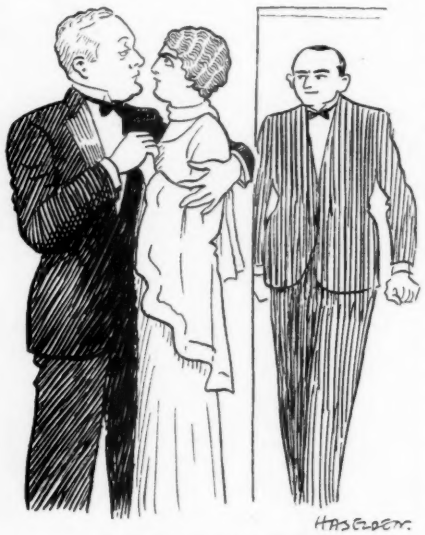
IT couldn't have been merely or even mainly post-influenzal misanthropy that made me wonder how *Gregory Sloane*, who was quite a good fellow, could have filled his nice house on Hawk Island with such nasty guests. For, apart from *Paul* (an old crony) and staunch little *Sally* (a distant connection), his visitors seemed to have as little love for him as he had for them. Just consider them. There was *Bryce*, a sensational novelist who specialised in murder; *Parish*, a chronic but craven lady-killer; *Austen*, a practising homicide, and some women of purely connubial importance.

The recreative delights of the island—the fishing that you and the sailing that I might have loved—meant nothing to them. Indeed their only diversion other than eating, drinking and worse was to clot together in *Gregory's* study and burble about crime. They stuck at nothing in pursuit of this hobby, from stealing each other's letters to piecing together the contents of the wastepaper-basket.

Bryce, I fancy, was chiefly to blame, for he was a headstrong best-seller to whom murder was a fine art, and the others were his diligent disciples and readers. At any rate there they sat in the gloaming constructing and reconstructing murders, with *Bryce* as their glibly didactic chairman. And even before the lights were turned up or the cocktails appeared, when only the revolving beam of the lighthouse and the livid portents of a coming storm defined the speakers, it was clear from their talk that our interest in the party would be mainly forensic.

As yet no one had actually qualified for the dock, though several deserved to be in it. Not, it is true, on the capital charge, but only for such minor offences as hardness of heart, vapidity of mind and gross abuse of hospitality. Small wonder that *Gregory*, driven to despair by such awful guests, had the bright idea of pretending to have shot *Parish* (with *Parish's* connivance) in order to give them a scare. Or that, being a decent soul, he made no allowance for such awkward contingencies as *Austen's* flair for homicide and the encouragement that flair had already been given by *Mrs. Austen's* relations with *Parish*.

Austen, it appeared, had long been waiting his chance to lace *Parish's* food with prussic acid, and kept a supply of that swift poison always on tap. Hitherto, however, he had never found the time and the place and the unloved one all together. But when *Gregory's* joke came off and before he could blow the gaff, *Austen* caught the supposedly murdered *Parish* haunting the house with a green torchlight to frighten the ladies. The success of *Gregory's* hoax assured him that for real murder there was no time like the present, so he pumped the contents of *Gregory's* revolver into *Parish's* vitals and left him indubitably dead on the hearthrug. And when *Gregory*, aroused by the shooting, was discovered by the others alone with the body the gaff obstinately and horridly refused to be blown.



STAGE INDISCRETION.

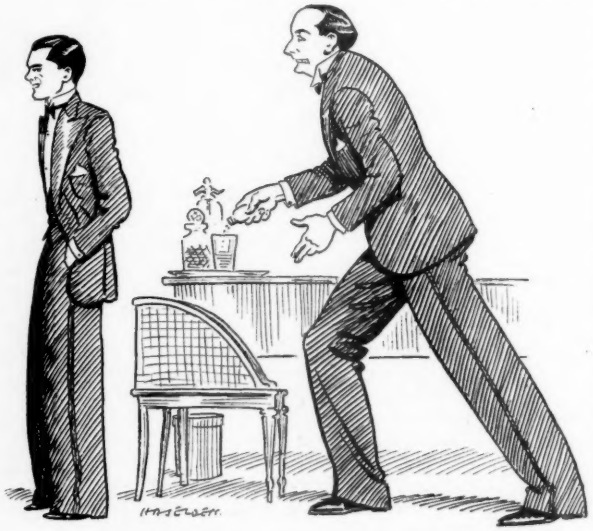
Donald Parish . . MR. EDGAR NORFOLK.
Madeline Austen . MISS MINNIE BLAGDEN.
Tom Austen . . . MR. HENRY HEWITT.

By this time the inhumanity of the guests—with such evidence before them they naturally wouldn't believe that *Gregory* was only a playboy murderer—had become a dramatic asset. It gave our forensic instincts their heads and set *Sally* and *Paul* in sympathetic relief. I won't be so unsporting as to disclose the means by which *Gregory* turned the tables on *Austen*, or tell how that callous fellow was eventually hoist with his own petard. Sufficient to say that a happy ending was ingeniously arrived at and that the play showed throughout a most disarming readiness to take one into its confidence without prejudice to the fun.

All the parts were well played, from Mr. HENRY HEWITT'S cold-blooded *Austen* to Mr. HERBERT ROSS'S faithful old butler. It is a compliment to Mr. EDGAR NORFOLK to say that when *Parish* dropped dead on the hearthrug I have seldom regretted a stage-death less, and to Mr. HUGH WILLIAMS to confess how relieved I was when *Gregory* escaped from the hangman's threatening noose to live happily ever after with staunch little *Sally*, whom Miss VERA LENNOX so gamely impersonated.

The other ladies of the piece were plentifully furnished with varying opportunities to scratch and to scream and took them wholeheartedly, Miss MINNIE BLAGDEN as *Austen's* unfaithful wife being perhaps the most generously served.

It is only fair to add that the play is more amusing entertainment than these priggish notes might suggest. Its moral would appear to be: Never play practical jokes on the wrong party or cry "Wolf! Wolf!" when the pack is within earshot and hungry. H.



WHISKY WITH A SPOT OF POISON.

Gregory Sloane . . . . . MR. HUGH WILLIAMS.
Tom Austen . . . . . MR. HENRY HEWITT.

"BED ROCK" (APOLLO).

There cannot very often have been a better exemplification of the truth i' the adage about "too many cooks" than this play, the work of no fewer than three experienced and successful playwrights—Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS, Mr. H. F. MALTBY and the late MACDONALD HASTINGS. One conjectures that it must have been left in the form of a scenario by the last-named writer and taken over by the other two, Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS addressing himself to the business of putting in the jokes and Mr. MALTBY to the providing of the sentiment and the psychology. We are told by some scientific gentlemen that if a higher ape with an immense box of letters fitted them together and broke them up time after time, he could—I hope I interpret the learned gentlemen aright—he could produce, he would inevitably produce, if he went on long enough, something as fine as *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. I have always been sceptical about this, owing, no doubt, to lack of scientific training. But I do think that possibly the process might produce something almost as surprising and incoherent as *Bed Rock*.

The scene opens upon the rugged beach of a lonely island in the Pacific, three hundred miles from Japan, the burial-place of a Japanese emperor. We were given time to take in the admirable setting contrived by Mr. F. L. LYNDHURST. Three pinnacles of plausibly rugged rock towered to the flies, enveloped in a most persuasive mist against a violent violet sky. Noises OFF proclaim the landing of a boatload of shipwrecked folk: a young suburban; a Franco-Italian dancer bound for Tokyo to fulfil a professional engagement; a mournful mean-spirited valet; a bluff, rich, good-looking, public-school Englishman; a maiden lady not past the susceptible age; a learned professor, equally susceptible; a beautiful blonde heroine; a gentleman, or hardly a gentleman (he turned out in fact to be the Registrar of Births, Deaths and Marriages in a London district), *Robinson* by name, who claimed relationship with *Crusoe* and the *Swiss Family*, and was annoyed to discover the rock ill-found with the eggs, turtles, bananas, water, useful gadgets and other conveniences on which he seemed to think he had hereditary claims. Clearly a comic character. The suburban youth and the dancing-girl were evidently conceived in the same vein—possibly by the same author.

And all might have been well if it hadn't transpired that the distressed blonde's *fiancé* had been seriously drowned before her eyes. She didn't love him, it appears, but he had carried her off her feet by his extracts from NIETZSCHE, his poetical conceptions of love, his general omniscience and his expert knowledge of wireless. She was now, in fact, in love with the hearty public-school man, who had the presence of mind to clinch his engagement with a few well-chosen words of criticism upon the dead man. He also takes charge in the true public-school manner of the company, organises a boat's-crew and rows out to the wreck for supplies. There isn't a blade of grass, a gull's-egg or a drop of water on the rock; so he brings off from the wreck, among other things, a bathing-tent and an immense case—the wireless transmitter set belonging to the dead man who alone knew how to work it—some clothes for the ladies, omitting with dull masculine imperceptiveness those intimate bifurcated garments from which it is thought there is still a certain sly humour to be extracted.

And then a seal approaches the shore. It has a lifebelt on. How odd! It turns out to be poor *Pertway*, the Nietzschean, unconscious. Artificial respiration (by brandy) is tried with immediate effect and *Pertway* takes the stage. He claims his beloved. Indeed he insists that the girl shall be his technically and completely before he will consent to send out the requisite S.O.S. Sensation! If this isn't good transpontinism, what is? The public-school boy comes up to scratch; nobly surrenders his beloved *Ann* to save her life. The man is mad, he says in effect. He loves you. Be happy with him.

Ann is so overcome by this that she faints. I was so overcome that I collected my gear softly and prepared to creep stealthily from the stalls—not before I had heard the Nietzschean, overcome with most *unter*-mannish remorse, declare that he knew not a thing about wireless and that the large case contained a hammock . . . Curtain of Second Act. Exit (sorrowfully) T.



THE STRONG MAN OF THE DESERT ISLAND PARTY.

Ann Shelton . . . MISS ZILLAH BATEMAN.
Lewis Guest . . . MR. IVAN SAMSON.

OUR MODISH HEROINES.

(*With grateful acknowledgments to "Corisande" of "The Evening Standard."*)

LIFE ON THE HOME FRONT.—Sports-women have been most unfairly divided into those who pursue big-game overseas and hunt lions at home. This is a gross libel on the stay-at-homes, who, though they escape the dangers which beset those who obey the "call of the wild," have none the less abundant opportunities for the display of energy, enterprise and altruistic devotion. The tax imposed on the strength and digestion of the modern Mayfair matron by obligatory social engagements grows ever more and more intense. As a great expert observes, "A luncheon and four or five cocktail-parties figure on the daily programme." Allowing two cocktails for each party—surely a modest allowance—one recognises that only women of iron constitutions can win through a season without contracting cirrhosis of the liver or some equally unpropitious malady. But the golden rule, "Never refuse a cocktail," must be observed, otherwise the whole fabric of Society would be undermined.

COOKS COURAGEOUS.—But rigid adherence to the principle *Noblesse oblige* is happily compatible with diversions which afford ample scope for the development of the civic and domestic virtues. These are children and cooking. To take the latter first, it is impossible not to recognise the vast strides which women have made in the cultivation of gastronomy since the days when

R. L. STEVENSON declared, not without good grounds, that, when left to themselves, they were content to subsist on tea and cake. The women of to-day not only appreciate good fare; they have become bold experimentalists in inventing new dishes. This is not mere assertion; it is capable of circumstantial proof. At a recent supper-party the hostess, Lady (Fluffy) Ruffles, pressed upon her guests an omelette of her own invention, composed of chopped chameleon, braised barnacles, caviare and caramels, with a dash of ammoniated quinine to correct the richness of the *ensemble*. It was pronounced excellent by the company, the only person, curiously enough, who declined to partake of it being Mrs. Mariquita Bowlong, the intrepid traveller, who has just returned from a hunting trip in Central and South Africa, in the course of which she lived for three months among the pygmies and narrowly escaped being eaten by crocodiles in the Limpopo river when her canoe was capsized in a hurricane.

MATERNAL DEVOTION.—Nothing illustrates the extraordinary maternal devotion of our Mayfair mothers more conclusively than the frequent parties arranged for very small children, to which mothers are also invited. I have known more than one instance in which a brilliant young Mayfair matron has quitted a game of "Contract" in order to return home and enjoy the society of baby on the drawing-room hearth-rug!

At one of the most successful of these infantile reunions recently given at her house in Portman Square by Lady Verbena Soper, the guests included Methuselah, the one-year-old son of Lady Miriam Timbrell; little Bunny Huggins, aged two-and-a-quarter, daughter of the Pittsburgh millionaire; Ginevra Cointreau, the three-year-old daughter of the Patagonian Ambassador; the Fitzboodle twins, Oofah and Loofah, and other interesting and intriguing infants. Special "safety" cocktails, compounded under the personal supervision of Sir Parry Gorwick, F.R.C.P., were provided and consumed with perfect impunity by all the guests, with the exception of "Totie," the only child of Lady Waterstock, wife of the irreconcilable teetotalisator.

MULTIPLE MATRIMONY.—Although her marriage at St. Bride's, Fleet Street, last Friday, was Princess Odo Rimsky-Korsetikov's second wedding ceremony, she was by no means finished with tying the nuptial knot, as she and Prince Odo, who started on their honeymoon immediately after the reception at Olympia, are to be married for the third time at the Russian church at Brioni, and for the fourth at Lhasa, by the Grand Lama of Tibet, when the Begum of Bohotle has promised to act as bridesmaid.

It thus came about that Miss Mamie Shyster, as she was known before her marriage, had to excogitate four wedding-dresses, the most Sardanapalian of which is the "confection" of crimson crash, lined with tessellated elasmobranchs and embroidered with simulated sequins, which she is reserving for the delectation of Lhasa.

It is hardly necessary to add that all these ceremonies were, or will be, celebrated with the utmost social and liturgical prestige. C. L. G.

CHERNBLE.

Letter to the Editor, "The Daily Help."

DEAR SIR,—I am very much interested in the correspondence which is appearing in your columns with regard to Place Names. I wonder whether any of your readers can supply the correct pronunciation of "Chernble"?

I should like to say that I have always agreed with "Schoolmarm's" pronunciation of "London."

Yours, etc., P. APRICOT.

Letter to the Editor, "The Daily Help."

DEAR SIR,—I believe that the local pronunciation of the Chernble referred to in your correspondent's letter is "Chubble," rhyming with "trouble."

Yours, etc., ALEXANDER JIMP.

Letter to the Editor, "The Daily Help."

DEAR SIR,—I remember an old nurse of ours who frequently recited the following lines:—

"Chernble, Mernble and Muxted South
Must all be said with a whimsey mouth."

That is, the mouth must be shaped as though for a whimsical smile, and at the same time the lips must be pursed as though making to whistle.

She would sometimes sing it to the tune of "Jenny Greenteeth," and I believe that there are other verses.

So glad if I have been helpful.

Yours, etc., URSULA SPEAGLE.

Letter to the Editor, "The Daily Help."

DEAR SIR,—The only correct pronunciation of Chernble is "Charnel." "Er" becomes "ar," on the analogy of "Derby." The "b" then suffers what is known to philologists as "submersion between 'n' and 'l'"—a phenomenon not unusual in Place Names, and indeed ordinary nouns of Anglo-Saxon origin (Grünt's Law).

It is likely that the present village marks the place where a charnel-house was erected after some early battle.

Yours, etc., D. V. CRUNCH,
Professor of Philology at the University of Crewe.

Letter to the Editor, "The Daily Help."

SIR,—There was no early battle at Chernble. There was one near Hastings in the latter half of the eleventh century. Yours, etc.,

JOSEPH HAPPEN, M.A.

Letter to the Editor, "The Daily Help."

SIR,—I make it a rule to call a spade a spade. Chernble will always be Chernble to me.

Yours, etc., "STRAIGHT LEFT."

Letter from the Editor, "The Daily Help," to the Vicar and/or the Chairman of the Urban District Council, Chernble.

DEAR SIR, OR SIRS,—We solicit your help in a matter which has given rise to some discussion among various of our correspondents, viz., the correct pronunciation of the name of your village.

We should be very much obliged if you would write the name as you pronounce it on the enclosed postcard.

Yours faithfully,
LEONARD R. ELBOW
(for the Editor).

Letter to the Editor, "The Daily Help" (Unpublished).

DEAR SIR,—I feel that I ought to thank your correspondents for expressing their views so freely on the question of Chernble, and you for the space which you have, with your customary fairness, given to the matter.

It almost seems a pity that there isn't such a place, as I have grown quite fond of it. I just made the name up for use in an article which I am writing for some other paper, and I find that I can always write better when I can sort of say the thing over to myself. Don't you?

I'm calling it "Chubble"—more homely than "Charnel," don't you think?

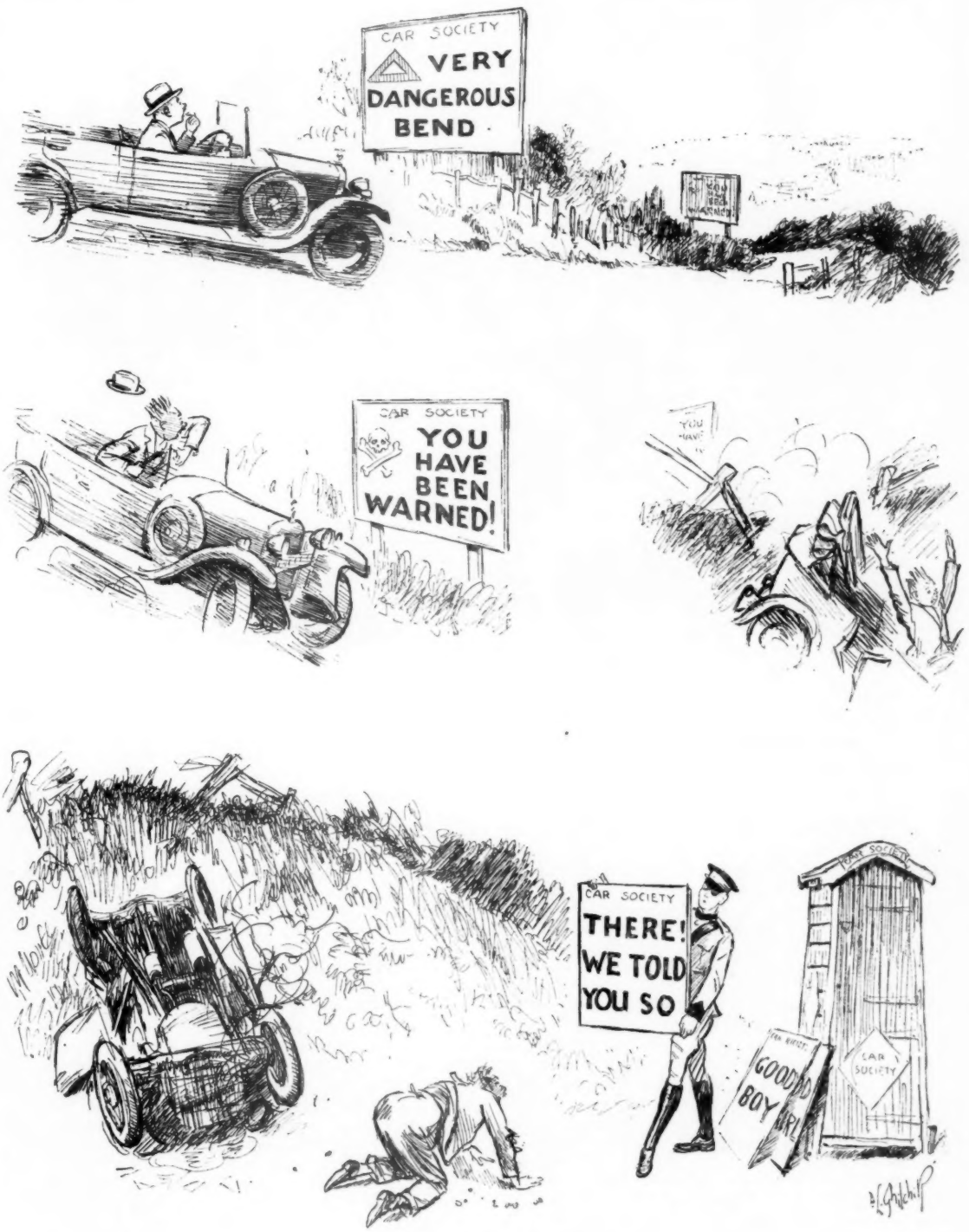
Yours, etc., P. APRICOT.

Note by the Editor, "The Daily Help," with reference to the "Chernble" Correspondence.

"This correspondence is now closed."
—ED.

Various notes by the G.P.O. on letter returned to the Editor, "The Daily Help."

"Insuff. address."
"Not Chester—try Chirk."
"Cheadle Hulme?"
"Gone away! Yoicks!"



BEFORE AND AFTER.



THE RULE OF THE ROAD.

Lady (owner-driver, cannoning into sportsman). "WHY DIDN'T YOU SIGNAL THAT YOU WERE GOING TO STOP?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I HAVE experienced myself a certain curiosity as to the person and fate of the Rev. WILLIAM COLE, to whom so many of HORACE WALPOLE'S best letters are addressed. HORRY was the last man to lavish epistolary favours gratuitously; and it is not surprising to find that his "Goodman Frog" was himself one of the pleasantest diarists in the language. I am profoundly grateful to Mr. FRANCIS GRIFFIN STOKES for having edited, and admirably, *A Journal of My Journey to Paris* (CONSTABLE, 16/-), which relates how, in May, 1765, the then Rector of Bletchley set out for France with the characteristically British intention of finding a place of retirement whose "way of Living, I mean as to Eatables and Drinkables," would suit his purse and his person. He came home however for Christmas; was met by his "little Favourite, Fat Dun Horse," at Dunstable, and settled down to "digest and methodize" the jottings of the famous year when he lodged next to Mr. WALPOLE in Paris. Not infrequently he would be invited to dine with his neighbour, and would defend the charities, human and divine, against *beaux esprits* and disciples of "JOHN-JAMES." But more often he rambled about Paris in the fashion of the century before and the century after—the centuries of EVELYN and Sir WALTER. Jacobite and semi-Papist as he is, I know few travellers who give a better account of themselves and their travels. In fact to me the happiest feature of Miss HELEN WADDELL'S enticing preface is the footnote that tells of more journals and letters to follow.

Miss G. B. STERN'S latest novel is both resistant of analysis and interesting in structure. *Mosaic* (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 7/6) it certainly is, a rare and beautiful piece of literary tessellation, but differing from the pavement variety in that its small pieces are more effective than its whole. I may be wrong, but I doubt if a book constructed in this manner can have the cumulative power of one built up more consequently. One's instinct, in fact, is not so much to praise *Mosaic* as a book as to laud many passages in it for enduring prose and magnificent character-sketching. What Mr. GALSWORTHY did for the *Forsytes*, Miss STERN has done here for a great family of international Jews, covering their movements during the last fifty years. The branches and the twigs of as fine a family tree as I have seen (fully as sappy as the *Forsyte* specimen) have spread to the far corners of the Continent; the parent stems remain in London, Paris and Vienna, living very corporately, very respectably, very expensively. As a picture of the period, and especially in Paris, *Mosaic* is a valuable contribution to social history; but I like it best for its creation of *Berthe Czelovar*, whose life is the main thread of the story. She is the generalissimo of the *Czelovar* and *Rakonitz* connection; dynamic, obtuse and utterly generous, she is the whirlwind tyrant whom most families know and to whom, to save fatigue, most families defer.

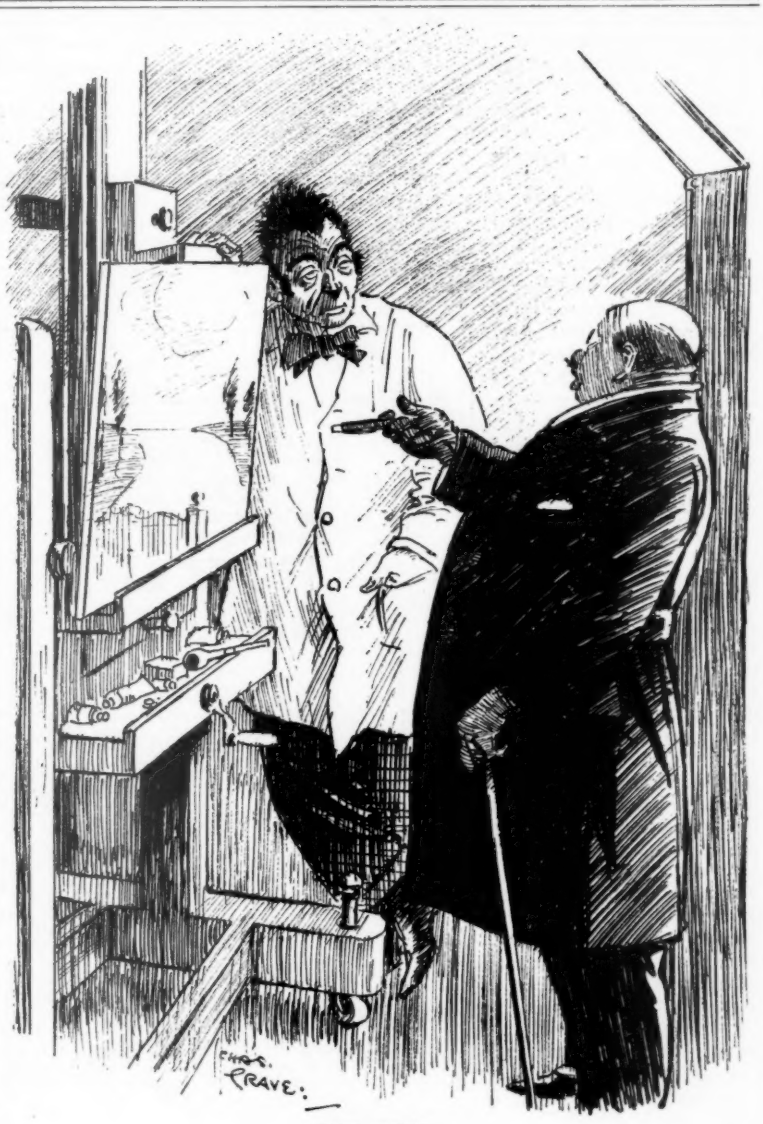
Here I, this hunting day, am
Imploring you to read,
By R. D. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM,
An Epic of the Steed—
The Horses of the Conquest,
Of stout CORTÉS the stay;
Spain ne'er had rode, *clink-clonk*, West
Without such steeds as they.

So here is tale and story
From many a knightly source
Where, after God, the glory
Is given to the horse
In triumph or disaster
By lordly Spanish men;
All new told by a master
Of horsemanship and pen,

And atmosphere becoming;
A stately book, I 'd say,
Although its light hooves drumming
Might carry me away;
A book you'll buy, I'll bet it;
And every horseman can
For eight-and-sixpence get it
From Messrs. HEINEMANN.

The look of *Uncle William*, standing in the studio doorway, with a fleshy heavily-jowled countenance and a background of black night, portends villainy if ever a pictured jacket did. But the collection of long short-stories published under that title by BLACKWOOD (7/6) and written by Mr. DOUGLAS G. BROWNE are something better than the customary detective-story or crook melodrama. The longest of them (there are only four in all) is perhaps also the best, and it is very good indeed—so good that one almost regrets the author did not make a full-blown novel of it. This is "Hearse House," which may be called a "costume-piece" of the first GEORGE and deals very pleasantly with a young naval captain who extricates an old friend and his charming sister from the consequences of a plot against his Hanoverian Majesty. There are one or two characters whom I should have liked to see developed at fuller length by so skilful a hand as Mr. BROWNE'S, notably *Captain Le Chemineau* himself and that rascally Scotch spy, *Dr. Hew McLeod*. But it is a satisfying yarn as it stands, with thrills enough for any reasonable being. I like too "The Whistle," an ingenious murder-story cut more to the recognised pattern; and the story of "Uncle William" has its moments. Altogether this is a collection on which author and publisher may alike be congratulated.

To the cobbler there's nothing like leather, and "I suppose a biologist can hardly help trying to apply his subject to the problems under his nose." The plea, however, is a biologist's plea, not mine; and there is no doubt that as much of East Africa as came under Professor JULIAN HUXLEY'S purview during his educational survey of 1929 was observed from this—to my mind somewhat restrictive—angle. Given the philosophical lopsidedness, the odd tricks of historical perspective and literary analogy entailed by the biological bias, and I cannot see how any four months' survey of a territory so vast, a population so varied, could have issued in anything more stimulating and useful than *African View* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 15/-). In the main a diary of travel through Tanganyika, Kenya and Uganda, the book devotes special articles to educational, political and geological problems; and its epilogue, which sums up the British chances of rendering the administration of East Africa an ideal one, comes as an unexpectedly pleasant climax to a distinctly critical investigation. Professor HUXLEY pleads for a rule delegated as far as possible to natives; for a small picked white population, as opposed to General SMUTS' "white backbone," and for an education which, taking warn-



OUR GENII.

Patron. "BUT WHERE IS MY HOUSE? I COMMISSIONED YOU TO DO A PAINTING OF MY BEAUTIFUL HOUSE."

Artist. "I KNOW, BUT I FOUND IT COMPLETELY SPOILT THE COMPOSITION, SO I PAINTED IT OUT."

ing by India, begins at the bottom and develops the native on preponderantly native lines. The initiation of this policy in Tanganyika and something of its fruit in Uganda are sympathetically described. For the rest, few travel-books have allotted more exquisite descriptions to birds and beasts or secured better photographs of scenery.

Many quite charming letters, previously unpublished, furnish the occasion for the appearance of a new short biography of still another of the notable figures of the nineteenth century. In *A Victorian Dean* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 12/6), the present Dean of WINDSOR and Mr. HECTOR BOLITHO offer a beautifully sympathetic study of the life of ARTHUR STANLEY, recapturing in no small measure that quality of serenity amid controversy that was the special characteristic of their hero. Many of these letters were written from Egypt or Palestine, where STANLEY was accompanying KING EDWARD VII., then the young Prince of WALES, on a rather portentous tour. As it gradually dawned on the DEAN that the PRINCE, though infinitely good-tempered, was utterly bored with "tumble-down old temples" and legendary battlefields, his letters reflected a dismay that is charmingly comical. With the final realisation that he himself would be no better amused were he forcibly led through a series of factories while some enthusiast expounded manufacturing processes, a whole new world of relative values opened on the DEAN. Present-day practicalities indeed were never designed for STANLEY, and there are repeated here familiar stories of his helplessness on small occasions; but his personality is still enshrined at Westminster in the very stones of the Abbey he loved.



MORE TRADE OPTIMISM.

In the popular Press of the day headlines doubtless possess some value. They attract attention and if on examination they prove to be misleading no great harm is done. That is the sort of thing which we have grown to expect. But when such headlines are used as chapter headings in a book we feel less inclined to be tolerant. Mr. TREVOR PINCH has collected under the title *Stark India* (HUTCHINSON, 10/6) a series of articles on various Indian subjects. He tells again the old tale of disease, poverty, degradation and ignorance, but he tells it in a highly sensational manner. It may be that there is a public which cannot be convinced of a truth except by captions and slogans, but such a public is scarcely likely to purchase copies of this book in any quantity. "The Land of Sex-Mad Millions" as a chapter heading may deflect an educated reader from pursuing his researches. This is a pity, for in the succeeding text Mr. PINCH makes an honest effort to explain away his unfortunate beginning. Still, in the general atmosphere of sensationalism it is impossible to state a case impartially; there is room only for downright statement, none for the calm consideration of both sides of a question. We feel compelled to describe this as an extravagant book in every sense of the word.

Mr. F. D. PASLEY calls his book, *Al Capone* (FABER AND FABER, 7/6), "the biography of a self-made man," but it is a great deal more than that. It is in fact the history of organised crime in Chicago during the last decade. Ten years ago CAPONE'S name was unknown; to-day it is certainly as notorious as any in the world; and in this astounding volume you will read of the methods by which this man rose from the underworld and obtained such wealth and power that as far as he is concerned laws are mere waste-paper. Speaking of "the Bootleg War," Mr. PASLEY writes, "In the beginning, 1923, and for many years after, gangland in its shootings had confined itself solely to Chicago. In 1930 it had overrun the entire country-side of the central west." And in the midst of all this murder and defiance of the law CAPONE is still alive and, as far as I know, at liberty. It takes a lot of believing, but it is true.

There must be a very large number of people who have followed in the Baroness VON HUTTEN'S books the fortunes of that engaging and rather unconventional person, *Pam*; and now, in *Pam's Own Story* (HUTCHINSON, 7/6), the lady gives her own version of the many happenings in which she has figured since she was born some sixty years ago. For the understanding of it there is no need of any previous acquaintance with *Pam*; while her old admirers will welcome her first-hand account because it adds much interesting material and also corrects statements which have been accepted as final. I imagine that in this pleasant story with its not too strenuous ups and downs and its leisurely wooings and domesticities we have heard the last of *Pam*. If so, I am rather sorry.

Mr. E. R. PUNSHON is one of the most entertaining and readable of our sensational novelists because his characters really live and are not merely pegs from which a mystery depends. In *Proof, Counter Proof* (BENN, 7/6), you will find a problem that is by no means impossible to solve, and you will meet a man, *Jimmy Hale* to wit, who is as amusing as he is ubiquitous. The tale is neatly told, but I feel compelled to warn Mr. PUNSHON that, diverting as *Inspector Carter* and *Detective-Sergeant Ball* are when working in double harness, I see grave danger of the *Inspector* becoming almost incredibly stupid. This, however, is the only flaw that I can find in a really capital yarn.

CHARIVARIA.

SIR JAMES JEANS points out that a model of the solar system to scale can be made by laying out a pea, two small seeds and seven grains of sand on the floor of Piccadilly Circus. Those who have had experience of Piccadilly Circus will prefer to take his word for it.

***

Professor EINSTEIN's announcement that he has abandoned his former hypothesis of a finite and static universe is regarded as tantamount to an admission that he has found it inapplicable to America.

***

"Women," we are told, "are again going in for ear-piercing." The one next door still persists in calling it singing.

***

From an article descriptive of life in the Army of to-day we learn that soldiers dine at tables which are decorated with ferns and aspidistras. Hitherto the military authorities have been blind to the possibilities of the aspidistra as an aid to recruiting.

***

A Chicago mail-order house has shipped ten thousand alarum-clocks to Peking. There can be no further doubt as to the awakening of China.

***

Some naturalists maintain that the grey squirrel, and not the little owl, as has been alleged, is to blame for the extermination of the nightingale in certain districts. They advance no new theory, however, as to who killed cock robin.

***

A sporting-writer remarks that a certain footballer who is retiring has had a long innings. He was lucky not to have had to retire sooner for obstructing the ball with his legs.

***

"A sharp nose indicates curiosity," says a critic. A flattened nose often indicates too much curiosity.

***

The appointment of bilingual referees for international football matches is advocated. French spectators often have difficulty in making themselves understood by these functionaries.

***

One of the inventors of the "air-rocket" claims that it will enable letters to be sent to the United States within half-an-hour. Little credence, however, is given to the rumour that experiments with this apparatus are being eagerly watched by the G.P.O.

***

The announcement that experts in consultation have decided that there are no fakes in the Exhibition of Persian Art at Burlington House should have the effect of reassuring those who have been kept away by the fear of admiring something that they ought not to have admired.

***

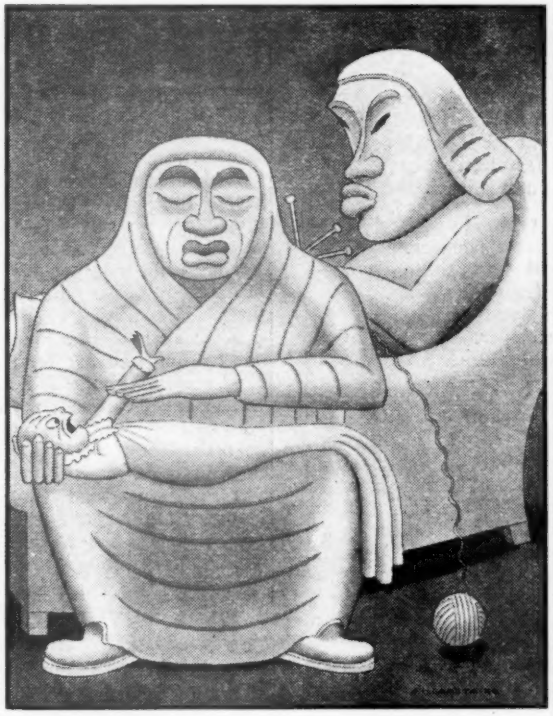
Old cat-burglars who became smash-and-grab raiders for a time are reported to have resumed their former methods. Still, they mustn't expect the temporary lapse to be overlooked.

***

The increasing number of burglaries in small houses is attributed to the shortage of domestic servants. A suggested protection is an alarm which makes a noise like a cook-general.

***

Dr. CYRIL NORWOOD is quoted as remarking that even such a genius as Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL remained in the bottom form at Eton during his period there. This would seem to explain Mr. CHURCHILL'S preference for being regarded as an Old Harrovian.



Mr. EPSTEIN'S "Night." "GO TO SLEEP, YOU LITTLE DEVIL, OR I'LL HAND YOU TO AUNTIE GENESIS!"

Spanish barbers are to close their establishments on Sundays, saints'-days, public holidays and when there is a bull-fight. They are not expected to close for a revolution.

***

A speaker at a temperance meeting stated that he preferred a detective-novel to alcohol as a pick-me-up. All the same it is distressing to see a man who has had a thriller too many.

***

A lady-novelist observes that when a child is pestered with questions he lies, usually rather badly, and then his parents are distressed. They should reflect that their own early efforts were probably quite as clumsy.

***

The Bishop of BIRMINGHAM gives the age of the earth as between two and four thousand million years. Dean INGE is believed to consider it as good as ever it was.

***

"Recent Research in Cookery" is among the subjects taken for the B.A. at certain American universities. Very few candidates could previously hot their own dogs.

***

A Cincinnati taxidriver was robbed of his artificial dentures by bandits who found that he had no money on him. How they must have gnashed in the bandits' pockets!

***

As bee-keeping is officially classed as a hobby, any profits from it are not subject to income-tax. But it is useless for an ordinary citizen to visit an income-tax official with his head in a muslin-bag. He will be stung just the same.

***

A dramatic critic was recently fined for playing chess in an Austrian hotel after midnight. This proves that dramatic critics can sometimes stay awake quite late.

***

A writer says that poets are declining. But publishers set the example.

***

A beauty expert recommends a tumbler of hot water and some jelly as an excellent slimming meal. "The glass of fashion and the mould of form."

***

A French novelist announces that he is going to publish one book a month, but we shall do nothing about it until we have ascertained whether he means a lunar or a calendar month.

SLAVE-LABOUR AND THE TRADE UNIONS.

[The PRIME MINISTER, being asked in the House whether he had received any protests from the trade unions in regard to the importation into this country of timber from Russia, replied, "No such protests have been received either by me or, so far as I can ascertain, by any Government Department."]

IT was my custom, ere the age
When armaments were deemed irrational,
To bid Britannia regulate the waves,
To shout that Britons never should be slaves,
And fling my glove, by way of gage,
At Moscow's International.

And still to-day, although (I hope)
I have my feelings for humanity
And cultivate the democratic style,
A sneaking preference for my native isle
Has left my heart but little scope
For cosmopolitanity.

But, were I Socialist and sworn
To preach the Sanctity of Labour,
While on my countrymen I pressed the dole
I think I'd spare a thought for Russia's soul
Slave-driven to her task forlorn
With knotted knout and sabre.

For even I, who don't pretend
To be my foreign brother's keeper,
Would hardly care to treat it as a game,
This beastly spectacle of Labour's shame,
Satisfied if it served my end—
To get my timber cheaper. O. S.

THE PROPER SPIRIT FOR A TAX-ASSESSOR.

I AM an honest man. And, anyhow, these income-tax people are the very devil when it comes to detective work. In my return for this year, therefore, I inserted in the Scavenging Clause, officially known as "Income from Other Sources," an item—"Literary fees, £5 15*s.* 6*d.*" This sum is not the whole of my income, but I confess that it is the portion of which I am most proud and from the earning of which I derived most satisfaction. It is, accordingly, with peculiar pleasure that I have now received a letter from our Assessor in which he has singled out this very item for special inquiry and treatment. He asks—or rather, to do the gentleman justice, he requests me to have the kindness to state—(*a*) whether the amount shown is the first received; (*b*) whether it is the gross amount; and (*c*) whether the item is likely to be a recurring one.

There are those who abuse these officials in season and out of season, but I have little patience with such an attitude. I meet a man in the same spirit in which he meets me. And I do feel that this letter reflects a kindly interest in an activity which is very near my heart and that it displays a human touch which I for one would be the last to repel. I have, I hope, shown my appreciation in my reply, which is as follows:—

MY DEAR SIR,—I am happy to have received yours of the 10th, and thus to make acquaintance with an official who is obviously anxious to assist an author at what you very naturally have assumed to be the outset of his career. I have the pleasure—the *kindness*, if I may say so, is all on your side—of stating in reply to your queries:—

(*a*) This is not my first receipt of the kind. Would you be good enough to refer to my Return of 1910-1911, lodged, I do you the justice of realising, before you were posted to this district? You will there see a reference to a small effort of mine which appeared in *The Home Circle* during the course of the previous official year. Although it was, I fear, a little immature, I enclose a copy for your perusal. In the circumstances the item in this year's return to which you refer may be regarded as a renaissance.

(*b*) In this query you go to the very root of the matter. I have so often without avail considered the same question that I can only echo your own quaint phrasing of it, "Is five-and-a-half guineas—*can* it be—the 'gross amount'?" Surely not. There were actually (see enclosed cutting) three columns of small type. To what deductions then was the fair remuneration, if based on quantity alone, subjected in the editor's mind and office? Clearly, as you have at once appreciated, the sum is a net one, cut, if I may use a commercial term, to the bone. The matter is, however, one which I personally would feel some delicacy in raising. Would you care to take it up with the editor? Needless to say, in doing so you would be fighting not only my battle but one on behalf of our common literary profession.

(*c*) The implication of your third query is so complimentary that, frankly, I felt quite affected on reading it. Only a sincere conviction on your part of my further success could prompt you to ask whether I now look upon income from literary sources as a "recurring item." I gather from your attitude that I am writing to one with whom I am *en rapport*, and therefore boldly confess that I *feel*—how shall we call it?—the *urge* to literary work. Nay more, the *ability* to follow it.

I need not refer at length to the incompetence that sits enthroned in the editorial chairs of this country, to the degraded taste that characterises the palates of the average publisher's reader, or, in the last resort, to the blindness of the reading public. By these barriers which confront me (and possibly yourself) I am frankly discouraged, particularly when I estimate my costs for postage of MSS. But who can say what the future may hold for me, supported as I shall now feel myself to be by your loyal sympathy in my further efforts?

I appreciate that you have no room in your files to record these intimate comments. Perhaps, therefore, I had better just insert in the appropriate space the simple words, "Heaven only knows."

THE LOUDER LUNACY.

[It is said that in certain states of the atmosphere the moon can cause disturbance to wireless reception.]

I'VE heeded not the stories which asserted
That you, Diana, while appearing kind,
Were oftentimes malignant and exerted
A baleful influence upon the mind;
I've never let your silver rays alarm me
Nor looked upon them with a vague distrust
Lest haply they should render me more barmy
Than usual on the crust.

But since I found, as all in vain with tireless
Fingers I turned each knob to left and right,
That in the ether, judging by my wireless,
There must have been some dirty work last night,
I feel that if such cacophonic squealing
Recurs and you are justly to be blamed,
The lunacy I soon shall be revealing
Will be correctly named.

". . . the thirty-seventh restaurant in —— but now, by general consent, the first. There are some things which strike the visitor the moment he enters. There is the quaint antique sign outside."—*Weekly Paper.*

We shall stay outside too.



FOR THE BRITISH MARKET.



Young Woman (to very shy genius). "OH, *DARLING*, I'VE BEEN *DYING* TO MEET YOU FOR *YEARS!* *DON'T* DISAPPOINT MEH!"

A TRIUMPH OF ARCHITECTURE.

IN New York they have builded a building one thousand-and-forty-eight feet high. It is the tallest ever. It is known as the Empire State Building. It makes the Woolworth and Chrysler Buildings look like little holes in the ground. The top of it is so high that it is lost amongst the lesser stars, yet the base of it is so low that it easily reaches the street. The mere contemplation of a building like this causes us to lose ourselves in a labyrinth of arithmetic.

A thousand-and-forty-eight feet!

3) 1048

$5\frac{1}{2}$) 349 yards, 1 foot

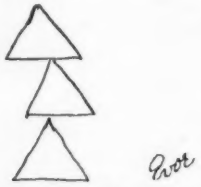
4) 63 poles, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards

15 chains, 3 poles

By English measurement, then, the Empire State Building of New York is no less than 15 chains 3 poles 2 yards and $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet high.

What does this mean, gentles? It means that if the building had been laid along the ground, instead of raised up into the air, a man in a heavy overcoat and carrying a suitcase would take nearly a minute to dash from one end of it to the other. Or, again, it would be a magnificent golf-drive. Or, again, fifteen-and-seven-eighths cricket-pitches could be laid out vertically between the top and the bottom floors.

Or, put it another way. The building is almost three times as high as the Great Pyramid. Let us try to represent this pictorially—



The Empire State building in New York is nearly as high as that, and far less likely, architects tell me, to tumble down.

Of what is the great pile constructed? It is built of concrete, with a framework of steel. The steel weighed fifty-six thousand tons. Made into rails, it would build a rail-road track from New York to Montreal. Made into the shafts of golf-clubs, it would fill an enormous bag. Made into pen-nibs it would be sufficient to write off the American debt. Made into stilettos, it would assassinate a thousand Wall Street millionaires.

The Empire State Building in New York has eighty-five floors, each surmounted by a single ceiling and surrounded by a galaxy of walls. Twenty thousand bootleggers or gangsters will be able to live or rather to die in it at once, about two hundred-and-thirty five on each storey. Their bodies will be carried up and down from floor to floor by a series of rapid elevators. A separate service of elevators, much less rapid and with fewer machine-guns, will be used by the police. A Prohibition agent jumping off the roof would be asphyxiated before he came to the seventy-second floor. A night-life queen jumping out of a window half-way up would be broken into one thousand eight hundred-and-forty-nine pieces.

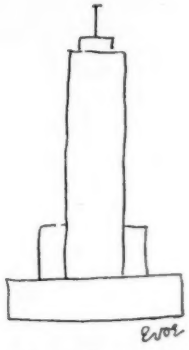
These are only a few of the facts I have managed to collect about this marvellous edifice. The colossal structure employed the labour of no fewer than five thousand men. It was pointed out by experts that if these five thousand men had all stood one upon the

shoulders of another, the top one would have been five times as high as the Empire State Building itself. But the strain on the shoulders of the bottom one would have been intolerable; whereas the lowest floor of the Empire State Building is quite as comfortable as the eighty-fifth.

The whole place was put up in a year, which is about as long as it takes to build an English bungalow of the "Mon Nid" type, but the price was far, far more. There will be about six thousand gramophones in the Empire State Building when it is complete, and the same number of wireless installations. The electric wiring used for lights and bells would go twice round the world, but would most likely be cut by the Beduins in Arabia or by the Kurds at Samarkand.

The whole building will be full of ice-cream parlours, multiple stores, gymnasiums, toilet saloons, cinemas, steam heat, recreation centres, and everything else designed for the social discomfort of modern days.

On the very top of the building there is a mast, or tower, two hundred feet high to which airships can be tethered at will by those who are too nervous to come in by the front-door and use the lift. The shape of the whole thing is like this:—



I have only made a rough sketch of it, and not put in the windows, because the body of surveyors who have been trying to count them are still arguing and have not yet sent in their return.

With considerable pains I have collected the opinions of various eminent persons about this architectural masterpiece, and append them herewith:—

Mr. CHARLES CHAPLIN.—A stately poem in steel and stone.

Sir EDWIN LUTYENS.—A good bit of ferro-concrete.

Madame POLA NEGRI.—Very tall.

Mr. JACOB EPSTEIN.—It has been the inspiration of my forthcoming marble groups, entitled Leviticus and Deuteronomy.

Sir HARRY LAUDER.—Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

Mr. J. B. PRIESTLEY.—I'm going to top o't.

AL CAPONE.—A pleasant *pied à terre*.

Mr. JAMES MAXTON.—It was built out of the people's blood.*

In the meantime the great architectural discussion as to which is the lowest building in the world remains unsettled still. EVOE.



Gladys. "THERE'S FRED. HE ALWAYS LOOKS THE GENTLEMAN, DOESN'T HE?"
Jean. "YES, DEAR, AND WITHOUT ANY EFFORT."

Those Customs Regulations!

"BLASTING ON FRENCH FRONTIER."
Headline in Daily Paper.

* An error.

STYLE.

I POSTED a letter for Helen,
For Helen, who's nearly eight,
In her own "writin' and spelin',"
And of very uneven date.

'Twas only a business matter
Concerning a toy to mend,
But she waited, her heart a-patter,
For the answer the firm would send.

Then out to the door she darted
On the postman's rat-tat-tat.
"Dear Madam," was how it started,
And wasn't she pleased at that!

THE GREAT SKI-ING RACE.

II.

I TOLD you last week how Percival and I, at the instigation of friends, made a start upon our great ski-ing race to decide which of the two worst ski-ers in St. Mürrentz would prove to be the World's Worst Ski-er; and how the finish had to be postponed till the following day.

Well, next morning found us once more lined up at the post—or rather at the two posts (one marking Percival's point of resumption and one marking mine) erected by a few friends in commemoration of our final falls the previous afternoon just when, as Percival put it after resorting to his emergency brandy-keg, it got "too dark to shee."

We shook hands all round; the starter fired an unexpected blank cartridge and said "Start!" and I for one started so violently at the report that I fell over.

By the time I had collected myself by sections and gazed round on the illimitable expanse of snow, Percival was but a speck on its whiteness. By this I don't so much mean that he had ski-ed far. He had merely ski-ed deep. The speck was all that was visible of him above mean snow level.

This gave me hope. Vigorously I struggled to my feet. Hardly was I up before I was moving swiftly onward. As a matter of fact I fear I usually do this; it is darn difficult not to when you are getting up on a slope. Then I sped on rapidly down the hillside. I found I was aiming straight at Percival, who in blissful ignorance was creeping out of his self-dug crater like some strange animal coming out of a hibernatory sleep.

With masterly skill I sought to avoid him. And that was just where I made my mistake. I should have sought to hit him and all would have been well.

I left the ground for some considerable period and distance, and when I hit it again I established what must have been a world's record for depth ski-ing. Percival merely went abruptly and involuntarily back again into hibernation, under the impression no doubt that it was an avalanche or a recrudescence of severe winter. Even so—I say it with modest pride—it took us both less time to get up again than it took our followers, who, suddenly discovering they could not ski and laugh properly at the same time, took the line of least resistance and sat down in their tracks for the laugh.

After this Percival and I ski-ed doggedly onward. Being for the moment on a patch of level ground, we achieved a quarter-of-a-mile without mishap.

We soon came to the end of the level stretch and started gadarening down a steep place. Neither of us being good at steering and our two trails happening at the beginning of the slope to be at a slight angle, we soon found we were diverging. Halfway down we had diverged quite a lot; and as Percival was now three hundred yards away and on my starboard quarter we waved each other a helpless farewell. Two-thirds of the way down he was almost out of range and heading for a different *canton* altogether. Eventually he passed hull down behind an intervening fir-clump. Personally I passed hull up into an interposing snowdrift.

I remained there for some while. I thought I would rest a bit. The point of my right ski was supporting my left ear; the heel of my left ski was laid across the back of my neck. One ski-ing stick together with an arm—either the left or right, I could not be certain which—was doubled underneath me. Another arm was flung carelessly in the small of my back. . . . Well, in short, I thought I would rest a bit. The other ski-ing stick had stuck itself into the snowdrift above my body, where it looked to my approaching supporters so much like a funeral sign that they all reverently removed their hats as they came up.

After a while, detecting symptoms of life, they dug me out and told me that others of their party were trailing Percival. He had decided (as they humorously put it) to take a shorter but more difficult route to the winning-post.

I ski-ed on without incident after this. Eventually I saw Percival converging upon me in the distance, and some minutes later we met. Pretty thoroughly. Ultimately we discovered as we lay prone that we were on the top of a long steep slope at the bottom of which was the winning-post. The realisation spurred us to instant effort and we began to get up.

Ten minutes later I was halfway up; Percival was right up, but his left ski had come off. As a result his right leg was bent almost up to his chest and the other was two feet deep and still sinking. I laughed triumphantly and set off.

Halfway down I sat unexpectedly on the back part of my skis and went faster than I had ever gone before. I was soon doing about forty m.p.h. and the group about the winning-post was scattering to safety.

Ten yards from the tape something like a torpedo flashed past me, crossed the line and disappeared with a whizz into Greater Switzerland. It was not Percival, who was still snowbound by the left leg at the top of the hill; it was Percival's left ski.

Unfortunately as the judge, anticipating a close finish between two so indistinguishably bad ski-ers, had ruled that the "first ski across" should be deemed to have won, Percival had to be officially declared the victor.

And that is how I won my title of the World's Worst Ski-er. A. A.



THE DETECTIVE GIVES HIS GIRL A COUPLE OF BRACELETS.



RUNNING THE GAUNTLET. THE LADY IN A LAST YEAR'S COAT.

AN INFECTIOUS IDEA.

I HAVE not got influenza. Let me make that clear at the start. Everybody else has it; I haven't. I am not sure whether the complaint I am suffering from is trench fever, or malaria, or some malady not yet known to medicine.

When I go out again I shall have to explain this. I sketch out the conversation in my mind as I lie here. I shall meet old Brown, let us say, and he will greet me with sympathy.

"You look bad, old fellow," he will say. "What is it? 'Flu?"

And then I shall answer, "No, not 'flu. You remember what a time we had on the Somme in '16: those damp underground dug-outs? What was the result? Trench fever in the system. Mine 's just working out now."

Then a quotation with a wry smile:

"But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory."

Poor old Brown! That will touch him. He 'll go off with tears in his eyes.

Or I may meet Smith first. In reply to his inquiries I shall shake my head sadly.

"I wish it were, old man. Nothing so simple. When I was out East I got bitten by mosquitoes. Not the ordinary ones—been bitten by thousands of them, of course—but by the fatal anopheles, the malaria-carrier. They stand on their heads to bite, you know. It's in the blood now. Ah, well! Part of the white man's burden: paying the price of Empire."

As I totter off, Smith will choke back a sob and murmur, "Gallant fellow; if there were only more like him!"

I have been out to-day. The first man I met was Brown. He was looking very white and shaky.

"What, down with 'flu?" I croaked. He smiled wanly and said, "Not 'flu, old chap. You know what it was like in the trenches. I'm just beginning to feel the effects of those years."

I got away as quickly as I could and did not even mention that I had been ill. Disgusting, I call it. Anyone could see that he had had 'flu.

Then I ran into Smith, all muffled up and leaning on a stick.

"I didn't know that you had it," I began.

"I haven't," he wheezed. "Worse than that. You've probably heard how malaria gets into the blood; there's a mosquito called the anopheles——"

"So sorry; just rushing to the post," I cried desperately and fled.

That's the worst of influenza; it produces such extraordinary delusions in its victims' minds. I am very glad I haven't had it.

More Ripe Fruit on the Tree of Metaphor.

"The motor-boat trade has for some time been barking up the wrong tree and running a dead horse."—*Motor-Boating Paper.*

"BIG BILL FOR BRANDY."
Daily Paper.

This shatters our illusion that all Americans are teetotalers.

"The 'scalesmen' and 'egg-boys' served their last customers with heavy hearts last night."—*Sunday Paper.*

The Last Customer: "Take back your heart. I ordered liver."

COUNTER-CLAIM.

IT is carrying things a little too far, I always think, when a person puts a three-halfpenny stamp on an envelope containing a bill. It is an unworthy subterfuge and one not in keeping with our English tradition of fair play and cleanly sport. This condemnation applies with double pertinence to demands for subscriptions. Last week it was the Golf Club. They said:—

The Club House, Ashmere.
Feb. 1931.

P. APRICOT, Esq.

DEAR SIR,—Your subscription, £7 7*s.*, was due on April 1st last. In order to facilitate book-keeping, etc., we should be pleased to receive your cheque for the above-mentioned amount at your earliest convenience. Yours faithfully,

A. BOGEY. (*Col.*)
J. SMITH. } *Joint Hon. Secs.*

They are quite right when they say that my subscription is seven guineas and that it is unpaid. At the same time they cannot by any stretch of the imagination make out that I owe them anything. In fact, the weight is on the wrong foot, as we golfers say when the ball goes sideways and along instead of forwards and upwards. After careful calculation I have set the matter right by producing and despatching a counter-claim as under:—

The Hon. Secs. Ashmere Golf Club, Ashmere.

DRS. TO P. APRICOT,
"*The Tump*," *Ashmere.*

	£	*s.*	*d.*
To keeping the rough under control by constant attention		10	0
To clipping, pruning and plashing bushes at 5th, 7th, 13th, 14th, 17th and 18th holes		5	0
To professional treatment of beech-trees at the turn		2	0
To turning over and resetting portions of fairway		10	0
To redistribution of sand in bunkers		2	6
To twenty balls, most of them practically unused, which have doubtless found their way into your professional's repaint department	1	15	0
To Rodeo work at the turn—two separate half-hours of piece-work stemming a swarm of cows, heifers and things that were coming through a hole in the fence, @ 2/4 per hour (unskilled agricultural labour)		2	4
To failing to reach and kill with brassie shot one sheep which stood sneering twenty yards from my ball in a direct line with the hole, thus saving damages which would have been chargeable to the Club. (Estimated in accordance with the B.B.C.'s Fat Stock Prices for Golfers)	3	0	0
To addressing one grass-snake with mashie-niblick			3
To killing same with same			6
10% commission on green fees when invaded by four golfing friends on Whit Monday		2	0
10% commission on sale of alcoholic liquor consumed by above at your 19th hole		5	4
To preservation of greens by picking up at 33% of the holes on every round		5	0
Rebate on caddies' fees for uncompleted rounds		5	0
To saving of clerical work on the part of your Committee by having a handicap of 24 for life		5	0
To cards which I might have taken out if I had thought it worth while		4	8
	£7	14	7

I enclosed a note saying that I should be pleased to receive their cheque for 7*s.* 7*d.*, or would they leave an order with the Pro. to supply me with either three new balls and a penny tee, or with seven repaints and two of those homing tees with tassels at 3½*d.* each?

So far there have been no developments in the matter. I have only been down to the Club House once since, and then the only person about was the Pro.'s boy. I did not worry him about the balls and the tee in case the Committee had not put the matter through.

There was rather a rude notice on the Men's board about players whose subscriptions were in arrear not being allowed te enter for the monthly medal competitions. That doesn't worry me; I never was one for decorations. Which reminds me that I should have thought of "To refraining from entering for competitions" as one of the items of my counter-claim.

"OY!"

As I was lately crossing where it needs the stoutest nerve
To dodge the streams of traffic that so sinuously swerve
At the bottom of Haymarket, I stumbled and I fell,
But struggled to my feet and reached the pavement of Pall Mall.

This in itself was bad enough, but what remains was worse;
For, ere I got my wind again or framed a fitting curse,
By way of adding insult to my injury, a boy—
Quite a well-dressed little urchin—ejaculated "Oy!"

I make a point in general of reverencing youth,
But not when it exhibits a total lack of ruth,
And, goaded into fury by his irritating smile,
Exclaimed, "You little devil!" to this heartless juvenile.

Imagine then my feelings when he said in dulcet tones,
"My name is not Beelzebub, but Master William Jones,
And, though I'm not descended from that famous polymath,
I reverently follow in his multilingual path.

"Allow me, then, respected Sir, politely to explain
That 'Oy' does not imply delight in other people's pain,
Called *ἐπιχαιρεκακία* in ARISTOTLE's days
And known as *Schadenfreude* in the modern German phrase,

"So far from indicating a grim unholy joy
It is abbreviated from the Greek *ὀτοτοτοῖ*,
And breathes the tender sentiment of which the poet sings
When he descants upon the sense of tears in human things.

"I never should have blamed you if I had shouted 'Coo!'
A vulgar exclamation that I carefully eschew,
For 'Coo's' an *ἐπίρρησις*, implying no ill-will,
But undoubtedly suggestive of a pleasurable thrill."

And then he said, "Salaam, Sir, or, as you'd say, So long,"
Politely raised his bowler and mingled with the throng;
While by his erudition completely stricken dumb
I sought the calm seclusion of the Megatherium.

And there as I reclined and nursed my bruised and aching bones
I pondered on the problem of Master William Jones,
More wonderful than BOBBY, the wizard of the links,
More sapient than SOLOMON, more human than the Sphinx.

Some worthy folk are wounded by the morals of Mayfair,
But of the progress of the race no longer I despair
When you can find in mid Pall Mall, as I have done this week,
A little boy who utters "Oy" and proves it to be Greek.

C. L. G.

"This business, and its predecessors of the same name, have existed for 80 years, during which time there has been no sale of any description."—*London Jeweller's Circular.*

Is "business" quite the right word?



Oldest Inhabitant (to District Visitor). "I BE NINETY-FOUR AND I 'AVEN'T GOT AN ENEMY IN THE WORLD."
District Visitor. "THAT IS A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT."
Oldest Inhabitant. "YES, MISS. THANK GOD THEY BE ALL OF 'EM DEAD LONG AGO!"

THE BOOM AT LAST.

YOU too will have noticed how sensitive is "the City" to the events of the outside world. Small blame to them at the moment, poor dears, the City and the outside world being what they are; but even in the prosperous days of the past the City, if I remember right, was almost equally sensitive. There is a General Strike in Hong Kong and Nitrates harden on the London Stock Exchange. A General Election in Brazil—and money at once becomes cheaper in the City. A statesman is divorced in Berlin and Anglo-Italian Tin shares come tumbling down.

Mysterious. It is all very well to keep one's finger on the pulses of the world and all that, but the City seems to have its finger on its own pulse permanently. I may only be showing my abysmal ignorance, but is there any real reason why the price of tin or British Railway shares should dash up and down when someone is assassinated in the Balkans? Most of us live by buying or selling something, and most of us read the papers; but we do not change our prices after breakfast every day. If it were announced to-morrow that Newfoundland had seceded from the Empire the price of Mr. HUGH WALPOLE'S novels would remain precisely the same; but you would see British Railway Stock (and of course Nitrates) bubbling up and down like a crazy thermometer. I do not believe that a revolution in Ireland would reduce my tailor's prices by a half-penny; but it would do the most terrible things to the price of Nitrates. Why?

Well, the City will give you a lot of wise, long-winded and wholly unintelligible answers to that question. But

the real answer is that stock-brokers are a set of very highly-strung men who stand about all day telling stories and getting on each other's nerves. And I can prove that. For it is not only the real disaster in Yucatan that depresses Nitrates and causes a feeble tone in British Municipal Stock; the merest *rumour* will do it. A rumour the other day caused a sharp fall in certain extremely steady securities. That is to say, when the hard-headed business men heard the rumour they said, "My hat!" and sold all their Burbleton Trams. And when they heard that the rumour was only a rumour the hard-headed business men said "My hat!" and bought Burbleton Trams again; moreover they were so excited by the whole affair that they bought some Tin, Nitrates, and Huddersfield Electrics as well, so that a healthy tone was remarked in various markets. That is how the hard-headed business man gets tired—it is chiefly emotion. The City is as sensitive as the sensitive-plant, which shrivels up when you touch it, opens out when you've gone away and looks as good as new again.

And now I have a confession to make. *I* started that rumour. And there is worse—far worse. When I was in Ceylon (or somewhere) I spent many happy hours teasing the sensitive plant; I loved to see it shrivel, and even more I loved to watch it coming back to normal. Another lunatic and I used to have time-races between two sensitive plants to see which made the quicker "come-back." Ah, those were days!

Where was I? Oh, yes. Well, I have a friend named Bloat who is a hard-hatted stock-broker, and of course a mass of nerves. However, he is extremely popular, a good story-teller, and spends, I gather, nearly the whole day telling stories or hearing stories. He tells so many stories that he is always ready to hear a new one, and he tells them so well that his colleagues are always ready for him to pass a new one on. Well, one day, a long time ago, I thought it would be rather fun to prod the sensitive-plant and depress the price of Nitrates (never having owned a Nitrate myself). Obviously I could not hope for a better instrument than Bloat, who sees nearly all the stock-brokers every day. So I told Bloat a rather disturbing story I had heard about President HOOVER's health. Bloat seemed deeply interested; I watched the Financial Column, and sure enough two days later I saw that Nitrates had sagged to $21\frac{3}{8}$, while the bottom had dropped out of Scottish Linoleums owing to disquieting reports from Washington.

Then my conscience began to smite me. That evening I waylaid Bloat on his way home by Underground and told him that an aunt of mine had cabled me from Delhi that the VICEROY had just had a round of golf with Mr. GANDHI.

Bloat is a mere child; he should never leave the house without a trained nurse. The next evening I read that Nitrates had rallied to $25\frac{7}{8}$, while British gilt-edged stocks, opening nervously, had finished strongly, and even British Railways had shown a healthy tone.

After that, alas, my patriotic conscience was not strong enough to resist my artistic instinct. The game was too good. I fed Bloat (on the Underground) with startling stories every Tuesday and Friday. There were earthquakes in California and murders in Moscow, divorces at the White House and abdications in Italy; the health of Mr. HOOVER and Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD, the intentions of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, the machinations of STALIN, the ambitions of Sir OSWALD MOSLEY, the conscience of Senator BORAH—I played the liveliest variations on them all. And Bloat never failed. Every time I saw Tin and Nitrates soar or sag; Manganese faltered; Copper fell; Rubber rallied; British Railways went up and down like monkeys on sticks. Three times I brought the Bank Rate down. And I gloried in my power. Mr. MORGAN and Mr. LAMONT kept trotting over the Atlantic to Paris and London to find out what secret influence in Europe was messing up the market and tearing down the Gold Standard. They never found out anything. For it was *me!*

I have to confess that I and I alone (well, I and Bloat, if you like) am—are—responsible for the recent world slump which has worried us all for so long; *we* are the "world-causes" to which the KING's Ministers refer so often. And here and now I apologise to all concerned. We have played the game too long. Bloat and I have upset the markets so much that it will take a certain effort to get them right again. But that effort I have begun. Yesterday I told Bloat that a relative of Mr. BALDWIN is engaged to marry a relative of Mr. MACDONALD. To-day I see that Nitrates have gone to 73. And I have better things still to come. Ladies and Gentlemen, you may take it that the boom is on. A. P. H.



WHAT OUR ARTISTS HAVE TO PUT UP WITH.

Artist (in search of firewood). "ER—HAVE YOU GOT A DECENT-SIZED SOAP-BOX FOR SALE?"

Grocer. "BIT COLD FOR OUTDOOR-SPEAKING, ISN'T IT, COMRADE?"

Smith Minor at Sea.

"Richard I. married Mauretania of Navarre."—*Schoolboy's Answer.*

". . . . He was later transferred to the Gordon Islanders."

West-Country Paper.

This sounds so terribly like a bagpipe sanctuary that we trust it's well away from the mainland.

"Adequate exercise for fowls, turnip tops, and fresh green food daily are also recommended."—*Sunday Paper.*

Gardeners find that broccoli especially like a romp with the dogs.

"He put on his briar pipe and sauntered round the garden."—*Daily Paper.*

First flinging his tobacco-pouch loosely round his shoulders.



"REALLY, HERBERT, YOU'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT PETER'S NAUGHTINESS. NURSE HAS HAD TO SEND HIM TO BED EARLY AS A PUNISHMENT—AND NOW THE WIRELESS HAS GONE WRONG AND WE SHAN'T BE ABLE TO GET HIM DOWN TO PUT IT RIGHT!"

THE NEWS-EDITOR SPEAKS.

Scene—The office of a Popular Penny Daily.

Time—The Present.

News Editor (*at telephone*). Hello, yes? . . . Four calls waiting on for me? All right, give them to me in order. . . . Hello! Oh, you, Wimpole? Let's see, you're doing the horse-show, aren't you? Good story this morning. That was a great line you took about How Horses React to Ladies' Fashions. We left *The Daily Wire* out of sight on that. . . . Yes, carry on by all means. You know what we want. Good-bye . . . (Miss Grewson, just type a note to Wilbrahame, telling him to ring up Dean INGE, BERNARD SHAW, EPSTEIN, and—er—er—anyone else he thinks of, and get some snappy views on How Horses React—) Hello! Oh, you, Mameluke? . . . What's that? . . . Professor Glurk to read a paper to Royal Society, yes. . . . Influenza bacilli, yes . . . Huh, huh, lifetime's research, poverty, sacrifice. . . . Yes, go and see the old boy. Good story. How Influenza Bacilli Affect Sex Problem . . . . What? . . . Well, try. Good-bye. . . . (That reminds me. Miss Grewson, just ring up Banger's Circus and find out whether the Aztec Giant has died yet from his pneumonia. If he has, type a memo for Stalemate to go and do a human story about Undertaker Working Overtime to Make Outsize Coffin, with photograph of him and inset of Child Helping Daddy). . . . Hello! Oh, Plumbolt (Miss Grewson, is Plumbolt art, music or drama? Thanks.) — sorry, didn't get that. . . . Oh, new symphony by Barvinsky. Well, I don't know. . . . Huh, huh, really great man, is he? Is there anything in this new thing? Any Iron Chains, Musical-Box, Jew's-Harp, or anything? . . . There doesn't seem to be any story, then. . . . What's that? Levin of *The Daily Wire* is going? Oh, well, you'd better go, then. By the way, *The Wire* beat us badly on the King's Hall Symphony Concert last night. . . . What? I mean the Little Listener in the Gallery Who Imitated the Lady with the Harp. The Human Touch. . . . Well, see if we can beat them to-night. Good-bye. . . . (Miss Grewson, just ask Billwater to ring up TALLULAH BANKHEAD, the Archbishop of YORK, and—er—er—Sir EDWARD ELGAR, and get something useful on the Trombone as a Medium of Sex Appeal. I distrust these highbrow things, but I suppose we must do them occasionally). . . . Hello! Oh, Parkstock, yes . . . Back from Rome an hour ago. Good. I liked your story about MUSSOLINI's Favourite Rabbit. Look here, I want you to slip over to Helsingfors. . . . Eh? I don't know. Alaska, I think. Look in an atlas. *The Wire*'s got a man there doing the World Conference of Jute Dealers. He's seen some of the delegates and done a great story this morning about Mixed Sun-Bathing in Lapland. See if you can work up something on Jute and Sex. . . . You will? Right. Good-bye.

Well, that's that. By the way, Miss Grewson, just ring up the News Editor of *The Daily Wire* and tell him I'll see him at lunch as usual. Oh, and get Fairstorm to do something light on the Waltham Green Sewage Inquiry. We've got to make this paper more Human in its Appeal.

Our Ingenuous Advertisers.

"The Picture that has drawn crowds elsewhere."

Cinema Advt. in North-Country Paper.

"In her grandiloquent drawing-room Lady Darley sat."—*Extract from Novel.*

The loud-speaker again!

OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE.

GUN SHY.

George has a dog. The fact is worth chronicling because this is no ordinary dog. Slightly related to a spaniel on the distaff side and apparently connected with some branch of the Dalmatian family on the other, it was a gift from Van Blerk, our local hunter, who was, I believe, actuated by a very natural anxiety to distract George's attention from what big game he has not already scared out of the district.

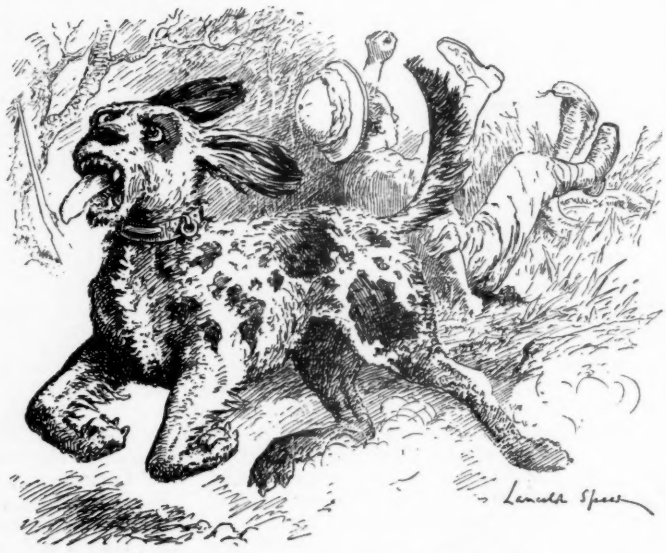
To a considerable extent he succeeded in warding off the threatened famine in raw material which menaced his profession, for George has handled nothing heavier than a shotgun for weeks past. The roar of his express rifle missing things no longer resounds through the bush and the game is returning to its old haunts under the impression that the harmless but irritating passage of bullets overhead is a thing of the past.

George has been breaking his dog, hereafter referred to as The Blirp, to the gun. True, his daily rambles usually end in the speedy return of the sagacious animal at a stretched gallop, with George following some time afterwards; but he still clings to the hope of one day teaching the dog to stand to his birds. At present The Blirp shows a commendable alacrity in calling attention to lizards, grasshoppers, tortoises, frogs and caterpillars, but such trifles as partridge, guinea-fowl or quail have little or no attraction for him. Further, he entirely mistrusts a gun, and, knowing George, I cannot altogether blame him.

There is, indeed, a lot to be said for The Blirp and it is difficult to repress a feeling of sympathy when he leaves camp, acutely conscious of the string which binds him to his master and well aware that it will not be cast off until George thinks they are far enough from home.

The other day, however, things happened. Perhaps it was the unusual mildness of the afternoon or a sense of spring in the air, or something. Anyhow, The Blirp surpassed himself. He stood magnificently to an inoffensive worm (Central African species and about a foot long), flushed a covey of grasshoppers in a manner that roused George to unwilling admiration and, after galloping two hundred yards ahead, barking gaily, put up a brace of guinea-fowl. Then he stiffened into rigidity at the edge of a likely-looking clump of grass.

George, convinced it was another false alarm, said as much at some length. Failing to move the faithful hound, he picked up a stone and threw it, whereupon three bush-partridges got up and went off, cackling with triumphant laughter, and The Blirp, regarding George with a reproachful eye, came back to heel. Shortly afterwards the performance was repeated and George put in five minutes' stealthy work, only to find himself peering hopefully into the beady eyes of an impudent lizard.



"THE BLIRP LEFT IN TOP GEAR FOR HOME."

George kicked the dog, but The Blirp had quite got the spirit of the thing by that time and a quarter-of-a-mile further on he stood again, a perfect picture of a well-broken pointer, apart from the fact that his ears pointed as well.

This time George was not having any. He leaned his gun negligently against a tree—a habit of which I have never been able to break him—and sat down on a log, just to see how long the dog would stand. Having given him one quick look of anxiety, The Blirp remained statuesque, and finally George's patience petered out and he sauntered noisily over to see whether it was another lizard or a grasshopper.

It was neither. It was a very large and nasty snake, which was waving a vicious hood a foot or so in front of The Blirp's footling nose, and when George came crashing in as well it fairly lost its temper. George, hastily stepping backwards, stumbled and sat down heavily on a jagged piece of rock.

About then The Blirp decided that he had done his bit for the day and, letting off a single yelp, he left in top gear for home, where he was afterwards discovered practising persistently on an inoffensive and terrified chicken in the Askari lines.

It was not so easy for George. Scrambling to his feet he set off at what he describes at a fair round pace, with the idea of beating the snake to the shotgun. But the snake quite properly resented having been stared at for some minutes by an animal with a face like a sponge-bag and meant to take it out of someone.

It was so close behind when George got within reach of the shotgun that he decided not to stop. The snake, however, evidently liked the look of the shining weapon and curled himself up beside it, fixing George with a malevolent eye and daring him to come on.

George was reluctant to leave that gun. He was not at all sure that he could find the spot again, and in any case the prospect of a four-mile run home, unarmed, did not appeal to him. So he tried cajolery and, having read somewhere that snakes respond to music, did his best to soothe the reptile by whistling out of tune all that he could remember of "Annie Laurie." The snake, evidently intrigued, inflated its hood, whereupon George, considerably out of breath, broke into a staccato and disjointed rendering of "Home, Sweet Home."

The snake hissed, and George tried "Sonny Boy." That did it. The reptile gave him one reproachful look, uncurled and slid away at a pace of which George took careful note for future reference.

He then retrieved his gun and followed The Blirp home. At the moment it is an open question whether The Blirp thinks it more dangerous to follow George than George thinks it is to go out with a dog capable of springing such surprises. So far neither has put the matter to the proof.

GIANT GOLF.

"AFTER Midget Golf, Giant Golf; that's what I say," said Ernest as he mixed himself a drink.

"And what is Giant Golf?" I asked.

"It isn't anything yet; but it's going to be. It's going to be the inevitable reaction from Midget Golf. After the small, the great; after the cribbed and confined, the wide open spaces." He indicated the wide open spaces with a gesture. "When the cry M.G.M.G. goes up. . . ."

"The cry *what?*"

"M.G.M.G. Midget Golf Must Go, of course. When that cry goes up people will look for something new. And it will then occur to them how futile it is to go on for ever poking round a paltry eighteen holes and back to the Club-house; and then out again and back again to the Club-house. They'll want to go right on. On and on, beating a golf-ball before them."

"England's a bit enclosed for that, isn't it?"

"Oh, you won't drive off from Hyde Park Corner, you ass. But in these days of rapid transit it will be nothing to start forty miles out. You'll drive off at Bedford, say. A strip of course will be laid up through Northamptonshire, Leicestershire, Derbyshire, Yorkshire . . . on and on. Each night you'll stay at some delightful inn, and off again next morning. Through Durham and Northumberland, over Hadrian's Wall and into Bonnie Scotland itself. "O'er hill and dale, o'er crag and torrent."

He leapt to his feet, waving his arms wildly. Hastily I removed his glass to a place of safety so as to avoid a torrent.

"They say the old walking-tour is dead, killed by golf," he went on. "We shall revive it and combine the two. What will it not mean to the unimaginative golfer to travel? The full Northern Course, Bedford to Cape Wrath, will take six weeks and about 8,500 strokes—I've worked it all out. The Western Course — Henley-on-Thames, through Wiltshire, Gloucestershire, Hereford, last hole on Cardigan Bay—will take about a fortnight."

"Yes, that's all right," I said; "but what about the one-day and half-day golfers?"

"Oh, they'll still potter about Mid-Surrey or Walton Heath," said Ernest scornfully. "My scheme of Golf on a Great Scale is for People with Leisure on a Great Scale. Not that you couldn't cut in where you liked and leave off where you liked," he continued, climbing down a little. "'I'm having a week's golf,' you would say. 'I think I shall take Wallingford to Ross again, and try to improve on last year, when I did it in 1805.'"

"Gosh!" I said. "It's an idea."

"It is an idea," said Ernest. "The question is, how can we best get it started? How can we get it the publicity it deserves?"

"I might write an article about it."

"Excellent!" said Ernest.

"Or a series of articles."

"Splendid!" said Ernest.

So this is the first.

[And the last.—ED.] A. W. B.

More References to the Beyond.

"Mrs. —— recommends her late sister-in-law, COMPANION-HOUSEKEEPER."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

"They heard her muttering through her lorgnettes. She moaned for her '——' Rusks."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

It would have spoiled the advertisement if she had merely moaned for them through her hat.

"The thick lips pout with beastly complacence over the stone blob which, I presume, is the nose."
Description of "Genesis" in Daily Paper.

Yet his photographs show that Mr. EPSTEIN's own nose is, in the normal manner, due north of his lips.



Income-Tax Official. "ON WHAT GROUNDS DO YOU APPEAL AGAINST YOUR ASSESSMENT?"
Assessee. "ER—WELL, THE FACT IS, I HATE THE WHOLE IDEA OF TAXATION."



The Rev. Darby (to Joan). "ISN'T IT CURIOUS THAT A GREAT CITY LIKE CHICAGO SHOULD HAVE SUCH INDIFFERENT ROADS? IT MUST ROB MOTORING OF A GOOD DEAL OF ITS CHARM. HERE, FOR INSTANCE, IS A HEADLINE, 'TAKEN FOR A RIDE AND BUMPED OFF.'"

RHYMES OF THE PRESS.

THE TIMES.

The Times with suave august benignity
Tempers its monumental dignity,
Preserving as its very own
The blandly academic tone.
Even its brightest sporting pages
Are penned by scholars, wits and sages,
And he to-day would be a blunderer
Who dubbed our mellow *Times* "The Thunderer."

THE MORNING POST.

The Morning Post, The Morning Post
Exhorts the timid Tory host
To perish in the final ditch
Rather than compromise or switch.
Its vigour has a pleasant fizz with it;
At least one knows just where one is with it.

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH.

The Telegraph eschews frivolity;
It gives us quantity with quality,
And none can grumble at a dearth
Of matter for his money's-worth.
Tell me, how can they print so many
Extensive pages for a penny?

THE NEWS CHRONICLE.

The News (once named) takes much delight
(So hearty is its appetite)
In welcoming with open jaws
Its brethren of the Liberal cause.
How fortunately they were fated
To be so well assimilated!

THE DAILY MAIL.

The Daily Mail, The Daily Mail
Threshes the news with furious flail,
Then deftly scoops the likeliest chaff;
Well has it earned this epitaph:—
Here lies, removed from stunt and stress,
The doyen of the Headline Press.
(This won't be needed yet, I guess.)

THE DAILY EXPRESS.

The brisk *Express* without disguise
Shoots at Sensation as it flies
And regularly bags the game,
So sure and snappy is its aim.
But when its keen but docile team
Must harp upon the Imperial theme
It plugs the play of crime and crude stuff
With one refrain, *Tax Foreign Foodstuff.*

THE DAILY HERALD.

The Herald does its best to shed
Its youthful coat of reckless red.
The *rôle* of Governmental trumpet
It may not like, yet needs must lump it,
And so assumes (but with a wink)
The Ministerial hunting-pink.

THE OBSERVER.

For fruity phrase and noble fervour
Give me each week my fat *Observer*,
Where kindly, firmly and distinctly
(Though not, it may be thought, succinctly)
Great GARVIN, like a virtuous nurse,
Chides the misguided Universe.

C. L. M.

Stouter Fellows in the Cambridge Boat.

"When the boat was launched just after 3 o'clock C. M. Fletcher and R. H. H. Symonds filled the bow and three seats."
Daily Paper.

"... a boy ought to be able to face up to a flogging if he deserved it."
Dr. NORWOOD in Daily Paper.

The procedure has changed since our day, when one just went into reverse.



THE FUNNY FIREMAN.

[Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, while urging the appointment of an Economy Committee, advocates the raising of a public loan to facilitate further expenditure on a vast scale.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, February 9th.—Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON gave something like a final answer to the innumerable questions about Russian slave-produced timber with which he has been bombarded for several weeks. The substance of it was that the Soviet Government has refused to allow an investigation into the methods by which the timber is produced that comes to this country. That being so, there can be no question of asking the British Ambassador at Moscow to investigate on his own account. The Foreign Office is by no means satisfied that the allegations of slave labour are not well founded, but hesitates to act on suspicion. It must not be assumed however that the Government, which is watching the situation closely, has decided to take no further action.

Whoever it was that said "Pigs is pigs" would have changed his tune if he had heard Dr. ADDISON moving the Second Reading of the Agricultural Marketing Bill last night. One gathered that by the time the Act gets into its stride there will be a Bureau of Pig Control, Boards of Pig Meat Production for every county, a Pig By-products Utilization Advisory Committee, a Pig Meat Prices Regulation Board, any number of Pig Food Distribution Co-operative Societies, and a National Laboratory of Swine Research. Over all will be the Minister, moving all things with his eyebrow, like Jove, and a law unto himself, as every up-to-date Minister, at the instigation of the Higher Bureaucracy, aspires to be.

Dr. ADDISON, himself the mildest-mannered man that ever cut a turnip or scuttled a hen-roost, justified this sudden determination to run the farmers' business better than they can run it themselves by pointing out that the cost of getting a British pig to market was six-and-ninepence, while in Denmark it was from three farthings to elevenpence. He forgot to explain however that while the Danish pig is brought up within squealing distance of its spiritual home, the packing-house, the British pig is first walloped along the hard highway by a rustic in whiskers and a hard hat called "Jarge," and then, after a brisk bout with the station staff under catch-as-catch-can rules, flung into a cattle-truck by the tail.

It is not only the little pigs that will go to market under Dr. ADDISON's guidance. The fifteen shillings expended on fat cattle in search of an abattoir —it sounds like a play by PIRANDELLO —is to be reduced, presumably by wheeling the abattoir round to the farm —and brokerages are to be cut out.

Then there is cheese. The Minister explained that the Bill envisages a Marketing Board for Cheshire cheese (this should make the Cheddar gorge rise), and other Boards for milk, soft fruits, potatoes, butter, and so on. Dr. ADDISON was not quite clear as to what the Boards will do, but we may assume that the Soft Fruits Board, for example, will easily find some means of hatching out British new potatoes in time to compete with the Madeira crop. But a Minister cannot be expected to go into all the details. Suffice it that when the Bill becomes law British agriculture will be so organised, rationalised, co-operatified, bureaucraticised and generally bedevilled that the baffled importer will throw up the sponge, and churns will be as popular in Whitehall as typewriters.



"We are watching the position very closely."—Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON, Foreign Secretary, on labour conditions in Russia.



DR. ADDISON FILLS THE BILL.

"In my opinion there is too much Minister in this Bill."—Mr. DE ROTHSCHILD.

The debate can hardly be said to have become general—one suspects that, to the great mass of Members, a piglet by the abattoir's brim is purely a subject of concern to the bureaucrats of the Kitchen Committee—but there was some consensus of opinion that, as Mr. DE ROTHSCHILD put it, there is "too much Minister in the Bill."

Tuesday, February 10th.—The even tenor of the Agricultural Land (Utilization) Bill's way on Report was somewhat marred by Miss PICTON-TURBERVILL, who, in a voice broken with emotion, announced that she had strayed into the wrong Lobby, and would the SPEAKER please cancel her vote? The SPEAKER, while reasonably appalled at the possibility of Miss PICTON-TURBERVILL getting mislaid, thought the matter might be left where it was, the Government having secured a substantial, if not quite so overwhelming, majority in the lady's absence.

On the Third Reading of the Bill Miss MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE declared that the Liberal attitude was plain: they supported a good thing when they got a chance. No likelihood of her going into the wrong Lobby. Mr. GUINNESS said the money would be wasted, but Dr. ADDISON insisted that one thousand pounds would give them "a house, land and equipment and a self-supporting citizen not on the dole." At that price per head, and with only two-and-a-half-million people on the dole, unemployment should soon be a thing of the past.

Wednesday, February 11th.—Not so many days ago we heard the MINISTER OF HEALTH declaring with appropriate gestures of defiance that he would rather die in a ditch than cut down expenditure on the social services. This afternoon Mr. SNOWDEN, while roundly declaring that the ditch was none of his colleague's or his own digging, made it all too plain that Mr. GREENWOOD would shortly be called upon to lie in it. That at least was the interpretation put upon the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S economy speech by those twin watch-dogs of the Socialist philosophy, Messrs. BROWN and WISE; and they were probably right. The debate on the Unionist motion of Censure was opened by Sir LAMING WORTHINGTON-EVANS.* He has made a name as a dour fighter, and his task was easy enough. The gist of his argument was that the nation may thank its stars if by the time the Government's Bills have all become law it gets off with another fifty millions on the annual debit side. This was not news to the

* At the moment of going to Press we learn with deep regret the sad news of the sudden death of Sir LAMING.

House and needed no elaboration. For the rest, Sir LAMING was content to push home the charge that the Government was blithely borrowing money for unproductive purposes (the Unemployment Insurance Fund) to an extent which the Treasury's own officials had declared would "quickly call into question the stability of the British financial system."

Mr. SNOWDEN's speech, like all Gaul, was divided into three parts—but for once in a way it was not all gall. First he argued not unsuccessfully that the Conservatives themselves, while protesting economy, had added another fifty millions a year to the national expenditure and had gloried in it, or at any rate in part of it, on their Election posters. So far from the Labour kettle being black, he argued, it was merely contact with the Conservative utensil that had caused an apparent diminution of its pristine sheen.

Having disposed of the Tories, Mr. SNOWDEN rounded on the Liberals, declaring that a new Geddes Committee, to which they seemed to attach so much importance, would produce only small and unimportant economies. That too required no great amount of proving.

Then Mr. SNOWDEN took up the real theme of his discourse. The national position was grave. There must be "drastic and disagreeable measures." More taxation would be the last straw on the industrial camel's back. Schemes involving heavy expenditure would have to wait until prosperity returned. The Budget position was serious. The fall in values and a twenty-per-cent drop in productive capacity had curtailed receipts at the same time as expenditure had gone up. There must be "some temporary suspension, some sacrifice."

What did these ominous phrases portend? Labour Members, trained to regard the taxpayer as a milch cow of inexhaustible yield, looked at each other with a wild surmise. But not silent. Stout MAXTON and his men will never be accused of that. Up rose Mr. W. J BROWN, of Wolverhampton, full of wrath at the Pacific Ocean of apparently indestructible Capitalism that swam into his ken. The Government, he declared, had betrayed the whole Socialist philosophy. The whole Labour movement was being surrendered to the vested interests of the City. The Government had no unemployment policy. It had neither the guts to govern nor the grace to get out.

Mr. WISE, less alliterative but not less indignant, said much the same thing.

Only one other word of note was uttered. Sir ROBERT HORNE concerned himself chiefly with the part played in the scheme of political things by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. The Socialists, he said, had learned to say in their prayers, "We have erred and strayed like lost sheep, and the Leader of the Liberal Party is our shepherd—and our crook."



GALE WARNING.
THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.



"THE RED BOY."
(*After the painting by* LAWRENCE.)

Mr. W. J. Brown. "CALL ME A 'RED BOY' INDEED? THIS SORT OF GOVERNMENT IS ENOUGH TO GIVE ANYONE THE BLUES!"

After which—and much else—the House duly defeated the motion of Censure, and by a huge majority carried, in the teeth of twenty-one stalwarts of the Socialist Left Wing, a Liberal Amendment calling for "a small and independent Committee to make recommendations to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER for effecting forthwith all practical and legitimate reductions in national expenditure consistent with the efficiency of the Services"—in a word to help Mr. SNOWDEN out of the mess.

Thursday, February 12th.—The motto, *Ex nihilo nihil fit*, has no application to Parliamentary debate. A Liberal motion demanding that a national loan should be raised and the money spent on roads, housing, slum clearance, town planning, afforestation, docks, harbours, telephones, electricity and Heaven knows what else, is about as nourishing as a China egg, but how it does make the Parliamentary fowl cackle!

The motion was tamely moved by Sir HERBERT SAMUEL, and as tamely accepted by Mr. MACDONALD. The real cacklers were Sir OSWALD MOSLEY, who castigated the PRIME MINISTER'S dangerous complacency and described Mr. SNOWDEN'S apprehensions as the panickings of a frightened old woman. He wanted to see less pampering of the *rentier* class, to which he himself belonged, and more care for the producer.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE had a different rod in pickle. It is not on record that the "money barons" have ever been unkind to him, but he took this occasion to assail the City with a vigour and acerbity that sent whispers of "Limehouse" round the benches. "Take no advice from the City" was his plea. It had always been wrong—on deflation, on the return to the gold standard, on the funding of the American debt. Yet it was trying to establish a veto on Parliament more sordid than that which the House of Lords had lost. It was all very fierce and nebulous, and inspired, perhaps, by that little word "crook" which Sir ROBERT HORNE had so primly lisped on the previous day.

It remained for Mr. J. H. THOMAS to chide Sir OSWALD, to interpret Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S speech as a genial echo of Sir HERBERT SAMUEL'S and, momentarily forgetting the austere views of Mr. CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, to remind the House that inflation was encouraged because it was an indirect way of attacking wages.

The House, having accepted the motion without a division, passed to the germane subject of red herrings.



ANOTHER WORLD'S WORKER.

THE MAN WHO PUTS THE TWIST IN THE JACOBEAN TABLE-LEGS.

OUR PEOPLE.

A CANINE CAUSERIE BY SIR BORZOI.

A WORD OF THANKS.

ALL roads led to Bran Mash last Tuesday when Champion Boilin' o' Barkingside gave the last of his fascinating talks on "Bones I Have Bent." These talks have been of real value to the younger fry, and we hope shortly to announce a further series by Champion Boilin' on "Secret Feeding" and "Breaking and Taming the Household."

WELL DONE, WILLY!

Congratulations to that fine fancier, Willy of Winchelsea, who last week brought to the Little Crampton show a brace of the finest White-Coated Owners we have seen this season. Their exceptionally game appearance, coupled with eyes of almost canine intelligence, provoked a good deal of comment. We hope to hear that some promising youngsters from the same father may soon be expected at this well-run Winchelsea establishment.

FAMOUS ELKHOUND'S ANXIETY.

Pawson Pogo writes that his owner, Mrs. Olaf Pawson, of Poplar, is mourning the loss of two canine teeth. He states that, although unable to take biscuit at present, she appears to have improved in health and temperament as a result of the operation.

NOCTURNAL VISITORS.

Mr. and Mrs. Neil Nunsoe, of Neasden, who are well-known Vealandham fanciers, received a shock on arriving home early on Valentine's Day from a lecture on Worm-Keeping to find that their quarters had been ransacked and a valuable piece of pie carried off. Fortunately, however, a large quantity of bones buried in the vicinity were not discovered by the thieves.

A PLEA FOR BRIGHTER SHOWS.

Now that the Big Events will so soon be upon us it is time to consider what improvements, if any, can be effected. Once again we would urge on all and sundry that Judges and Exhibitors be asked to take their stand *outside* the Ring, instead of *inside*, as heretofore. In these days one sees so many thick legs, weak fronts and stunted ears, which are bound to have a depressing effect on fastidious and sensitive competitors when viewed at close quarters.

An earnest attempt should also be made to render the Show Rings more acceptable to the public. A garnish of meat and bones (inside the Ring) would certainly enhance its appeal and do much to promote that healthy sporting spirit which, alas, is often sadly lacking on these occasions.

Correspondence.

RIGHT FEEDING ("Périgord Pie").—There should be no need to resort to out-of-the-way measures in order to secure the four full meals per diem. Do not forget that forceful methods always beget hostility. The first rule to be observed for right feeding is—choose the right owner! That is to say, an owner who "fits in" with a dog's requirements. It is quite useless for an all-round fancier of your attainments to contemplate the idea of residence with a team of vegetarians, such as you mention. It is practically impossible to make anything of this type.

PUZZLED ("Country Girlie").—There is unhappily no hard-and-fast rule regarding the use of couches and armchairs. Some owners provide them and some do not. Your statement, however, that "you never can tell" indicates a lack of discipline in the establishment. Any flagrant breach of our Code of Comfort should be reported at once to the Home Selection Committee. In the meantime it is always a sound principle to Get There First, and you will find that these matters often settle themselves.

The Chesterfield Family.

"The main door of the Royal suite was opened by another young man, in another lounge suite similar in style to that of the Rajah, but not finished off with a turban."
From "Imperial Palace," by ARNOLD BENNETT.

Possibly an antimacassar was substituted.

AT THE PICTURES.

ELDERLY STARS.

THE studious cinematophil
Is sure to fall for *Min* and *Bill*,
Which, so the advertisers say
(And who possess more chance than they
To learn the facts about a play?),
Has blended comedy and dramma
In answer to the public's clamour,
Till both of these two things are one,
Ensuring satisfact-i-on.

It sweeps you forward in a tide
Of action vividly supplied;
It holds you spell-bound in its grip
Because of its tremendous zip;
It does all kinds of things to you
That other screen-productions do;
But more than that, it brings together
Two birds of an uncommon feather
Who fairly dominate the fillum
In *Minnie* and her partner, *Billum*.

In fact, the advertisers state
That words are scarcely adequate
In dealing with a thing so great
As this outstanding play; but I
Shall have to do my best to try.

Well, *Min* and *Bill*, whose speech was blunt,
Possessed upon the water-front
A not too reputable joint
Where sailors, anxious to anoint
Their throats with boot-legged liquor, did;
And in this joint there was a kid.
She was a charming child, a pearl,
Named *Nancy*, was this li'ul gyurl,
Left there with *Min* and *Bill* because
Her actual mother, *Bella*, was
A fair but somewhat shiftless dame
Whose mode of life I need not name.

To call on *Min* she sometimes came,
But *Min* kept hidden from the child
(Whom she was keeping good, though wild)
The secret—yes, Sir, hid it from her
That this vile person was her momma.
And when she felt that *Nancy* might
Learn things that were not sweet nor right
In that rough joint, and grow less pure
Than heroines ought to be, why, sure,
She went up to a secret box
Where she had money hid in socks,
Great wads of notes she did not use,
Made, I suppose, by smuggling booze,
And sent off *Nan* with thousands cool
To some expensive boarding-school.
Such is a foster-parent's love,
All rubies and all gold above.

So *Nancy*, far from evil's reach,
Grew up to be a filmland peach.
But *Min* and *Bill* meanwhile remained,
True to their type, with dirt engrained,
Making wise cracks, and, when enraged,
Though both were more than middle-aged
And both were plain and both were stout,
Throwing the furniture about



PEEPING *BILL*.
MR. WALLACE BEERY.

(For *Bill* would carry on with *Bella*
And *Min* get riled and bat the fella);
But after scenes they made it up
And sat down to the whisky cup,
From which all low comedians sup.



ANOTHER BEDROOM SCENE.
Min . . . MISS MARIE DRESSLER.

Came then the day when *Nancy*, dressed
And all dolled up to look her best,
Knew Love's first dawn. She met the heir
Of some shipowning millionaire,
And all the little port was gay
With bunting for her wedding-day.
But *Bella*, who had been put wise
(Though *Min* had told her lots of lies),
That this sweet bud, this startling beauty,
Was her long-lost forgotten cutie,
Threatened to do a blackmail stunt
And scandalise the water-front.

Min faltered not; she gave a grunt.
Her duty was as clear as crystal;
She seized an automatic pistol,
And saved her *Nancy* for the toff
By bumping poor old *Bella* off.
And there upon the crowded quay,
Amidst the wild festivity
Associated with a wedding,
The shouts, the cheers, the streamers spreading,
She was arrested by the cops.

At this point the production stops.

The acting, tragical or cheery,
Of MARIE DRESSLER, WALLACE BEERY,
As *Min* and *Bill*, and of the rest
Throughout the piece is of the best.
A charming child was *Nancy*, sweller
Than all *déclassées* dames was *Bella*.
The incidents were well devised,
The talking ably synchronised,
And those who like this special blend
Of farce with dramma at the end,
Which GOLDWYN-MAYER recommend
(And who should know if they do not?),
Will certainly agree with what
The programme states about the plot.

EVOE.

SHIKAR.

I STOLE a glance at the lean tanned faces of the little group of men around the fire. None showed the faintest traces of amusement and I realised the depth of the gulf that separated us.

To my question, "Get any decent shooting down there?" Fitzgough had replied, "Yes, old boy, fizzin'. Two-hundred-and-forty-four snipe and a couple o' tiger." I struggled with rising laughter.

The talk, in which I alone was not qualified to join, veered from panther to bear, from ibex to pig, and still Fitzgough's reply buzzed in my brain. I pictured myself, older but lean and bronzed, returned from Central Africa, my trophies on the study-table, my net and killing-bottle in their accustomed place and Postlethwaite peering excitedly at me through his glasses. I could hear him saying, "You must have got some extremely interesting specimens?"

And I could hear my reply, "Fizzin', old boy. Six-hundred-and-ninety micro-lepidoptera and a couple o' fruit-eating bat."



Judge. "ANYTHING TO SAY?"
Prisoner. "YUS. I NEVER DONE IT AN' DON'T MAKE IT 'ARD LABOUR."

AT THE PLAY.

"STRANGE INTERLUDE" (LYRIC).

Strange Interlude is a period piece—which is to say that when we have all got over this Freudian preoccupation and babble about sex, a necessary but unpleasant purge for a sick society, we shall say of this decade what a queer crowd of neurotics they were in the thirties! But happening to be in the moaning thirties we can definitely enjoy this interesting exposure of our too introspective selves. Mr. EUGENE O'NEILL has something to say and says it with conviction, even with passion, though certainly he says it at too great length. He is, besides, experimenting boldly in a new medium—a sort of four-dimensional scheme—in which his puppets offer us as commentary of their outwardly spoken words the thoughts that these words mask, a new technique of the soliloquy.

The experiment—Abysmalism we may perhaps call it—is of very real interest and significance, even if, being, as we suspect, a retrogressive step, it be doomed to fail, as its predecessor Expressionism may be said to have failed. And it is disquieting to think what we may have to suffer from imitators who have less to say and with less passionate conviction than Mr. O'NEILL. Meanwhile let us accept gratefully the fact that here is a live theme of the moment treated in the mood of the moment, and a play produced (by Mr. PHILIP MOELLER of the New York Theatre Guild) and acted with quite exceptional imagination, sensitiveness and technical finish.

Life, we gather, is the strange dark interlude between a darkness and a darkness; and there are distinctions drawn between a Mother-God and a Father-God. But we didn't feel that Mr. O'NEILL's strange philosophy was what mattered. It is his characters and their reactions upon each other that concern and excite us. They are: a dry widowed university *Professor* (Mr. ERSKINE SANFORD), passionately devoted to his daughter; the daughter, *Nina* (Miss MARY ELLIS), who has been engaged to a gallant airman, *Gordon Shaw* or *Shore* (the players were divided about this, as they were as to whether the girl's name was *Nina* or *Niner*)—her father had been opposed to the marriage and she herself, respecting what she now believes to have been a stupid convention, regrets that she did not offer herself to her boy before he went away to be killed in the War; *Charles Marsden* (Mr. RALPH MORGAN), a romantic novelist and "sissie"—which is American for the opposite of he-man; *Sam Evans*, a young boob (Mr. DONALD MACDONALD); *Ned Darrell* (Mr. BASIL SYDNEY), a doctor, resolute not to wreck his promising career by entanglements with women; *Sam's* mother (Miss TERESA DALE), a tragic figure—there is a long history of hereditary insanity in the *Evans* family, to conceal which from her boy and to prevent his ever being a father are her main purpose in life. There are two other characters, a boy and a girl, who come into what seemed to me an artistically unnecessary epilogue.

Nina is suffering from a bitter grief about her dead *Gordon* and a strangled hate towards her father—is obviously in a dangerous state of mental and spiritual strain. She leaves home to nurse in a War hospital and plunge into a disastrous series of physical adventures with men who have suffered

in the War. She will, she thinks, give to his comrades what she has denied to *Gordon*. *Ned*, the doctor, interests himself in her case. She must be married—why not to his crude young friend *Sam*, who is in love with her? *Ned* is by no means insensible to *Nina's* physical charms, but there is his career, and he has also a standard of professional honour. *Sam* and *Nina* marry; *Nina* becomes pregnant. They visit *Sam's* mother, who tells *Nina* the tragic family history and induces the distraught girl, just beginning to be happy in the anticipation of her motherhood, to procure the abortion of her child. The child was, of course, to have been a boy, *Gordon's* spiritual son. *Nina* has no lover's love for her husband, though she has been able to substitute a sort of mother-love for poor *Sam*, intensified now that she knows the tragic fate that hangs over him.

She must bear a son to some other man and persuade her husband that it is his. *Charlie*, poor old *Charlie*, pottering about for crumbs of affection, bitter in his jealousy but unable to attract her "that way," is passed over. *Ned*—now slowly coming under her spell—there is no deliberate contrivance in this—shall be the father. After a mental struggle of scruples on both sides, hatred of treachery to friend and infidelity to trusting husband, this is accomplished. The deception is carried through bravely. And *Ned* and *Nina* remain lovers furtively and passionately.

The position is intolerable. *Sam* must be sacrificed and divorced. But the staunch friend in *Ned* and the mother in *Nina* cannot face that cruelty. So in a tangle of bitterness the tragedy piles itself up against the distracted woman.

The boy *Gordon* hates his real, adores his putative father, who has become a successful man of business, dull, no longer uxorious, self-satisfied. The liaison between *Ned* and *Nina* still continues, but with diminishing fervour. *Gordon*, incarnation of her old obsession, stands between them.

Poor old maid *Charlie*, now ageing, first tied to his mother's then to his sister's apron-strings—suspecting, but never till near the end sure of, the relations between *Ned* and *Nina*—still potters impotently in the background, outwardly the friend of all, inwardly consumed with baffled rage and malice unspoken, save in the soliloquies that are the heart of the interesting experiment.

The woman *Nina* has, then, broken three lives (*Sam* alone being unconscious of the breakage and dying mercifully before *Nina*, now all but hating her obtuse husband and bitterly jealous of the young girl who is taking away her boy, has time to carry out her intention of telling him). But she is herself a victim of Mother-God's or Father-God's cruel sport with this unhappy plaything called man in this strange interlude called life!

The affair ends on a note too like comedy to be in the frame—a proposal from *Ned* meant to be refused; and a final acceptance of poor old *Charlie*, from whose perplexities and stifled desires Time has now taken the sting.

New York has some secret which we have lost. If the playing and production had not been beyond criticism this piece would fail. Even as it is there were dangerous moments—a laugh or two in the wrong place. But, by and large, it held the audience riveted in a queer amazement at all this baring of motive and countermotive, this tragic tangle of the lives of people who lived before us and made us partakers of their suffering. So that in effect here is a really brilliant success, discounting all criticism of direction or detail, and no intelligent theatre-goer should miss it. I say this with all the emphasis I can command. T.



TRYING NOT TO HEAR HIM THINKING ALOUD.

Edmund Darrell . . . . . MR. BASIL SYDNEY.
Charles Marsden . . . . . MR. RALPH MORGAN.
Nina Leeds . . . . . MISS MARY ELLIS.

"THE ROCKLITZ" (DUKE OF YORK'S).

As "Mr. GEORGE PREEDY" has given us under another name many carefully documented historical romances we may assume without laborious inquiry that *Johann Georg IV.*, Prince Elector of Saxony (about whom the ignorant reporter's friend, E. B., is silent), was substantially such a man as is here presented to us, irresolute, violent, superstitious, dotingly fond and jealous to the point of mania. And we may suppose the author, taking a freer licence under her *alias*, has added romantic embroideries.

It would appear that *Johann Georg* (Mr. DENNIS NEILSON-TERRY) is determined, against the advice of his sinister old Chancellor, *Count Sturm* (Mr. FELIX AYLMER), to wed the daughter of *General Von Neidschutz* (Mr. NORMAN V. NORMAN), a nobleman of broken fortunes and discreditable life, with a dissolute drunken son in the Guards, *Casmir* (Mr. ROLAND CULVER). It is supremely necessary for the House of Neidschutz that the brilliant marriage shall take place; and the daughter, *Magdalena Sibylla* (Miss MARY GLYNNE), who loves her gallant cousin, *De Haverbeck* (Mr. LAWRENCE ANDERSON), is to be sacrificed on the altar of filial and family piety.

Magdalena Sibylla is, we are told, a clever young woman of advanced views, yet stupid enough to let the handsome young rake, *Casmir*, raise money on some love-letters of the fond *Prince*, and some covering notes of her own wherein she betrays her real opinion of him as in effect a stupid young dotard. Naturally *Count Sturm's* spies capture these, and the *Count* is able to hand them to his sovereign just in time to prevent his marriage to the daughter of the discredited House.

But the passionate *Prince* will have his way with his *Magdalena* without marriage. Dashing a cup of wine upon the *Neidschutz* escutcheon he follows up this unforgivable insult by the demand that he shall have access to the *General's* daughter that very night in the *General's* own house, else he will break them utterly and irretrievably.

Coming unarmed to *Magdalena's*

room the *Prince* is met by the father and brother, who draw upon him. Unmoved by their threats he yields to *Magdalena's* wiles, signs a document heaping honours and emoluments upon them in exchange for favours to be graciously given, not merely yielded to force. Here follows an exciting and slightly embarrassing interlude, discreetly blacked out at the appropriate moment.

A year passes—this is in the sixteen-nineties, a time of brave clothes and full-bottomed wigs, all very charmingly reproduced for us by Mr. HERBERT NORRIS; the *Countess Rocklitz* is installed as the *Prince's* all-powerful and adored mistress in his palace at Dresden. Clergy and populace are outraged at this flouting of the lawful consort, at the insult to religion and morals, at the management of State affairs by the beautiful shameless sinner.

The woman's hold upon their sovereign is attributed to the black arts of witchcraft. The *Prince* himself goes in terror of the machinations of these children of the devil and has instituted tribunals to deal faithfully with them.

An agent of *Sturm's* contrives to place a phial of mandragora in the *Countess's* bureau, together with an incriminating letter. We watched that fatal letter with interest. Never did (alleged) clever young woman or her devoted servants, by resolute refusal to destroy or hide this document of which they were perfectly well aware and towards which they cast apprehensive glances, more deliberately and fatuously seek their own ruin.

And, as if this were not enough, the *Countess* goes out of her way to make more trouble for herself by arranging a meeting with her beloved *De Haverbeck* in the dead of night, and goes to him after administering the mandragora to her lord.

De Haverbeck, chivalrous, honourable and innocent, is arrested by the omniscient *Sturm* as he is leaving the rendezvous. The *Prince*, insane with jealousy, attempts to extort the truth from his prisoner. He will not believe the truth that *De Haverbeck* has never been *Magdalena's* lover and sends the staunch hero to his death. Tortured by remorse and still not knowing the truth, he comes to *Magdalena's* room, pours out his abject love anew, confesses his crime, and when she falls dead at his feet, mumbles over her body, his reason shattered by her agony.



SIGN, PLEASE.

Johann Georg IV. . . . . . MR. DENNIS NEILSON-TERRY.
Casmir von Neidschutz . . . MR. ROLAND CULVER.
General von Neidschutz . . . MR. NORMAN V. NORMAN.



A STRONG SLEEPING-DRAUGHT.

(Note the effect on the candles.)

The Countess Rocklitz . . MISS MARY GLYNNE.
Johann Georg IV. . . . MR. DENNIS NEILSON-TERRY.

An exciting affair with what are known as strong situations; inclined to fall, perhaps, between the two stools of historical and psychological plausibility on the one hand and frank cloak-and-sword romance on the other. It suffered too from the rarely surmounted difficulties of compressed adaptation from book-form.

Mr. NEILSON-TERRY, bravely trying to give subtlety and balance to the character of the distracted, slow-witted, vengeful *Prince*, was a gallant if a little over-self-conscious figure. He had his moments of real forcefulness. The action was perhaps a little too disjointed to give him a fair chance. Miss MARY GLYNNE'S *Magdalena* gave us a beautiful enough reason for the *Prince's* infatuation, but hardly suggested the kind of power and intelligence that the author evidently intended. Mr. FELIX AYLMER ably suggested, in the little time allowed him, the Machiavellian *Sturm* (and we all adored his little monkey and hoped he would bite somebody); Mr. LAWRENCE ANDERSON was a gallant hero, and Mr. ROLAND CULVER'S portrait of the depraved young gallant was well done.

The peak scenes held the audience completely, and this, after all, is the best testimonial any play can win. T.

Our Bloodthirsty Little Contemporaries.

"J. R. G. —— broke his right thumb in the first round of the Boxing Competition. He boxed on to the end of his fight, making a bad mess of the thumb as a result—a really good show."
School Magazine.

"£70,000 FOR POOR BOXERS."
Daily Paper.

Bigger purses than that have gone to extremely poor boxers.

"WATCH ON GANDHI."
Manchester Paper.

Even a Mahatma sometimes needs to know the time.

"Reeve W. H. —— said that the hospital had cost us double this year as formerly, also that the cost of indignant persons was much heavier this past year than formerly."—*Canadian Paper.*

The hire of an extra chucker-out, we suppose.

LETTERS TO AN EXILE.

THE SIGNPOST.

DEAR ROONA,—Not talking of high tragedy but of ordinary pathetic wistfulness, what is the saddest case you can recollect? I have just come upon one which it would be hard to beat. A little man who poured out his confidences while we sat side by side in an underground train during one of those mysterious cessations of electric current which can still occur.

"It's more interesting to me than to you," he said, "this stoppage. More amusing, I might even say."

I replied that to me it wasn't amusing at all. "Why does it amuse you?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "it oughtn't to and it wouldn't if I was a nice character; but it does, because, you see, it's my business to make people move on, travel. And here they are, all stuck."

"Then you're a railway official?" I suggested.

"No," he said, "I'm in a tourist agency, and from half-past nine to half-past five every day I do nothing but help people to have exciting holidays abroad. That's my job. I've been doing it for thirty years and I shall do it to the end, and, although I know the time of every steamboat and every train all over the world, I have never been farther from London than Margate, where I spend my holidays. I can tell you the names of the best hotels everywhere and the best restaurants and the best things to see—museums and Old Masters and picturesque ruins—but I've never been anywhere but to Margate. Paris, Madrid, Venice, Rio Janeiro, Colombo, Budapest, Cairo, Pompeii, Delhi Tokio, New York—ask me whatever you like about any of them and I'll tell you; but I've never set foot in one of them, and never shall unless a miracle happens. I don't even know Dover or Folkestone, although I make it easy for a hundred people to embark there every day. As for Calais and Boulogne—for me they're where the Promised Land begins."

"But must you always go to Margate?" I asked.

"I'm afraid so," he said. "I'm a family man and the wife's an invalid. I can't afford anything else.

"You've no notion what it can be," he went on, "to stand up from half-past nine to half-past five every day, making out tickets for ordinary dull people who've very likely been there before, while I, who'd give my ears to go—my ears, I said, not my eyes—am doomed to my place at the counter. That's what hurts—to be a fixture one-self yet aiding and abetting others to rove and roam."

He sighed deeply. "That's why I'm amused by this stoppage," he added.

"Sometimes," he resumed, "it's almost more than I can bear. Yesterday, for example, a young couple came to know things about Venice for their honeymoon. Of all the places I want to see, Venice comes first. Water instead of tarmac; gondolas instead of taxis; the Doges' Palace; St. Mark's and the pigeons; the Lido—I know everything about it, but I'll never see it. And every day I send a dozen people there. But this young couple—they nearly broke my heart, they were so eager about it. Rooms looking out on the Grand Canal, if you please! They won't have such eyes for Venice as I should have, because they'll be gazing at each other, but they put me into the depths, I can tell you.

"Honeymooners," he said, "even though they are not going to see things, I can tolerate, but where I really feel resentful and bitter and jealous is when I am making out itineraries for the ordinary rich people who travel just because it's the thing and will go only to those hotels which resemble our own and meet no one but their own countrymen. I feel positively ashamed to assist people like that to foreign parts. 'What's the matter with Bath or Harrogate?' I am tempted to ask. 'How dare you set foot on my beautiful Continent?' And then the Americans, who make it all so mechanical, how I resent them! One of them asked me only yesterday if three days were enough for Rome.

"I hope that the Recording Angel is taking note of the things I don't say—for to do that, I often think, ought to be a very large part of his job—and then perhaps I'll get to heaven even if I can't get to Havre.

"Don't you ever become a tourist-agent," he concluded as the train at last jerked on.

I promised him that I wouldn't. But I shall never buy my tickets again without remembering him. I used to think that the sympathetic keen schoolmaster, always getting boys ready for the world and then losing them for ever and having to begin all over again with new ones, a peculiarly pathetic figure; but this little intermediary between ourselves and the great world, consumed with the go-fever while clamped to his counter, rooted to the office floor, is a sadder case.

Yours, E. V. L.

"PIANO.—Lady deceives pupils."
Advt. in Edinburgh Paper.

She probably only thinks she does.

CAVE CANEM.

"Gr-r-r—there go, my heart's abhorrence!
. . . . . .
If hate killed men, Brother Lawrence,
God's blood! would not mine kill you?"
Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister.
BROWNING.

[According to *The Times*, "ridiculous stories about the activities of Colonel LAWRENCE have again been current in the Turkish Press in connection with the recent Menemen disorders."]

WHILE Waterloo was still unsung
And Europe's path was dark and stony,
One word was then on every tongue,
And an unholy terror hung
About the name of BONEY.

Long years his "legend" was believed—
"BONEY will eat you" was an asset
To parents when their young were peeved,
Till WELLINGTON in time achieved
Its ultimate *Hic jacet*.

And tales to-day the Bolshies tell,
Expressive of their "heart's abhorrence,"
Of one who weaves a kindred spell—
That mild elusive pimpernel,
Entitled Colonel LAWRENCE.

The Turkman having followed suit,
Similar yarns they'll doubtless swallow
Where'er this "ogre" sets his foot,
Till his unenvious repute
Beats even BONEY'S hollow.

For donkeys' years it may survive.
Perhaps when I'm an old, old fogey
(Round about nineteen-fifty-five)
We shall at last with luck contrive
To swat the LAWRENCE bogey.

A. K.

The Doggy Note in Nuptial Fashions.

"The bride was charming. . . . Her attendants carried sheaths of red point setters."—*West-Country Paper.*

"SUCCESS OF DUNDEE THRIFT MOVEMENT."
Headline in Scots Paper.

Our anticipations have proved correct.

"Miss Miss H.—— (contralto)."
Local Paper.

Thanks for the advice; we will.

"He desired that on his grave should be placed a large recumbent statute of Queen Victoria."—*Evening Paper.*

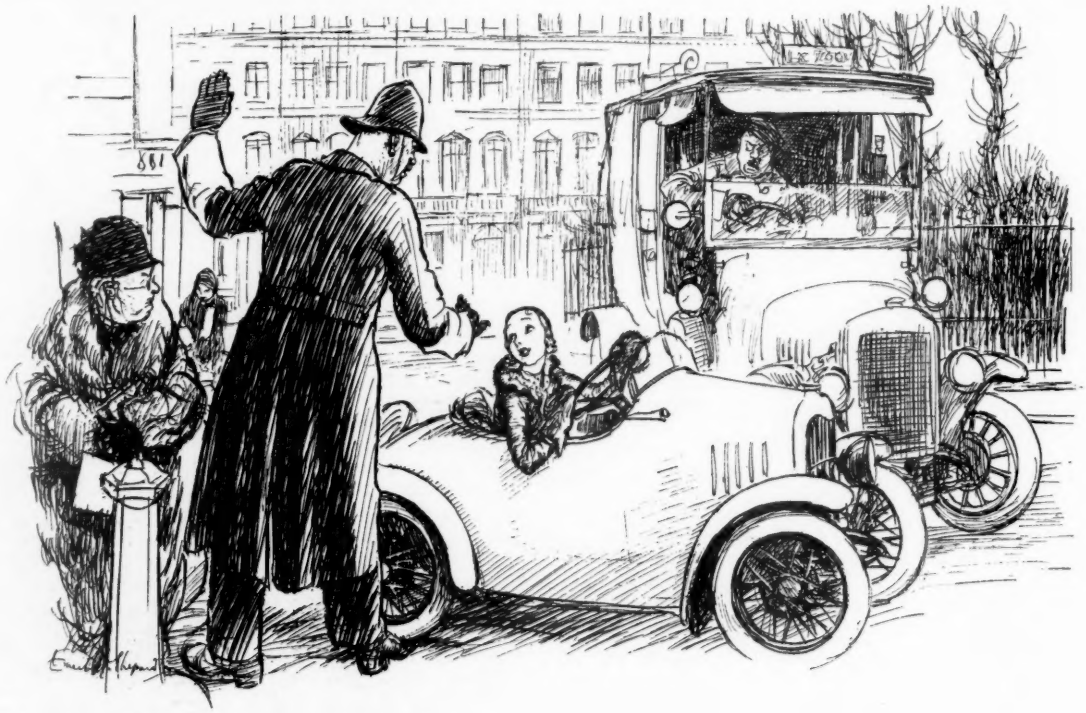
Do we still accept the edicts of that reign lying down?

"Your Dan Leno or Charlie Chaplin wants in his heart to play Handel. . . ."
Manchester Paper.

Just as SULLIVAN and OFFENBACH often envied the grave beauty of Hamlet's *Messiah*.



THE CHAIRMAN LEADS THE SHAREHOLDERS IN SINGING "I'M A DREAMER—AREN'T WE ALL?"



Lady (meltingly). "OH, WHAT HAVE I DONE WRONG, CONSTABLE? DID YOU WANT ME TO STOP?"
Policeman (melted). "I DID, MISS, BUT NOT ON MY FOOT. PASS ALONG, PLEASE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

AN infinity of loving consideration has been given by a group of experts to recover from the disjointed and disfigured diaries of AUGUST ANDRÉE and his two companions the story of that generation-old balloon journey which only last year was found to have ended in tragedy on desolate White Island. A fairly complete narrative is the result, and this, in *The Andrée Diaries* (LANE, 21/-), has been enlarged to form a veritable memorial volume, while something like a photographic miracle has rescued many of the explorers' films for beautiful reproduction. Unfortunately the English translation is wooden throughout and often barbarous, but in spite of this and in spite of the easy criticisms which ANDRÉE'S methods invite, this story remains one of the most moving of all records of human courage in the long history of exploration. Drifting at the mercy of the winds, and no more able to contend against the North than the pigeon-messengers they released, which fain would come back to the balloon, the travellers descended, after some sixty hours of increasingly difficult flight, about three hundred miles from their starting-point. Thence they struggled over pack-ice until autumn darkness was upon them, when the breaking of an ice-floe beneath their hut drove them to the hopeless beach where they were discovered. The story of the last days is incomplete, but, though there were found with them undelivered letters for their sweethearts, and in their diaries notes of improvements to be made for "the next attempt," there are no words of discouragement or of doubt as to the issue.

No better summary of the scope and temper of *The Shadow on the Steppe* (HUTCHINSON, 7/6) can be given than in KINGLAKE'S phrase at the beginning of *Eothen:* "The havoc and the splendour of the East." The havoc predominates, and the wealth of exciting incident may lure some readers into regarding Mrs. MABEL BROUGHTON BILLETT'S story as a "Sheikh" romance. This would be an injustice, for it is distinguished from the crudities of that *genre* by its style and the regard for historical facts which she shows in her picture of that cock-pit of intrigue—post-war Afghanistan. Impartial in her preferences, Mrs. BILLETT assigns the chief romantic *rôle* to a German soldier, patriot and spy, endowed with a Lawrentian genius for languages and disguise, a man dominated by revenge, but a gallant foe. The ties which link him to the English officer, *Captain Stacpoole*, are fantastic, yet they serve to lend dramatic intensity to the *dénouement*. But I confess to some disappointment that the highly original part played by the great American circus, in which the young Afghan Prince is educated, is not more fully developed, as it lends a welcome relief to the prevailing savagery of the story.

It would be difficult to think of a less promising theme for a novel than the life-history of a "remote and ineffectual don." Yet that precisely is the theme of *High Table* (BENN, 7/6), and Miss JOANNA CANNAN is so competent a mistress of her craft that she keeps us interested from first to last in the unexciting evolution of *Theodore Fletcher* (born sometime in the 'sixties) from a timid and unhandy child, with spectacles and adenoids, into a solitary but scholastically successful undergraduate, a Fellow, and eventually Warden of his college. Not that that is quite

all the story. For one brief moment, in partnership with an innkeeper's daughter whose intellectual aspirations have led him into a unique intimacy, *Theodore* forgets his inhibitions; and passion is succeeded by a devastating but at any rate human panic. This, however, is hardly more than momentary, for news of *Hester's* marriage to a yokel admirer soon sets him free to pursue without anxiety the grey and even tenor of his way to academic honours. Years later, when the War has transformed Oxford into a training-camp, the ageing Warden, whom patriotism has convinced of the futility of learning, makes the acquaintance of *Hester's* son, an amiable young commercial traveller in process of becoming a temporary gentleman; and on him and on the young woman whom he marries *Theodore* lavishes a belated human kindness. This plot Miss CANNAN has constructed very deftly and with a pretty irony; yet it is as a study of a particular academic type that her book is most notable. She evidently knows her Oxford.

Anyone who wishes for a tale about a cat,
And a regular tip-top tale at that,
Should read L. R. BRIGHTWELL'S *The Tiger in Town*
(From CHAPMAN, at three times half-a crown).

There in narrative (and pictures too)
You get in addition a miniature zoo—
Turkey or tiddler, lobster or tyke—
He can tell you tales of any animal you like.

And not just tales of them: he seems to see
With eyes of infinite variety—
Cats' eyes, sprats' eyes, any eyes—and this
Enables him to spot things which your eyes miss.

I think outsiders rather felt at the time that it was doubtful whether *The Suffragette Movement* (LONGMANS, 21/-) existed for the PANKHURSTS or the PANKHURSTS for the movement. Probably there was a measure of truth in both conjectures—at any rate that is the impression I gather from Miss SYLVIA PANKHURST'S honest record of the ups and downs of those years of militancy. The bestowal of the suffrage on women is now neither greatly acclaimed nor greatly regretted. Our attitude is on the whole foreshadowed in Mr. ASQUITH'S belated recognition of the existence of the industrial woman and of her need for legislative protection which (presumably) her own sex is best qualified to give her. Consider industrialism at issue with family life and the woman as the crucial factor in the dispute, and you have the fairest chance, I feel, of reading Miss PANKHURST'S chronicle sympathetically. She herself—apparently the only female member of her family *not* on the pay-roll of the movement—fought a strenuous fight for her own work and her own political ideals, though from the orthodox PANKHURST point of view she evidently lacked Cromwellian thoroughness. Her comparative independence adds value to her story. Activities are recalled in the temper in which the writer took part in them; for estimates of character and intention she invokes the justice of the retrospective spirit. Her book is hardly history; she ignores the constitutional suffragists almost entirely. It is a contribution to history, and so far both useful and illuminating.



The Ship's Heavyweight Champion. "WELL, I'VE 'AD 'UNDREDS O' SCRAPS WITHOUT GETTIN' MARKED, AN' THEN I GETS THIS EYE FROM BEING BIT BY A RUDDY MOSQUITO!"

JAMES ELROY FLECKER (he was christened HERMAN, but the name did not please him and he changed it) died on January 3rd, 1915, a little more than thirty years old and very young for his age. This, I imagine, is what most of us will feel as we read the rather cumbrously named volume *Some Letters from Abroad of James Elroy Flecker* (HEINEMANN, 8/6) which has just been issued with a few reminiscences by HELLE FLECKER and an Introduction by J. C. SQUIRE. In the first place one must bear in mind that young men do not commonly keep each other's letters, and those that we have here are merely a chance remainder, by no means necessarily the best out of many hundreds written by a fertile correspondent. In the second place FLECKER preserved to the last a certain extravagance of expression, and his combative remarks on brother-writers—he was equally enthusiastic in praise or blame—scattered through these letters must not be taken too seriously. He wrote and published a good deal of criticism that was sufficiently sound and well-balanced, but these are *obiter dicta*, thrown off like sparks from a flying wheel, and represent no more than the mood of a moment. The letters are interesting enough to make us wish that more had been preserved—a few, for example, to LAWRENCE (of Arabia) or RUPERT BROOKE—but we are grateful to Mrs. FLECKER for what she has done, and especially for the charming sections of narrative with which she has bound the letters together. In this the few years of their married life and their wanderings in search of health are described with equal candour and dignity.



Sunday-School Teacher. "HOW MANY OF YOU CHILDREN WANT TO GO TO HEAVEN? WELL, BETTY, AREN'T YOU GOING TO PUT UP YOUR HAND? DON'T YOU WANT TO GO TO HEAVEN?"

New Scholar. "PLEASE, MISS, MOTHER TOLD ME TO GO STRAIGHT HOME AFTER SCHOOL."

In her new book Lady ELEANOR SMITH again utilises with great effect her strange knowledge of Romany lore and temperament. For her time she has chosen the early nineteenth century and Dartmoor for her setting. There, in the grim isolation of a tumbledown house on the moors, lives a family whose portrayal might well have fallen to the pen of EMILY BRONTË instead of to a young writer in 1931. Colereddy is like a Wuthering Heights with a glass side to it: it has no mysteries beyond the eternal inscrutability of the surrounding moors, and we are allowed a full observation of its strange inhabitants. *Richard Lovell*, a Georgian rake ostracised by society for cheating at cards, alternately sulks and carouses in his study; his wife, *Harriet*, crazed by separation from her beloved London, keeps to her room, attired in the remnants of her finery, thick in cosmetics and frequently drunk. The children grow up as they may; *Camila*, gipsy-born, is adopted by *Richard* and grows up with them. In her and her relations with the *Lovells* the story centres, and her character is excellently drawn. There burns in her a fierce elemental love of Nature, and, an odd blend of icy self-control and blazing passion, she is the one patch of primary colour against the drab damp melancholy of Colereddy. Lady ELEANOR SMITH handles her powerful theme with judgment and her prose is fluent and mature; particularly good are the opening descriptions of the wilds of an almost mediæval Spain. *Flamenco* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6) will come as no disappointment to those who predicted great things for the author of *Red Wagon*.

Very truly has it been said of CARL AKELEY that he "penetrated Africa with the strong spirit of the artist, the sculptor, the lover of the beauty of animal form." For thirty years and more he devoted his time and knowledge to Africa, and in *Carl Akeley's Africa* (GOLLANCZ, 18/-) you will find a vivid and inspiring account of the journey in which he died, as he would have wished to die, in harness. Mrs. MARY L. JOBE AKELEY shares with the publishers the honour of giving us a book that is a model of its kind. Admirably written and beautifully illustrated and produced, this record is of definite value. To read it is to understand the spirit in which AKELEY performed the work that, in the African Hall of the American Museum of Natural History in New York, will always remain to perpetuate his name. AKELEY, in short, except for scientific purposes, sought rather to preserve big game than to kill it, and the Parc National Albert, in the Belgian Congo, is largely due to his vision. This volume, apart from its other outstanding merits, is most informing about the various native tribes; it should certainly receive the widest attention.

In *Somebody Must* (DENT, 7/6), Mr. GUY POCOCK has given his attention to a family who met with such acute financial misfortune that they had to retire precipitately from a sumptuous house into a far from attractive London suburb. *Mr. Lamburn*, the head of the clan, is of saintly character but a complete failure in business, and it soon becomes evident that, if the *Lamburn* fortunes are ever to improve, one of the younger members of the family must take them in hand. Such a theme as this gives Mr. POCOCK ample opportunity to use his qualities as a novelist to the best advantage. Whether he is describing the various *Lamburns* in the home that is foreign to their up-bringing, or the many curious and kindly neighbours who inundate them with attentions, his gifts of observation and humour never fail him. And in the end he has the courage to restore the *Lamburns* to prosperity, and to do it in such a way that I can almost hear the super-highbrows snorting with indignation. For myself, I am grateful to Mr. POCOCK for a book which has given me much joy and laughter.

"L.S.0222.—Very Useful Book Wiper, strongly made and extremely rigid when in use. Scraper at side for removing worst of the mud."—*Sales Catalogue.*

If we had only had this with us when we read some of our war-novels!

CHARIVARIA.

A PARIS burglar who was rescued by firemen from a burning building admitted that he had probably started the fire himself by throwing down a match after lighting a cigarette. His carelessness is calculated to shake the public's confidence in burglars who smoke at their work.

* * *

A Soho waiter has been fined for dangerously riding a motor-cycle. Those who have had experience of Soho waiters on duty little realise that they are liable to be bitten by the speed-craze.

* * *

A shop where the lowest price for any article is two hundred pounds has been opened in New York; but in view of the world-wide depression it is thought that the time is inopportune for an anti-WOOLWORTH movement.

* * *

A writer says that a problem such as unemployment makes every politician think. Well, that's something.

* * *

An Amsterdam man has attacked a REMBRANDT with an axe. We should be interested to hear of his reactions to Mr. EPSTEIN's "Genesis."

* * *

According to a contemporary, Lots Road Power Station is the ugliest thing in the country. We understand that Mr. EPSTEIN protests against this sweeping allegation.

* * *

"The modern girl is no worse than her grandmother was," says a critic. Why do so many people pour cold water on the activities of the modern girl?

* * *

It is pointed out that three Fridays fall on the thirteenth of the month this year. We understand, however, that with the Calendar in present use this was unavoidable.

* * *

"Eggs are quiet," says a provision-market notice. On the other hand one of ours the other morning struck us as inclined to be chatty.

* * *

With reference to the fluctuations of Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN's popularity in the City, it is recalled that less than two years ago, on his return from the Hague, he was made a freeman. In financial circles there is growing support for the view that the civic authorities acted precipitately.

* * *

"I should resent being mistaken for an amateur journalist," says Lord CASTLEROSSE. We hasten to assure him that we have always been ready to believe that he was paid for his work.

* * *

A scientist asks us to imagine space as a croquet-lawn and light as the travelling ball deflected by mole-hills. What we can't imagine is where he has played croquet.

* * *

The juvenile debater is advised in a daily paper that, if he can bring in a really funny story to illustrate his point, he will find that everyone will remember it afterwards. Another possibility is that everyone will remember it beforehand.

* * *

A county court judge has wished a financially-embarrassed bookmaker better luck in the coming flat-racing season. Backers feel it keenly that they never get a word of encouragement from the Bench.

* * *

A decoration-expert says that the papering of houses is going out of fashion. Except, of course, in the theatrical world.

* * *

A young novelist admits that the post-War generation eats too much, drinks too much and smokes too much. He says nothing about writing too much.

* * *

By revealing the fact that "NEON" is the pseudonym of Mrs. MARION W. ACWORTH, *The Times* has finally disposed of the persistent rumour that the author of *The Great Delusion* was Sir JAMES BARRIE.

Mr. PETHWICK-LAWRENCE has estimated that a saving of about sixteen thousand pounds per annum might be effected if M.P.'s travelled third-class instead of first; but no consideration appears to have been given to the idea that it would be in the interest of national economy if they stayed at home.

* * *

It seems that there is one Cabinet Minister in favour of Mr. SNOWDEN's Economy speech and Mr. SNOWDEN does not care who knows it.

* * *

"Spain needs a Mussolini," says a headline. It is said that the DUCE has offered to run over one afternoon and put things right.

* * *

With reference to the overcrowding of cases in the Law Courts there is some talk of asking criminals to commit fewer crimes for the present.

* * *

EUGENE O'NEILL is said to be planning a play the performance of which will occupy three successive days, but there is no foundation for the rumour that he will call it "Back to Bernard Shaw."

* * *

A Professor gives it as his opinion that, if parents possess a child prodigy, they should push it forward. Some people hold the view that even sterner measures should be taken.

* * *

South London post-offices have been victimised by a boy who travels at a great pace on one roller-skate. The roller-skate cop is bound to come.

* * *

A Paris fashion-expert reports "a tug-of-war between long and short skirts." We trust they were securely fastened.

* * *

It has been said that, if you do good work, it will grow after you are gone. Thus RUBENS left only some 2,000 pictures, but there are 10,000 of his pictures in circulation now.

* * *

A Peterborough chess-player has lived in the same house all his life. He is naturally opposed to the idea of making a move in a hurry.

* * *

It is said that many modern novelists write entirely for their own pleasure. We gladly accept the explanation.



"DOES THIS THING TAKE *ANY* PRONUNCIATION, OR MUST IT BE B.B.C.?"

ANSWERS TO IMPENDING CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON CRUSADER.—You are naturally gratified by your Crusade's success in getting the Socialist Candidate returned for East Islington. But our advice is that you should not rear extravagant hopes on these Metropolitan by-elections, where it is easy for Lord BEAVERBROOK to concentrate his own energies and those of his local Press. A General Election will be a different proposition. It is impossible for even a Max Cœur de Lion to be in several hundred places at once; and the provinces are not like London, which has no evening paper that is loyal to the Conservative leader.

And how will Lord BEAVERBROOK raise enough Candidates to go round? For he will need at least two for every constituency: one to withdraw by arrangement with the official Conservative Candidate, and one to be put up immediately afterwards in contempt of that arrangement.

LOVER OF BLAKE.—We are in agreement with your disapproval of the "frigid penguins" of finance, if it is true that they stand in the way of any scheme of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S for building a "City of God"—a New "Jerusalem"—in Lombard Street's "green and pleasant land." But we still hold the view that he did a tactless thing when he described the peers of his own creation as "*money*-barons." How could they ever have become barons without money to pour into his Party Fund by way of "consideration"?

VOX POPULI.—We are not very poignantly moved by your complaint that in rejecting the Education (School Attendance) Bill the "obsolete dodos" of the Upper Chamber (we note that you affect Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S ornithological imagery) have made a mockery of the People's Voice; nor by your statement, made in the language of *The Daily Herald*, to which you refer us for guidance, that the Lords have committed "sabotage of the Constitution in the interests of a Party," and that "the country has had enough of this coronetted foolery." On the contrary, while we would not go so far as to say that their lordships are in league with the Government, we regard them as having come to its aid against its friends by throwing out this costly Bill, an operation likely to be repeated with other measures embarrassing to the Cabinet. In the circumstances Mr. MACDONALD would hardly be so ingrate as to go to the country with the slogan, "People *v.* Peers"; nor so stupid as to risk a strong popular vote in favour of the latter.

LIBERAL M.P.—We gather from your apologia that you agree with your Leader (though he happens for the moment to have taken the Socialists' Left Wing under his own) in his previous denunciation of the Government as a miserable failure; and that, in your opinion, it ought not to be suffered to continue for another minute. At the same time you see no reason why you should sacrifice a comfortable seat in order to oblige Mr. BALDWIN, for whom you share Lord BEAVERBROOK'S distaste.

We hesitate to endorse your anticipation of the inevitable disappearance of the Liberal Party at the next elections; but, if we took your gloomy view of its prospects, we should still be inclined to recommend the attitude of the excellent Zulu who said, "If we go forward we die; if we go back we die; let us go forward and die." It might accelerate your decease; still, it would be a noble gesture. But perhaps you are not interested in noble gestures?

O. S.

JUSTIFIABLE CAUTION.

[It is suggested that the cinema, so far from stirring the boy of to-day to emulation, is tending to kill the spirit of adventure.]

WHEN I was a youngster and easily thrilled
By tales of some venturesome deed
(Ere the celluloid drama's arrival had killed
The young's disposition to read),
I vowed when the days of my schooling were by
And the time came for making a start
I'd choose a vocation where danger and I
Were seldom detected apart.

A chivalrous bandit defying the law,
A warrior taking the field,
A cowboy uncommonly quick at the draw—
These rôles to my fancy appealed;
But the boy of to-day such ambition has shed;
The screen has effected his cure;
And he carries (they tell me) an elderly head
On a torso that's far from mature.

At first I was puzzled how this could be so;
Is he saner than I used to be?
Is the nation becoming degenerate? No!
Is he lacking in courage? Not he!
I too should have changed if a close-up had shown
(My tales gave no warning of this)
That the hero as each of his foes was o'erthrown
Had to suffer a lingering kiss.

THE SCHNEIDER TROPHY.

SERVICES OF THE PRESS TO BE REWARDED.

SOME gratitude is surely due to the popular Press for the campaign it has conducted in favour of official recognition of the race for the Schneider Trophy. We are glad to be informed that the Air Ministry proposes to discharge this debt by choosing pilots who would lend themselves to effective headlines and personal paragraphs. We understand that a selection from the following is to be offered:—

(1) A pilot who possesses a relation of antique and sentimental value. This would give the Press a chance for:—

AGED MOTHER WATCHES SON'S DARING DASH THROUGH SKIES.

(2) A pilot who has recently been married:—

ANXIOUS VIGIL OF SPEED-PILOT'S BRIDE.

(3) A pilot who is expected at any moment to be betrothed:—

SCHNEIDER TROPHY ROMANCE.
HIGH-SPEED PILOT MEETS BRIDE-TO-BE ON CALSHOT SLIPWAY.

(4) A pilot who has recently become a parent:—

SPEED-PILOT A FATHER ON EVE OF GREAT RACE.
"IT'S A BOY!"
"BUT GERALD MUST THINK OF HIS COUNTRY FIRST," CRIES YOUNG MOTHER.

(5) A pilot who has some social qualifications:—

Flight-Lieutenant Robinson, the second string of the Schneider Team, is, of course, a nephew of Lady Winger, who, as everyone knows, etc., etc.

(6) A pilot who has some physical feature which renders him easily recognisable:—

"Dickery Dash," as his messmates call him, has a firm and prominent chin which should, in the opinion of the Stock Exchange, ensure his success in to-day's Great Race.

(7) A pilot who has Sex-Appeal:—

BLONDES FAVOUR BLUE-EYED JACK FOR THE TROPHY.
"US FOR 'GIPSY GEORGE,'" SAY BRUNETTES.

A Warning to Intending Invalids.

"The medical officer, in his report, recommended the Council to provide a public abattoir. The present hospital was barely big enough for the area."
West-Country Paper.

"The latter was a bigger man in every way, being heavier and having a longer reach, and the fight came to an end in the fith reach, and the fight came to end in the fifth towel."—*Welsh Paper.*

Anyway the fight seems to have come to an end.



THE ASSAULT.

SCENE—*A Money-Baronial Castle.*

MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "THAT OUGHT TO GIVE 'EM A BIT OF A SHOCK."



"CAN'T *STAND* THE HOUSE-PARTIES HERE—SHAN'T COME AGAIN."
"WHY, I THINK THEY'RE VERY KIND NICE PEOPLE, AND THERE'S ALWAYS SOMEBODY INTERESTING STAYING."
"OH, I KNOW THEY DO THEIR BEST, BUT THEY ALWAYS HAVE SUCH *FOUL* WEATHER."

REVELRY BY NIGHT.

I WAS never very good at Victorian games. I was always one of the earliest to be bumped off at Musical Chairs. Unstable at Honeypots, at Clumps I did not excel. When they had Nuts and May I was seized by a sense of terror, only too well-founded, lest I should be pulled over by some fat and powerful girl and laughed at by all my peers.

Even in the staider, more literary games I was not a success. I was always the one to whom they said, "No, no. *That* isn't what you have to do. Think of an adjective beginning with *p* and ending with *q* that applies to your second neighbour from the left, put it down on a piece of paper, fold the top over, pass it to your third neighbour from the right, and *afterwards* make a noise like a buffalo. You mustn't make a noise like a buffalo *first*."

Everybody else, you see, had been busily writing down adjectives on their bits of paper and passing them rapidly about to each other when my deep tremendous bellow came out all alone. I had anticipated the *clou* of the fun.

When a lot of questions were put into one top-hat and a lot of nouns into another, and a piece of poetry had to be written answering the question and embodying the noun, I was always left blushing at the end, unable to find a rhyme for "treacle" which would also explain how Cock Robin was killed.

Why this was I do not know. Others apparently no brighter than myself triumphantly surmounted the obstacles and became the centre of admiring throngs. But not I. And then, again, I was always one of the people who were sent out of the room. I never wanted to be sent out of the room, not even on the occasions when quite a lot of us went out in a kind of shuffling mob, and we had to wait about in the hall for some time, and come back all together jumping like fleas. I never jumped very hard. I used to come back at the tail end of the procession and execute very modest little jumps quite close to the door, so that I could get out again quickly before the people inside began to hiss at me. Sometimes I would scarcely trouble to come in at all when we went on to do "cheese," which was acted nearly in the same way as "fleas," except that we crawled without jumping instead of crawling first and jumping afterwards; or "sneeze," which was very difficult to act at all, because it had to be done silently. That was the rule.

Still, there was nothing really terrible in going out of the room as a member of a large gang or herd. Now and again I used to make quite good suggestions for dividing up some difficult word like "caustic" or "garbage" into two pieces, and first of all acting the two pieces separately and then acting the whole word at once; and I would join in looting the house for hats and sticks and bells and shawls, and in taking coverlets off the beds and going to the pantry to find cups and trays. But when the half-word, which had taken nearly twenty-five minutes to rehearse, was being acted I sustained none of the principal *rôles*. Nor was I offended, as some of the cast were, that nobody tried very hard to guess what it was all about at the end, because the carriages had come and we were obliged to wrap up—carefully, dears—and go home.

The thing that I really detested was to be sent out of the room, the nice warm room, by myself. I had to come back

blindfolded, walking backwards, and ask everyone a question in turn. When they answered, I had to guess what character in history they were thinking of, and whatever I said they burst into roars of ribald laughter at my foolish reply. I had to go on asking question after question until the savage blood-lust of my persecutors was glutted with the spectacle of my shame.

Now they tell me that the vogue for Victorian games is being revived. What sort of games, whether it is the quiet or the noisy kind, I do not know. But I suspect the worst. I am dining at "The Yews," near Woking, some time next week. I suspect we shall play Victorian games there. I am to be the guest of Colonel and Mrs. Murgatroyd, who like to do the latest thing, and we shall decide after dinner, I suppose, not to play bridge nor blame the Government nor compare motor-cars. Lady Gloop and Sir George Windlass are almost certain to be there. Canon and Mrs. Barker may be present also. I suspect that we shall have a lively round of "Consequences" and "Telegrams" first, and then, when all the adjectives and adverbs and pencils and pieces of paper have been exhausted, we shall settle down to something rather more noisy, like "Here am I to Torment you, Sir!"

Have you ever played "Here am I to Torment you, Sir?" It is played like this: The players form a circle, and the leader (let us say Colonel Murgatroyd), places himself in the centre. He begins by saying to one of the party (Sir George Windlass?), "Here am I to torment you, Sir," and receives by way of reply the question, "How do you think to torment me, Sir?"

"With my finger and thumb," says the Colonel, at the same time snapping the middle finger and thumb of his right hand, which he continues to do throughout the game. Sir George (if it be he) will address in his turn the player on his right—Lady Gloop, I shall imagine—repeating the Colonel's question, but substituting "Ma'am" for "Sir" and snapping his finger and thumb likewise. And so we shall go on until the whole party is snapping its middle fingers and thumbs together. Our leader will then resume, "Here am I to torment you again."

Canon Barker. "How, Sir?"

Colonel Murgatroyd. "With another finger and another thumb." He will then bring into play the thumb and middle finger of his *left* hand. Each player in succession will do the same. This done, he will continue: "Here am I to torment you, Sir, with two fingers, two thumbs and an elbow," jerking his right elbow backwards and forwards violently. The fourth time he will bring into play his *left* elbow; the fifth time he will move up and down his right foot "with a pit-pat." The sixth time his *left* foot, "with two pit-pats." After this he will give a "hitch-up," rising and sinking in his chair, and finally a "nid-nod," shaking his head up and down like a nodding mandarin.

Yes, I see Colonel Murgatroyd doing these things. I see us following him.

All of us by the end of the game will present a very pleasing spectacle of Victorian hilarity, with each limb in violent motion and exclaiming in unison, "With two fingers, two thumbs, two elbows, a hitch-up and a nid-nod!" We shall be very happy indeed.

All, that is, but I. I shall have failed to keep troth with the rhythm. I shall have incurred a forfeit. I shall be sent out of the room and told to come back on my hands and knees and bite an inch off a red-hot poker; or to bow to the wittiest, kneel to the prettiest, and kiss the one that I love best.

But I shall not do so. I shall not bow to Sir George Windlass. I shall not kneel at the feet of Mrs. Barker. I shall not kiss Lady Gloop. I shall open the front-door of "The Yews" and shut it as quietly as possible behind me. I shall take the first train home. I shall get out the patience cards and spend the rest of the evening playing Miss Milligan. And I shall cheat. EVOE.



"I 'M GETTING TO LIKE THIS RETURN TO LONG SKIRTS. I FIND IT REVIVES MY MEMORY FOR FACES."

ABOUT SIN.

To the Editor of "Punch."

SIR,—Perhaps you or your readers can help me in an ethical problem.

The other day I fell into bad company. I did not know that it was bad company until I had left the men, for, like so many villains, they wore good clothes and professed liberal opinions on public affairs. One of them in particular seemed to be interested in the cause of charity, and after some conversation he prevailed upon me to subscribe ten shillings to certain British hospitals. He gave me a receipt for my money and offered me further refreshment. It was then that I began to have my suspicions, for, though I had asked distinctly for ginger-ale, I discovered that I had been drinking *sherry wine* all the time. By a ruse I pretended to upset what remained of the poison and left the building indignantly. In the street, passing under a lamp, I happened to glance at the receipt, which I was still clutching in my hand. Judge of my horror when I found that it was *a ticket in a sweepstake!*

A policeman was not ten yards away, and instinctively I thrust the incriminating document into my pocket. It was the first time I had deliberately deceived an officer of the law, and the sensation was not a pleasant one.

And now, Sir, what is my duty? On the face of it the thing is respectable enough. The sweepstake is sanctioned by an Act of Parliament of a very near and dear Dominion. I see that the "draw," as they call it, is to be conducted under the supervision of a Commissioner of Police (a General) at the Mansion House in Dublin, and twenty-five per cent of the proceeds are to be devoted to hospitals in Ireland. Moreover, I have been reading extracts from the Lenten addresses of some Irish bishops, and I observe that all of them warn the young against books, plays, cinemas and concerts, but none, so far as I can discover, say anything about the Irish sweepstake. I am tempted therefore to conclude that I have not sinned after all—at any rate by the moral standards of Ireland, which are, of course, much higher than our own.

Then, again, this sweepstake is concerned with an English horse-race (the Grand National); and English horse-races, though they do not interest me, are not only respectable, I understand, but valuable to the nation. Their sole purpose, I understand, is to maintain and develop the breed of the English thorough-bred horse (which is, of course, important for British trade). Royalty and the aristocracy, even "Temperance" Peers, I see, take part in them; and I am told that, if I were to journey to Liverpool and wager ten shillings on this particular horse-race, the law would not take any cognisance of it, though no money would in that case be devoted to the hospitals.

On the other hand, all my friends tell me that I, as well as the miscreant who sold me the ticket, have broken the law. I intend, of course, to destroy the ticket; I have never wittingly broken the law before, and should not care to make money by doing so. But ought I, Sir, to give myself up? Ought I to denounce the man who sold the ticket? It is not my habit to tell tales; but if the man is not arrested he may lure countless others into wicked law-breaking. On the other hand, if I have him arrested, I suppose the money will be taken from him and in that case will never reach the Irish hospitals. I should not like to think that by tale-bearing I had deprived the sick. Besides, the man said he was an Irishman, in which case by the laws of his own country he is only doing right. And, Sir, I have just remembered that I myself am Irish by birth. What am I to do? Do you think if I called on Mr. CLYNES he would advise me?

I am, Sir, in great perplexity, A. P. H.

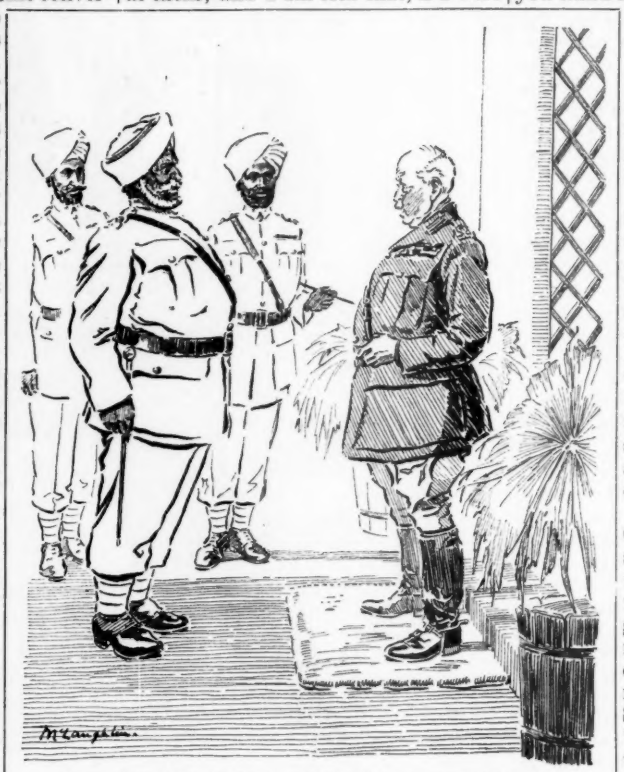
P.S.—This morning some misguided friend has sent me a *second* ticket, as a gift! Is it illegal to retain this one?

[EDITOR.—Do not destroy the first ticket. Send it to this office and we will act as we think best. It may be required as evidence against the seller. As to the second ticket, the position is obscure; we cannot say whether it is unlawful to be presented with a ticket. On the whole you had better send us this ticket too and we will take counsel's opinion.

By all means call on Mr. CLYNES; call on him constantly, write long letters to him, ring him up—but use a false name. About giving yourself up and denouncing the seller, we can only echo the phrase commonly employed by Home Secretaries in these matters: "We see no reason for action until there is evidence of a strong public demand."

But you have certainly got yourself into a very awkward position. We advise you to resign quietly from your clubs, rather than be expelled from them if the scandal comes out. Realise your securities and be ready to flee the country at a moment's notice. In Tasmania, where they have State-aided sweepstakes, you should be able to live this thing down.

Trust us not to inform the police about your tickets. In the event of either of them winning fifty thousand pounds, the question will arise, "How is the money to be disposed of?" Since the motive of your rash act was to help a charity, you would, of course, wish the whole sum to be made over to the English hospitals. There is, however, a difficulty here. You must realise that



General (recently knighted, and thanking congratulatory deputation of Indian Officers in halting Hindustani). "I FEEL THAT—ER—I HAVE DONE NOTHING—ER—TO EARN THIS HONOUR. IT IS YOU—ER—WHO HAVE REALLY EARNED IT FOR ME."

Senior Indian Officer (a little vague about the General's meaning). "TRUE, HUZOR; VERY TRUE."



THE DAY OF WOMAN'S STRENGTH: A MAYORESS KICKS OFF.

all forms of betting and gambling are corrupting, so that in this country any money gained by them is regarded as tainted and therefore unfit to devote to charitable purposes. Even in Ireland, we understand, a number of patients have taken a turn for the worse when they heard that the hospital in which they lay was enjoying the disgraceful assistance of money raised by a sweepstake. To present so large a sum to our English hospitals might cause thousands to sicken and die and antagonise the entire medical profession. We are not quite clear what should be done with the money. But if you will leave it to us we undertake to find a solution.]

"And the Queen's Hall showed row upon row of half-empty seats."—*Daily Paper.*

London's fauteuils were not designed for a slimming generation.

"The bride was attired in an ivory satin gown. . . . She was attended by one bridesmaid, Miss Sports and competitions."
West-Country Paper.

Lord Crosswyrd of Puzzle has promised to be our best man.

"MATRIMONY.—Young Business Man, with means, wishes to meet Young Lady, good appearance, having Drapery of her own."—*Advt. in Irish Paper.*

We consider that his modesty does him credit.

STANLEY'S SACRIFICE.

[Mrs. BALDWIN is responsible for the statement that roly-poly is her husband's favourite pudding, but "I won't let him have it because it makes him fat."—*Observer.*]

LET plutocrats with sumptuous fare
  Appease or titillate their gorges;
I have no longing to repair
  To any gastronomic orgies;
No antidote, no drug I crave,
  Such as the magic milk-white "moly"
Which Hermes to Ulysses gave;
  I am content with roly-poly.

This pabulum may not conduce
  To flights into the empyrean;
The seers of Bloomsbury have no use
  For food so stodgy and plebeian;
But, as "the flowers of sweetest smell,"
  So WORDSWORTH sings, "are shy and lowly,"
I know no savours that excel
  Those of the humble roly-poly.

Alas! I seldom taste the bliss
  Recumbent on its steaming platter,
I give it a reluctant miss
  Because it tends to make me fatter;
For fatness, whether of the head
  Or body, is a thing unholy,
And, further, Mrs. B. has said
  "Stanley must eat no roly-poly."

So for the moment I repress,
  In deference to Home and Duty,
Any indulgence to excess
  In food that's suety and fruity;
But when my burdens I resign,
  Guided by inclination solely,
I shall devote my life's decline
  To pigs and pipes and roly-poly.

Far from the City's seething tide,
  Remote from Party spites and treasons,
I'll roam my native countryside
  And watch the pageant of the seasons
In all its majesty unrolled,
  Or calmly ruminate *sub sole*
Until the dinner-bell is tolled
  For beef and beer and roly-poly.

C. L. G.

Very Dramatic Criticism.

"THREE NEW PLAYS.
Newton Abbot Repertory Company's Tripe Bill."
West-Country Paper.

"OSLO (Norway). 7.30. Talk on Alcohol."
Wireless Paper.

The B.B.C. wish it to be clearly understood that all speakers talk entirely under their own power.

"10-inch double-sided Plum Label Records, B. 5862.—Dancing with tears in my ears."
Advt. in Rangoon Paper.

It sounds more like the effect of eating a melon.

THE OWNER-DRIVER AND THE MAGISTRATE.

A FABLE.

Now there was a certain Owner-Driver who, after making a Night of It, was Piloting his Chariot along a ticklish Stretch of the Highway when he was Accosted by a Custodian in Blue, who Asseverated that the Owner-Driver was under the Influence of Bacchic Juices.

And in due course the Owner-Driver was Arraigned at an appropriate Palace of Justice, where there were Three Charioteers in Like Case waiting to Plead; and the Owner-Driver listened with Peculiar Interest as in Turn they pointed out to the Magistrate that it was all a Mistake, since each one Severally had imbibed but a Modicum of Ordinary Wine or a small Measure or two of an Innocuous Malt Liquor, and that their Erratic Driving was not to be Ascribed to Indiscreet Potations but to the Toxic Effect (1) of Cocaine at the dentist's, (2) of Bella Donna at the oculist's and (3) of Anxiety over the Chronic Neuritis of a Favourite Aunt, respectively.

Now it happened that on his Way to the Palace of Justice the Magistrate had escaped Death from a Straight Six only by a Display of Agility well-nigh Incredible in one of his Years, and had besides been Dubbed a Jay-Walker; and as he took his seat to Dispense Justice he was not in the Mood to allow his Judgment to be Deflected by Mistaken Tolerance, so that the Pleadings of the Three Charioteers cut very little Ice with him, and he told them that only by a great Effort could he Dissuade himself from Incarcerating them and Let them Off with a Swingeing Fine.

When it came to the Turn of the Owner-Driver to take his Stand at the Bar of Justice he was Very Downcast; for the Tale that he had been going to Tell seemed Wholly Inadequate now that the more Ingenious Pleadings of the others had been of No Avail. Moreover, the Cynical stare of the Magistrate Short-Circuited his Resource and Blew Out the Fuse of his Invention. But as he stood with a Blank Expression there Suddenly came to his mind the long-neglected Apostrophe of his Sunday-School Monitress on the Value of Veracity, and without knowing Quite what he did he Committed himself to the Desperate Expedient of telling the Truth, saying:—

"I must Admit that I had been Wassailing. I was, Indubitably, One over the Eight, and I am glad that the timely Intervention of the Custodian checked my Career before I had Winged an innocent Pedestrian."

For some moments the Magistrate pondered over this Defence before he replied Sternly: "In all these Cases I am Accustomed to the Wildest Prevarication and Hard Swearing. I have no Reason to Assume that you are an Exception. What is the latent Subtlety of your novel Defence is altogether Beyond me, but as a matter of Routine and Consistency I must Refuse to believe a Word you Say. I am Therefore forced to the Conclusion that you were, in Fact, Stone Cold Sober, and That Being So, I must reluctantly Discharge you without a Stain on your Character."

Moral: In Peculiar Circumstances the Truth may be found to Prevail.

THE TRIALS OF INVENTION.

[In a book of reminiscences it is recorded that the inventor of tags for bootlaces, when asked how he hit on the idea, replied, "By thinking of nothing else than bootlaces for twenty years."]

I DRESSED last evening on the plan
Accepted for a man.
The work progressed without a hitch
Until I reached the point at which
One stoops to thread the laces through
One's patent leather shoe.

And then to him my thoughts were turned
Who once had been concerned
With this conundrum: "Why let
A lace approach an eyelet
With ends so palpably unfit
For penetrating it?"

He vowed he wouldn't rest until
He'd remedied the ill;
All thoughts of livelier careers
He set aside, and twenty years
Of concentrated mental fag
Resulted in the tag.

A moving tale. I pictured how,
Had he been at it now,
He would have missed the solace
Of reading WELLS and WALLACE,
Reports of dissolution suits
And Bills on trade disputes.

If Bolton Tuesday won the cup,
His pulse would not go up;
No murder case, however grim,
Would be a source of joy to him;
He would by EPSTEIN'S latest mould
Be left completely cold.

The scientific lore that serves
To soothe the public's nerves—
The topographic patterns
Of Mercury or Saturn's,
Or whether Martians suffer rain—
Would not relieve his brain.

And what, I pondered, of his wife?
She would have led a life.
No tales of how that Mrs. Brown
Revoked three times and went four down,
Or how she'd doubled Mrs. Smith,
Would he be startled with.

And when her woman's zest was fired
By something new acquired,
An Eton crop or what not,
How poor would be her lot not
So much as one proud glance to rouse
In her abstracted spouse.

Two hearts that might have throbbed as one
Until their day was done!
A heaven on earth—perhaps beyond—
Deliberately jettisoned
That I more swiftly might complete
The shoeing of my feet!

Small fun his children would have had
In modern times, with dad
For ever in a coma
When they were pushing home a
Demand for escort to the flicks,
The poor neglected chicks!

Would he, I asked, as others are,
Be thrilled about a car
That moves, with hosts of horses' power,
Two hundred miles and more per hour?
The answer I was forced to give
Was in the negative.

The thrills derived from many a craze
As potent in his days—
Contemporary pastimes,
Accounts, perhaps, of fast times
Of hansom cabs or coups at whist—
Without a doubt he missed.

And, while the grosser gossips quacked,
"He's off his chump," "He's cracked,"
And such remarks of vulgar tone,
"A noble mind is here o'erthrown;
It's down, quite down," the better-read
Would probably have said.

For twenty years he suffered so,
I thought, that I might know
A quicker means of dressing
My feet when time was pressing,
As when the grill is on the fizz
It very often is.

To such extent was I imbued
With heartfelt gratitude,
That when, conventionally togged,
Downstairs to dinner I had jogged,
I'd missed the soup and had to stop
Till they'd re-warmed my chop. C. B.

A Glimpse of the Muscular.

"Captain [Malcolm] Campbell, who was on the boat deck, jumped to the rails and threw a lifeboat to the drowning man."
Daily Paper.

"Lindrum had to play a long cannot off the top cushion to retain position."
Daily Paper.

We could have shown him how.



Mother (*appealing to small daughter to take her medicine*). "NOW, PAULINE, DON'T YOU REALISE THAT FOR THE LAST WEEK I'VE BEEN RUNNING UP AND DOWN STAIRS FOR YOU, READING TO YOU AND PLAYING WITH YOU AND GIVING UP MY WHOLE TIME TO YOU? DON'T YOU THINK OF ALL THIS?"

Small daughter. "I HAVE OTHER THINGS TO THINK ABOUT, MUMMY."

IN OUR INN.

WINTER'S TALES.

IT is in winter-time that the public bar of the "White Rabbit" most noticeably and rightfully asserts itself as the club and meeting-house of the village. For on dark winter evenings you cannot work in your Bit o' Garden, nor can you sit on the roadside bench in the sun and watch the motor-cycle accidents at the Midfield Corner. On the other hand, the curtains of the "White Rabbit" are drawn, the gas-flare over the bar and the log-fire at the far end meet in high lights on the black oak beams above, while beer and conversation slowly circulate under the presidency of Willyum, the landlord.

It is on evenings such as these that the stories come into existence which keep the "White Rabbit's" bar amused throughout the winter—and generally far into the summer as well. For the "White Rabbit's" patrons do not treat a story as your town-dwellers do. They don't watch eagerly for the last word in order to bury it quickly with a perfunctory laugh and a "That reminds me of an incident," while hurriedly seizing the opportunity to get off one of their own. No, a new story in the "White Rabbit" is listened to solemnly, and if it seems to be a good one (or even a story at all, for not all of them are even that) the teller is asked to repeat it. Questions are then asked about points that want clearing up, until very nearly the whole tale has been extracted piecemeal once again. Then at last comes the laugh and the critical comments, "That be gud, surelie!" and

so forth; whereat one or two ancients tucked away in corners of settles pipe up for the first time to know what it is about, and three or four of the audience repeat it for their benefit. During this some deviation from the original probably occurs, which causes an argument and final reference to the teller to "put un right." As like as not Willyum then returns from serving the private bar and wants to know what they were laughing at, and it is told all over again.

After this you might think the story was finished. It is not. In "White Rabbit" circles it has just begun. It has merely passed the test and has now entered into its own. It becomes "Old George's story," or "Ernie's One about the Pig," and may now be told without fee or licence—particularly without licence, for Willyum keeps a careful ear for the language of his clients. And told it is, nearly every night for the next week, and it will not be forgotten for months. Those who frequent the "White Rabbit" are simple souls, and hold that the laugh you know is better than the laugh you don't know.

Sometimes the "White Rabbit" gets a really good story which lasts a couple of seasons; and one such was that told by "Cunning" Jim. Cunning Jim, who lives by making fake antiques, is considered a good one for stories; moreover he is the local Owlglass. He inhabits an old cottage on the main road, a back room of which is his workshop, and at intervals "genuine" old oak chests, ladder-backs and corner cupboards unobtrusively take a place in the front-room. The rest is done by a well-founded faith in the bargain-hunting instincts of passing motorists and a sign reading, "Fresh fruit for sale"—though strangely enough this is always just sold out. His undoubted skill is in a way worthy of a more honest calling, though the "White Rabbit" holds *en masse* that dishonesty practised upon those who are themselves attempting a dishonest bargain becomes *ipso facto* honesty.

Cunning Jim's famous story was about a lace chest. "That wor a lovely bit o' work," it begins. "Three hundred year old, she wor, and I took nigh on three months to make her."

"Ay, you would that," comes the opening chorus, and mugs are raised in commendation of the labour required to fashion anything three hundred years old.

"I put 'er together final right in my front-room and"—here he lowers his voice so that the hiss of the gas-flare and Old Walter's excited breathing can be plainly heard struggling for supremacy—"I tell 'ee I left a liddle corner of one of they drawers unnerneath all broken and eaten away like, for to say to anyone that I'd always been thinking to repair it, but she seemed too old to be worth while. That 'd fetch un."

"Ay, that 'd fetch un," chorus the ancients, and it is at this point that Cunning Jim invariably finds his mug empty and raps to Willyum for the same again, one of the audience paying.

"Well," continues Cunning Jim, re-emerging from the cool depths and nodding to the donor, "bimeby a lady in a big car stops, and while she's asking the missus for fruit she sees the old chesty. It so happens we *got* no fruit"—here comes a wink and an answering guffaw, and invariably an explanation to someone who hasn't seen the wink and wants to know why "they all be larfing"—"but she don't want fruit, she wants chesties. 'My granfer and 'is granfer afore him,' I tell 'er, ''ad that chesty; but 'tis a larmentable useless thing. If anyone was to break her up for firewood she 'd burn beautiful.'

"'Oh, don' do that!' says she. 'I'll buy it for firewood price and take it away in my car.'"

Willyum here shakes his head over the dishonesty of motorists, and Cunning Jim continues: "'Well,' I says, getting sentimental-like, 'it wor granfer's and, though 'tes just about useless, I'm fond of that old chesty. Anyone could patch 'er up easy, come to think of it. . . .'"

He retires inside his pint pot for refreshment and to let his audience get the full humour of the situation, which, now that the story is an established favourite, they never fail to do.

"At last we settles on a price, and she comes next day with the money to take 'er away."

"'Ow much, Jim?" asks Young 'Arry at this point, and Jim has never yet omitted to fail to hear. Moreover, he is approaching his climax.

"But dang my trousis, when we come to get the chesty out to the car, she *won't go through the cottage door*. No, nor yet through the windy. I put 'er up in that room and in that room she stuck. Too big to go out. The lady she give me a serspishus look."

He then waits for Alfie to ask, as he always does: "What did you say to 'er, Jim?"

"I says to 'er, 'Now that just *shows* that chesty is old,' I says. 'Look at the date 1637 on my cottage door. Why, that chesty must be older nor what my cottage is.' And I gets two pun extra for it, and another pun for taking chesty to pieces and putting it together again outside. But next time I'm going to make a liddler one. I might meet summ'n as would take me *too* serious when I took her to pieces and said, 'Why, look, that chesty's so well made her joints seem as if they warn't done above a month ago.'"

A. A.



Lady (buying gift). "THE LABELS ARE *SWEETLY* PRETTY. HAVE YOU SIMILAR CIGARS WITH CORK TIPS? THEY'RE FOR A GENTLEMAN WITH A WEAK THROAT."

"Catterall in the same over touched Tate into the next over . . ."—*Evening Paper.*

This, of course, is not quite so severe as hitting him into the middle of next week.

"Augustus John is also a most amusing letter-writer. When the time comes for his life to be written his letters are certain to rank with Van Gosh's as some of the most interesting artistic correspondence in the world."—*Dundee Paper.*

As good in fact as some of the famous Van Gum and Van Blimey artistic correspondence.

FIRST FIND YOUR BADGE AND THEN SALUTE IT.



SIMPLE STORIES.

THE MANNEQUIN.

Madame Pédicule was a *modiste*, and her name was really Mrs. Bufferdom but she knew her customers wouldn't think that grand enough so she pretended she was French and dropped some of her aitches and said pardon Madame instead of sorry I'm sure, and as she was quite clever at inventing models and said they came from Paris nobody guessed that her husband was a rate-collector and she soon made enough money for him to retire on and take up dog-racing.

Well Madame Pédicule had a childhood's friend called Mr. Gallup who was very clever at making mannequins to show off models in shop-windows, and if he had put more water in his whisky he could easily have been an R.A. because his statues were so like human beings that you could hardly tell the difference, and if he had done them in marble instead of wax, which they don't care about at the Royal Academy, they would have looked even more natural than EPSTEIN'S.

But he never could work long together without getting tipsy and never had enough money to buy marble with, and he would have starved if Madame Pédicule hadn't been kind to him and provided him with wax and hair and false teeth and all he wanted for his art except the paints, which she said he must provide for himself so as to preserve his self-respect. And she never regretted her kindness to him because when he was sober he did make her the most lovely mannequins, and she was clever enough to have them changed fairly often so that the gentlemen who admired them in her shop-window shouldn't get tired of them.

Well once when Madame Pédicule had invented some perfectly lovely Paris models and given the order to Mr. Gallup to make a specially beautiful mannequin to show them off, and he had promised faithfully to have it ready in time, what did he do but sell an old mannequin for the price of the wax and get so intoxicated that he hadn't even begun to make up his excuses when the day came to show the new models. And of course Madame Pédicule was furiously angry with him but that was no good for getting a new mannequin, so she said to the assistants who did the sewing for her you girls will have to be the mannequin yourselves, you can each stand in the shop-window for an hour and if I catch you so much as winking an eyelid out you walk on your two flat feet. And they said oui Madame, because she liked the French atmosphere kept up, and she said she would pay them something extra so they were quite satisfied and thought it would be rather fun.

Well the first of them to put on one of the models was Rosamund Pink who was the prettiest of all of them, and Mr. Gallup who was fairly sober by this time and had called round to apologise painted her up to make her look more like wax and she made herself stiff and they carried her into the shop-window and set her up on a stand. And all the gentlemen who had been waiting outside like sparrows waiting for breadcrumbs clapped their hands and said that she was much the prettiest mannequin that Madame Pédicule had ever had, and more of them kept on coming up to stare at her until the police had to move them on. But they only went round the corner and came back again.



"MR. GALLUP PAINTED HER UP TO MAKE HER LOOK MORE LIKE WAX."

Well one of the gentlemen who made a habit of staring at Madame Pédicule's mannequins was Lord Cowslip who was rather weak in his head but quite harmless, and his mother Lady Cowslip kept him rather short of money but she had always promised him that if he married somebody she approved of she would hand over all his property to him, except what she wanted to live on comfortably herself. And she would have had to hand it all over to him if he had asked for it, but he didn't know that and as she wasn't going to tell him he was rather anxious to get married if he could find somebody pretty enough who wouldn't mind his being a bit silly.

Well the moment Lord Cowslip saw Rosamund Pink in the shop-window he took a bus straight back to Cowslip House and said to Lady Cowslip Mother I have found the girl I want to marry.

And she said well you haven't been long about it as you only went out half-an-hour ago, what is her name?

And he said I don't know her name yet and I have only seen her statue, but I shall certainly never marry anybody else so it's no good your expecting it.

Well she always humoured him unless he wanted to do something particularly silly so she thought she might as well go and see the statue and she asked him if it was in the Royal Academy. And he said no it is in Madame Pédicule's shop-window. So she ordered the car and they went there together, but by that time Rosamund Pink had been taken inside and Tilly Frostbite was doing her turn, and Lady Cowslip said well she is certainly very lifelike but I don't know that I should care about her for a daughter-in-law. And he said oh but that isn't the one, we had better go inside and see about it.

So they went inside to see about it, and Madame Pédicule was having a glass of stout in the little room behind the showroom which she always did at that time of the morning, and there was only Mr. Gallup there who was quite sober by this time and wanted to do everything he could to make up for behaving so badly, so he was minding the shop.

Well love had made a man of Lord Cowslip, or at least more of a man than he had been up till now, so he said Mother leave this to me, and he said to Mr. Gallup Sir I have called to ask the name of the artist who did the statue that was in the shop-window about an hour ago. And Mr. Gallup bowed and said Sir you behold him.

And he said Sir I am Lord Cowslip and I wish to know the name of the lady you took the statue from so that I can marry her if she isn't married already.

Well Mr. Gallup was quite clever in his brain when he wasn't tipsy, so he said Sir it would be against my artistic conscience to tell anybody the name of one of my sitters but if you like to pay me fifty pounds I will bring the young lady to see you.

And Lord Cowslip said Mother pay the gentleman fifty pounds, and Lady Cowslip was so struck with the manly way in which he was behaving that she did that and they went away.

So then Mr. Gallup went upstairs and he said to Rosamund Pink if you will give me fifty pounds I will introduce you to a lord who might want to marry you. And she could hardly believe her ears and said to him well I haven't got fifty pounds Mr. Gallup but I could promise to pay it you when I am married. And he said that would do, and that evening he took her to Cowslip House and it was all arranged and the wedding took place in a month's time and everybody was very pleased.

Lord Cowslip was pleased because he loved Rosamund Pink and would have more money to spend on amusements, and she was pleased at marrying a lord and she didn't mind him being a bit silly as it would make him more easy to manage, and Lady Cowslip was pleased because Rosamund Pink let her have her way in most things so as to save trouble until after she was married, and Madame Pédicule was pleased because she could boast about one of her girls marrying a lord and it brought her more custom, and Mr. Gallup was pleased because he had got fifty pounds with another fifty coming and wouldn't have to do any work until he had spent it, and after that he knew he could make quite a lot of money by writing the true story of the mannequin who married a lord and selling it to the newspapers.

The Pill Party.

"Will few sincere intelligent people interested in Physic join investigation circle, private house?"—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

"Stage productions are licensed and controlled by the Lord Chancellor. Would you not find in stage productions nowadays chorus girls scantily attired?"—*Daily Paper.*

Lord SANKEY (*to chorus girl*): What you want is a bit of woolsack to keep you warm.

THE GREEN HAT.

[" Blue and green hats for men have made an appearance, and red and yellow varieties are expected in the spring."—*Fashion Note.*]

WHENAS with trilby chastely grey
Or bowler of a sombre black
I walk with Phyllida, our way
Is peaceful and we do not lack
For harmony; her hats compare
To such advantage with my wear.

But, if I don a lid of blue
Or, as the sun grows warm and mellow,
Assume a Homburg red of hue,
And (Sundays) one of primrose yellow,
I fear affection may be dashed
To know our head-pieces have clashed.

So be it; though I lose a bride
There's comfort for my thwarted passion:
Old hats I should have cast aside
Will reach the pinnacle of fashion.
And I shall be admired when seen
In tiles, once sable, turned to green.

An Innovation in Regent's Park.

"DINNER-TIME AT THE ZOO.
THE POPE BROADCASTS."
Consecutive headlines in Sunday Paper



Rustic. "FETCH YOUR HORSE BACK, MISTER?"
Ill-used Rider of hireling. "DOESN'T MATTER; I'VE FINISHED WITH IT."



Hostess (to departing Guest). "SHALL JENKINS GET YOU A TAXI, DEAR?"
Small Guest. "OH, NO, THANKS. YOU SEE, WHEN BOTH THE CARS ARE ENGAGED, DADDY LIKES US TO GO IN BUSES, BECAUSE HE'S A SOCIALIST."

OH DEAR! OH DEAR!

[Mr. SNOWDEN is said to have prophesied a fifty-million deficit in this year's Budget.]

GREY was the morning
With dirt and slime,
The wind was a warning,
The air was a crime,
And Maud had a cold and John had two,
And Cousin Belinda was down with flu,
And I couldn t pay my taxes,
And half of the nation
Had gone to jug
For peculation
Or being a thug,
And the oil was frozen inside my car,
And the doctor told me "Against catarrh
There isn't a prophylaxis,"
And theatre-lovers
Were in despair
And the furniture-covers
Needed repair,
And my bowler-hat had a nasty dent
And Consols were down by two per cent,
And everyone wanted to borrow;
And all the letters
That came to me
Were signed by getters
For charity,
And a revolution was out in Spain
And the weather report said "Snow again,
And possibly frost to-morrow."

I woke from slumber
And I heard the moan
Of a new wrong number
On the telephone;
The coffee was tepid, the toast was cold
And the daffodil bulbs were dug from the mould
By the cats in the garden raving;
But all forgotten
The woes I had,
Though life was rotten
And death was bad;
Remembered not was the cook's grimace,
Nor the piles of bills nor the nasty place
Where I'd cut myself when shaving;
For I opened my paper
And there I found
That the mist and vapour
And gloom profound
Were lit by a word from the CHANCELLOR
Like a sunbeam gliding across the floor,
Like a bee in the rose-beds humming.
"We face a crisis,"
The CHANCELLOR said,
"There are sacrifices
For all ahead;
Whatever the Budget of yesteryear,
I am making a very much worse one here;
There's a fine old deficit coming.
So don't be sorry,"
The CHANCELLOR cried,
"If a motor-lorry
With bricks inside
Has knocked you down and flattened you out,
But lie on your back and cheer and shout,
'There's a nice steam-roller coming!'"

EVOE.

"In addition to the East Islington contest, by-elections are now pending at Fermanagh and Tyrone, Fareham (Hants), Pontypridd (Glam), Sunderland, and St. George's, Hanover-square."—*Evening Paper.*

The Rector of the last-named will continue to get our vote.

"PROFITS FROM RACKETS."
Daily Paper.

Mr. CAPONE found that out long ago.



THE VICARIOUS SACRIFICE.

MR. SNOWDEN. "YOU MUST ALL MAKE SACRIFICES."

UNTAXED SHEEP. "WHAT! ME TOO?"

MR. SNOWDEN. "IN YOUR CASE IT WILL TAKE THE FORM OF LOOKING ON WITH FORTITUDE WHILE I SHEAR THIS OTHER SHEEP TO THE SKIN."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, February 16th.—Mr. LANSBURY will go down to posterity as something more than the People's Friend. He also aspires to the title of the Perfect Partisan. This was revealed to-day when he declined Sir A. STEEL-MAITLAND's request to put a "No Russian timber" clause into the contracts for the new Whitehall building. "Was the right hon. gentleman not aware," asked Sir ARTHUR, "that his refusal was contrary to the published policy of his own Party?" "I am aware of nothing of the kind," retorted the FIRST COMMISSIONER indignantly. "If I am aware of anything it is in accordance with the views of my own Party." What the mind seeth not the Party cannot, of course, grieve over.

No such unanimity of view manifested itself when Miss BONDFIELD moved that it was expedient to raise the borrowing power of the Unemployment Insurance Fund by another twenty million pounds, with which trifle on account it should, if unemployment does not increase too rapidly between now and then, be able to stagger along till next July. Mr. BUCHANAN, it transpired, was aware of a whole lot that was not in accordance with the views of his own Party. Perhaps it would be more correct to say, that was not in accordance with the views of his Party leaders.

It was not with the businesslike MINISTER OF LABOUR, however, that Mr. BUCHANAN found himself at odds. Indeed Miss BONDFIELD's peculiarly feminine method of gathering up the figures and hurling them at the House's head with one fell thud, at the same time inviting it to get a move on, was unexceptionable. It was Mr. SNOWDEN that aroused Mr. BUCHANAN's canny Lowland suspicions, and it did not mend matters when Mr. SNOWDEN described as "perfectly untrue" the Member for Gorbals' apparently reasonable interpretation of the communication that had been addressed by the Royal Commission on Unemployment Insurance to certain local authorities.

Mr. BUCHANAN can command the sympathy of the House when he chooses, and on this occasion his sturdy refusal to be "slandered," as he put it, by the acidulated Olympian of Finance found sentiment on his side. He probably errs in suspecting Mr. SNOWDEN of actual as opposed to adumbrated designs on the dole-drawer's pittance, but his speech served as an adequate reminder of what is waiting for any politician or group of politicians that attempts to rationalise unemployment.



UPPER HOUSE TRAGEDY.

Mourners at the interment of the late School Attendance Bill: LORD PASSFIELD, LORD PONSONBY, LORD NOEL-BUXTON AND THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

Tuesday, February 17th.—Things are not always what they seem, even in the House of Lords. To hear Lord PONSONBY expatiating on the merits of the Education Bill nobody would have suspected that he was secretly hoping that their Lordships would, in the professed interests of economy and the words of Mr. CHURCHILL, "cut its dirty throat." Nobody listening to Lord HAILSHAM moving the rejection of the Bill in terms of unparalleled vehemence would have suspected him of hoping that their Lordships, in their own interest and for sound tactical reasons, would do nothing of the kind.

Only with the object of goading his hearers into a fury of rejection would Lord PONSONBY have reminded them that "education had made the Labour Party." Only with the secret object of saving the measure from immediate slaughter would Lord HAILSHAM have reminded noble Conservatives present that if they threw out the measure they would be accused of "putting themselves against the will of the people."

The fact is, of course, that the Bill has been ordered to die by Mr. SNOWDEN as being one more superfluous mouth to feed. The Government would naturally like the Lords to throw it out; their Lordships naturally think that it will be more satisfactory to let the Government scrap it themselves. The debate was adjourned, though not until an Archbishop, a brace of Bishops and Lord CLWYD had joined the chorus of mourners over the moribund Bill.



LOWER HOUSE COMEDY.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL ON UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE.

In the Commons Captain P. MACDONALD made reference to a mysterious sum of twenty-six million pounds "left over in New York as a result of war-time financial operations." Was there any of it left over, and, if so, was it available for Budget purposes? Mr. SNOWDEN seemed disinclined to be communicative, but if any Member's hopes were raised they were immediately dashed by Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY, who asked how the sum had escaped the notice of the CHANCELLOR's predecessor in office. We may presume the answer to be that there was nothing to escape.

It fell to Mr. W. R. SMITH to inform Mr. HANNON that the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE's kind invitation to a number of foreign countries to cut down their tariff walls against this country by a modest twenty-five per cent had not so far fructified. Mr. SMITH's tone of subdued optimism was exactly that of the fabled ne'er-do-

weel who used to say that on one occasion a matter of a single word was all that stood between him and fifty thousand pounds. Refreshment having been duly ordered by his interested audience he would proceed to explain that he had once asked a wealthy uncle to lend him the sum in question. The reply had been "No." Had it been "Yes" all would have been different.

Wednesday, February 18th.—Once more the Lords have done the heroic thing. Instead of leaving the Education Bill to starve to death on Mr. SNOWDEN's door-step they put it out of its misery with one fell vote of 168 to 22. It is true that the massacre was conducted on the ground that such a measure should be preceded by agreed proposals for safeguarding non-provided schools against the cost entailed by it and not on the ground that it should be postponed until there was a spot or two of something in the national money-box.

Lord PASSFIELD was not at his most diplomatic in urging the House not to reject a measure "upon which large sums of money had already been spent"—thus inviting the retort that before spending money on the Bill the Government should have remembered that there would be no money *for* it—and would probably have been well advised if he had had authority to accept Lord BEAUCHAMP's invitation to postpone the measure until the much-wanted concordat was forthcoming. He was possibly influenced by the Bishop of SOUTHWARK's argument that it was no use postponing the Bill to get a concordat if, when agreement was reached, Lord HAILSHAM and his followers again proceeded to throw the Bill out on the ground of finance.

For once in a way the Commons enjoyed an exhibition of the old robust dialectic, and the protagonists were those veteran opponents of the arena, Mr. CHURCHILL and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. The House thoroughly enjoyed the verbal duel, not the less because it knows that there are no newcomers to live up to the old standards. The reason is plain. With the rise of the Labour Party rapiers have gone out and bludgeons have come in. The humour that softened the fiercest blows, the tolerance and detachment that armed the smitten against real hurt, are no longer cultivated. Those who are unwilling to wound are now afraid to strike. Those who would wield the bludgeon find the dull solemnity of the House interposed like a cushion between their cudgels and the heads they fain would crack.

The Unemployment Insurance Bill (to extend the transitional benefit period and enable the Fund to borrow another twenty million pounds) was the theme, but it cannot be said that Mr. CHURCHILL bothered very much about that. He began by twitting the Government with having "by every device, every dodge, every shift and almost every turpitude, managed to keep on paying for the longest time, in the loosest fashion, the largest doles to the largest number." They appointed the Royal Commission in order to postpone being told to do things about Unemployment Insurance that they had not the civic strength and political virtue to accomplish. Turning



THE INFANT HERCULES.

HIS FIRST BOUT WITH LABOUR AS LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

(After a bronze group in the Museum at Naples).

LORD HAILSHAM.

his next sheaf of banderillas in Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's direction, Mr. CHURCHILL observed that—

"Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned.
Nor Hell a fury like a wizard scorned,"

suggesting that the right hon. Member for Carnarvon, his love turned to hatred by the Government's rejection of his unemployment relief schemes, has set about making things difficult for his neighbour on the breezy uplands of Surrey. He had railed against the money Barons, but who else but Mr. LLOYD GEORGE had "pressed coronets on the brows of these false guides" and added to their "sordid veto" the suspensory veto of the House of Lords?

Then, turning from his stricken foes, Mr. CHURCHILL expatiated on the cause of trade depression, the remedies required to dissipate it and the dangers still to be met. It was good stuff, but it gave Mr. LLOYD GEORGE his opening, and he lost no time in seizing it. Here, he said, was Mr. CHURCHILL's bid for Mr. BALDWIN's throne. There was a sop for the Protectionists, a sop for Lord ROTHERMERE — something for everybody. There was even a sop for the City. Discovering the danger of trying to ride to power on the back of the Indian tiger, Mr. CHURCHILL, like DE ROUGEMONT, was now trying to ride the turtle. Unfortunately there was another pretender to the throne, Lord BEAVERBROOK, and the incumbent, Mr. BALDWIN, was still clinging with powerful tenacity to its arms.

Altogether, as the Society reporters say, a pleasant evening was had by everybody except Mr. MCGOVERN, whose inferiority complex got the better of him to such an extent that he protested moodily against what he called "dialectic rot." But then one cannot expect the bludgeon-wielder to admire the finesse and adroitness of the political school of arms.

Thursday. February 19th.—No doubt it was the successful Third Reading of the Ancient Monuments Bill that emboldened the Duke of MONTROSE to call attention to Unsightly Advertising in Scotland. There is social value, as the chewing-gum advertisers say, in being stern and wild, and Caledonia will soon be no fit nurse for a poetic tourist if her banks call his attention to somebody's tomato-sauce and her braes announce at every turn that So-and-So's oatmeal builds bigger and brighter Scots.

The Committee stage of the Unemployment Insurance (No. 2) Bill found Sir JOHN SIMON opposing the substitution of twenty million pound for ten million pound jumps in the Fund's borrowing powers. He urged, in the orthodox Liberal tradition that is now nearly extinct, that the House should keep the strictest control over all such financial arrangements, and pointed out that real injury was done to the ten per cent of the workers who had subscribed to the Fund and used it on a proper insurance basis by the inclusion under the scheme of another eleven per cent of promiscuous dole-drawers. Sir JOHN, in this as in some other matters, got little support from his Liberal colleagues, and the Report stage of the Bill was disposed of by a large majority.

"SPRING IN THE AIR."
Press Headline.

We feel no impulse to do so.



MANNERS AND MODES IN THE UNDERWORLD.

Leader of Gang (giving final instructions). "AND NOW, MY LADS, YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO—TWELVE-THIRTY SHARP TO-MORROW NIGHT BY THE SLUICE-GATES NEAR THE RUINED MILL. AND, OF COURSE, GUNS AND DINNER-JACKETS!"

JO: A LESSON IN DEPORTMENT.

WHEN Holdwood brought his car to meet me I observed that he was not alone. Seated behind him was Jo.

Jo is a Chow. He surveyed me with toleration untinged by curiosity. I patted his head, but it was as if I had not patted his head. He remained aloof. One would almost have thought that the car was his, that his master was his chauffeur, and that I was the chauffeur's friend, sitting in front by gracious permission from Jo.

So we sped down into Surrey. Jo was observant without any sign of enjoyment. I am not sure that as we progressed he did not bow from side to side to the people who glanced at us.

When we arrived among the pine-woods at the foot of the sandy road that leads up to the common, Jo's master and I descended, and Jo's master held open the door for Jo also to descend, which he did without haste, without eagerness to be off and away into the woods, with not so much as a nod of acknowledgment of the service done.

As he proceeded along the path his features remained unrelaxed. He looked from side to side with slow movements of his head, noting this and that; but there was no rushing hither and thither to investigate strange scents, no wandering from the line of dignified progress.

We had struck across a wood when it was noticed that Jo had disappeared. Jo's master whistled, then called, but there was no response. But through the wood at some distance I presently saw a flash of reddish-brown; I saw it again, and its rapid motion seemed to betray a lapse of dignity.

When at last Jo obeyed his master's summons he did not rush out from the undergrowth; he emerged. He came slowly, his head up, asking in every look and movement, "Well, and what do you want?" Before he showed himself he must have straightened his face, for we had seen rabbits about. A gentleman does not care that his inferiors should witness his moments of relaxation.

During our drive back Jo lay down on his rug for a time, but without any indication of abandon. He merely rested. When we left the lonely roads and came again to the main stream of traffic he resumed that dignified posture which he had adopted when I first made his acquaintance, sitting up and glancing through the windows of his car and now and again, I believe, bowing.

"Well, good-bye, Jo; it's been a jolly day, hasn't it?" I said at the end, rubbing him behind the ears. He closed his eyes as if in pain. A Chow does not have a jolly day, he seemed to say; he may have a pleasurable day. In any case so recent an acquaintance took a great liberty in rubbing a Chow behind the ears.

Jo did not look towards me when I waved farewell; he sat stiffly in his place, regarding the driver's back, as if he had just said, "Home, George; and I wish you would choose your friends more carefully."

A Headache for Infernalists.

"As to the fuel shortage which is making life in Moscow a hell this winter. . . ."
Sunday Paper.

Things which we could have said more tactfully.

"Negotiations have resulted in the booking of the following attractions for the spring season, the list beginning with the departure of the Cochran 1931 Revue for London."
Manchester Paper.

"THE REV. DR. CHARLES BROWN.

His career has been a striking one. He started life at the age of eight."
Oxford Paper.

It must have been a great advantage to avoid the perils of infancy.

"Family going abroad wish to dispose of entire wardrobes."—*Advt. in Weekly Paper.*

The journey should be pretty parky for them.



Mother. "WON'T IT BE NICE TO HAVE FIVE CANDLES ROUND YOUR CAKE?"
Michael. "YES; BUT IT WOULD BE NICER STILL TO HAVE FIVE CAKES ROUND MY CANDLE."

THE GARDENER ON THE HEARTH.

ONCE more anticipation jogs
The hibernating gardener's coma;
Although it's raining cats and dogs
And all the lawns are squishy bogs,
Comes with a whiff like Spring's aroma
An evening with the seedsmen's catalogues.

With just a pencil for a hoe,
At ease with toes upon the fender,
I make a lordly pleasaunce grow;
I watch the borders bud and blow
With hardy annuals and with tender—
Swift harvest from the fairy seed I sow.

The magic plot is trenched and dug;
The soil is deep and rich and loamy,
Sloped to the south, all safe and snug
From aphis, thrips and mealy-bug;
No fear of *res angustæ domi*
In that fair climate of the firelit rug.

The blooms are all of splendid hue,
Stout stamina and noble habit;
The trickiest hybrids all come true;
The latest novelties are new,
Immune from prowling slug or rabbit
That chew one's seedlings in the early dew.

The asters make a glowing grove
Around a sunproof scarlet pansy;
New-crossed, the dear old-fashioned clove
Breaks in enchanting shades of mauve;
And thrives, the *clou* of all my fancy,
Lobelia as in fact it never throve.

So, as the gay deceiver leads,
I chase in dreams the fond ideal;
And, though the gorgeous stuff one reads
End, as of old, in bugs and weeds,
To-night I gild the grubby real
With visions from my catalogue of seeds.

AN UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIAL.

I HAVE lately become one of those rare and interesting creatures, a Changed Man. You read about them often in novels and advertisements, but you seldom meet them in real life and still seldomer become one. It is, I assure you, an experience worth describing, especially when, as in my case, the change is so emphatically a change for the better.

I do not mean by this that I have just been cured of drink, drugs, stammering, dyspepsia, obesity, inability to play the piano, or any other of the vulgarer vices and misfortunes; in fact, I think that the previous "I" was quite a nice man really and, as men go, happy. Yet somehow I was never what is generally known as successful. My business did not flourish as it should. I was always on the verge of pulling off some big deal, and at the last moment the other fellow always got the better of me. But now, as I have said, I am a Changed Man, and all because a month or so ago I installed in my office an H.C.S.

An H.C.S., or Hand Combination Set, is the technical term for the type of telephone which a benevolent G.P.O. has recently bestowed upon those of us who care to pay a few extra shillings a year. No sooner had I set eyes on one of these instruments in a friend's house than I determined to have one for myself. It was æsthetic considerations that weighed with me most, I admit—I was that sort of man in those days. The sturdy yet elegant contours of its base—oblong, tapering upwards in four restful curves, and then spreading out once more with a generous sweep into a pair of shining black antlers; and, lying horizontally across the antlers, unobtrusive yet ready to serve you at an instant's notice, the handpiece itself, ingeniously shaped for the perfect comfort of your palm, with its two ends drooping gracefully, glossy and black, like the ears of a favourite spaniel: these, I say, were the things that first attracted me.

Such a change from the insolent perpendicularity of the ordinary telephone, which stands all day cocking snooks at you with up-tossed head and aggressively-gaping trumpet, like a monstrous caricature of a fossilised and blackened daffodil. . . .

It often happens that if you choose things for purely idealistic and unpractical reasons they turn out to be the best for utilitarian purposes also. (This is a profound and pleasant truth, but it must have been a ghost of the former me that wrote it down, for my present self condemns it as an unbusinesslike digression). Anyway, hardly had the H.C.S. been installed in my office before I embarked upon my adventure of becoming a Changed Man. The explanation of all my previous failures suddenly dawned upon me. The greater part of my business is carried on by telephone, and for years I had been suffering from acute, though undiagnosed, Telephobia; that is, a semi-conscious aversion from telephoning, a feeling of physical discomfort and moral inferiority while doing so. For years, when conducting negotiations, I had leaned forward obsequiously in a conciliatory attitude, one hand uneasily twisted backwards behind my left ear, the other outstretched to grope for pencil and jotting-pad. After several minutes of this I would develop a crick in my neck, an ache in my left wrist, a squint from writing with my eyes two feet to the west of my pen, and a sense of being at a complete disadvantage all round. Small wonder indeed that the Other Man Won.

What happens now?

"Get me Mr. Hogthorpe of Bunker and Bream's," I say to my secretary, and while she is putting the call through I sit at ease and light a cigar. (I can afford cigars now). In a few seconds—for somehow Hogthorpe does not seem to keep me waiting so long as he used to—there is a discreet buzz-buzz. Out goes my left hand—but in a leisurely gentlemanly fashion, mind you, for the new telephone does not clamour imperiously for attention like the old one; rather, it respectfully invites it, like a well-trained dog who knows his place but would be grateful all the same for a pat on the head. Well, you shall have it, my faithful lop-eared spaniel. . . . I pick up the handpiece. One end of it caresses my ear to a nicety; the other curves gently round and remains suspended at exactly the right distance from my mouth. I cross my legs and lean back in my armchair.

"That you, Hogthorpe?" I say lightly, in my ordinary talking key, for the H.C.S. is so sensitive that there is no need to use the old "telephone voice." "Well, Hogthorpe, I thought you might like to know what my terms are about this Manchester scheme. . . ."

Hogthorpe demurs and argues, pleads and cajoles. I can almost see him leaning anxiously forward, clutching his old-fashioned receiver to his servile ear. As for me, I am adamant. I lean still further back in my chair, rest my eyes on the tranquil expanses of the ceiling and dictate my own terms. I only wish that Hogthorpe could smell my cigar—but that, no doubt, is a refinement that will come.

"Sorry," I say firmly, "but I'm afraid your people must just take it or leave it."

"We'll take it," says Hogthorpe at last, beaten, as I knew he would be, by my coolness, my confidence, my complete mastery of the situation—beaten, in fact, by my Hand Combination Set.

I thank you, Mr. P.M.G., for the invention of the H.C.S. But one thought haunts me: what will happen when Hogthorpe instals one too?



Drastic Economist (to Partner). "SPOSE WE LET THE OFFICE? WE CAN ALWAYS DO OUR BUSINESS IN THE LIFT."

"COTTON DISPUTE SETTLED."
Newspaper Poster.

Is he going to play in the Ryder Cup after all?

AT THE PLAY.

"ETIENNE" (ST. JAMES'S).

THIS is a delightful little play, gay and even nonsensical on the surface with an undercurrent of genuine seriousness—Gallic in the best sense, translated with a pleasant fluency by GILBERT WAKEFIELD out of the French of JACQUES DEVAL.

Etienne Lebarmécide (Mr. EMLYN WILLIAMS), a mischievous sulky adolescent, in some ways extremely precocious, in others strangely backward, is the son of the manager of the complaints department in a Paris store. *Fernande*, the father (Mr. DAVID HORNE), is almost too great a success in his delicate job. Complainants are more than politely received, more than merely casually comforted. *Fernande*, a careless fellow, arrives home with manifest traces of lipstick and powder and the cheaper scents. Occasionally, when the complaints are more than ordinarily complex, he absents himself on business to stay at a little hotel in the Rue Quelquechose.

His wife, *Simone* (Miss MARY CLARE), is thoroughly aware of his professional pursuits, which, indeed, no longer distress her. Her life is given to *Etienne*. She understands why he lets off fireworks in his bedroom on the feast of St. Apollinaris (he always wanted to be called Apollinaris); she knows he is, though a clever boy, extremely indolent at school, and is not too much outraged when, bored with his pompous father's reproaches and futile blusterings, he brings home an admirable school report skilfully forged. *Etienne* adores her, and, though she will not allow him to speak disrespectfully of his father, she is not altogether displeased to see that the sharp-witted boy has taken the measure of his sire and even in a vague way understands the nature of the complaint-manager's technique. When *Fernande*, exasperated beyond endurance at his inability to control the quietly insubordinate youth, determines to send him to a boarding-school kept by his old friend, *Poustiano* (Mr. HENRY WENMAN), an expansive and not very satisfactory Corsican, and his exceedingly pretty young Russian wife, *Vassia* (Miss MYNO BURNET), *Simone* turns upon her man and quite definitely gives him to understand that he is welcome to his complainants and his business in little hotels, but that the moment *Etienne* goes to the *Poustianos* she leaves his house for ever. It is a threat the complacent bourgeois cannot counter. He throws in his hand. The *Poustianos* retire, not before *Fernande* has laid his little plans for improving his acquaintance with them by deceiving his old friend.



THE FAMILY COUNCIL.

Uncle Emile	MR. STANLEY LATHBURY.
Simone Lebarmécide	MISS MARY CLARE.
Fernande Lebarmécide	MR. DAVID HORNE.
Cousin Valérie	MISS UNA O'CONNOR.
Etienne	MR. EMLYN WILLIAMS.
Poustiano	MR. HENRY WENMAN.

Etienne now takes a hand in his father's affairs; telephones to the managing director in the character of an angry French General complaining that his wife has been insulted in the complaint-manager's office; pretends to have taken some spirits of salts by mistake and sends his distracted father for milk just at the moment when *Madame Vassia* arrives to call upon *Simone*—who has been carefully despatched by *Fernande* to a funeral.

Then the affair takes a new turn. *Vassia* makes swift decisions, and the determination to seduce the young *Etienne* is for the moment the dominating one. The boy is suddenly awakened—a little passage played with great skill and tact by Miss MYNO BURNET and entirely robbed of offence for all its candour. Hence *Etienne* begins to display an unlikely interest in museums on his Thursday half-holiday, a hobby which the father, gratified by his son's now real progress in his studies which the boy has achieved to please his adored mother, complacently approves. The museum is, however, the *Poustiano* school-house, the Corsican pedagogue being engaged elsewhere on Thursdays.

Simone, not wishing her son to become another *Fernande*, is sedulous to preserve his innocence; sees some queer change in her *Etienne*, dares not suspect its cause, cannot break through his impenetrable reticences, watches anxiously.

It is only when the infuriated *Poustiano*, breathing bombastic threats, arrives with a bundle of *Vassia's* letters proving him to have been tromped by no fewer than four gallants, of whom one has that day run away with her to Antibes, and of whom another is *Etienne*, that *Fernande* and *Simone* learn his secret. Moral platitudes from the conventional *Fernande*, agonised tears from *Simone*, a stolid indifference on the part of the still carefully-masked *Etienne*—till he learns that his adored *Vassia* is faithless and that for him there is no more love, for the world has come to an end.

Most skilfully the author mixes his wit and wisdom, his caricature and portraiture, his badinage and tragic comment, to make a well-balanced whole. Miss MARY CLARE plays the neglected wife and passionate mother with a fine sensitiveness, tenderness and flashes of fire—an admirable performance. Mr. DAVID



IN FATHER'S PLACE.

Etienne	MR. EMLYN WILLIAMS.
Vassia Poustiano	MISS MYNO BURNET.

HORNE was excellent in his drier moments, but never gave us the impression of having such a way with women as his script suggested. Mr. EMLYN WILLIAMS played with astonishing knowingness and repose for so young an actor. Mr. MARCUS BARRON gave us an excellent short character-study of *Fernande's* diplomatic managing-director.

The *tempo* of the production needs more variety. We had a touch of it in Mr. WENMAN'S robustious *Poustiano*, in *Simone's* outbreak. The *Etienne* must of necessity be played slow, but the *Fernande* could with advantage be speeded up. But that's a small and remediable matter. The play is interesting, original, whimsical, enlightening and gets over to the audience. A first-rate piece of work indeed. T.

"SUPPLY AND DEMAND"
(HAYMARKET).

Baghpur, a small station in "Upper India." A major and subaltern of the local soldiery about to go on long leave. *Joyce Oliphant* (Miss MARJORY CLARK), darling of the station, where the supply of the sex is entirely unequal to the demand by the other, about to say good-bye for ever to Baghpur—her husband, *Simon* (Mr. NIGEL BRUCE), has suddenly become a laird and must go to take up his inheritance. Everyone is at *Joyce Oliphant's* feet except *Simon's* best friend, *Major Tennant* (Mr. CHRISTOPHER STEELE), who puts down to *Joyce's* heartlessness the bad state of nerves into which poor *Simon* has fallen—*Simon* the romantic, with an inferiority complex induced by his wife's persistent undervaluation. It is incidentally made clear to us that *Joyce* is the confessed lover of *Major Murrell* (Mr. S. J. WARMINGTON), while young *Greig*, the subaltern, is made useful in the capacity of abject retriever. *Major Murrell* with pleasant wit suggests that he be labelled "Cabin," and poor *Simon* "Not wanted on voyage," a suggestion accepted by *Joyce* in the spirit in which it is made. The *Major* and the lady are in fact show specimens of the male and female cad, and Mr. WARMINGTON and Miss CLARK make them plausibly unpleasant for us.

The four voyagers arrive in *Simon's* family stronghold somewhere in Scotland. Two cousins of *Simon's*—the elder, *Kit* (Miss MARY NEWCOMB), a serious young woman of brains who has successfully kept shop and retrieved her family's broken fortunes; the younger, her assistant, "*Bunting*" (Miss RENÉE GADD), a naughty high-spirited minx—have been getting the place ready. War is declared without diplomatic preliminaries between the spoilt beauty of Baghpur and the two sisters, of whom it is clear that the elder has always loved *Simon* with that admixture of sisterly, comradely, motherly and loverly love which the best heroines offer to the men of their choice. Her woman's instinct discerns the relationship between *Murrell* and the laird's wife. And *Kit*, being a modern young woman and judging, quite correctly, that *Joyce* is unworthy of her *Simon* and has moreover reduced him, a clever genial man by nature, to his present abject condition, plans a cutting-out expedition with young "*Bunting*" as chief of staff.



Joyce Oliphant (Miss MARJORY CLARK) to Kit Kennedy (Miss MARY NEWCOMB). "IN INDIA I WAS IN GREAT DEMAND."

Kit Kennedy. "I DARE SAY. I UNDERSTAND THE SUPPLY IS SHORT THERE."

If *Kit* is a modern, *Bunting* is a futurist. What about a spot of blackmail? And the young realist steals simple *Simon's* diary, in which, in shorthand, he has poured out his griefs and incidentally recorded the fact that he has positive knowledge of his wife's infidelity.

The authors, PHILIP and AIMÉE STUART, now illustrate their "supply and demand" thesis. Scotland isn't Baghpur. *Joyce* the siren has competition to meet here. There is *Bunting* to detach the retriever. There is *Kit*, attractive enough to make the philandering *Major* venture discreet offers of amorous adventure, which are rejected, yet not so starkly as to cause resentment. So that *Joyce* is left to sit alone while *Kit* and *Simon* play golf, the subaltern devotes himself to *Bunting*, and the *Major* wanders about England and Scotland on his unlawful occasions.

So far, well enough. But the tactics of *Kit*, who proposes to *Joyce* that her wandering *Major*, to whom she desperately clings with a devotion quite unlikely on the evidence given us, shall, by being made to look ridiculous, be led back to her, leaving *Kit* to adopt the laird, lack plausibility. The *Major* is too old a bird to be caught with such chaff, and *Joyce*, for all her Baghpur training, ought to have learnt enough in Scotland to know that. He breaks out into quite unbelievably ignominious speech before a full house, leaving the stranded siren, who is now so suddenly oblivious of her material interests (she had stressed them very definitely in an earlier scene) that she declares her intention of going back to India, where she has a monopoly value, to have a good time.

Well, nobody pretended to believe in all this, the authors being a little too much under the dominion of their title and thesis, and guilty of not having given enough consideration to its working out. A little too much also under the influence of their jokes. The label joke is repeated in the last Act by *Kit* without collusion with its original author, the *Major*; while by another curious coincidence two of the characters independently elaborated the "supply and demand" theory. There was also a whole scene devoted to finding out whether *Joyce* was or was not the sort of person who wore a mackintosh instead of a dressing-gown. The characterisation was in fact too unlikely to allow of the play coming to life. T.

Tragedy in Four Words.

"THE UNKISSED BRIDE.
ONIONS."
Library Catalogue.

"JEWELLERY TRADE FEELS THE PINCH."
Headline in Daily Paper.

That, we understand, is the not uncommon effect of a burglary.

"THE O.U.D.S.

. . . Mr. P. D. Howard, the University Ruby 'Blue,' who captained the England fifteen at Twickenham yesterday, is also a member of the cast."—*Daily Paper.*

We just failed to get our Sky-Blue Puce at Cambridge.

"THE TALK OF LONDON.

. . . Lord and Lady Bledisloe in Court dress, a piece of currant cake, and a frock of flowered taffeta are among the many artistic examples at the galleries of this new and fascinating photographic art."
Gossiper in Daily Paper.

They must have expected a little comment.

THE HARBINGER.

["Spring fashions have arrived in London. . . ."—*Evening Paper.*]

ERE the crocus risks her chances,
Long before the daffy dares,
And the mavis takes our fancies
With his unassuming airs;
While the city
Grey and gritty
Frets at Winter's frown,
Spring the tardy
Sends her hardy
Poursuivant to town.

Fashion's here to push her traffic,
Treating Boreas with disdain;
Chaste enchantress, blithe, seraphic—
Poised behind her window-pane;
Mark her smiling,
Care-beguiling,
"Ladies, Spring is nigh;
Time is fleeting,
Pretty sweeting,
Modom, come and buy!"

So to-morrow, if propitious,
Phyllis, while your frock you choose,
I shall steal a surreptitious
Glow from her provoking hues;
And, though spiteful
Feb. and "frightful"
March, before they pass,
Seem eternal,
Catch the vernal
Gleam through Fashion's Glass.

A. K.

FATHER DRAIN.

MY attention has been called to the charming proposal of the Middlesex County Council to turn the Thames into a sewer. A Bill is looming, it appears, which is to replace twenty-seven local sewage works in Middlesex with one huge treatment plant at Mogden; and here not only will sewage and storm-water be treated, but various "trade effluents," giving a complex mixture containing oily matter, inorganic and organic substances, gas-works sediment, etc.; and this plant will discharge into the Thames *one mile above Kew Gardens* a volume of effluent which will at times be equal to the flow of the river-water coming down from Teddington weir.

Father Thames, then, at such times will flow past Kew Gardens in the proportions of one-half Father Thames and one-half Middlesex sewage.

Now no doubt, if they have thought about it at all, the promoters of this scheme think that their delightful sewer-effluent, having been discharged into the Thames, will by the Thames be promptly discharged into the sea. Persons who tamper with the London Thames seldom know much about it; and it is now my painful duty to point out to them a few elementary truths:—

(1) That the Thames below Teddington is tidal. (2) That tides go out and come in. (3) That Father Thames, in other words, flows down *and* up through London. (4) That the tide runs out at about three miles an hour. (5) That it runs out for, roughly, seven hours; and (6) That the distance from Kew to the sea is about sixty miles.

Imagine therefore a dead cat discharged into the Thames at high-water a mile above Kew. Assuming a fair wind and an unobstructed passage down river the cat will travel on the ebb for seven hours at three miles an hour. By then it will be at or about Greenwich. The tide will then turn, and the cat will travel up through London again on the flood for about five hours at three miles an hour. That will bring the cat to about Putney, from which at high-water it will again start eastward on the ebb.

And these are no flights of fancy, reader. I have seen the same dead cat, the same old baskets and hats and blocks of wood go up and down past Hammersmith, tide by tide, for many days.

And now imagine that this cat is discharged into the Thames at Kew at or a little before low-water. The cat will then travel *up* the river, past Richmond and Twickenham and on to Teddington. (Again, no fancy, reader. Sailing about, I have seen the same dead cat on the same day at Isleworth and Chiswick.)

Now those who have followed the fortunes of this dead cat closely will have formed the conclusion that, all going well, it will at last win out to sea. For it travels twenty-one miles forward and fifteen miles back, that is, it makes six miles a tide; and, if it does not go aground or catch in anything (as it generally does), it should reach the sea in about ten tides or, roughly, five days.

Well, boys, you may say that that is a reasonable rate of evacuation for the dead cats of Middlesex. But is it good enough for the sewer-effluent of Middlesex? There are some important points of difference between dead cats and sewer-effluent which, if you will bear with me (and even if you don't), I will enumerate:—

(1) Dead cats (though, alas, numerous in these waters) are not continually being discharged into the Thames by a public authority.

(2) Dead cats, even at the worst season, never amount to one-half the volume of the Thames at Kew.

(3) Dead cats are not employed for swimming, sailing, rowing or the cultivation of riverside gardens.

(4) Dead cats do not give off fumes, oils, "oily hydro-carbons" and so forth.

Moreover, the movements of water in a tidal channel are not quite so simple and punctual as the movements of my imaginary cat. There are such things as winds and eddies, and backwaters and sluggish creeks and grassy banks. The sewer-effluent which is discharged above Kew on Monday may easily still be pottering about Kew on Tuesday, and, if it has a nice oily scum and the wind is in the east, it may join hands with the sewer-effluent of Wednesday and take a trip up to Richmond.

And, if you do not believe me, perhaps you will believe a Royal Commission which, reporting on the London County "outfalls" (miles below London), said that the sewage there discharged had been traced almost as high up the river as Teddington, and that it "oscillated" for a long period before finally reaching the sea.

I do not quite know what is to be done about the Boat-Race. Poor old Oxford are sure to draw the smelly side and will have to row holding their noses. Unless, of course, it could be agreed that both sides should row in gas-masks. The question is, will it be possible to row at all?

I have remarked before that for all the use London makes of her river it might be a drain. Now it is going to be a drain. All right, boys. Who cares? Only we shall have to alter the geography books thus:—

"*London (capital) is situated on the Middlesex sewer. On the left bank of the sewer are the Houses of Parliament, Somerset House, St. Paul's Cathedral and many fine hotels and public buildings. The drain is traversed by many bridges, etc., etc. Formerly the drain ran past Kew Gardens and Richmond, but owing to congestion and complaints by the inhabitants it was roofed over from Kew Bridge westward, and the space is now employed as a motor-road. . . . Haddock* (1933), *in his 'London Idylls,' sings :—*

"'Sweet effluent, dear Father Drain,
Whose generous bosom doth contain
A lot of oil, a little rain
And all the muck of Middlesex . . .'"

A. P. H.

An Impending Apology.

"ALLEGED INDECENT BOOKS.

In opening the case for the prosecution Mr. Clarke said that the test which had been laid down in various cases was whether the tendency of the matter charged as obscenity was to deprave and corrupt those whose minds were open to such immoral influences. If that test were to be applied the jury were best able to form an opinion whether this was obscene or not."—*Daily Paper.*

"ECONOMICAL GAS COOKER, with portable oven ('Wifesfoie')."
Advt. in Hertfordshire Paper.

Selfishly we prefer this to husband's liver.



DIAL TONES.

AVEnue.

WHEN I dial A-V-E,
Back at Limes I seem to be.
Old Mulwinkle's still alive,
Pottering down the western drive,
Pausing now and then to sweep
Fallen leaves into a heap.
Six years old, I follow near,
Listening with respectful ear
(Gardeners' words are always wise—
Age-old truth within them lies).
"Catch," says he, "a falling leaf;
Catch a day without a grief;
Catch three-hundred-sixty-five,
You'm the happiest man alive!"
Old Mulwinkle sighs and then
Stoops to pick up leaves again.
Back at Limes I seem to be
When I dial A-V-E.



ROUGHING IT.

Millionaire (being shown his luxurious suite by Purser). "THIS YOUR IDEA OF A CABIN! NO GRAND PIANO OR ANYTHING!! WHAT DO YOU TAKE ME FOR? A STOWAWAY?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT is pleasant to welcome an old friend in a new guise and with slightly increased girth due to prosperity as well as advancing years in Mr. GRETTON'S *A Modern History of the English People, 1880—1922* (SECKER, 12/6), which is a panorama of English life in all its multifarious aspects. Few historians can write as temperately—fewer still as lucidly and humorously—as can Mr. GRETTON of the events which stirred the passions and aroused the laughter and tears of himself and his contemporaries. Eighteen years (is it really so long ago?) have passed away since Mr. GRETTON first held up his mirror to let us see ourselves. Those who can remember how polished and clear that mirror was will turn, as I did, to the last pages of his book to feel again the tense emotions and anxieties of the War years. It is all there—personal tragedies and national misfortunes, grumblings and bickerings, days of gloom and days of exultancy, heroism and profiteering, and the hundred-and-one other things that went to make up the atmosphere of those four mad years. For Mr. GRETTON'S story is that of the Man in the Street whose portrait he has drawn (with some slight assistance, Mr. Punch is pleased to note, from his own volumes) in all his avocations, thoughts and habiliments, from the days when Mr. GLADSTONE was "talking shop like a tenth Muse" and Lord HOUGHTON, on his death-bed, was regretting, "Yes, I am going to join the majority, and, you know, I have always preferred minorities," to those in which Mr. LLOYD GEORGE had brought the country into "that unpardonable muddle" that was to cost the unfortunate subject of Mr. GRETTON'S study so dear.

Given an outlook at once profounder and more whimsical, and I feel that Mr. EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST might have made a really memorable thing of *Simpson* (HEINEMANN, 7/6). As it is, the novel remains a rather brutal piece of still life, *Simpson* and her circle (or circles, for few heroines have seen more circles described round them than *Simpson*) enjoying continuously the status of properties rather than persons. Offspring of a New Cross plumber genteelly married, *Simpson* plays nurse to her younger brothers and sisters until "children, lots of them . . . and chiefly babies" become a dominant passion. From nursemaid she proceeds to full-blown Nanny; but partly owing to this preference for babies, partly out of a fixed conviction that she must never get inseparably attached to one family, she throws over half-a-dozen situations where she has the chance of becoming a retainer and is ousted by ill-luck and (very literally) by the fortune of war from others. 1914 finds her near Danzig; and here, I think, *Simpson's* surroundings and her reaction to them take on exceptional validity. The most convincing, as it is certainly the most unpleasant, of her home experiences, comprises her brief spell of life in mufti and the prodigies of nursery hygiene she attempts

on behalf of her niece. Yet even here Mr. SACKVILLE WEST's technique strikes you as harsher to *Simpson* than destiny; and when the poor woman meets a shocking end in Berlin it is her creator rather than her "old boy's" friend who mans the machine-gun that destroys her.

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL can sell to dog-lovers
For only one guinea in cash
A book that from cover to cover 's
A bargain, since EDWARD C. ASH,
Who has toiled with a pen never thrifty
At *The Practical Dog Book*, can claim
To have put some two-hundred-and-fifty
Long thousands of words in the same.

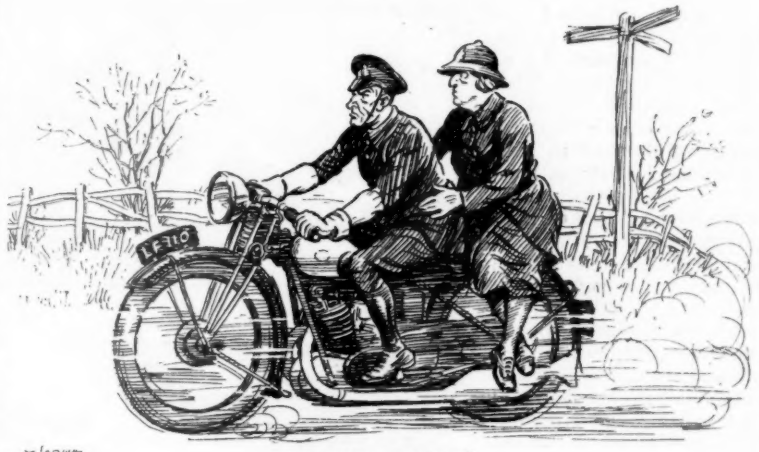
And he 's filled his most excellent pages
With five hundred plates that display
The dog as he 's come down the ages,
The dog as we know him to-day;
Here 's the whole of dog-kind in creation,
Here 's his health, here 's his dose in disease,
Here 's his show points and here 's information
For taking him over the seas.

Here are tales too that Mr. ASH scatters
For plums in his practical bun;
Here is buying a dog; here 's what matters
In making a dog for the gun;
Indeed, here 's the dog comprehensive,
The dog who, like diamonds, is set
In as wise and withal inexpensive
A setting as ever he 'll get.

There has, I believe, been something of a setback to anthologies among the intelligentsia, but not—to make a necessary distinction—among scholars or among the intelligent public. The anthology as a foretaste of hitherto uncharted delights can be both profitable and pleasant, and *An Anthology of Contemporary Italian Prose* (SCHOLARTIS PRESS, 7/6) is an attractive example of this particular brand. Professor GUERCIO, of Manchester University, having spied out a promising little Canaan of his own, comes back with appropriate first-fruits—eighteen extracts, mostly self-contained, from the works of a dozen living Italian authors. Your living Italian for the most part anthologises unusually well, chiefly on account of his commendable addiction to the *novella* form of short-story. The two examples of PIRANDELLO featured here, with PANZINI's "St. Damian's Oysters," ADA NEGRI's "Lady Augusta" and VANNI's "Rule of St. Francis," belong in a marked fashion to this immortal *genre*. With such essays in self-expression as JAHIER's "Criticism" and SERRA's "Self-Examination of a Man of Letters," with three clever pieces of reporter's work by OJETTI and with CECCHI's "Cambridge," a modern, somewhat nineteenth-century, note is struck. The book is prefaced by an explanatory essay in which the artistic fecundity of Italian regionalism is appreciated, and the translation is on the whole a sympathetic one, though I regret the rendering of Italian dialect by English *patois* which itself requires a footnote. An occasional phrase left in the original makes for raciness; and English dialect, *pace* "St. Joan," is only acceptable in the mouths of Englishmen.



WILL THIS—



BE CHASED BY THIS?

Mr. ARCHIBALD LYALL, wandering in the interest of mere vagabond cheerfulness through many countries very new and very old in south-eastern Europe, has shown a proper facility for lighting on the smaller delights and surprises of the way. Through places like Srgj and Štrbské and Prčanj, through Cracow with its triumphant Gothic architecture and its tomb of KING BOLESLAS the Bashful, through Constantinople with its Jews still talking sixteenth-century Spanish, through Patras, where it is well to count one's fingers after shaking hands with a native, he worked round to the exquisite eastern fringes of the Adriatic. In *The Balkan Road* (METHUEN, 12/6) one may read of many colourful and pleasant places, but, like the author, one may well wish to linger most with those jewel-towns, enamel-set fragments of Venice, that broke off and drifted across to the further shore when Venice was Queen of the Seas. But, though one goes gratefully and trustfully with Mr. LYALL most of the way, it is well to remember that he dearly loves a jest. In Olmütz he counted fifteen hat-shops for men within a space of yards, yet not a man in

Olmütz wore a hat; in Scutari he watched eagle-eyed mountaineers striding along the streets with a rifle in one hand and umbrella in the other; while in Budapest he saw a gang of road-menders falling flat on their faces in the tar for a midday nap at the sound of a hooter. And of this last, at any rate, I ask for confirmatory evidence.

Since the dawn of history the region of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles has been one of the storm-centres of the political world. It was the hope of controlling these waters, and by no means the face of HELEN, that launched the thousand ships of Achæa. KARL MARX was right on this point, if on no other. And from those early years to the present day there has been no cessation of intrigue and battle concerning these valuable stretches of sea. Mr. P. P. GRAVES, in *The Question of the Straits* (BENN, 10/6), gives us a dignified Gibbonian sketch of the quarrel which has raged continuously through the ages. It is a learned book, containing a vast amount of condensed information, and not to be read in haste even by a cramming student. The general attitude is cosmic and impartial. Mr. GRAVES pays due honour to the achievement of Byzantium and is scrupulously fair even to the Turks of two generations ago. His prospect of the future is rather disquieting, since he foresees no peace in the region unless the Soviet Republics become bourgeois—a transformation which will probably synchronise with that of the Ethiopian changing his skin. If, on the other hand, the U.S.S.R. remain very much as they are, these coasts will very soon again be resounding with a world's debate.



Aberdonian (as smash-and-grab partner displays his haul, a tray of diamond rings). "AY, NO SO BAD; BUT, MAN, DID YE NO REMEMBER TO BRING BACK THE BRICK?"

Mr. EDWIN MUIR'S name is unknown to me, but if *The Three Brothers* (HEINEMANN, 7/6) is a first novel it is remarkably promising. Laying his opening scenes round St. Andrews in the sixteenth century, Mr. MUIR never loses touch with verisimilitude in drawing the *Blackadders* and their children. The contrast between *Archie Blackadder*, who was exceedingly acquisitive, and his twin-brother *David*, whose part in life was to play the second fiddle, though never over-emphasized, is clearly and cleverly indicated. And when the young *Blackadders* join their elder brother, *Sandy*, in a shop in Edinburgh we see *Archie* still pursuing his selfish way, while *David* has still to suffer and to look after *Sandy*, who at the point of death is caught by the fierce wave of religion then holding Scotland in its grip. It is this strong religious atmosphere that gives distinction to the tale, for one sees how powerful an influence a religion founded rather on the fear of Hell than on the hope of Heaven had on the various people of Mr. MUIR'S imagination. As a study of boyhood this story is also deserving of high praise.

The opening scenes of *Marden Fee* (HEINEMANN, 7/6), in which Mr. GERALD BULLETT gives us a graphic picture of a little part of Sussex in the Stone Age, are admirably imagined and written. *Koor*, the patriarch of the tribe, his wives and sons and daughters, and *Hasta*, "the wise one," are, although more or less inarticulate, drawn with a skill that makes them unforgettable. But when Mr. BULLETT jumps a few hundred years and proceeds to continue his story in *Marden Fee* of the eighteenth century I have to acknowledge that drama is far to seek. In short, the beginning and the end of this story are perfectly conceived; but I cannot suppress the thought that in the middle Mr. BULLETT was sometimes at a loss for material. Otherwise I do not believe that he would have allowed a publican and his guests to talk such large quantities of small beer. Yet in spite of this overflow I should have been sorry to miss a tale that has real quality and distinction.

The particular form of cranial enlargement responsible for the downfall of *Captain John Hume* and the loss of his ship, as described by "SHALIMAR" (Captain F. C. HENDRY), in his novel, *The "Yomah"—and After* (BLACKWOOD 7/6 net), is popularly accounted more proper to politicians and matinée idols than to men of action, though there have been notable exceptions to the rule in real life, of which the career of the redoubtable "BULLY" FORBES is the classic example. "SHALIMAR'S" hero, a quite likeable person in spite of his undue opinion of himself, is the victim of a too easily attained success. Misfortune makes a man of him, and after a succession of exciting episodes, culminating in the rescue of his former sweetheart from a gang of runaway convicts from the Andamans, his period of eclipse is at an end. The author combines a considerable command of the tale-teller's art with a full knowledge of the technicalities of the sea.

"A burglar who for many years has been occupying the homes of people in Noisy-le-Grand. . . ."—*Evening Paper.*

He seems to have been a self-paying guest.

"'When I went to the City,' he proceeded, 'I was received by the City magnates with the same frigid silence as if they were a row of penguins in the Arctic.'"—*Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, reported in Yorkshire Paper.*

They might well be excused for concentrating on how to get back to the Antarctic.

CHARIVARIA.

A BURGLAR at Egham stole three Irish Sweepstake tickets. It is, of course, illegal to obtain them in this way.

* * *

The objection to women as bank-managers, it is stated, is that men are reluctant to discuss their money troubles with them. We ourselves should dread being told that our approaches with regard to an overdraft were "so sudden."

* * *

Automatic machines for stamps are now being fitted to wall-boxes, in both London and the country. To get the right post-office atmosphere, buyers should wait a few minutes before serving themselves.

* * *

There is a persistent rumour that Mr. CHARLES CHAPLIN has been seen in London recently.

* * *

High brows are now being cultivated at the beauty-parlours; but it is not anticipated that the effect will long deceive Bloomsbury.

* * *

A statistician says that we have coal enough to last seven thousand years. What does he mean by "we"?

* * *

An expert who has drawn up a report on the last of a series of town-planning schemes for Rome is said to recognise the "inevitability of gradualness." He is of course influenced by the tradition that Rome was not built in a day.

* * *

Lord HARRIS puts down our Test Match misfortunes to the demand for Brighter Cricket. We doubt, however, whether spectators have the interests of the game sufficiently at heart to transfer their support to a "Duller Cricket" movement.

* * *

A London bank-clerk has signed on as machine-gunner on a rum-running boat. He will no doubt be in charge of a gun which is carried forward.

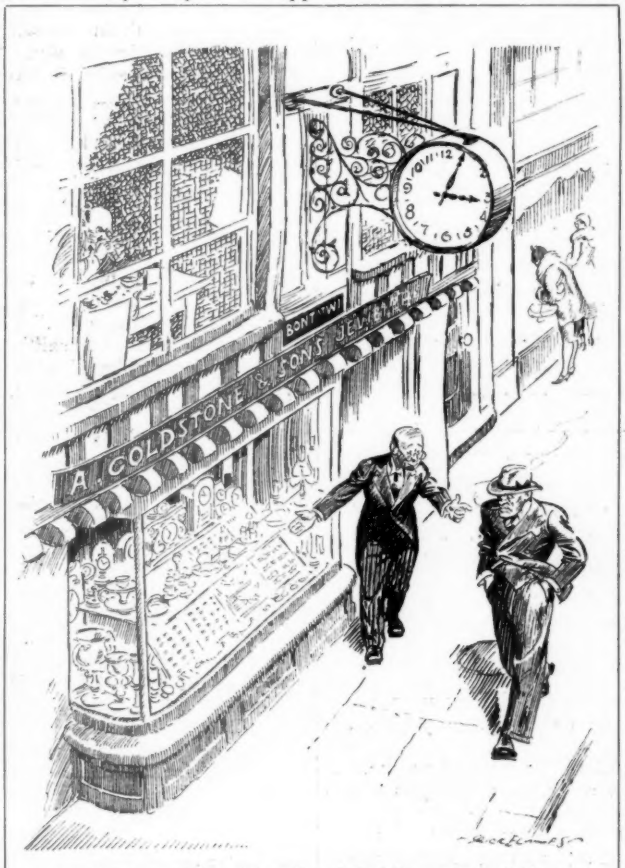
* * *

An organ of the BEAVERBROOK Press referred to Lord HAILSHAM as coming from the "lace and lavender of the Lords." Another view is that the Chamber where the Press Peers are privileged to sit "ain't all lavender."

Coursing meetings for Salukis are said to have shown that their swiftness has been exaggerated. There would appear to be no future for the electric gazelle.

* * *

Mr. ROBERT BOOTHBY's experience that travelling third-class to Aberdeen is the nearest approach to Hell that he knows would seem to throw some light on the preference of Aberdonians for journeys in the opposite direction.



Jeweller (recognising "Smash-and-Grab" gangster). "HERE, I SAY, AREN'T YOU EVER GOING TO PUT A BRICK THROUGH MY WINDOW? PEOPLE ARE SAYING MY STUFF IS NO GOOD."

Judge LYLE's view that "BIG BILL" THOMPSON is a lurching, shambling imbecile with the flabby jowls of a barnyard hog, and a blubbering charlatan whose befuddled mind totters on the borderline of lunacy, does not necessarily imply that he considers Mr. THOMPSON would make the best mayor of Chicago.

* * *

A recent boxing-match in America ended in a draw after lasting the full fifteen rounds, during which both men received a lot of punishment. Fair play is suspected.

Liverpool is to have a portable school. Children in the habit of playing truant fear that the thing may follow them about.

* * *

"In the two Varsity eights we have sixteen splendid specimens of athletic youth," declares a sports journal. Audited and found correct.

* * *

One of the newest innovations in ultra-modern furniture is a table with thirty-six tiles cemented to the top, painted in metallic colours and twice baked. Many of the recent ideas in ultra-modern furniture have been only half-baked.

* * *

"Silence, Please" notices are posted all over the London broadcasting studio. Lecturers, however, seem to pay no attention to them.

* * *

According to statistics, America has over half of the telephones in the world. It may be only a coincidence that America also leads the world in nervous disorders.

* * *

In knowledgeable quarters it is rumoured that, owing to the general lack of incomes, Mr. SNOWDEN proposes to assess Expenditure and that the tax derived from this source will be known as "The Outgo Tax."

* * *

The projected Oxford by-pass road is described as an escape from "the dreary causeways with which unimaginative engineering has burdened other parts of rural England." Its primary object, of course, is to avoid the lost-causeways.

* * *

A Fleet Street journalist caused something of a sensation in a City restaurant by absent-mindedly ordering a dozen oysters when he really meant succulent bivalves.

* * *

A scientific expert says that fish kill mosquitoes. But who wants to keep a fish on his pillow?

* * *

"When you go to a banquet," a medical man is reported to have said, "don't eat right through the menu." The best people merely nibble the edges of it.

THE POLITICIAN AT HOME.

How false the pictures that men compose
Of the private life of their public foes!
Instead of its being, as they infer
(For partisan hate is apt to err),
Savage and sunk in low duplicity,
It may be a model of domesticity.

Take RAMSAY for one. He seems to like
The idea of a general law-proof strike;
You'd judge by his acts that he can't much care
How soon the country is past repair;
Yet here's the captain of commerce-wreckers
Hobnobbing with CHARLIE down at Chequers!

Or SNOWDEN. Heavy his hand may be
On struggling workers (like you and me);
He may grind our faces with Budget Bills,
But away in his home on the Surrey hills
He leads a perfectly gentle life
And never was known to beat his wife.

There, relaxing his stubborn nerves,
He moulds his chin to the mildest curves;
Fresh from the fray, where like a whip
It had curled and bitten, his caustic lip
Banishes every trace of bile
And melts in the most entrancing smile.

I figure him there in softer mood
Permitting himself at times to brood
Over the damage he means to do
To honest toilers (like me and you),
And even aching inside his heart
For love of Sir OSWALD MOSLEY, Bart.

So it's best to take the advice I give
And be shy of the houses where such men live,
If you're anxious to keep your hatred warm
That paints 'em as devils in human form;
For, once you enter their private lairs,
You may come on an angel unawares. O. S.

LOW FINANCE.

"HAVE you such a thing as a ten-shilling note about you?" asked my wife as she came hurriedly into the smoking-room.

The formula on these occasions is always the same. A ten-shilling note is spoken of as "such a thing as a ten-shilling note," as if it were some worthless curiosity which I could hardly be expected to carry about with me. I temporised as well as I could. "H'm," was my cautious reply.

"I wish you would give it to me. I want it for Tommy."

"Who is Tommy?"

"I don't know what his other name is, but he seems a pleasant young fellow. He's a friend of Helen's, and he called to see her, but as she is out at the moment he saw me instead."

"And are you going to press ten shillings on him? Won't he be too proud to accept?"

"Oh, no; he asked for it—or rather he told me he had come to ask Helen for it."

"Do you mean that he is destitute and an object of charity?"

"He doesn't give me that impression."

"Well, I wish Helen were here."

"I'm not sure that it matters much. The only difference would be that she would ask you for the ten shillings instead of my doing so. In fact she might ask you for a pound, which would be twice as bad."

There was something in this. "But isn't it all rather odd and sudden?" I objected, still holding out.

"Well, you know what young people are. If you mean that it's odd he should want money, it would be more odd if he didn't. Our children are pretty much the same."

"We might send them round among our neighbours and see what they can pick up."

There was a slight pause in the conversation, which was interrupted by the appearance of Helen herself. She entered in her usual breezy way and asked me if I would pay her taxi, which was waiting at the door. "But, Father," she warned me solemnly, "don't on any account give the man more than two shillings."

Without committing myself on this minor point I explained the position briefly. "We seem surrounded," I said, "by people asking for money. Upstairs in the drawing-room is a young man who says that his name is Tommy and that he wants ten shillings. You'd better go and see who it is. He may," I added hopefully, "be an impostor whom you alone can expose."

During Helen's absence upstairs you can guess how I occupied myself. The taxi-driver stood out resolutely for half-a-crown, and, as there seemed to me reason in his arguments, I yielded the point. Some time passed before my daughter came back to the smoking-room.

"It's Tommy right enough," she said; "and it was such fun seeing him again."

"What about his ten shillings?"

"He's been playing Rugby, and thinks he has a chance of being tried for the 'Varsity. Isn't that thrilling?"

"It is indeed. What about his ten shillings?"

"Oh, yes; he did say something about that. In fact that is why he came to see me. He finds himself a bit short at the moment or he wouldn't have come." She paused, and then continued with a judicial air, "I think on the whole, Father, you'd better give it him and be done with it."

"Do you indeed? You speak as if he had some claim against me, but I don't know him at all."

"I wish you did," replied Helen. "You'd like him terribly. But I'm afraid there's no time to introduce you; he has to catch a train."

"Then he'd better be off at once."

Helen hesitated. Of course I knew well enough what was coming. "You see, Father," she said, "it's like this. You mustn't blame Tommy too much; I borrowed a pound from him some time ago and I'd quite forgotten about it. Directly he reminded me I remembered. I feel sure he's quite right about it."

"Very likely he is," I said; "and he appears a generous creditor, for he's only asking half what you owe him. Hadn't you better clear the whole thing off?"

"I believe I had," Helen declared emphatically. "You've always told me that you don't like me to be in debt. So," she finished brightly, "if you give me a pound-note I'll run up and give it to Tommy this minute. You were quite right in saying that would be the best plan."

"I don't remember saying that would be the best plan."

"Besides, it will be much simpler," she went on, "because then I shall owe you a pound instead of owing it to Tommy."

"So you will," I replied. And so she does. A. C.

La Vie Parisienne.

"After the service a 'social hour' was held in the Paris Room adjoining the church to welcome the new vicar, and this also was attended by the Bishop and Canon ——."—*Nottingham Paper.*

"Lost, Saturday, Parcel containing Trousers (circular route). Reward."—*Yorkshire Paper.*

We too never liked the term "plus-fours."



OSWALD PUSHES OFF.

MR. MACDONALD. "WHY ARE YOU LEAVING THE SHIP? IT ISN'T SINKING."
SIR OSWALD MOSLEY. "NO; BUT IT WILL BE WHEN I'VE DONE WITH IT."



Mother. "SUCH A NICE YOUNG MAN GAVE ME HIS SEAT IN THE TRAIN. I WAS VERY GRATEFUL AND SAID SO."
Daughter. "MUMMY DEAR, *MUST* YOU BE SO FUSSY?"

AN ERROR IN ART.

I TOLD Fernleigh that he ought to take me to see an exhibition of Mr. EPSTEIN'S sculptures, because he understood about Art and things, and it was no use my attempting to go alone, for the reason that I was quite sure to procrastinate and walk past the galleries, saying to myself, "Another time will do."

I am a constant sufferer from this malady, and the doctor cannot find for me any cure. No sooner is an epoch made by a book, a picture or a play than I am seized with a great desire not to miss it. Yet in practice I find, so large is London and so diverse its allurements, that an epoch is nearly as easy to miss as a motor-omnibus. Nor does one suffer the same amount of physical hardship in waiting for the next, for epochs arrive very frequently indeed. Howbeit, when I weigh up the æsthetic loss, I often feel that I am seven or eight thousand years behind my time.

We went in through a sort of turnstile and immediately I found myself looking at some pictures which had nothing to do with Mr. EPSTEIN'S sculpture at all. That is another bad habit of mine. When I go to an art gallery to look at the sensation of the hour I stand suddenly lost in contemplation of some work which has been a fixture there for about twenty years. When I go to buy a best-seller I discover in some dark corner a faded copy of the best-seller of half a decade ago and purchase that instead. But Fernleigh dragged me roughly on.

We passed into a room where I was immediately confronted by a marvellous bust, ruthless, in bold green bronze. I was almost a little terrified.

"Who," I asked Fernleigh, "is that?"

"Surely you know?"

"I don't."

"Lord ROTHERMERE," he replied.

I went up to it.

"Is it good?" I asked.

"I suppose so," he said carelessly.

When I asked him why he was so offhand he replied that one did not as a rule look for an artist's best creative work in the representation of an extremely rich and famous man.

I did not understand why this should be so, but I said I thought the waistcoat looked a little rough.

"Would it be for sale?" I inquired.

Fernleigh sighed at me in despair.

"Had you thought of buying it, then?" he said sarcastically.

"I thought it might be an inspiration to me in my work," I replied with gentleness, "if I had it on my writing-desk."

I put up my hand and touched tenderly the steep metallic brows.

"Don't do that!" cried Fernleigh sharply. "And do come on."

He led me forward into yet another room.

Aghast on the threshold I stood gazing at a massy three-quarter-length figure, white, but not shining white; struggling, awful, yet calm.

"No, it can't be!" I said, putting both hands in front of my face. "It *can't!*"

"What can't be what?" said Fernleigh. He may be good at art, but his

English is scarcely fit for an elementary school.

"That can't be——"

"Can't be *which?*"

"Lord BEAVERBROOK."

A pale-faced man with a Mexican hat and a flowing black tie turned round and looked at me as though I had struck him. I noticed that several other people who had been looking from various angles at various sculptured heads had also suddenly switched their eye-shafts off on to me.

"Don't be such an absolute *fool*," muttered Fernleigh. He seemed to think there might be a riot in the room. "Who in the world said anything about Lord BEAVERBROOK?"

"Well, how was I to know?" I asked plaintively. "You brought me in here. The chief exhibit in the first room was Lord ROTHERMERE. Then you take me to the second room and the first thing that catches my eye is that. Anybody who reads the papers would make the same mistake. One might think there hadn't been a by-election at East Islington from the way you talk. What is it if it isn't Lord BEAVERBROOK?"

"'Genesis,'" he said.

"Oh," I said, "I see."

I looked at it calmly and steadily for several seconds without veiling my eyes.

"Even so," I began again, "when you consider meaning in sculpture, when you consider the expression of an idea rather than the precise lineaments of a face or an attitude——"

But I found that Fernleigh had deserted me and gone round to look at the back of the thing. I followed him there.

"I didn't mean to be ridiculous," I said. "I shouldn't for a moment have suggested that this stood for any other great figure of our time. I was thinking of the symbolical rather than the representational. Of strength, not of beauty; of effort rather than form. I was——"

Fernleigh told me that if I talked any more rot he would ask the proprietors of the gallery to have me thrown out into the street. So I went round and looked at all the other heads which were there, seeming so conscious, so painfully alive that I soon began to feel that they were the only living people in the room and were looking at us instead of we at them. I felt sure that here was genius. About Genesis I did not know.

"Well," I said to Fernleigh as we went out, "what is your final vote?"

"Hard to say," he replied, dodging a taxi-cab. "In viewing a work of this sort you have to get rid of your first simple notion——"



"HI! YOU! BRING US TWO MORE WHISKIES-AND-SODAS."
"I'D LOVE TO, BUT I'M JUST GOING TO SING."

"My dear fellow," I said, "I have, I have. It was only political excitement that led me astray. All the same, at the first *coup d'œil* there was something about the majesty, the forcefulness, the—how shall I put it——? And then you must remember that, except in a few photographs which are wholly unreliable, I have never seen yet the face of Lord BEAVER——"

"I get my tube here," said Fernleigh ferociously. And he was gone.

EVOE.

"DAVID —— at the Pianofoste."
Wireless Paper.

Spelling is evidently not the B.B.C.'s forte.

Societies Which Might Meet More Often.

"RELIGIOUS TACT SOCIETY.
ANNUAL MEETINGS."
Jersey Paper.

"CHEAP FICTION
MOTOR MAPS."
Notice in Oxford Shop.

We like best the kind that has the steepest bits underlined.

"GAY (John) Poems on Several Occasions. Early edition. 2 vols. fcap. 8vo, full contemporary calf. 1737. (Joints weak)."
Booksellers' Catalogue.

These fatted calves are often a bit weak on the legs.



Old Lady (who has been reading the political news). "WHAT A FUSS THEY SEEM TO BE MAKING OF THIS MAN SNOWDEN! AS FAR AS I CAN SEE, HE SEEMS TO HAVE ONLY ONE THOUGHT IN HIS HEAD—AND THAT'S 'MONEY'."

GIFT PIPE.

FOR over a week now I have been contemplating a certain Very Large Pipe which I had given me on my birthday. For over a week I have been saying, "Well, I think I'll start breaking that pipe in to-morrow." And now I am beginning to discover within myself a certain doubt as to whether it is the sort of pipe which can be broken in at all. Indeed as I look at it dispassionately I feel there is an even chance that I shall be the one to be broken in.

I admit it is by no means an ordinary pipe; certainly not the kind I should ever have had the strength, moral or physical, to buy for myself. For it is the largest, heaviest, most obese pipe I have ever come across. Though in shape it is the ordinary curved briar of commerce as smoked by small men with drooping moustaches in third-class carriages, it is conceived and built on titanic lines. It has a stomach on it like a mandarin; indeed I can hardly hold it in my hand, for it is all of seven-and-a-half inches round on the equator line.

I have already devoted a reverent morning to a statistical survey of it. It weighs exactly five-and-a-quarter ounces, stripped; no fat either, all good bone and bruyère. The inside of the bowl is over three inches deep—quite a nasty drop when you look down it. The outside surface, of which there must be getting on for twenty square inches, is not exactly "straight-grain," nor yet "bird's-eye," but it has quite a bit of both. There is a fine patch of "straight grain"—about three square inches or so—on the eastern façade, and an even larger area of "bird's-eye" round the corner on the north transept. The rest appears to be just any old grain but with a good finish. Which reminds me I shall probably have to arrange about getting a man in weekly to polish it.

Its internal capacity is two-and-a-half cubic inches; I worked it out by filling it with water and doing a sum in arithmetic. The sum came out the same twice running, so it must be right. The water only came out once but I had to go and change. It holds nearly three-quarters of an ounce of tobacco; I have tested this too. So you can see (as indeed the donor said) that it is a pipe to have by you when someone passes his pouch round; though you will probably lay yourself open to a request from the owner to give him back your pipeful and take his baccy instead. I must certainly start breaking that pipe in to-morrow. . . .

Mind you, I have tentatively essayed one smoke already. Feeling I couldn't possibly smoke three-quarters of an ounce of tobacco straight off, I put in an ordinary-sized fill; and it was like pouring a sack of chaff into the Albert Hall. It was lost: I could only just make it out down at the bottom by shining my electric-torch into the depths. To pack it down I had to use the end of a round ruler and a good deal of guesswork.

The lighting also presented certain difficulties, for no match of normal length would reach the tobacco unless I rolled up my sleeve and thrust it right down inside; whereupon the flame streamed back and burnt my fingers. In this way I had soon dropped several charred matches down on top of the tobacco, and one unlighted one, the presence of which down there made me rather nervous till I managed to touch it off with a long B.B. pencil and breathed again.

By the end of a quarter-of-an-hour there was quite a collection of rubbish inside the pipe—matches, pieces of half-burnt paper, a safety-pin, two cigarette stumps and either an odd or an end of

string, I couldn't see which. Staring down at all this was like looking down a disused well-shaft. I next tried dropping lighted matches in to see if I could start up a conflagration that way, but the air probably wasn't very good down there by then, as they all went out on reaching the bottom. I couldn't see that I was much farther on towards my smoke, and I was developing lung-trouble from my constant attempts to maintain the necessary forced draught through those cavernous corridors. Moreover, the very weight of the thing was giving me a pain in the nape. So I knocked off for a rest.

After an interval I did get the machine going, not quite in the orthodox way, but by then I was determined to kindle it somehow, if only to keep the chill out of the straight grain. I filled it as one would lay a fire, with sticks and paper, added a touch of paraffin to ensure its burning up well, and then got at it with a pair of bellows. Having thus successfully started it up from cold, I tried to take it over myself, but —well, possibly the paraffin hadn't improved it. Unfortunately too, just when I was trying to see whether I could hold it in my mouth without the weight pulling my teeth out, the bowl dropped off the mouthpiece and fell on my foot, laming me severely for some days. So I retired to a sofa and had a cigarette. I felt I needed a smoke after all my trouble.

Now that I am about again, however, I really am going to start breaking that pipe in. Say to-morrow. . . .

A. A.

THE SECOND OF MARCH OR THEREABOUT.

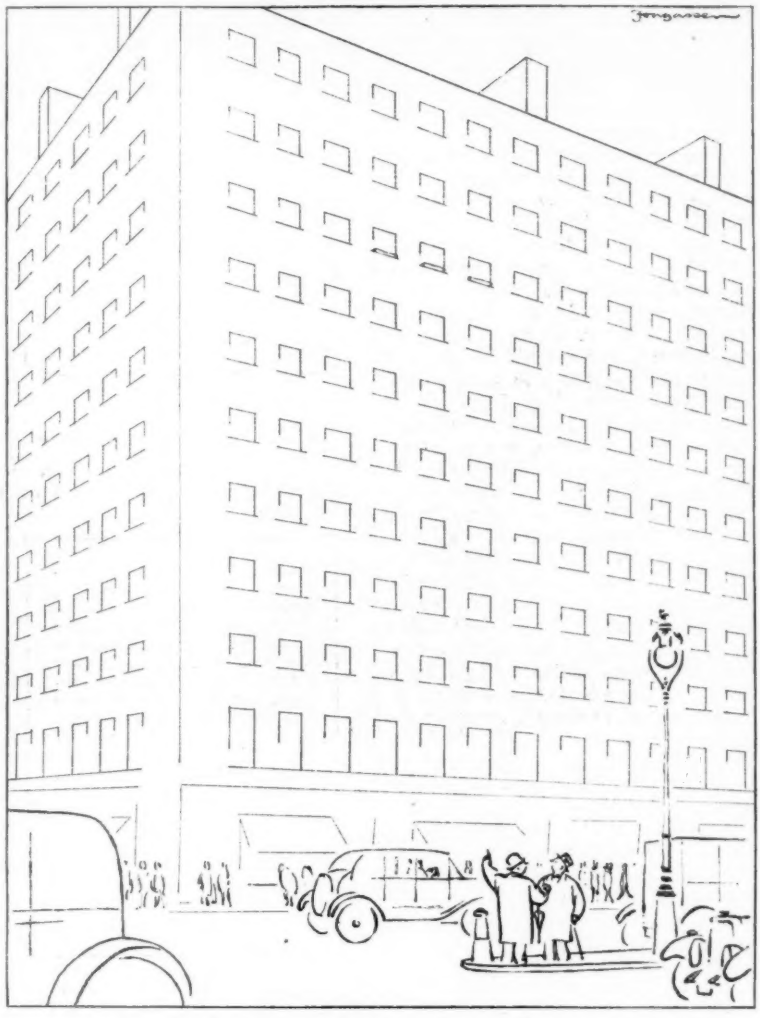
CONTROLLED no more by gravitation
But by the curvature of space,
The earth, with my full approbation,
Gets on as usual in its race;

And, with its axis inward slanting,
It offers longer to the sun
The hemisphere where I am panting
With joy to know the Spring begun.

No learning from the almanacs is
Causing excitement thus uncurbed;
Mere inclination of the axis
Would leave my breathing undisturbed.

If among data evidential
Spring had no more than this to show,
Uncertainty would be essential;
But, as I said before, I know.

For, when, as life's mysterious surges
Apply the appropriate shove or shog,
Out of the depth of earth emerges,
True to his time, the issuant frog,



"AND, ANY TIME YOU HAPPEN TO BE PASSING, DO DROP IN . . . THAT'S OUR LITTLE NEST—THE ONE WITH THE WINDOW-BOXES."

Viewing him, happy in the vision
I always know (and lift a cheer)
Now is the day of Spring's decision;
And, I observe, a frog is here.

True, he is just a thought pathetic,
Dull-eyed and lean with Winter's pinch;
He leaps; the effort, though athletic,
Serves but to gain a painful inch.

But what of that? His very coming
Assures the season and prevails;
Soon I shall hear a queen-wasp humming
And start the vernal hunt for snails;

See the bat's flight when eve is pearly,
The midge's noontime dancing-fits,
And find the hedgehog, rising early,
Has chewed my wallflowers all to bits;

And mow the lawn and prune the roses
And from the smouldering smudge-fire bring
Smoke to my neighbours' eyes and noses—
O frog, I *shall* enjoy the Spring!

VERGES.

Assurances Which Fail To Get Across.

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
LET THE HOUSE OF ———
BE YOUR HAIRDRESSER AND BE SATISFIED.
ONLY KILLED ASSISTANTS."
Advertisement in Guide to South London.

"The stickleback is one of the fiercest and most formidably-enamoured fish in the world for its size."—*Children's Paper.*

Deep-sea fishermen blanch when describing the stickleback's ferocity in defence of its wounded mate.

PEEPS AT POSTERITY.

A HISTORY LESSON (1967).

DURING the years 1932—1933, the last years of the Last Parliament, the population resigned themselves to the playing of round games. During this period, it will be remembered, the unemployed figures rose from three millions to five millions and from five millions to six millions, from which point the Ministry of Labour refused to count any more. As each new million-mark was reached the Government were given a complimentary banquet by the Parliamentary Liberal Party. At these functions Mr. LLOYD GEORGE would remark that he was not going to turn the Government out, because a Tory Government, which he disliked still more, would then replace them. Political purists sometimes replied that this meant that in Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S judgment it was the will of the people that there should be a Tory Government; that as a democrat he should wish the will of the people to prevail and that as a patriot he should not stand in its way at a time of national crisis. It is not recorded that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE ever made a convincing answer to this, and by degrees the purists gave it up.

There were, of course, monthly debates about unemployment, which the House of Commons thoroughly enjoyed. The PRIME MINISTER made his monthly speech about "World-causes," to which he attributed all the misfortunes of the nation. "World-causes" soon became a favourite catch-word. "World-causes, old boy!" cried the motorist as he ran the pedestrian down. "I regret," wrote paterfamilias, "that, owing to world-causes beyond my control, I am unable to contribute anything by way of income-tax this year." Murderers in the dock pleaded "World-causes," left it at that, and were generally acquitted.

"Squaring the Liberal" was a round game popular among both politicians and laymen in these days. The game was to imagine or try to imagine a set of circumstances by which the Parliamentary Liberal Party could be goaded into the same Lobby. Thousands of the joyous boxes were sold each Christmas. The game (similar to "Snakes and Ladders") was played on a board; the players framed their own Parliamentary situations, and the Liberal pieces were then moved about the board, to and from the Lobbies, by the throw of dice. (One magistrate, indeed, condemned it as a game of chance, but the High Court decided that it contained a sufficient element of skill.) Each player would begin with five Parliamentary Liberals, though he might gain or lose pieces as the game proceeded. The first player would throw, for example, nine, and find that his five pieces had moved onto a square marked, perhaps, as follows:—

Government proposes 100% tax on incomes over £1,000. Sir JOHN SIMON makes strong speech. New Liberal Whip appointed. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE condemns Bill and votes for it. 5 Green Liberals join 10 White Liberals. 35 Liberals go back 10 places and abstain.

The next throw might be five, and the thrower would find himself on a square labelled thus:—

On Second Reading of Government Bill to make the earning of incomes a criminal offence, Mr. SNOWDEN contemptuously slaps Mr. LLOYD GEORGE in the face. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE interprets this as friendly gesture. PRIME MINISTER refers to Parliamentary Liberal Party as "white-livered weasels." Mr. BIRKETT deprecates Bill but undertakes to abstain. 5 Green Liberals leave 10 White Liberals and join Yellow Liberals. 5 Blue Liberals abstain. 10 Liberals vote "Aye," 10 Liberals vote "No," 15 Liberals commit suicide, remaining Liberals go back 10 places and abstain.

This game, it is said, did more than anything to keep up the heart of the unemployed on wet afternoons. Meanwhile, certain Members of Parliament began to play the game in earnest on the floor of the House of Commons. A few young Conservatives began to introduce Bills and put down motions which, while insane in character, were certain to secure the support of a majority of the Socialist Party. The Bill to Make the Earning of an Income Over One Thousand Pounds a Criminal Offence was moved by a young Tory and actually secured a Second Reading. The Liberal Party, like a severed worm, writhed impotently on the benches below the Gangway, and could not unite its many fragments sufficiently to make a definite move in any one direction.

Mr. NORMAN BIRKETT, in a powerful speech lasting for two-and-a-half hours, exposed the horror and absurdity of the Bill and, as he sat down, announced that he would vote neither for nor against it. All the Liberal Whips resigned and were reappointed. Five Liberals went into the "Aye" Lobby and five into the "No." Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was confined to his bed with a sudden chill, and the remainder of his party lost their way in the passages and did not penetrate to any Lobby at all.

So things went on. Nothing, however, could disturb the complacency of the Government or the Christian spirit of the Parliamentary Liberal Party. It became the custom among the Members of other parties to cuff or kick any Liberals they passed as they entered the Chamber. The Liberals, with a yellow smile, invariably expressed their gratitude. The people so far as possible turned their gaze away from the nauseous spectacle; even the satirists were struck almost dumb. They strove in vain to find a term sufficiently contemptuous for such a Parliament. "The Rump Parliament" had been used already and besides was considered too complimentary. "The Diet of Worms," though on the subtle side, was in favour with many. The end came before the *mot juste* had presented itself.

A Mr. Albert Haddock, with a few trusted friends, forced his way onto the floor of the House of Commons during the Second Reading debate on the Cream Buns and Butterscotch (Prohibition) Bill (England and Wales), 1932, and uttered the memorable words, "*You are a lot of cow-faced wallops. Go home!*" Members, astonished to hear at last the English language employed directly, sincerely, simply and constructively in that House, obediently left their seats and retired to their beds, where they were ordered to remain for five years. From that day, as you will hear in the next lesson, our country has never looked back.

A. P. H.

More Birth Control.

"The appeal to all local authorities to help the Safety First organisation in the fight against unnecessary human life, ought to find a hearty response."—*Leicester Paper.*

The Influence of Environment.

"Mr. Mercedes Gleitze won the women's endurance swim in the Manly Open Air Baths, remaining in the water for 40 hours 15 minutes."—*South African Paper.*

"Mr. Lang, the Prime Minister of New South Wales, submitted the following plan to the Premiers' Conference to-day:—

Firstly, that the Australian Governments should decline to pay no further interests to British bond-holders . . .

There was a heavy slump in Australian stocks on the London Stock Exchange yesterday as a sequel to Mr. Lang's speech."

Glasgow Paper.

As British bond-holders we, on the contrary, are delighted with Mr. LANG'S proposal.



Lady (to friend whom she has just entertained to lunch). "I NEVER ASKED YOU IF YOU'D HAVE ANY CHEESE."

JOINING UP.

NOT long ago the editor of our Trull's Green Parish Magazine sent for me.

"I see," he mused, "that a reporter of the BEAVERBROOK Press has been allowed to join the Army for a short period in order to describe the joyous life experienced by all who are so fortunate as to be passed as fit."

"Quite," I said.

He continued: "The authorities cannot justly grant this privilege to one publication and withhold it from another. Our lads here are high-spirited, fond of football and fireworks, and I think an account in the Parish Magazine of a *personal* experience would send them to the recruiting-office *con amore*. Unhappily such an adventure is not for me—*anno domini* and the confirmation classes ordain otherwise—so I charge you to obtain the necessary permission and enter the army as plain John Smith." He put his finger to his lip: "Not a word to the bishop."

I literally leapt at the proposal. Flinging my clerical garments to the winds I donned my holiday flannels and repaired to Whitehall.

"I should like to see the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR," I began. Before I could so much as outline my errand I was ushered into a spacious room with a fascinating leathery smell.

I explained my mission. My request was no sooner out of my mouth than it was granted with a graceful courtesy.

All tedious formalities were dispensed with and in a very short time I arrived with my escort, a slender red-tabbed young gentleman, on the parade-ground just as the fellows were being dismissed. Instantly an officer whom I took to be the Captain hastened forward.

"And so this is the new recruit?" he said, and shook me warmly by the

hand. "Welcome, my dear Sir, welcome to Hospitality House, as we affectionately call the old place!" he cried.

I thanked him. He turned to my escort.

"Do not wait, Pattindale," he said. "I will see to the needs of our young friend."

Lord Pattindale (for it was he) spun round on his heel with a click and a laugh, saluting as he did so.

"Ay, Sir," he answered; "as you will." He clasped my hand. "Good-bye, friend, and good luck!"

I confess that my eyes were misty at this sign of comradeship.

"God bless you!" I cried to his retreating figure. At the words he ran back and clasped my hand once more.

"Brother . . .," he whispered softly.

* * * *

The dormitory into which I was ushered a few minutes later was a place of surprise and delight. The colour-scheme was purple and old-gold, with bed-spreads and carpets perfectly matching the curtains. I had, however, little time to take in further details for a dozen or so men who had been sitting in armchairs or lounging on luxurious divans rose to their feet.

"A new recruit!" they cried in chorus. "Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!"

"No, no—not hussar," I answered quickly, being unfamiliar with horse-flesh. "I must be in the wrong building. Please call one of the officers."

Immediately a bluff ruddy-cheeked sergeant came forward, his kind eyes twinkling. "Of course you ain't going to be no hussar," he said. "You've scared him, lads. Keep silence there!"

Shamefacedly they ceased. The sergeant turned.

"Three cheers for the new recruit in the good old army way. Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!"

I smiled. "Stupid of me," I said, blushing. "Thank you very much. Three cheers for the army!" I gave them myself in a ringing voice. "Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!"

There was a rush and a scramble, and I confess I was overwhelmed. It seemed as if they were bent on killing me with kindness.

I was in bed for three days after this episode, during which time the corporal, a tall sympathetic man with the face of a student, brought me early-morning tea.

"Ask any question you wish, my dear," he said, "and Corporal will find out the answer for you."

I was delighted. The origin of a quotation in old French had long evaded me, despite appeals to the readers of a popular little weekly. I asked him if he could make a search for me.

He smiled tenderly. "Make a search?" he answered. "I'll turn the whole blooming library upside down for you. Trust me, sonny. The army don't fail a pal." And with a gay wave of the hand he was gone.

No sooner had he disappeared than there came a tap at the door. Before I could answer a head came round and I beheld a merry laughing face, ill-concealed behind its moustache.

"May I come in?"

It was the Colonel.

I gasped.

Removing his head-gear from his well-clipped grey head he advanced with an engaging mixture of shyness and military grace.

"How good of you!" I exclaimed. "Come in, Sir, indeed, and sit on my bed," and I patted the fleecy mauve blanket bound with satin ribbon.

"And now how are we?" he asked. "Not too lonely?"

Smilingly I shook my head.

"I thought perhaps you would like a game later on. Poker or snakes-and-ladders or something. Not for money, of course"—his face grew momentarily stern—"we never do that in the army; but we frequently play for baccy or cigarettes, or even boot-cleaning." He threw his head back and laughed. "It gives a fillip to the game, you know."

"I know," I said. "We do the same at Trull's Green. My Vicar won my rubber 'dog-collar' only last week——" Biting back the tell-tale tongue, I broke off. "Mustn't let the cat out of the bag, must we?" I said, giving him a friendly nudge.

He laughed. "Oh, rather not. By the way, what's your make of dog?"

It was my turn to laugh at the jest—the clean jest of an honest straightforward soldier.

He touched my arm. "By the way," he said, reddening a little under his martial purple and fumbling in his pocket—"by the way, I brought you this; thought possibly you might like it. Sick-bed and all that——"



OUR CIVIC PATRIOTS.

FIRST HOUSEHOLDER. "GHASTLY BUSINESS ALL THESE SOCIALISTS GETTING IN. YOU VOTED, OF COURSE?"
SECOND HOUSEHOLDER. "NO. DID *YOU*?"
FIRST HOUSEHOLDER. "NO."

This cartoon, which appeared in "Punch" after the Municipal Elections of November, 1926, is here reproduced on the eve of the L.C.C. Elections by way of reminding the ratepayers of London that they will have their own apathy to blame if "Poplarism" triumphs at the polls.

He produced an envelope and with a touch of self-consciousness threw it on the bed. "Think I'll be going now," he said, and literally ran out of the room before I could reply.

I opened the envelope and found—what do you think? *A thick slice of guava cheese!*

Tears sprang to my eyes. A dainty from his own table for the newest recruit! How generous! How boyish! How typical of the true army spirit!

* * * * *

Two days later I was up and sitting in my dressing-gown when the Captain entered, accompanied by the gentleman affectionately known as Q.M.S., who carried several boot-boxes.

I rose.

"Sit down, dear lad, sit down," said the Captain. "I want you to choose your foot-gear." So saying he took a box from the pile and, kneeling down, despite my protests, removed my slipper and carefully drew a shapely boot over my sock.

"How's that?" he asked. "Comfy?"

I walked up and down and assured him that the boot was all I could desire.

"Good. Of course you can have it in brown if you'd rather. Only that would mean waiting as we haven't got your size in stock. I thought you'd like to be fitted up to-day as we are suggesting a parade."

"Suggesting?" I queried.

He smiled. "That's the idea. You see we never *force* our men; we feel that they'll be all the keener if they can follow their own inclinations. I'll give you a demonstration. Watch."

He put his head out of the door. "Who's for a jolly fatigue-party to-day?" he called in ringing tones.

The response was magical. In five seconds there was not a sign of a soldier anywhere.

"Keen as mustard," I commented.

The Q.M.S. grunted. He was a silent man, but there was a gleam of pride in his eyes.

* * * * *

Three weeks later I had my last dinner in the army. It was a festive meal, presided over by the Colonel, whose arrival had been greeted with a tattoo of tin mugs on the tables. As the last nut was being cracked he lifted his glass solemnly and looked at me.

"Any complaints?" he said slowly.

At the sound of the dear old formula I broke down completely. "None," I sobbed, crying like a child.

The subalterns carried me shoulder-high across the parade-ground. At the barrack-gates the Colonel called a halt.

"Say a good word for us," he said wistfully. "It's not such a bad life—what?"

"Bad?" I cried. "It's wonderful! Would I could stay among you for ever!"

A handclasp all round. Then the gates clanged behind me.

Thus closed my army career.

* * * * *

"Is this what you desired?" I said to the Vicar as he finished reading my MS.

"Quite," he answered joyously.

Now then, lads of Trull's Green!

The Virtues of Chinese Tea.

What this beverage undertakes to do according to the inscription on a local tea-tin:—

"To help in learning,
to write poet in high spirits,
to talk with pleasure,
to quiet one's heart,
to help digestion,
to produce saliva,
to unfeel one's lonesome,
to awaken the drunkard.
It is the precious article both for domestic and travelling."

"Those opponents of the policy of what the Prime Minister calls 'honouring our obligations' are now demanding inflation of Mr. Scullin . . ."—*Sydney Paper.*

We English, who have had a perfectly pneumatic PRIME MINISTER for nearly two years, cannot recommend it.

"Early comers enjoyed some music by the Leith Dockers' Pipe Band, and when the teams appeared about 8,000 spectators were looking on, the majority of them on the south banking, which offered the best shelter from the wind."—*Edinburgh Paper.*

One should also protect oneself with a stout rug and some cotton-wool when assisting at a performance of wind instruments.



Bored Invalid. "TALK TO ME, HENRY."



Burglar. "EXCUSE THE MESS, GUV'NOR, BUT WE 'RE NOT QUITE PROFESSIONALS. WE 'RE TAKING ONE O' THEM 'EARN WHILE YOU LEARN' COURSES."

STRAWS.

THE feminine of "boater" is "sailor." It would be nice to be there when the master-hatters confer upon hats their peculiar titles, carefully dissociating themselves from current usage, turning the bowler or billycock into a derby and deciding that, come weal, come woe, the straw-hat shall bear an aquatic or maritime name.

Sailors are dead. Not all of us remember them. They went with leg-of-mutton sleeves and fringes. No greater tribute could be paid to the beauty of Victorian women than that so harnessed and accoutred they won the passionate adoration of Victorian men. You have only to look at a gathering of sailors in an old photograph, perched on the top of the then chevelure, and continued downwards by the then costume, to realise that there will never be such women again, ready to risk the loss of home, husband and children for a sailor's love.

Boaters are another tale. Will the boater, I ask earnestly and at the risk of offending serious-minded people whose hearts are set upon higher things—will the male straw or boater come into fashion again this year? I have seen a suggestion that it will.

And why not? Once it was as plain a sign of summer as any sign in the land. The swallow returning brought the boater in its beak. By early June it was as common as the wild dog-rose. To suggest an English summer when straw-hats would be abolished would have seemed utterly ridiculous. The only troublous decisions were these: Shall my straw-hat be heavy or light? Shall it have a narrow or a broad black band? May it possibly permit itself a coloured ribbon? and, if a coloured ribbon, when and how many, detachable and alternating, through elastic's artful aid?

I suggest that if boaters return they should return with their colours about them to brighten the earth. There are so many colours in these days, and they are so beautiful. The Lower Bogwood Badminton Association had no club ribbon, so far as I can remember, in pre-War times. It has now. I seem to see it everywhere. London surmounted by boaters would be a mass of polytechnic and polyathletic bloom. They would restore confidence. They would encourage optimism. They would revivify trade.

I myself have always lamented the decline and fall of the hard and manly boater, coloured as to its ribbon or dark, ever since, after one brief spasmodic struggle to survive—it was in 1919, I fancy—it perished in a welter of brown and grey velours. Squash hats, I call them. My hatter calls them velours. He called their ancestors "Homburgs" in the days when EDWARD was King.

In their present style they are mostly fashioned in such a way that they cannot be taken off without mauling and savaging the brim, and are commonly so dented, pinched, doubled, bashed, buckled and tip-tilted by their wearers that it is almost impossible to distinguish a cocaine smuggler from a prominent statesman, if there were any reason for wishing to do such a thing.

Not that the straw-hat is immune from criticism. Rapidly wafted from the head by a puff of wind, it has a power of continuous motion along the pavement or down the middle of the roadway far exceeding that of the top-hat or the so-called bowler and, being often brittle, receives ever-increasing damage as it bounds from street to street, pursued with relentless energy by one of London's helpful and kindly mobs.

Ink-marks are not good for straw boaters, and the writers of fashion columns will have to supply many hints for enigrating them. Nor are they good watermen. Falling into a river or into the sea, the boater boats stoutly, but not for long. Crushed, to take another point, under the wheels of motor-cars they would meet a worse fate than the resilient velour's. Sat on accidentally in church, they explode as surely as the silk hat or the derby, though with a lesser volume of sound.

Another obstacle to their triumphant return may be that they are still worn at a great many public schools. They must therefore be a mark of penance and badge of servitude from under which the boy escapes to be a man and write about his public-school days. These boaters are of the speckled variety, like a sort of hen, and usually have a large opening in the crown, made by a cricket-stump or somebody's boot. But even this sort still retains worshippers. Nobody knows why it is still worn by some country clergymen at Lord's, nor what precise variety of dogma it indicates. But worn it is. Some think it denotes a liking for the latitudinarian wicket; others, a hatred of the modernist position at the popping-crease.

It ought to be remembered, I think, that the boater, or something very like it, is a proper and immemorial headgear for good men. Saints and kings wear it on Gothic cathedrals, pagan deities on marble shrines. The reason for this may be connected with ornithology; but ornithology is very nearly a religion nowadays. The boater is cool, becoming and bright. For years, when others had cast it aside, it was worn, along with coat-tails, by L.C.C. waiters in public parks, one of the finest bodies of men in the land. Of what friend of ours can we honestly say that he would look worse in a straw-hat than in the thing he has got on now? I urge the restoration of the boater to place and power; and I am moved to this passion not only by seeing paragraphs in the Press, but by a recent discovery in an old attic room of a half-demolished boater, dating from I know not when, but bringing back to me memories of bygone years. Better years. The income-tax was a mere trifle when this boater took the winds of March with beauty, or perhaps the winds of May. I knew it was mine by the ribbon, and in a spasm of emotion I tried it on. It seemed to have shrivelled through age and neglect, for I found it too small. . . .

Can we not make this a boater year?

EVOE.

"Layer-on requires Sit."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

We had heard from another source that our old house-master was retiring.

"3 Collapsible Bookie's Stands and Fittings, cheap."—*Advt. in Sporting Paper.*

Our bookies never collapse, they simply fade away.

"The Oxford crew . . . swung round and returned to Sandford in short pieces of padding."—*Daily Paper.*

Surely they ought by now to be beyond the soft-seat stage.



LONGER HAIR: THE BERET MOVES WITH THE FASHION.

THE NEW VOCABULARY.

WHERE once were fairies, elves and gnomes
And other graceful things
We now have farads, amps and ohms
And plates and plunger-springs.

Where once men harnessed cobs and colts
With traces, bits and reins,
They wrestle now with watts and volts,
With coulombs, coils and mains.

Where once they ruled their simple life
By Nature's friendly codes,
They now engage in ceaseless strife
With currents and kathodes.

Our boys, but lately in their cots,
Apply their hearts and souls
To intercourse with kilowatts,
With magnets, plugs and poles.

Our girls have lost their simple pride
In seaweed, leaves and shells;
Their interest is now supplied
By circuits and by cells.

Our babies seem infected by
The same electric force
And for a microhenry cry
And not a rocking-horse.

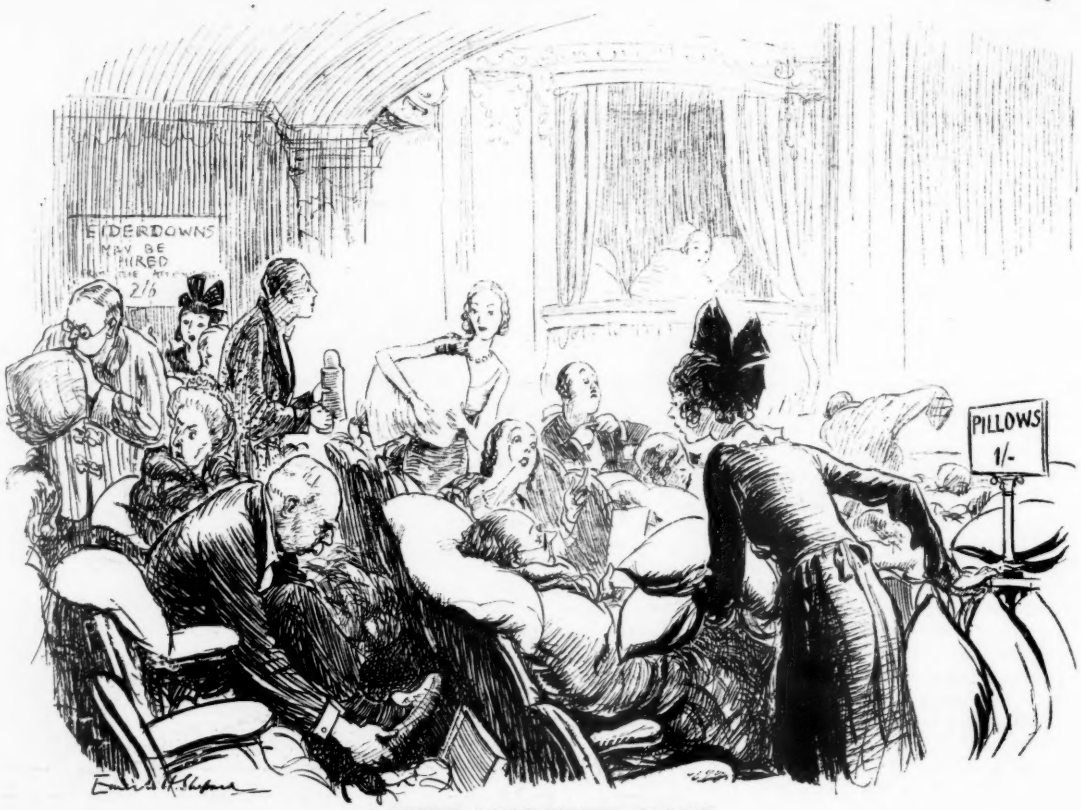
The younger generation must
Their deeds and diction choose,
But terms like these I hope and trust
I'll never need to use. W. H. O.

Better and Safer Incendiarism.

"The new engine is a revolution in the design of fire-lighting machines, the driver and all the firemen being completely under cover."—*Edinburgh Paper.*

"Graduated Nurse will take sickness."
Advt. in Montreal Paper.

She can have the rest of our flu.



LONGER AND LONGER PLAYS.

HARDENED FIRST-NIGHTERS PREPARING FOR AN ALL-NIGHT SITTING.

SIGNS OF THE COMING BOOM.

["A Belgian visiting the British Industries Fair at Olympia placed orders worth £400 for Snakes and Ladders and other small table and card games."—*Prominent news item in Daily Paper.*]

YE merchants crowned in silken sheen
(Though some prefer the trilby),
Who made our land what she has been
And what we hope she will be,
Leaders of trade whose tills to-day,
The rumour goes, are hollow,
Sit up and put the dumps to rout!
The tide has turned, for who will doubt,
Where Draughts and Houp-là point the way,
That sterner stuff will follow?

"The goods are ready," is the cry,
"But how am I to sell 'em?
For years to find a market I
Have racked my cerebellum;
Men used to spend, but now they keep
Their money rather closer."
It should alleviate the gloom
Of such to hear about the boom
In Mr. Soot the chimney-sweep,
And Mr. Grits the grocer.

Ye manual workers who declare,
"We're not content; for ages,
As you are possibly aware,
We've pressed for higher wages;
We've voiced the grievance high and low,
But haven't raised enough bawl"—
To you who thus your wrongs declaim
My admonition's much the same:
Observe the sudden upward flow
That marks the sale of Puff-ball.

Stand by with cars of British makes
And automatic adders
To send them off with British Snakes
And their attendant Ladders;
Prepare to ship from every port
In these so long perplexed isles
To all the corners of the map
Where Halma's gone before with Snap
Our British goods of every sort—
Including coal and textiles.

And, when again the brokers skip
And cash no longer stagnates,
And commerce operatives grip
The hands of commerce magnates,
Let Britons then recall the debts
That they, with trade renewed, owe,
For having first replaced a foot
On foreign wharves, to Mr. Soot
And all the Happy Family sets,
And Tiddlywinks and Ludo.

C. B.



CONVERSATION FOR TWO.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL. "I HOPE I INTRUDE."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, February 23rd.—A Royal Commission will shortly pop over to Malta and give the political situation there a bit of attention. So Mr. SNOWDEN informed the House, adding that the personnel of the Commission would be announced later. It is common knowledge that the Upper Chamber's monopoly of Lord STRICKLAND has given rise to a good deal of jealousy in the Commons.

The House looked a little surprised when Miss JENNY LEE asked the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR SCOTLAND what steps had been taken to cleanse the part of the River Clyde flowing through Lanarkshire. No one has hitherto suggested that roamin' in the gloamin' by the bonny banks o' Clyde is aught but an unpolluted pleasure. But then, as even Sir HARRY himself will admit, the Scots *are* a hardy race.

A familiar figure returned to the House in the shape of Sir THOMAS INSKIP, K.C., the new Member for Fareham. He was led back to the fold by the shepherd in person, and will no doubt make an admirable substitute on the Conservative Business Committee for Epping's errant sheep.

Various Supplementary Estimates for the cost of new or better Labour Exchanges invited a measure of perfunctory and doleful criticism. Forty-two thousand pounds for Royal Parks and Gardens was voted more cheerfully after Mr. LANSBURY had assured Lord WINTERTON that the combined forces of boys and cats were not being permitted to denude Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens of their feathered population. Just to show that there is no pleasing everybody, Lieut.-Colonel MOORE urged the FIRST COMMISSIONER to move the Regent's Park paddle-pond a bit further away, and Sir L. WARD hoped he would see his way to leavening the ubiquitous elm with a horse-chestnut or two.

Having worked off its Supplementary Estimates, the House gave the Unemployment Insurance (No. 2) Bill a No. 3 Reading, Mr. MAXTON having first taken the opportunity of assuring the House that unemployment was all due to the financiers and successive Governments of the country. A comforting if unproductive theory.

Tuesday, February 24th.—There may be a lot that the House of Lords does not know, but what they don't know about agriculture would go into a pretty small volume. To say that they fell upon the Agricultural Land (Utilisation) Bill to-night and tore it to little pieces is an exaggeration only because in fact a few sizable pieces were left over for to-morrow. Lord DE LA WARR, who moved the Second Reading, advanced the pick of Dr. ADDISON's arguments. Far too small a percentage of our population was on the land. Was it not worth a paltry million to find out if State farming on a large scale could be made to pay? Could anybody object to expenditure that would put men back on to small holdings to raise the three thousand or four thousand tons of fruit and vegetables that the canneries were hungrily looking for?



[*Porter.* "You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals. . . . Is this a place to roar in?"
KING HENRY VIII., V. 3.]

Lord TITCHFIELD. "I ASK YOU, MR. SPEAKER, IS IT IN ORDER WHENEVER I GET UP TO ASK A SUPPLEMENTARY QUESTION FOR HON. MEMBERS TO ROAR AT ME LIKE THAT?"

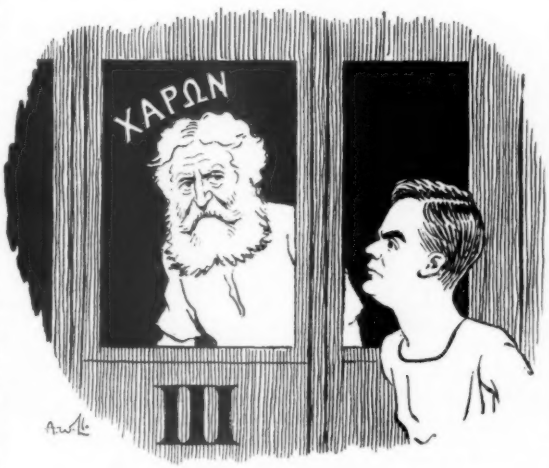
Lord TREOWEN led the attack, formidably announcing himself to be the accredited spokesman of "every organisation in the country directly and closely connected with agriculture." They based their opposition to the expenditure involved in the Bill on the warnings of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. Lord STANHOPE disliked the Bill because one part of it tended definitely to decrease agricultural employment, and the other was no good because small holdings, so far from being in demand, were going out of cultivation (forty thousand had gone out in the last twenty years) because the smallholders could not sell their produce at a profit. To the same effect spake Lords HASTINGS and DYNEVOR. Lord BANBURY, practical as ever, urged their Lordships to reject the Second Reading of the Bill because they would find in Committee that twenty-two out of its twenty-six thoroughly worthless clauses dealt with finance, and were thus "untouchable." The Duke of MARLBOROUGH lifted a lonely voice in favour of the Bill, urging that there were a great many people who wanted to see experimental State farming under Government control.

In the Commons Lord TITCHFIELD put a plaintive question to the Chair. "Is it in order," he said, "whenever I get up to ask a Supplementary Question for hon. Members to roar at me like that?"

"I thought the noble Lord was being received with applause," replied the SPEAKER soothingly.

It was Mr. BALDWIN'S turn to-day to ask Mr. MACDONALD to spare a copper or two for a poor old destitute British Museum. No doubt the aid so powerfully prayed for will once again be forthcoming in the customary amount.

It did seem a little curious that the Standing Commission on Museums and Galleries, a part of whose duties will be to consider co-operation between national and provincial



Charon (looking in). "ALIGHT HERE FOR THE HADES FERRY."
Mr. R. G. BOOTHBY. "THIS MAUN BE ABERRDEEN."
["Travelling third-class for twelve hours to Aberdeen is the nearest approach to Hell that can be imagined."
Mr. BOOTHBY.]

museums should contain no representative of any provincial institution, and, as Mr. PETHICK-LAWRENCE had apparently no explanation to offer, Mr. MARKHAM was justified in threatening to raise the question on the adjournment. It proved, however, to be only a threat.

Yet another newcomer to the House—this time to swell the Government ranks—Mrs. MANNING, the victor of East Islington, took her seat, and the House settled down to debate with a zeal it does not always bring to bear on national affairs the burning question of whether Members of Parliament travelling at the national expense should go first- or third-class. Perhaps it was Mr. ROBERT BOOTHBY'S moving announcement that travelling third-class to Aberdeen was the nearest approach to Hell he knew of that turned the scale against economy, equality and democracy. Much less substantial were the Government's arguments in favour of sticking to the voucher system instead of providing Members with season tickets. The FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO THE TREASURY did, however, promise to reconsider the whole matter. A faint note of exasperation was introduced into the debate at one moment as the result of which one Member, resentful of hostile interruptions, was heard to call another Member a "Yahoo." Asked whether it was in order to call anybody a "Yahoo," the SPEAKER, doubtless torn between his devotion to the classics and his duty to the House, judiciously observed that "if it was intended to be offensive" the expression certainly should not be used.

Wednesday, February 25th.—There were moments this evening when it seemed that nothing could save the Agricultural Land (Utilisation) Bill from sharing the fate of the Educational Bill at the hands of the remorseless Peers. It was Lord BUCKMASTER who on this occasion urged its extermination in ringing tones. He reminded his noble hearers of what had happened to the famous Inchcape Bell. Here was the Ship of State rapidly approaching the rocks. Mr. SNOWDEN, like the kindly Abbot of Aberbrothok, had sounded the warning bell, but Sir RAMSAY the Rover had silenced it. And now they saw themselves the first to suffer shipwreck in consequence. Lords LOVAT, ERNLE, CRANWORTH and NOVAR proved equally hostile, Lord CRANWORTH suggesting in a very nasty way that the directors of the Corporation set up by the Bill should be paid exclusively out of profits.

It was Lord HAILSHAM who saved the wretched measure's life by pointing out that it *purported* to be a measure to assist unemployment and that their Lordships had never yet thrown out a Bill of that kind. In Committee they could easily knock out that part of the Bill dealing with large-scale farming, and, if their other amendments were disallowed on the ground of privilege, they could throw out the whole Bill on the Third Reading. Faced with this prospect of early and wholesale truncation the Bill went on its way.



"And, when the good cats sat beside
The smoking ashes, how they cried!
'Me-ow, me-oo, me-ow, me-oo,
What will Mama and Nursey do?'
Their tears ran down their cheeks so fast
They made a little pond at last."—*STRUWWELPETER.*

MR. HAYDAY AND SIR WILLIAM JOWITT.

In the Commons Mr. SNOWDEN surprised some Members by reminding them that it is the music and not the words that officially constitute the National Anthem. Answering Mr. MANDER, who wants a "more appropriate second verse substituted" for the one traditionally in use, the CHANCELLOR tactfully suggested that in such a case tradition was everything. Commander BELLAIRS, more waggishly than is his wont, asked if in 1923 the PRIME MINISTER had not published a new version containing the words, "Confound their monkey-tricks."

Mr. HOPKIN MORRIS, having obtained leave to introduce a Bill to prohibit credit betting in connection with the "Tote," the House proceeded to vote more Supplementary Estimates for sugar beet, zinc concentrates, old-age pensions and sundry other matters.

Thursday, February 26th.—Lord DENMAN'S anxiety to learn just how we stand on the subject of Australian Governors-General found Lord PASSFIELD rather overcome with the delicacy of the situation—too overcome indeed to be at all illuminating. The COLONIAL SECRETARY is at his best— or is it his worst?—on White Paper.

The Commons heard with satisfaction that the Government will introduce a Bill at an early date dealing with the question of the Sunday opening of theatres; with less satisfaction that the MINISTER OF HEALTH has appointed a Committee on town-planning, and with no satisfaction at all that influenza has been more prevalent this year than last.

Thunder on the left is always esteemed unlucky. In Mr. BROWN'S case ill-luck took the form that the SPEAKER would not let him thunder in Question Time on the subject of Civil Service bonuses. The Member for Wolverhampton decided that, if he could not thunder, he could at least defy the lightning, or at any rate the Chair, and did so. The House, having suspended him from further activity, turned to Supplementary Estimates again.

While the House was concerning itself with relatively trivial matters scenes of vast import and dramatic intensity were being enacted upstairs, where the Standing Committee was engaged in delivering on the body of the Trade Disputes Bill the first of the "thousand cuts" from which Sir JOHN SIMON had freely predicted it would perish.

It was a gory gash—there will be no need for the other nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine—and neither Mr. HAYDAY (representing Trade Unionism) nor the ATTORNEY-GENERAL was at pains to dissimulate his chagrin.

"Physically, Miss —— is an equatic Juno, standing 5ft. 10½in., and weighing almost 11 stones."—*Daily Paper.*

She sounds to us a bit of a sea-horse.



STUDIES IN CRIME.

HOW THE SECRET TREATY WAS STOLEN FROM THE PRIME MINISTER OF TOSCHKATANIA.

THE SLUG.

"Jane," I asked, "who is this perfectly ghastly dago who's been following you about the rink all the morning?"

"I don't know. Isn't he the last word in slugs? And his hair. Like an octoroon who's just had a permanent."

"Yes; but what I like is the sort of byssus down each cheek."

"Well, I don't like anything about him. He gives me the creeps."

"Then why encourage him to follow you about?"

"But I don't. I wouldn't be seen dead encouraging him."

I looked at the creature evoluting hopefully in the distance. His hair, as Jane hinted, resembled that of a coloured gentleman who has tried unsuccessfully to subdue the racial crinkle with neats-foot-oil or other local unguent. He appeared at first sight to be small-waisted, but closer inspection showed this to be due in the main to his well-upholstered hips. Altogether a prize slug.

"What shall we do about it?" I asked. "Suppose you trip him up and then I'll walk on his face."

"Thank you, no. The last time, if you remember, while you were getting ready to walk on Herr Nasenstein's face he was sitting on my lunch."

"Well, I'll trip him and you can walk about on him."

"No, no; too crude. Listen."

I listened and then watched Jane lure Mr. Vaselino to his doom. Just opposite me Jane fell. In an instant the slug was by her side. The reassuring smile of the perfect "picker-up" revealed at least three gold teeth. He held out a beringed paw and helped Jane to her feet. She clutched him gratefully and stammered out her thanks.

"But nothing at all," he assured her. "A pleasure."

Still clutching each other they proceeded to demonstrate to me that as "clicker" and "clickee" respectively both were extremely expert.

Privately I thought Jane was a shade too expert. There was no need to look at him out of the corners of her eyes and coo—yes, literally coo—how strong he was.

At this point they moved towards me.

"This is my husband," I heard Jane say. "He can skate a little, but what he really needs is someone to take him round for a day or so. You will? Oh, but how kind!"

Turning to me she said, "Here's a friend of mine who's offered to help you. Isn't it sweet of him?"

I beamed my thanks and, imitating, I hoped, the enthusiastic novice, launched my thirteen-odd stone from the bench, paused a moment in further imitation of a crow on a telegraph-wire, and crashed at Vaselino's feet, taking care to collar him firmly round the knees.

He arose visibly shaken. Jane gave him what can only be described as a luscious smile and our first and last lesson began.

Next day Jane and I toiled laboriously at our eights without any intervention on the part of Mr. Vaselino.

THE NEW PHILISTINES.

[Mr. J. B. PRIESTLEY is reported to have told New York that skyscrapers seemed to be intended for "housing another race of men twelve feet tall and of dark-green colour."]

How few the rolling leagues of Ocean seem
That separate us from such growths as these,
Like nightmare creatures out of mammoth cheese,
The Bad Companions of a troubled dream.

Lucky, if these things be, that Bradford hath
Produced a David bold enough to fling
Fragments of Angel Pavement from his sling
To fell the green Goliaths of New Gath.

AT THE PICTURES.

FREDDY AND ABE.

WHEN Mr. LONSDALE was saying farewell to the stage and was writing articles and giving interviews to explain his reasons for transferring his attentions to the talkies, he laid emphasis on the wider public he would reach, the variety of scenes, present and past, that could be shown or suggested, and the greater gains he would reap. I cannot remember that he said anything about the task being easier; but having seen at the Tivoli *The Devil to Pay*, the light comedy that he has written expressly for the screen, and Mr. RONALD COLMAN, I realise what a load must be off his mind. For the camera is always there! When he made plays for the effete theatre he had to provide them with a beginning, a middle and an end; there were curtains to lead up to, particularly the final curtain, which had to be something more substantial than a close-up embrace; and the ordeal of first-night criticism had to be undergone. And no matter how attractive or popular his leading man might be, if he did not bear some relation to life and prove his way, the play would fail; theatre-goers would not flock in just because he was in the cast. But an accepted film-favourite like Mr. COLMAN could carry far less convincing and more laborious material than Mr. LONSDALE's to victory.

The Devil to Pay (which as a title is still bewildering me) is just a series of incidents in an irresponsible world, gaily invented and gaily acted, with



The Dog (to whom his master's love-tangles have been confided). "WELL, IF YOU ASK *ME*, I SAY 'MARRY BOTH OF 'EM.'"
Willie Leeland . . . MR. RONALD COLMAN.

their author's gay dialogue rippling through. There is little attempt at characterisation: all behave alike and all talk alike, while Mr. COLMAN goes farther than the others and talks not only Lonsdalese but often with his author's voice and gesture. One of his remarks, which could not be accused of furthering the drama but gave me much delight, was his question—after stating that he would go to New Zealand as a sheep-farmer, because then



WEDDING WEAR.
Abraham Lincoln . . Mr. WALTER HUSTON.

when he couldn't sleep he would be able to count his sheep going through a gate—"I wonder what sheep do when *they* can't sleep?"

I suppose that with such allies as Mr. COLMAN and the docile camera the nimble LONSDALE wit could not possibly fail; but the camera may in the future have to work a little harder than it does here. The record of Derby Day is deplorably poor and misleading, with trees that never grew on Epsom Downs and bookmakers (on the wrong side of the course) of incredible probity. In a play this wouldn't do. In a play *i*'s must be dotted and *t*'s crossed, but nothing has to be explained on the screen. Fathers are reconciled in a twinkling; lovers are jilted in a moment; cars spring from nowhere to convey you to the Derby; and we are never told whether Mr. FRED KERR—I mean *Lord Leeland*—backed the winner. That worried me a lot as I came away, and I am still bothered about it.

Although the play was in its second week, the house was crowded at the performance which I attended, and everybody seemed to revel in the entertainment. I don't pretend not to have enjoyed it myself; but I should have enjoyed it more if a line of AUSTIN DOBSON's had not kept running through my head:—

"But O the artist that was lost!"

There is a compensating balance always at work. Whatever harm to the stage proper may be done by the Tivoli's cheerful entertainment is cancelled out by the dreariness of the London Pavilion, where *Abraham Lincoln*, announced to begin at 8.15, is preceded by an hour of third-rate film variety, to which, through some strange managerial secrecy, there is no reference in the advertisements. Thus by the time *Abraham Lincoln* is reached one is not in the most receptive mood; which suggests that when Mr. COCHRAN lets his theatre he does not also let his showmanship.

Abraham Lincoln has been devised by Mr. D. W. GRIFFITH, who gave us *The Birth of a Nation* and is now for the first time experimenting with screen speech; and it makes me wonder whether his invention and imagination were not better employed in the silent days with their spacious effects. In fact one would not recognise his directing hand here if one were not told about it, for, though the sequence of events is well marshalled, there is nothing of outstanding distinction, and the most dramatic moments of all, leading up to the assassination, and the assassination itself, are muddled.

Some want of intensity, of emotion, seemed to me present throughout. Mr. HUSTON (whom I last saw as a most engaging and persuasive Mexican bandit and who always has his own charm) looked like LINCOLN, and I daresay talked like him, but certainly was not LINCOLN. The loose careless clothes were there, and the stove-pipe hat—



A SPOT FOR ABE.
(In pre-Prohibition days).

but this was not a great, sagacious, humorous leader of men. We saw him from time to time being advanced to higher and higher power; but it was never proved that he had earned these promotions. Nor could I believe in



Sportsman, not a first flighter (at level-crossing). "CONFOUND THIS CROWD! I WISH THEY'D GET ON."
Railway Porter. "PLENTY OF ROOM UP IN FRONT, SIR."

LINCOLN'S wife as played by Miss KAY HAMMOND; but Miss UNA MERKEL as his first love, *Ann Rutledge*, brought reality and feeling with her and was gone all too soon.

It should perhaps be pointed out, to avoid confusion, that the film is not based on Mr. DRINKWATER'S famous play, but has been provided with dialogue by Mr. STEPHEN VINCENT BENET, author of the American epic, *John Brown's Body*. And *à propos* of poets, let me add that I am very doubtful if the *John Hay* of the piece (Mr. CAMERON PRUDHOMME), could ever have written those glorious Pike County ballads, "Jim Bludso" and "The Mystery of Gilgal." E. V. L.

Definitions Which We Embrace.

"The Agony Column contains the Closing Prices on the London Stock Exchange."
Schoolboy's Answer.

"Nothing, perhaps, revealed his command of technique so much as Vivaldi's concerto in M minor."—*Daily Paper.*

This seems virtuosity carried almost to the *n*th degree.

"A guard of policemen, each man twice as big as himself, hemmed Charlie round and fought a way through to the car that was waiting."—*Mr. CHAPLIN'S arrival, described in Daily Paper.*

Is this what happens when people swell with pride?

LOVE AMONG THE POETS.

IN days of old when bards were bards
Who knew a poet's job and did it,
The spirit of a dozen pards
Was in them, and they never hid it;
They sang of this, they sang of that;
But out of all they lyred and luted
The theme that knocked all others flat
Was Love. The fact is undisputed.

However blank the poet's mind,
From Love, at almost any angle,
Experience taught him how to grind
Out song, like washing from a mangle;
However other themes might jib
(And themes, like mares, are often rum 'uns)
Love, at a pinch, would work *ad lib.*
And never fail to meet his summons.

O stream at which whoever chose
Could stoop and fill an empty jorum
(Both those who drew it mild, and those
Who verged, too oft, on indecorum),
O spring in which the poets found
Such comfort and such lasting virtue,
Little you fancied, I'll be bound,
That that queer race would e'er desert you!

To-day no barren minstrel dips
A chalice in your sparkling water
And, with refreshment, smacks his lips
And starts an ode to someone's daughter;
He does not gaze upon a star,
Much less the moon, and feel a noodle;
Our modern poets seem to bar,
From some strange cause, the whole caboodle.

Maybe the pangs (and, mark you, joys)
Which their great forbears claimed to suffer
Fail to disturb their equipoise,
Having been made by nature tougher;
Perhaps these bards of stiffer type
Hold it beyond all things recondite
That anyone could write such tripe,
They being utterly beyond it.

For one to hold himself above
Those of the past, whose works depress him,
Is well; and, if he shies at Love,
As far as I'm concerned, I bless him;
He does it at a certain cost;
For after all, however soppy,
When every other theme's a frost
It never lets you down for copy.

DUM-DUM.

Encore le Mot Juste.

"The Scotch are very cautious by nature and will never buy a pig in a poke. They have a porky humour."—*Schoolgirl's Essay.*

"Lady, musical, with careful servants, offers good home to upright piano."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

Pianos with a past need not apply.

AT THE PLAY.

"MY SISTER AND I" (SHAFTESBURY).

MESSRS. LAURIE WYLIE, BRANDON FLEMING and H. W. GRIBBLE have adapted this little comedy, with music, "from the original of BERR and VERNEUIL"; RALPH BENATZKY has provided pleasant music, of which the orchestration seemed to me to have an unusually individual character in its light mood; the now inevitable BILLY MAYERL has provided some extra numbers; and of course lyricists (DESMOND CARTER and FRANK EYTON) are in attendance to add yet more variety to the texture of the affair.

It was pleasant to see Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH as a half-witted, wholly self-satisfied *Marquis*, and Mr. JOE COYNE as a bankrupt shoemaker, inventing antics together and apart, even if both these amiable and respected comedians did try to squeeze just a little too much out of their rather slender material.

Unquestionably too we have a new *jeune premier* of real ability and temperament in Mr. FRANCIS LEDERER, with his effective naturalistic method, and Miss ALEXA ENGSTROEM made an attractive heroine. Miss MARIE DAYNE (a shoe-shop assistant) is a vigorous and bizarre droll with the blessed gift of abounding vitality.

It is not quite easy to say why, the parts of this play being so good, the whole should be rather disappointing. I suspect because too many people have had a hand in it to give it any sort of plausible unity or balanced movement. The comedy with music is, in fact, a more delicate business than the musical comedy.

The Prologue opens in the Divorce Court. Young and handsome *Professor Fleuriot* (Mr. LEDERER) is demanding a divorce from his charming partner, the *Princess de St. Laverne* (Miss ENGSTROEM), on the ground that she had married him under false pretences. He thought he was marrying the *Princess's* sister, an honest shop-assistant earning her living honourably. He finds himself married to the *Princess* herself; and, frankly, being a studious, modest and self-respecting person, he can't stand the life.

Then the action in the court is interrupted to show us the shy young *Professor* working in the *Princess's* library, obviously being wooed by her, too much overwhelmed by their difference in station for her plan to have any chance of success. She will then, with the connivance of a bankrupt shoemaker (Mr. COYNE) of Nancy, where the young *Professor* has just obtained a post on the staff of the university, pose as her own non-existent sister, with the happiest, speediest and most romantic results.



DIVORCE AT CLOSE RANGE.

Réné Fleuriot . . . . . MR. FRANCIS LEDERER.
President of the Court . . . MR. LEO SHEFFIELD.
Dorine Fleuriot . . . . . MISS ALEXA ENGSTROEM.

Back we go then to the Divorce Court to continue the interrupted process, to hear the young man's impassioned protest—delaying the happy ending contrived by the kindly diplomacy of the learned *President* (Mr. LEO SHEFFIELD)—against the miseries of the life of a poor student swept up into the intolerable routine of existence as the husband of an extravagant young woman of fashion—a long, wittily-written and admirably-delivered speech, which showed the resources in varied emphasis and delicate nuances of Mr. FRANCIS LEDERER to great advantage, and was received by the audience with that kind of enthusiasm which (it is encouraging to note) a really good piece of work never fails to receive.

Another personal triumph of this young actor (who perhaps owes something to M. MAURICE CHEVALIER, but adds a personal quality of his own) was the song in the Second Act, "I am in Love," the main part of which was sung in excellent English and the encore verses in French, German and his native Czecho-Slovak.

No piece can be said to be a failure that introduces a new artist of intelligence and individual technique. And certainly there is no reason why such defects of texture as are apparent in this fabric shouldn't be remedied by a little conscientious revision. T.



THE HEEL AND SOLE OF ACHILLES.

Achille, Marquis de Chatelard . . MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH.
Filosel . . . . . MR. JOE COYNE.

"WHO GOES NEXT?" (NEW).

The scene of *Who Goes Next?* is set in "Room 67 in a prison camp in Germany." In this are confined six British officers. The senior, *Major Russell* (Mr. FRANKLYN BELLAMY), chiefly bent on keeping on good terms with the camp authorities and frowning on the tunnelling and other escaping operations which are toward; *Captain Royde* (Mr. CYRIL GARDINER), who is, failing his faint-hearted senior, the *de facto* leader of the group, with his staunch courage and persistent hopefulness; *Lieutenant Stevens* (Mr. ROY FINDLAY), a young airman almost morbidly anxious to get back to his

squadron; an immense cheery Highlander, *Mackenzie* (Mr. JACK LAMBERT); a *Captain Hamilton* (Mr. SEBASTIAN SHAW), evidently suffering more than the others from overstrain, aggravated by the knowledge that his wife has been seduced by a brother-officer and revealing this affair with what seemed an unlikely lack of reticence (though quite probably the authors, REGINALD SIMPSON and JAMES WEDGWOOD DRAWBELL, may have seen something of the kind in actual fact under the stress of such circumstance); and a cheery subaltern, an actor by trade, whose paramount meditations are of his maiden aunt's cream-tarts and other gastronomic memories. Allied with these is a gallant little Frenchman (Mr. DINO GALVANI), confined with his compatriots in the next room, who is called into conference to share the plans and chances of Room 67, and makes his exits and entrances through a sliding panel which the prisoners have contrived.

It is of the essence of such captivity to be dull, and the authors have some difficulty in managing their material to prevent a sense of tedium spreading across the footlights. Also perhaps they left us not a little sceptical as to that tunnel of theirs and as to the disposal of the earth extracted from it. Though I gathered that they had the wit to suggest that this digging was rather a gesture to keep up the captives' *moral* and will to escape than prompted by any well-founded hope.

We admired too the freedom with which *Lieutenant Mackenzie*, confined in a special clink, wandered hither and thither picking locks and whatnot. However, stranger things, no doubt, than these have happened in the annals of escape—though this is not quite the point. The question is rather, do we, the audience, feel the plausibility of all this? I don't think we do.

The recalcitrant peace-loving *Major* behaves with more than credible indecency and is only restrained by threats of physical violence from betraying his room-mates to the Commandant. Finally he gets an exchange to another room, his place being taken by a newly-captured officer, *Captain Beck* (Mr. JAMES RAGLAN), who proves to be no other than *Captain Hamilton's* false friend. This coincidence, though obviously not impossible, hardly avoided the appearance of being dragged in to liven things up a bit. Which it does. For the new man is a truculent and impenitent bounder, and *Royde* has the greatest difficulty in keeping the injured husband and his enemy from coming to blows, pleading the need of co-operation and the abandonment of all personal feuds in the great adventure of escape. A violent storm of wind and rain suggests to the prisoners a new plan of making a dash for liberty under cover of darkness. After reconnaissance by the airman (in contrast to the more direct methods of the wandering Highlander, who climbs through the window of which a bar has been loosened under the nose of the sentry), all, except the *Major*, dice for the two winning places, which we are now prepared to bet will fall to *Hamilton* and *Beck*. We lose. *Beck* and *Williams* are the lucky dicers, with *Hamilton* third; but *Williams*, knowing *Hamilton's* desperation, feigns sudden illness, and is roundly abused for cowardice, while *Hamilton* climbs with his enemy through the window, not before the mean-spirited *Major*, threatening to give the show away, has been gagged and trussed. Shots are heard, and one of the escaping officers climbs back through the window to die in the arms of the admirable *Royde*. The other had got away.



SCOTTISH HUMOUR.
(Not understood in Germany.)

Lieut. Mackenzie . . . MR. JACK LAMBERT.
Hauptmann Meyerburg MR. NEIL PORTER.

Clearly the exacting spectator will be inclined to demand a more plausible technique of escape and of failure than this. But he will be entertained by a really excellent presentation of nicely-differentiated characters. The actors above-named deserve the highest praise for a consistently good performance; as also Mr. VICTOR FAIRLEY, who doubled the parts of a Landsturm sentry and the arrogant and pompous camp Commandant; and Mr. NEIL PORTER, excellent as the stiff *Hauptmann Meyerburg*, who had all the makings of a good fellow.

An interesting affair on balance; written in a very tolerant mood—the only two "villains" indeed being the authors' countrymen. A notable gesture, in fact, in full accord with the *Zeitgeist*.

T.

In a Good Cause.

In aid of the funds of The Surgical Supply Depôt, on whose Committee Mr. Punch has long been represented, a Bridge Party will be held at Claridge's Hotel on Monday, March 9th, from 3 to 6 P.M. Miss EVA MOORE will present the prizes. Tickets (10/6, including Tea) may be obtained from the Hon. Secretaries, Surgical Supply Depôt, 23, Upper Phillimore Place, Kensington, W.8.

This Good Cause is in special need of help to meet the heavy expenses incurred in moving to new quarters.

CRITICS CONFOUNDED.

LET Dons and Deans and modest
"Don't guess who's,"
Who cultivate the meek and mawkish
Muse,
Devote their energies to tinkering
The brutal diction of "God Save the
King."

Confound, says *Punch*, the craven
politics
Of those who positively ask for kicks,
And frustrate be the mealy-mouthed
amenders
Of lines composed to fire the realm's
defenders.

Yet, if the unco' guid and ultra-just
Find them too truculent and too robust,
To ease their scruples *Punch* would
now propound
The example of our foremost football
ground.

Let the first verse suffice; let that alone
Express our firm devotion to the
Throne,
Not in the bleatings of a new-born
lamb,
But with the lion's roar at Twickenham.

Bumper Lents.

"CAMBRIDGE LENT RACES.

No fewer than fifty-one Bumps credited to Selwyn II. in three days."—*Daily Paper.*

"KING [OF SPAIN] SWEARS IN NEW CABINET."

Scots Paper.

He appears to have had ample provocation.

"—— Milk-Food, English Full Cream, for Infants and Invalids.

. . . . . .

As supplied to His Majesty's War Office and other Government Departments."

Label on Patent Food.

This confirms those suspicions which we have always had about Whitehall.

THE BEST PEOPLE.

HAVING seen the play I presented myself at the box-office the next morning. "I have come for my one-and-tenpence," I said. "If you can give me two shillings I have two pennies change."

The attendant looked at me blankly.

"But what one-and-tenpence?" he asked.

"The money you owe me on two stalls I bought yesterday," I said. "You remember me buying them?"

He remembered.

"Well," I said, "you owe me elevenpence each—one-and-tenpence the two. I have twopence if you can give me two shillings."

He asked me to explain.

"It's very simple," I said. "I was in the theatre well before the time your advertisements told me to be—8.30. In fact I always am; I am a believer in punctuality, even though it makes me very lonely. The curtain did not rise at 8.30, as you probably know; it was five minutes late; but I am not at the moment complaining of that, although of course it is wrong. My complaint is of the people who were coming in for ten minutes after, and of the disturbance they made which caused us to miss the significance of what was happening on the stage. You can't follow a plot when your feet are being trodden on, can you?"

He made no reply.

"Can you?"

He was the perfect watchful official who has been asked to refund.

"Anyway, I can't," I said; "and as the stalls that were sold to me were for a whole and unimpaired performance, and therefore your part of the contract wasn't fulfilled, I want a just rebate."

"What contract?" he asked.

"The sale of a ticket for a performance," I said, "surely carries with it the undertaking that that performance will be at the purchaser's service?"

He made a sound which might have meant agreement with this preposterous suggestion and might not.

"Very well, then," I said, "if it wasn't, surely there is something due to me? And what I claim is elevenpence on each ticket. I have worked it out scrupulously. The play began at 8.35 and went on till 10.55. There were two too-long intervals, but I concede you those. I don't like them, but they are an institution, like the holes in Gruyère cheese, which we can't eat but should probably miss. And, after all, women must smoke somewhere. Well, from 8.35 to 10.55 is one-hundred-and-forty minutes. I lost ten of these minutes owing to late-comers. Ten into one-hundred-and-forty is fourteen. A fourteenth of twelve-and-sixpence, the price of each stall, is roughly elevenpence. Twice elevenpence is one-and-tenpence. If you have a florin or two separate shillings I can give you twopence."

"But you can't blame the theatre for its late-comers," he said.

"It's exactly what I do," I replied. "A good and fearless manager would pay more attention to those of the audience who were in their seats at 8.30 than to those still lingering over their liqueurs, and would close the doors."

This time he laughed. "You don't know much about the theatrical business," he said. "Why, if we did that we should lose the best people." E. V. L.

SUBURBAN CEREMONIAL.

THERE is fixed to take place shortly in our garden suburb of Arcadia Park a little entertainment in which I have been asked to play a leading part.

Some while ago I bought a plot of land on which to erect a garage having egress from the bottom of my garden to the adjoining West Lane. Now the Arcadia Park Urban District Council has decided in its wisdom to convert what has long been a pleasant leafy lane into a fifty-feet concrete motor-road and to mulct me in several feet of my recently acquired land "for the purpose," as the Clerk explains, "of enabling the Council to construct such new street as aforesaid."

The affair is to form the occasion of a little ceremony, to which the general body of ratepayers will doubtless be admitted at a small charge. To give you the general idea of the thing I cannot do better than quote the orders for the day in the Council's own inimitable words. Here they are:—

". . . and the Owner or Frontager [that is myself] will be prepared to agree upon surrendering the added land as and found necessary to constitute the requisite width aforesaid, which land shall be *immediately staked out and Dedicated by the Owner or Frontager in the presence of the Engineer and Surveyor to the Council and his workmen*, free of any cost to the Council." (The italics are mine. But the capital *D* in "*Dedicated*" is the Council's.)

I think it must be admitted that this is a very charming way of doing the thing. But I am not at all happy about my own part in it. Try as I will I cannot get my Dedicatory speech quite to my liking. Indeed I am still wrestling with the salutation. I did think of something in the style of *Marcus Antonius* on a slightly different occasion; but I find unfortunately that "Friends, Arcadia Parkers, Frontagers," spoken aloud, is not markedly mellifluous, and euphony in a matter of this sort is rather a point with me. It is probable that in the end I shall be driven back on a commonplace gambit like "Mr. Engineer and Surveyor, Council Workmen, Ladies [if any] and Gentlemen." Beyond this point I have not progressed at all. But I want, if I can, to work in somewhere in my speech "all that piece or parcel of land aforesaid," a phrase which has always had a strange fascination for me; and, if it is possible, not because I like it, but to impress the neighbours, the word "hereditament."

Then there arises the not unimportant problem of dress. I have never taken part in anything of this kind before and I am not quite sure what would be considered in good taste. While I have a feeling that perhaps morning dress (without spats) would best befit the dignity of the occasion—it is of some importance that I should be readily distinguishable from the Council's workmen—I am troubled by the reflection that at this season of the year West Lane is usually six inches deep in mud and the land I propose to Dedicate in little better case. I am considering therefore, with the sympathetic assistance of my wife, whether in the circumstances it might be permissible to adopt the somewhat unusual course of wearing gum-boots with a morning coat and wing collar.

My wife incidentally has asked me to erect a small temporary grand-stand at the bottom of the garden so that she may invite a few friends to view the proceedings. And the children have expressed the wish that I should use the influence they believe me to have with the Council to ensure that the ceremony shall take place out of school-hours. Both these suggestions are having my attention.

I have omitted to make any mention of a small souvenir of the affair which the Council propose to offer for my acceptance. It appears that when you construct a "such new street as aforesaid" you start off by providing it (at the expense of the Owner or Frontager) with a "surface water sewer"; and I find that in consideration of my agreeing to "surrender the added land" as and found necessary and Dedicating it to the Council in the presence of their Surveyor and his workmen, I am to have my frontage equipped with the appropriate length of surface-water sewer at what I am assured is the greatly reduced price of six shillings and sixpence per foot.

I hope it will be a nice sewer.



SPOT THE FILM-STARS.

(With acknowledgments to the Competition in "The Daily Mail.")



Lady of the House (to foreman of furniture-removers). "YOU—YOU RUFFIANS! WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS TABLE-LEG?" *Foreman.* "TABLE-LEG, IS IT, MA'AM? I THOUGHT THAT WAS ONE OF THEM BANISTERS."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN *Loyalties: Mesopotamia, 1914-1917* (OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, 25/-), Sir ARNOLD WILSON offers grave and dignified tribute to the great company of the sixty thousand men, Britons and Indians, who gave their lives in the Iraq campaign, his dear companions in a gallant adventure and a great achievement. When serving as guide to a scouting column Sir ARNOLD might have to shoot down a Turkish patrol in an instant fight for life, or on a midnight reconnaissance he might take soldiers' risks drifting down a canal, his head and face plastered with obscuring mud; and he generally contrived to be not far away when a battle was forward: yet between-whiles it was his business to return to the innumerable problems that beset the civil administration of the newly-occupied territories—"difficulties that were in the nature of things and difficulties that were in the nature of men." Arabs who would steal the very bricks from a Government building, incoming army supplies in an intolerable state of congestion, cholera, scorpions, flies, mud—these were his raw materials in a country where the shade temperature could only be guessed, because there was no shade; yet the service grew. This volume, bold in judgment and outspoken in criticism, includes a ghastly chapter placing again on record the details of the treatment accorded by the Turks to the surrendered of Kut; but it is to be regarded primarily as a written memorial tribute. To Sir ARNOLD the names of the fallen are greater than the nomenclature of the battles or the titles of the victors.

When LOUIS NAPOLEON married the Countess DE TEBA in 1852 there was a sharp fall on the Bourse, Jacques Bonhomme rejoiced at a gesture so democratic and PALMERSTON remarked that, having no chance of a great alliance, it was just as well the EMPEROR had pleased himself. *The Life of the Empress Eugénie* (BENN, 21/-) was full of contradictory portents, and Mr. ROBERT SENCOURT has, I think, seized the key to it in maintaining that she owed both her rise and overthrow rather to the instability of the times than to any machinations of her own. But EUGÉNIE was a Spanish aristocrat "*du sang* (as she put it) *de Don Quichotte.*" She would have excelled in the part of ISABELLA THE CATHOLIC; as the wife of a Liberal idealist of the nineteenth century she was a lioness caged. Her political vision emerges with unexpected credit from the invaluable material discovered by Mr. SENCOURT in the Viennese State archives. This has been published by Professor ONCKEN with Germanophile excisions. Here the divots are carefully replaced. But it is EUGÉNIE'S personal character that is most effectively exhibited. With free access to intimate papers, her biographer has portrayed not only the woman but her circle: her shrewd Scots mother, her unsatisfactory but likeable husband, her constant admirers, VICTORIA and ALBERT, her heroic son and the pathetic little Court of her exile. "Don't make life into a drama," she would say in her old age. "It is drama enough of itself."

When first there swam into my ken
J. CÆSAR with his Gaul divided,
He and his slowly construed wars
Struck me as quite the worst of bores,
And no one loathed him more than I did;
Such my opinion of him then,
Jaundiced perhaps, but firm, for later
I even felt that Avon's Swan
And SHAW had spread themselves upon
A rather tedious second-rater.

But MIRKO JELUSICH has reared
The pedestal which I have grudged him;
His *Cæsar* (ten-and-sixpence spot,
ALLEN AND UNWIN) makes me hot
To think how sadly I've misjudged him;
We're shown a figure, honoured, feared,
A soldier, lover, statesman, schemer,
One who is up to all the tricks
Of modern party politics,
And also an imperial dreamer.

How much of it is true, how packed
The rest with literary dressing?
The dry-as-dusts may find the clue,
But, pedantry apart, my view
Is that the answer isn't pressing;
Built on a skeleton of fact,
With erudition to extend it,
We get a form so full of life
That I for one deplored the knife
Which history had decreed to end it.

Up to a point I enjoyed *Dermotts Rampant* (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 7/6) as much as anything Mr. STEPHEN MCKENNA has given me, and that is saying a good deal. Unluckily the point in question—occurring, by a refinement of mercy, well in sight of the last chapter—saw the hero, hitherto a subsidiary figure in his own story, engross the centre of the stage. The maturer *Dermotts* are all interesting: a vast clan of noble Irish adventurers, recouping themselves, financially and socially, in Victorian England, her colonies and the two Americas, for a hurried and insolvent exit from John Bull's Other Island. When *Tony's* narrative opens, he is being reared, a sickly heir, in a Hampshire manor-house, the interim family mansion of a tribe resolved to return victorious to Tyrone. His nursery playmates are the young *Boldwaters*, in Ireland Cromwellian interlopers on the *Dermotts'* original estates, in Hampshire their social and political rivals. The *Boldwaters'* foot is still on the *Dermotts'* neck; but the former are obviously on the wane, the latter in the ascendant. This is the situation in the 'nineties; and we review the mercantile triumphs by which the *Dermotts* rose, admire the family solidarity and individual initiative which rendered the rise possible. A somewhat incoherent sequel relates the passion of *Rhoda*, dissolute daughter of the *Boldwaters*, for the coy and half-vitalised *Tony*. It was an error, I feel, to allow this to be related by the victim, and in any case the perspective of at least one generation is needed to do justice to *Tony*.



"HEAVENS! I LOOK A PERFECT FRIGHT IN THIS HAT."
"MODOM EXAGGERATES."

In July, 1929, there was sold at CHRISTIE'S a picture, the property of the Earl of YARBOROUGH, described as being a representation by the elder VAN DE VELDE of the ship *Royal Sovereign* and her builder, PHINEAS PETT. The picture, after three subsequent changes of ownership, became, through the generosity of that noted lover of ships, Sir JAMES CAIRD, the property of the National Maritime Museum, and in consequence expert knowledge was brought to bear both upon this painting and upon that closely resembling it in the National Portrait Gallery. The result of these investigations has now been issued and circulated among the members of the Society for Nautical Research, also through Sir JAMES CAIRD's instrumentality,

in the form of a treatise, entitled *The Portrait of Peter Pett and the Sovereign of the Seas* (YELF BROS., I.O.W.), by Professor GEOFFREY CALLENDER, the learned and enthusiastic hon. secretary of the Society. The volume, illustrated with reproductions of both pictures as a whole and in detail, as well as of other contemporary portraits of the ship, definitely establishes the identity both of the vessel and of the "man in black" as indicated in the title, and further demonstrates that the Maritime Museum picture is the original (in Professor CALLENDER'S opinion, the combined work of both the VAN DE VELDES) and that in the National Portrait Gallery a much later copy.

Perhaps one of the reasons why it is so difficult to become even acquainted with the characters in Mr. NORMAN GILES' latest novel, *Wine Harvest* (COLLINS, 7/6), is that they are with one exception either very unpleasant or very boring. The exception is *Aletta*, of whom the author writes, "she was piquante rather than beautiful. But her mind was stronger than most men's." When this young woman discovers a taint in her ancestry, she decides that she will never marry lest she should become the mother of a brown baby, and, with the intention of letting business take the place of love, she settles down to run her father's farm in Dutch Africa. As soon as she has made up her mind about matrimony, several of the men in the district begin to make up theirs. The result is that the wretched *Aletta* is besieged by an army of unattractive suitors. Some of these are Dutchmen, and one is a bad young Englishman who has an infuriating habit of addressing his friend as "old horse." This friend is a good Englishman, and his virtue and chivalry become more and more irritating (though not to *Aletta*) as the book goes on. Mr. GILES has provided himself with material for some excellent minor plots, and he makes the very most of these. He has the knack of producing really exciting situations, but is so inclined to caricature and label the people he has manufactured that we cannot force ourselves to mind what happens to any of them except to *Aletta*, whose problem is solved with the greatest neatness.



District Visitor. "AND HOW OLD IS YOUR BONNY LITTLE BOY?"
Mother (a professional footballer's wife). "HE WAS BORN THE SAME YEAR, MA'AM, AS THEY ALTERED THE OFF-SIDE RULE."

An author who finds himself in possession of a quantity of picturesque material has a definite choice to make. He must choose either to mould his matter into novel-form or to write a book of reminiscences. Mr. JOHN LAMBOURNE, in *Trooper Fault* (MURRAY, 7/6), has apparently made the choice and then changed his mind halfway through the book. The first and more entertaining part appears to describe his own beginnings in the South African Police. *Trooper Fault* and Mr. LAMBOURNE may very well have lived through similar adventures. Moreover there is about this part an air of reality which later on is lacking. The reader easily shares the bewilderment and discomfort of the new arrival in South Africa. But in the second part the *Trooper* enters upon the usual complications of the Colonial adventure-novel and, to tell the truth, ceases to be convincing, though the introduction of a spirited fellow named *Mendar*, who turns out to be a sprig of nobility, adds a certain zest to the narrative. The familiar native rising is nipped in the bud, the villain is discomfited and destroyed, and the whole business concludes with a rather perfunctory love-affair. One is sorry the author did not stick to his original intention.

To write *The Story of Donald Hankey* (STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT PRESS, 4/-) could not have been a simple task, for HANKEY, while struggling to find answers to problems that were of vital and paramount importance to him, was, as his Oxford tutor said, "rather a perplexing person." Were one to ask the average man what he knew about DONALD HANKEY I think the answer would often be, "He was the author of *A Student in Arms*"; but anyone who reads this little volume by K. G. BUDD will find that HANKEY'S masterpiece was far indeed from being his only claim to the admiration and affection of his fellow-men. "I do," he wrote once, "want to get in touch with realities," and Mr. BUDD truly says that "the conception of Christianity arising out of the thrilling idea of seeking Christ in the vineyard of mean streets remained ever afterwards central in his mind." It is indeed an inspiration and an encouragement to read of one who never flinched in soul or body from facing the difficulties and dangers of life.

Led by Westmacott (METHUEN, 7/6), which is Mr. W. PETT RIDGE'S latest, and one fears also his last, novel, brings home to us very clearly how much he will be missed by those who have through the long years enjoyed his kindly humour. The majority of the characters in this story are inclined to be a little freakish, but they are by no manner of means freaks. For, although *Mr. Westmacott* in his desire to gain publicity may occasionally quiver on the brink of idiocy, he never topples over, and his recoveries from hazardous and ridiculous positions are remarkably adroit. We can but regret the loss of a novelist who has so often provided us with entertainment which has always been genuinely amusing and without offence.

CHARIVARIA.

NURSES who went on strike at a Yorkshire hospital kindly consented to await the arrival of a relief staff before downing patients.

* * *

Amateur correspondents of our daily papers may now stand easy for a few days. Just as we go to press we learn that the first cuckoo has had to make a forced landing somewhere in Egypt.

* * *

The burglar known as "Flannelfoot," who is reported to be at work again, is so-called because he wraps cloths round his boots to deaden the sound. Too many burglars are inconsiderately noisy.

* * *

Cincinnati policemen are equipped with cameras. We hear that a thoughtless burglar recently spoiled an excellent picture by moving.

* * *

Women shoplifters at Dalston were said to have taken so many articles that their bags burst under the strain. It is always distressing to see a woman toiling home after a heavy day's shoplifting.

* * *

During a recent cold spell a paragraphist met a newly-arrived American whose teeth chattered so that he could hardly speak. This is where chewing-gum comes in.

* * *

Mr. J. A. SPENDER tells of a Soudanese tribe who consider pipe-smoking effeminate. Mr. BALDWIN doesn't care.

* * *

A tea-shop waitress is being trained for an attempt to break the Channel-swimming record; but we have been unable to ascertain whether she is to be stimulated by the ringing of a bell.

* * *

The statement that specimens of Irish bog butter dating back several hundreds of years before the Christian era have been found is thought to throw fresh light on the origin of the Irish Pat.

* * *

We are told of a man who fell asleep in a dentist's chair while having a tooth drilled. He felt bored, of course.

* * *

The lyrics of a musical comedy that ran for a year are said to have been composed in a dream. We should have been more surprised to learn that the lyrics of some musical comedies were composed when the authors were wide awake.

* * *

Among the causes of a probable shortage of young cattle an agricultural writer mentions the slaughter of calves for the veal market. Yet there has been no corresponding increase in the number of returning prodigals.

* * *

A suspect caught on the premises of a West-End hotel at night had in his possession a sports starting-pistol. As a self-starter, however, he proved a failure.



ETIQUETTE IN CHICAGO.

Gangster (on being introduced). "PLEASED TO MEET YOU. EXCUSE MY GUN."

We hear that in the interests of economy all Whitehall officials who get vaccinated are requested to return the red tape when their arms are better.

* * *

Writing on the subject of mnemonics, a psychologist points out that a first-rate memory for poetry will not be of much use to a farmer. So much for the advocacy of recitation as a substitute for grumbling.

* * *

Mr. EDGAR WALLACE attributes his facility to his early experiences of writing at telegram-counters. We should love to see him dash off a novel with a post-office pen.

* * *

According to an *Evening Standard* writer, Lord BEAVERBROOK cannot bear to hear the jingling of coin. His lordship must have suffered tortures when subscriptions to the Empire Crusade were pouring in.

* * *

A Hollywood dance-club was thrown into confusion when a lady was hit in the eye by a lump of hot candle-grease thrown by a practical joker. In modern film-circles such conduct is regarded as tantamount to a reversion to custard-pie methods.

* * *

An American boxer has been arrested for hitting a man. As a boxer he should have known better.

* * *

Mr. CHARLES CHAPLIN has been saying what he would do if he were a Mussolini. It is significant of their relative importance that the DUCE doesn't tell people what he would do if he were a Charlie Chaplin.

* * *

Mr. J. B. PRIESTLEY has told an interviewer in New York that it is a mistaken idea that the writing of novels is always enjoyable. A similar misconception exists in certain quarters with regard to the reading of them.

* * *

"The Trade Disputes Bill is not yet dead," says a Labour writer. Still, it seems to have had a lot of people sitting up by its bedside.

* * *

We learn that a revolution has been arranged to take place in Monaco when all the visitors have left, the date being April 15, if this is sufficient notice for the police.

* * *

Harley Street specialists are complaining of hard times. There is said to be a fortune waiting for any of them who can invent a really expensive disease.

* * *

An M.P. says that he has never seen a fur coat that really fitted the wearer properly. We shall have to send him our pet rabbit.

* * *

A new film shows us all the secrets of sausage-making. The Porkie has arrived.

* * *

Three characters in a new "thriller" get their throats cut in the first chapter. The story is written in the author's best jugular vein.

THE HOME OF THE VENDETTA.

["If ever a man was a victim of a Press vendetta, I am that man."—*Lord* BEAVERBROOK.]

Now, when the near approach of Spring
Seems less a promise than a threat—
So bitter is the air and sallow,
So rude the British clime—I get
That curious feeling in the mouth
As if I were about to sing,
And all for joy of going South
To nice blue places, like Rapallo.

I simply loathe to leave behind
Statesmen whom England ill could spare,
And I shall nurse with deep regret a
Sense of the burdens they must bear
Either by hook or else by crook;
And specially I have in mind
The case of poor Lord BEAVERBROOK,
That victim of a Press vendetta.

Vowed to a pure Crusade, he goes
Unboomed his solitary ways,
With no massed bands or even a syndicate
Of trumpeters to sound his praise;
Innocent butt of rival rags,
His loyal heart no malice knows;
He just repeats some patriot tags,
Leaving to Heaven his aims to vindicate.

So, out in Italy, I fear
This thought will check me as I roam
Light-footed through her seaward gorges:—
Here the vendetta had its home!
And I shall picture with a pang
The figure of that lonely peer
Stalked by the vile and vengeful gang
That plots to jab him in St. George's. O. S.

A FOR ANALOGY.

"I'LL send them a wire," I said, reaching for the telephone.

"You'd better let me do it," said Henry.

"Why?"

"Because it's quicker. You're perfectly hopeless at sending telegrams over the telephone. I've heard you at it before."

"Thank you," I said in that dignified voice which so often has to be employed by sisters who share flats with superior elder brothers. "Please don't bother. At my age I'm perfectly capable——"

"You certainly ought to be," said Henry; "but the point is——"

"Ssssh!" I commanded. "Hullo, is that Telegrams? This is Sloane double-o-double-o. Subscriber's name, Graham. No, not Brown—*Graham*. No, not Bryan—*Gray Ham*. G-R-A-H-A-M—Graham. That's right." (The girl, I thought privately, was being a fool; but I was determined that nothing should disturb my businesslike calm and efficiency. Brothers must be shown.)

"Message begins. 'Despatching dog to-day. Please meet three-thirty——' No, *thrrree*-thirty. No, three-*thirty*. 'Please meet three-thirty Mableton.' M-A-B—No, *M*-A-B. Not N—*M*. That's right. M-A-B—No, not P—*B*. Oh, Lord——"

I am well aware that few things are more irritating than listening to someone else getting into difficulties on the telephone; still, I don't think that Henry need have been quite so rude. He took the instrument from me with icy firmness and spoke soothingly to the operator.

"I think I may be able to help. The word the lady is trying to dictate to you is Mableton. M for mother, A for apple, B for Benjamin, L for London, E for Easter, T for Tommy, O for orange, N for nobody. End of message. Signature, Graham. . . . That's quite correct. Good-bye."

"That," he explained, turning to me, "is what's called 'spelling by analogy.' If you'd take the trouble to read the directions at the beginning of the Telephone Directory you'd see that you're specially requested to make a habit of it. If people would only follow instructions it would save their own time and everybody else's."

"What makes you so tiresome to live with," I replied, "is that you're much too fond of following instructions. You've got what I call a thoroughly civic mind. I believe you'd sooner die than get off a moving train or push open a door that's got PULL written on it. The Perfect Citizen—that's what you are."

"And a very good thing to be," said Henry maddeningly. "You'd better try to become one yourself, my angel. And you can start off by learning to 'spell by analogy.' Any words'll do, you know."

"A for ass," I muttered; "B for blast; C for curse; D for damn——"

"Hush!" said Henry sweetly. "The Post-Office draws the line at profanity." . . . .

The next morning I rang up Henry at his office.

"A wire's just come for you," I said. "It's from old Mr. Hudson. I expect he thought it'd catch you before you went out. I think it's important."

"Read it out," said Henry.

"'Please communicate immediately with Messrs. Bodgem and Plackthaw. Extremely urgent. Hudson.'"

"Communicate with *whom?*" said Henry, who even in his busiest moments never forgets an accusative.

"Bodgem and Plackthaw," I repeated as indistinctly as I possibly could.

"Spell it, please," said Henry in his curtest and most businesslike voice.

"Certainly, darling," I replied. "B for bdellium——"

"B for what?"

"Bdellium. You know—a kind of aromatic gum resin. B for bdellium, O for Œdipus, D for penny, G for gmelinite, E for eye, M for mnemonics. Then P for ptarmigan, L for pound, A for any, C for ctenoid, K for knife, T for tmesis, H for honourable, A for Æsop, W for write——"

"*What?*" demanded Henry in a voice of thunder.

"I'm so sorry," I said. "I made a mistake—I meant W for wrong. . . ."

Further Commercial Suicide.

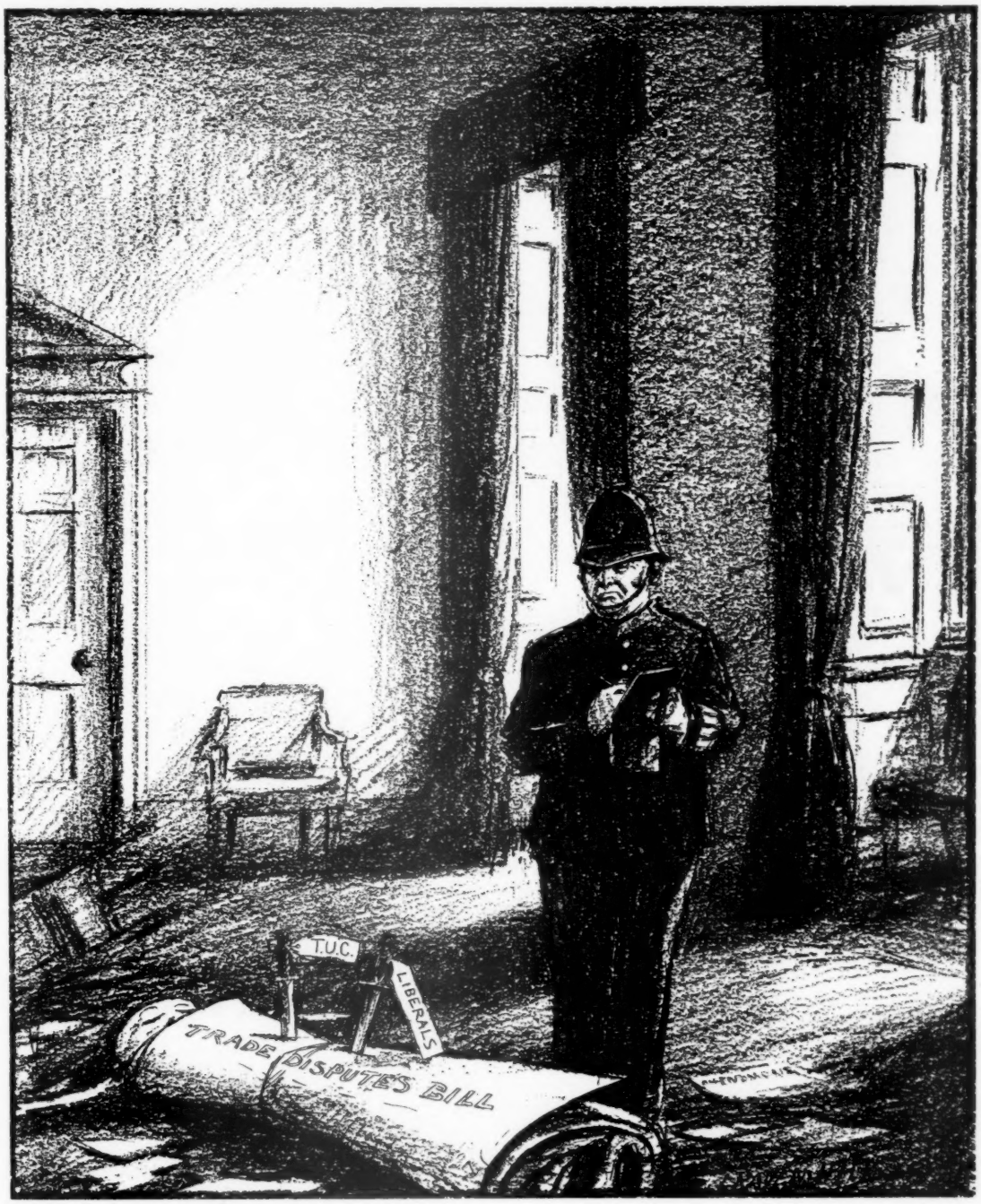
"Customers may be assured of good value, courteous attention and personal oversight given to customers' requirements."
Dorset Grocer's List.

A Midland Beauty Parlour.

"Mrs. —— favoured a black-beaded lace gown and Mrs. —— a striking one in black, embroidered in First wash the face and neck with a gown over a flesh pink foundation was also particularly noteworthy."—*Leicester Paper.*

"At the monthly meeting of the ——— and District Women's Institute on Thursday . . . after the singing of 'Jerusalem' and the usual business, Miss ——, County Council Lecturer, gave a demonstration on home dyeing. Following tea five members of the Women's Institute gave an amusing sketch entitled 'The Lobster Salad.'"—*Surrey Paper.*

Mr. C. B. COCHRAN must look to his laurels.



MYSTERY OF COMMITTEE-ROOM MURDER.

P.C. BULL (*not sorry to be relieved of a dangerous character*). "HAVE YOU ANY DYING STATEMENT TO MAKE?"

THE BILL. "I WAS DONE IN BY TWO GANGS ACTING IN DIRECT OPPOSITION TO ONE ANOTHER." [*Dies.*]

P.C. BULL. "I SHALL NOT ATTEMPT TO ASSIGN TO EITHER PARTY THE CREDIT OF THIS DEED."



Puzzled Northern Knight (*at gathering of modern youth*). "EH! I CAN'T OONDERSTAND A WORD OF WHAT YE'RE ALL SAYING, WITH YOUR CLIPPING SPEECH."
Girl. "D'LING, YOU H'AN'T BIN 'MONG'S LONG NUFF TO *LEARN* TH' XFORD XNT."

ROMANCE ON TAP.

MANY years ago, before they thought of taxing horse-power, I owned a car. I say defiantly, a car. She had a long and vicious bonnet and two small hard seats which exposed their occupants to the constant rush of fumes which rose from her large and easily over-heated engine. When she was really in her stride her exhaust exhibited a timbre which won it recognition at most of the police-courts in the south of England. A big-game hunter to whom I once gave a lift told me that it recalled to him with pleasing realism the death-rattle of a bull bison.

Considering her extreme discomfort she was no faster than she should have been. In the end I was lucky enough to sell her to an eccentric who lived in Skye and bred prize rabbits. He bought her, he said, not so much as a vehicle but because he found it so frightfully difficult in the Hebrides to provide suitable amusement for the rabbits.

The other day I was wandering down the main street of a small country town in Hampshire when something about the outline of an object drawn into the kerb struck me suddenly as familiar. With beating heart I peeped round at the number-plate, and there it was, welcoming me through the same old film of mud—ZZ 4242.

She was very splendid in her decline. Against the many puling infants which stood along the parking-place her majesty took away the breath. A scar more here and there, another few gate-posts vanquished, a little more wire and string than had laced her ample bosom in the old days, but in all that mattered she was the veritable ZZ 4242. The same raking grandeur. The same dash. Even, I noted with pleasure as I climbed into the driving-seat, the same bouquet.

It was good to feel the controls again. There was much more play in the steering. I was glad to see that the wind-screen was still cracked where the pheasant had hit it; and it occurred to me sentimentally that the seat, less hard, welcomed me again. I began to feel a little maudlin about the old wreck. So must men have felt on finding a forgotten hunter between the shafts of their hansom. . . .

"This is my car, isn't it?" The voice was polite but very cold. She was standing beside me, her little hand on the door.

"I'm afraid I couldn't tell you; but the parking-man will know." I too can be tart.

"Do you often take a siesta in other people's cars?" she asked.

"It's inaccurate to speak of a siesta on these seats," I said. "On long drives I always found it necessary to stand up for a bit every quarter-of-an-hour. I wonder you haven't bought one of those new-fangled pumped-up——"

"Would you mind if I got in?" The frost held.

"Allow me," I murmured. "That door was always a devil. Would you rather sit in the driver's or the passenger's seat?"

"I had thought of sitting in the driver's." I moved across.

"Tell me," I said, "as we sit here in the pleasant suggestion of a winter sun, does she still make that funny clatter when you change into top?"

"She does." The girl was looking at me very hard.

"And does she still run on two cylinders after taking a steep hill?"

She nodded. The past came flooding back to me.

"She used to have an eerie squeaking in her insides when they were cold. Does she still get that?"

"I keep her greased," she said.

"In the old days," I ventured amiably, "I'm bound to admit that she had a trifle more paint. But I suppose that even an iron constitution can be impaired by a rugged island life. You must, I imagine, know all about that lunatic in Skye?"

"I bought her from my uncle, the MacDivott of the Isles." It was her turn again to be cold. "Do I gather that you once owned this car?"

"To-day's first prize in our guessing competition is yours. I shall do my utmost to see that your perspicacity is applauded in our columns. It is even so. This magnificent relic of the Coasting Age did, in fact, once belong to me. and I sold her to your uncle for seventy pounds. It was generally considered by those who knew that the better of the bargain was mine."

"I'm just wondering," she said, "whether all that justifies your sitting in what is after all my car, and, as a complete stranger, detailing your reminiscences to me, however fascinating. It's a nice point, isn't it?"

"Possibly," I answered; "but, if I may say so, not a very profitable one. Surely our common love for this old hulk can triumph over any sordid quibble of etiquette?"

"Perhaps." She smiled for the first time. "I'm glad you too were fond of her. Would you like to give her a swing? I'm going to be late for tea in Oxford."

"You can't leave me now," I protested, "just as we've got going. This is one of the greater coincidences. And I haven't told you yet about the time when the nearside front wheel came off and——"

"She's rather heavy for me to swing," she said. Some girls are strangely irresistible when they put their heads on one side like that. I swung the massive handle for five minutes, but the old ZZ 4242 remained quite dumb. Not a single backfire. I put on my coat again.

"I know what that means," I cried; "cirrhosis of the carburetter. She used to be a martyr to it. It'll be an hour's job at least, so we may as well go into the 'Dragon' and have tea, and I'll get them to send out a mechanic."

She protested more than seemed necessary, but eventually she came. I thought I had never seen anything half so lovely as her face poised over a buttered crumpet. Beside her the ordinary Press Beauty Queen would have looked a simple wart.

I told her eloquently of the early life of the ZZ 4242. I told her the whole fantastic story of that night in my last term at Cambridge when young Gerry took the wheel and drove us slap into the Mayor's office in the Town Hall. I was telling her how I dared to hope that through this happy chance I might perhaps hear of the old car occasionally, even see it now and then—when the head-waiter came up grinning in a silly way.

"They've started your car, Sir," he said. "There wasn't nothing the matter, only the petrol tap turned off."

"Ah," I murmured; "thank you."

After a bit I had to look up. She stared me out, very straight between the eyes.

"Where was the petrol tap in your day?" she asked.

"As far as I remember, on the floor."

"Under the passenger's feet?"

"It depends on the shape of the passenger's feet," I said.

We left it at that.

She waved once as she turned the corner at the end of the street, and I could swear that the blood-shot little rear-light winked vulgarly at me.

ERIC.



"EXCUSE ME, MISS, BUT ARE YOU THE OWNER OF THIS ROLLS?"
"NO; BUT THANKS AWFULLY FOR ASKING ME."

"AMATEUR'S SUCCESS.
WORD PERFECT IN PART AFTER FOUR YEARS."—*Evening Paper.*

A sharp set-back for those who complain that the British character is lacking in steady concentration.

PONDERBY AND OTHERS.

THERE are many hard-bitten golfers at my club. But it was Henry Minshull (9) who first drafted the proposal, now embodied in the Rules, that in the case of any two members wishing to recount to each other the story of their last round the narrator having the lower handicap of the two shall have the shame from the first tee. At all subsequent tees the narrator having returned the lowest lie on handicap will speak first. In the case of any two members of whom one wishes to narrate the details of a bridge-hand and the other those of a golf-round at the same time, the bridge-player shall in all cases be permitted to lead, and tricks and holes be taken alternately. Disputes shall be referred to the secretary.

It is true that this provision once led to an almost unbelievable grand slam on the part of Barraclough and the accomplishment of the last hole by Farthingale (who was determined to win the conversation) in one, which is beyond the ultimate range of possibility. But, take it by and large, the regulation is good.

Danby is no better than 17 in these days, since he has become a grandfather. But to him we owe the fine quotation from BROWNING which is carved over the mantelpiece in the dining-room:—

"Here and here must bogey beat me.
Where can I beat bogey, say!"

He is also the only player who has ever holed out with a red ball from casual ice in the pot-bunker at the third.

A dour player too is Ponderby (22). His suggestion that, this being a nine-hole course, the nineteenth should in all cases be known as the tenth has never passed into print, but is nevertheless very commonly followed. And he it was who began the practice of feeling suddenly faint after holing out on the ninth green at such times as the licensing laws forbade that alcoholic liquor shall be served at the bar. His idea was that Dr. Venables, being a member of the club and almost always in attendance, would be forced by medical etiquette to prescribe a brandy-and-soda immediately. Dr. Venables' refusal to do this unless Ponderby submitted to a complete heart and breathing test in the locker-room has occasioned a little stiffness between the two. After one very closely-fought round, Ponderby went so far as to insist that a specialist should be summoned, and was only dissuaded from this strong course by the captain of the club.

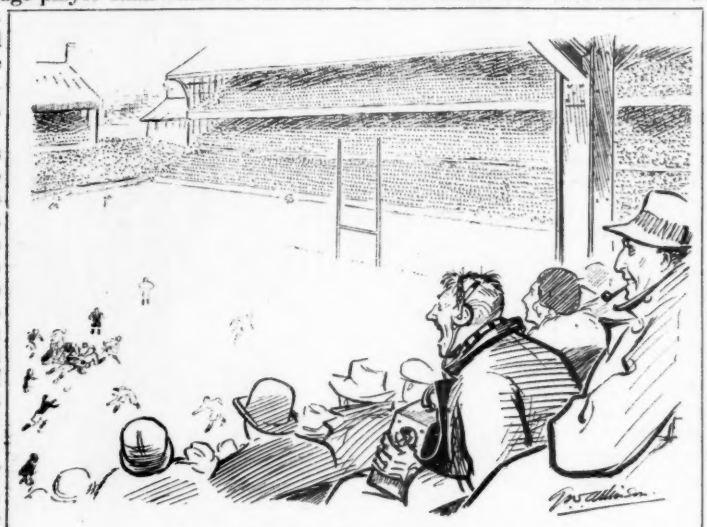
For two or three days last month it was supposed that Charles Gallway (30) was lost in the mud. Like many good golf-courses near London, ours is better drained in some places than in others, and there are fairways which in winter-time differ only in name from the ordinary quagmire of the moors or quicksand of the sea. It was known that Gallway when he was last seen had been playing by himself and without a caddie. It was observed that while making his third shot with a spoon he had been very nearly ankle-deep. He had not been seen by anyone since Tuesday, and further corroboration was lent to the grave theory of the assistant professional by the fact that a continual kind of bubbling or sucking sound arose from the marsh near the place where on a misty evening he had last been discerned through the gloom.

Workmen engaged in cutting trenches and the edification of bunkers were doubtful whether they had noticed him, but had heard what very well might have been cries for help, which had been taken for the ordinary oaths used by players in despair. His locker was opened with the master-key and it was found that his clubs, his leather coat and his goloshes had disappeared. It was thought to be certain that if he had reached the last green on that fateful evening someone would have overheard him, and the green-keeper seriously proposed to send out a search-party to the place, which was about ninety-five yards from the eighth tee, and commence operations with dogs and a spade.

On Friday, however, the secretary had the happy idea of ringing up his wife and asking whether he had been missed at home, and it was found that Gallway had gone to Brighton for a day or two to secure a change of turf.

But no story of the stalwart golfers at my club would be complete if I did not mention the matter of Morley and the trees. There are five trees, which, except to a very straight and accurate hitter, may be said to present fatal obstacles on the fairway. Select a still afternoon and take up your position somewhere near the middle of the course when a number of four-ball foursomes are going round; close your eyes and you will find that the continuous impact of rubber balls on oak- and elm-wood bark resembles the rattle of machine-gun fire. And Morley, though playing at 15, is by all votes the leading marksman of the club.

To him the fact that spring is now in the air and so many gaunt and naked boughs are beginning to be tipped with the first signs of their luxuriant summer foliage means far more than it means to the ordinary lover of Nature in all her delicate and changing moods; it means that in little more than two months' time the second shot at the fourth will become more swinish than ever. Nor will Morley hesitate to express, to all those who care to listen, his opinion of Mother Nature and her nasty ways. It was Morley who, when asked by a new member of the club whether he "took wood" for the second shot to the fourth green, made a remark which few publishers would care to print even in a War novel translated from the German. He had had some provocation, for it was on that day that, rebounding from the bole of the elm, his ball had travelled nearly seventy yards at right angles, only to drop under the petrol-driven grass-mower, which



HOW TO BE IN TWO PLACES AT ONCE.

THE ALL-ROUND ENTHUSIAST WHO GOES TO WATCH AN INTERNATIONAL RUGBY MATCH AND LISTENS TO A WIRELESS COMMENTARY ON A CUP-TIE.



Wife. "EVER SINCE I WAS A CHILD I HAVE SUFFERED FROM AN INFERIORITY COMPLEX."
Husband. "NONSENSE, MABEL; THEY HAVEN'T BEEN INVENTED SO LONG AS THAT."

removed the rind from the interior as though it had been a pomegranate.

I said there were five obstructive trees planted by Nature upon our course. There used to be six. There was one that guarded, if you like to put it so, the home green. Over that one, eight months ago, Morley triumphed. The hour brought forth the man.

It was one of the most terrible days for golf that could be imagined, even in a wet English summer. The lowering skies had broken with terrific explosions and sheets of water descended on the turf. Morley insisted on finishing his round or taking the game, which Ponderby refused to concede to him. Ponderby, after making heavy weather with his first two strokes, played his third well on to the green, a berserk carry through the raging storm. Morley was separated from the pin by the hazard of the sixth tree. Cursing his fate, he addressed the ball. At that very moment there was a rending crash which shook the club-house to its foundations. Riven by lightning, the grand old oak-tree fell prostrate on the sward. Only the stump remained upright.

"Good!" said Morley quietly.

He then played a topped approach-shot which trickled on to the green and tumbled into the tin.

Ponderby protested. He said that the course had undergone alterations between the time of his own approach-shot and Morley's, and was in substance and fact a different course. He never paid Morley his half-crown. EVOE.

THE SCIENTIST AND THE LAYMAN.

[A famous scientist in a recent essay on the universe described our sun as being "totally undistinguished in heat, light and volume."]

A LEARNED man of science
And a layman strolled together
On an afternoon in winter through the sombre country ways;
They sauntered in defiance
Of the cold and foggy weather,
Which was rather worse than typical of February days.

"It's wrong," observed the former
In the course of friendly chatter,
"For a man to judge the sun to be exceptionally hot."
"You think it might be warmer?
So do I," replied the latter
As he turned his outer collar up; "I'm sorry that it's not."

"Consider too the lighting
It provides," pursued the other;
"That it's wholly undistinguished is a fact we may assume."
"It isn't worth the writing
Of a letter home to mother;
I agree with you," his friend returned, and scanned the deepening gloom.

"A common error, thirdly,"
Said the expert, "is to claim an
Overestimated size for it—a bulk that facts belie."
"I think that it's absurdly
Undersized," replied the layman—
"Like a puny blood-red orange in a leaden winter sky."

Observe, ye dolts that bellow
As you volubly converse on
The insuperable mental gulf that ever must divide
The scientific fellow
And the ordinary person,
What a proof is here afforded that their views may coincide. C. B.

Class-consciousness.

"HOCKEY.

Essex Ladies lost to Sussex Women 2–0 at Bexhill on Wednesday."—*Essex Paper.*

"My husband's name stands higher in the Empire than that of any other single man.—Mrs. Stanley Baldwin."—*Midland Paper.*

She was wrong; actually Mr. BALDWIN is married.

OUR REVOLUTION.

WHEN Mary came home one day and said that truth was stranger than fiction, I somehow guessed that the expected revolution had begun. I should explain that our bathroom skylight is under the Southern Cross and our henhouse next to the Andes. Smithson, whose birds are a little sturdier than ours, feeding as they do somewhat higher up the slopes, had warned me the day before to buy extra maize "in anticipation of things." I did not heed his warning, being deceived by the surface of things.

This was Mary's first revolution and she decided to write there and then to her brother Gregory, who is a Member of Parliament, and impress upon him what terrible things revolutions are.

"What will you tell him?" I asked.

"Well, I don't quite know. Nothing has really happened yet."

"Let's go and see what is happening," I suggested.

Outside everything was quiet. Six streets distant, however, there was a lot of noise and a little fellow rushed by us carrying a mattress that was far too big for him. Over the wall of the Big House at the cross-roads tumbled an armchair. The dusky perspiring person who followed it was not a pukka furniture-remover, but he knew what he wanted. Awaiting him down on the pavement was a dusky partner, evidently his wife, and they staggered away with the chair between them. The revolution had undoubtedly begun.

At the back entrance of the house a little boy was feverishly loading aluminium saucepans on the near side of a donkey, and a man was lashing a portable kitchen stove on to the animal's off side. Within a few minutes the big gates of the house were forced, a piano rushed through and loaded on a waiting motor-van. The chauffeur tooted vigorously; the bystanders stood respectfully aside, and the van disappeared in a cloud of dust.

Then the cavalry came up. The donkeyman, realising that for all practical purposes the revolution was over, tried vainly to escape with his load. The troopers distributed a few hearty sabre smacks among the spoilers, and with a clattering of discarded goods the last of the furniture-removers vanished over a friendly mud wall. The kitchen stove lay abandoned in the middle of the road; the rioting, locally at least, was over.

"It's very stupid and not a bit thrilling," said Mary.

"If revolutions were too serious the country couldn't have them so often," I pointed out.

"But the Smithsons said it was bound to be serious this time."

"It is for some folk," I said. "Suppose that had been your stove."

"Oh, well, if you put it that way I suppose it is serious," said Mary.

With a revolution one must expect changes and that afternoon our address was changed without any trouble at all on our part. By five o'clock our garage bore a placard which read "Avenida Libertad." Until that moment we had been living contentedly in "Avenida Lucia," Lucia being a blood-relation of one who only that morning had believed himself to be a Cabinet Minister with a very promising future.

"What does it mean?" asked Mary, surveying the placard.

"It means that from now on we shall live in an era of Liberty and that the rights of the people will be recognised in so far as they do not clash with the interests of certain new Ministers."

"How will that affect us?" asked Mary.

"It will mean," I said, "that we must keep a more careful watch over the chickens for the next week or two."

In the succeeding days the country took on a new aspect. Men with long faces, protesting their innocence, went off to prison or into exile. Other men, with long beards and upright bearing, returned from prison or exile, and not one of them visited his relations, his banker or his barber without first making a speech to protest his innocence of the charges which the former Government had levelled against him. Since the radio was frequently used on these occasions by the returning patriots their innocence is now a matter of world-wide knowledge.

Meanwhile Señor Fulano, with a reputation as a duellist that probably had some basis in fact, challenged a rival to afford him satisfaction on the field of honour. Preferring to die with his gloves on and possibly feeling that the local field of honour might be in need of returfing, Fulano chose an urban site, and at ten o'clock in the morning seated himself on a chair in the main Plaza. At a quarter-past-ten Don Sotano, his adversary, walked determinedly across the Plaza, brushed past the seated man, tripped jauntily up the steps of the club and disappeared inside. At a quarter-to-eleven Don Fulano went in instant search of honour and disappeared inside the club. The waiting crowd could hardly contain itself. At half-past-twelve Don Fulano appeared, reeling, on the steps of the club, bearing manfully the weight of his vanquished adversary.

The story of the club bar-keeper was published in the evening paper under "Social Notes." He claimed that Don Fulano entered the club in a towering rage and finished up by hanging him, the bar-keeper, on a hat-peg. The other duellist was also in a state which was described as "exalted," but he had in no way interfered with the bar-keeper in the execution of his duties.

Mary has written several times to her brother Gregory and tried to bring home to him all that a revolution can mean to a country. On the other hand, she thinks that Smithson took a very selfish view of the whole thing and exaggerated unduly the loss of three White Leghorns just after the name of our Avenue was changed.

All this, however, was several months ago, and our address has since been changed back to "Avenida Lucia," which only proves that we do really move with the times.

THE OLD PICTURE-SCREEN.

A LADY with a lace-trimmed bonnet
  And careful ringlets hanging down,
A valentine with verses on it,
VICTORIA in a little crown,
Gay-coloured "scraps" of birds and roses,
  Little Bo-Peep with slender crook,
And PHARAOH'S daughter finding MOSES,
  With something of a British look;
Prince EDWARD in a kilt and sporran,
  A view of Pisa's leaning tower,
And here DISRAELI, lean and foreign,
  And there ALBANI with a flower;
Miss *Cherry Ripe* in cap and mittens,
  A Tyrolean with his bride,
Fat puppy-dogs and blue-bowed kittens,
  And I can't tell you what beside;
All fitted in an ordered jumble,
  Beneath a dimming yellow glaze,
Of quaint and comic, proud and humble
  Favourites of old nursery days.

R. F.

A Glimpse of the Inevitable.

"AMERICAN BAR ASSOCIATION VOTES SOLIDLY FOR PROHIBITION REPEAL."
Manchurian Paper.

Gynæcology in Whitehall.

"ROYAL NAVY.

The Admiralty notified the following appointments yesterday:

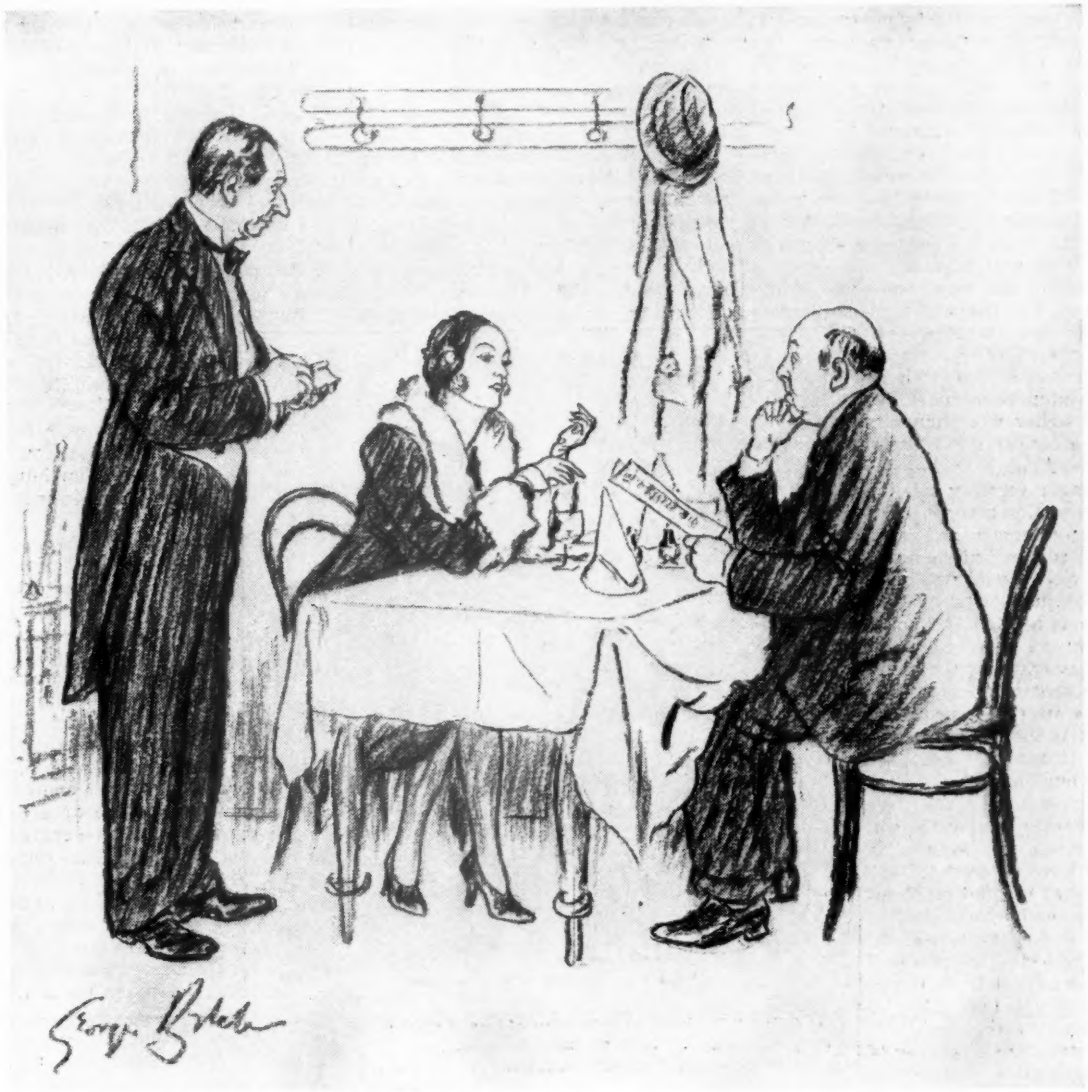
Commr.—G. C. ——-——, D.S.C., to President, for duty with Director for Natal Intelligence, Admiralty."—*Daily Paper.*

A Cardinal Error from Miss Smith.

"Wolsey fell into disgrace because he could not get a divorce from the Pope."
Schoolgirl's Answer.

"A LARGE OCTOPUS AT THE ZOO.
MANCHURIAN CRANES."
Daily Paper.

Where was our English machinery?



He. "WHAT DO YOU FANCY, MY DEAR?"
She. "I WONDER IF THEY HAVE ANY OF THAT DELICIOUS *PÂTÉ DE FAUX PAS*?"

DINING ROSEMARY.

Frances wished her young sister Rosemary on to poor old Apple to take out to dinner the other night. Now Rosemary is one of the wickeder kinds of sister-in-law and, possibly because she is not very well off, extremely expensive to take out to any meal. Nor is she one of your old-fashioned 1930 maidens who let a cavalier escort them where he pleases. Rosemary, quite mercilessly, was for the Splendide, Apple for a little-place-he-had-discovered-where-the-cooking-etc., and the pair argued about it till 1*s.* 3*d.* on the taxi meter. Finally they compromised and went to the Splendide.

Rosemary entered the restaurant of the Splendide with the studied air of any well-dressed girl entering an expensive restaurant—that is, as if she considered it too intolerably foul to have to feed in such a cheap dump; and as usual it went over big. She had a cloud of waiters escorting her almost at once; the shy one right on the fringe of the cloud, fingering his tie apologetically, being Apple.

Certainly Rosemary was in character. She looked, if anything, a trifle more expensive than the restaurant, wearing a Paris model in black something-or-other, given her by a rich aunt, and stuck in the middle of it an extravagant diamond brooch affair, big enough for an heirloom, and looking as if it had been given her by an even richer uncle. She called the thing a "Sunburst," but it looked to Apple more like an Explosion.

Her turn-out, it was soon apparent, had completely gone to her head. Under its influence she chose Caviare and *Bisque Homard* and *Crêpes Suzette*, and everything nearest the pounds' column that the head-waiter, who was evidently also fascinated by the heirloom, sug-

gested to her. Poor Apple's feelings she ignored; not once did she make a sympathetic gesture by proposing, say, one portion of clear soup and two plates. Under the evil influence of the frock and the Explosion she lashed back and forth through the menu and the wine-list in a manner that would have made even CLEOPATRA seem stingy and unostentatious. Apple even found himself hoping that she would lose the infernal thing (the Explosion, not the frock) before his overdraft finally sagged and broke.

And, in the way that these things happen, lose it she did. One moment it was there, winking opulently over the *Crêpes Suzette* that two skilled waiters, superintended by one skilled head-waiter, were manufacturing almost out of solid gold — Apple's gold — and placing reverently one by one on Rosemary's plate. The next moment, when the travelling field-kitchen had removed itself, the Explosion just was not.

Apple blinked. He could hardly believe his eyes at first; and anyway they took a moment to adjust themselves after the abrupt removal of the flashing beams from Rosemary's corsage.

"Your brooch!" he then stammered.

Rosemary glanced down, looked on her lap. "It must have fallen out," she remarked without much interest, and demolished a *crêpe* with a great deal.

"But—but, Rosemary—"

"Go on, eat these things while they 're hot. They 're absolutely marvellous."

Apple stared. Dining at the Splendide among the wealthy seemed to have touched the child's brain. Why, she 'd be borrowing a five-pound note next to light her cigarette.

"Perhaps it 's on the floor," Apple suggested stiffly and pushed back his chair, at which a couple of waiters arrived at the double, for Rosemary by now had the place well in hand.

"This lady has just dropped her diamond brooch," began Apple.

"It 'll turn up," said Rosemary nonchalantly. "Don't bother now."

"Really, my dear," the poor old piece muttered, much worried, as the waiters went on hands and knees, "aren't you overdoing this careless riches line? Do show some interest in your valuables even here."

"Oh, very well."

Rosemary thrust back her chair, scoring an outer against the waiter who was looking behind it, and shook her frock out, but no Explosion resulted. An alert wop crawled right under the table and out the other side to report progress. Still no Explosion.

By now a head-waiter had come up to rebuke his subordinates for playing parlour-games in business-hours, but when he heard of the tragedy he too got on hands and knees, or rather bent slightly from the hips, which for a dignified head-waiter is practically the same thing. Neighbouring diners were also taking far more interest in us than in their food. Rosemary was enjoying herself hugely. Poor Apple felt all warm and bothered.



Officer (after lengthy explanation of how to work newly-acquired acetylene lantern). "NOW IS THAT QUITE CLEAR?"

Sepoy servant. "QUITE, SAHIB; ONLY WHERE DO YOU PUT THE PARAFFIN?"

The *maître d'hôtel* now appeared and called off the pack of enthusiastic underlings. He promised Rosemary that a thorough search should be made everywhere. Possibly the diamond had got caught up in a napkin when the *Crêpes Suzette* were served. Possibly one of the waiters had—— But he would leave no stone or waiter unturned.

Rosemary said it was too sweet of him, but not to bother too much. He said that with such a valuable article rather was it a duty. Rosemary, with a laughing air, said it wasn't valuable. He deprecated her depreciation and retired to the wings, where he was seen in conversation with a sinister man whom Rosemary, a student of American films, said was obviously "the house dick."

The meal ended, Rosemary carefree —so carefree that she was able without a second thought to select the most expensive liqueur—Apple still worried.

"I hope they find it."

"I hope they don't," she retorted.

"Why on earth not?"

"Because we shall have to give them a reward."

"But wouldn't you be willing to do that to get it back?" asked Apple, puzzled. "It need only be about a fiftieth part of the value."

"My dear boy, a fiftieth part of its value would be about half-a-farthing. I bought it at Wellworth's for a tanner."

Long before the poor old Apple brain could grasp this properly a procession approached. Heralded by the beaming *maître* and escorted by a head-waiter a triumphant little waiter bore reverently upon a napkin and a silver salver Rosemary's Explosion. It had, the *maître* announced with pride, presumably been caught for a moment in the apron of the waiter who had prepared our *crêpes* and thence dropped into a corner. There it had been — er — cleverly found by the little waiter who, triumph now mingling with expectancy, was offering it to Rosemary on a lordly dish.

"Thank you *so* much!" gushed Rosemary, as if it had been worth several hundreds, and took it. That left the waiter and the lordly dish. With her eyes Rosemary motioned him to Apple. Triumph was now quite replaced by expectancy. The lordly dish looked very empty.

There was an awkward pause. Then Apple deposited with a sigh a pound-note on the napkin. After the glittering opulence of the Explosion it looked very meagre.

Rosemary giggled, murmuring "half-a-farthing" to herself.

The waiter went away looking slightly disappointed. Curse him! If only Apple had had the courage he 'd have taken back the note and handed him the brooch by way of giving the fellow a lesson in relative valuation. A. A.

GREAT READERS.

THE list of books now being read by Mr. CHARLIE CHAPLIN is stated to include *The Mysterious Universe*, by Sir JAMES JEANS, *The Conquest of Happiness*, by Earl RUSSELL, and works on Theology and Community-singing.

As a result of inquiries, conducted with the utmost importunity and sometimes attended by considerable personal risk, Mr. Punch is in a position to give the following further list of the bedside books of other outstanding figures in public life:—

Mr. GEORGE ROBEY.

The Testament of Beauty. BRIDGES.
The Poems of Donne.
The Mysterious Universe. Sir JAMES JEANS.

Miss MERCEDES GLEITZE.

Pelagic Fish-eggs and the Migration of Congers. GRASSI.
Hero and Leander. MUSÆUS.
The Mysterious Universe.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

The Memoirs of Saint Simon Stylites.
Mill on Compromise.
The Mysterious Universe.

Lord ROTHERMERE.

The Chronicle of Harold Harefoot.
The Ostracism of Aristides. GROTE'S *History of Greece.*
The Corsican Brothers.
The Circulation of Bad Blood. HARVEY.
The Mysterious Universe.

Mr. JACK JONES.

Gesta Romanorum.
Le Rire. BERGSON.
The Silverado Squatters. STEVENSON.
The Mysterious Universe.

Mrs. ROSITA FORBES.

The Travels of Marca Pola Negri.
Dr. Cook's Journey to the North Pole.
The Life of Lady Hester Stanhope.
The Mysterious Universe.

Lord PASSFIELD.

SIDNEY'S *Arcadia.*
The Blue Fairy Book.
The Mys erious Universe.

Lord BEAVERBROOK.

Tales of the Crusaders. Sir WALTER SCOTT.
The Wrecker. STEVENSON.
The Mysterious Universe.

Dean INGE.

BURNET'S *Exposition of the Thirty-Nine Articles.*
BUCHAN'S *Thirty-Nine Steps.*
The Book of Limericks.
The Gloom of Youth.
The Mysterious Universe.

Miss TALLULAH BANKHEAD.

The Mysterious Universe.

Female Lobby Bobbies?

"POLICEWOMEN'S PLEA.
'LET US PATROL THE COMMONS.'"
Daily Paper.

"Sunniest House on coast; five bedrooms, sun lounge, Vita glass; wonderful sands. Spring 3gns."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

We have already sprung our guineas.

"Sir Woodman Burbridge added that 800 people were affected and would receive notice to expire on March 7."—*Daily Paper.*

But since when has affectation been a capital offence?

"VAUDEVILLE IN NEW FORM.
SPEECH BY THE PRIME MINISTER."
Headlines in Midland Paper.

But is this form of Vaudeville so very new?



ROAD COURTESY.

Motorist (to pedestrian who has fallen into ditch in endeavouring to avoid car). "THANK YOU. VERY GOOD OF YOU."

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE MALEFACTOR.

ONCE there was a malefactor called Joseph Shingle who had committed so many crimes of one sort or another that no respectable people would have anything to do with him, but he flourished like a green bay-tree and he was always so merry and bright that when people didn't know who he was they liked him very much, which often helped him when he wanted to swindle them. And he seemed kind-hearted and was always nice to his wife and his little girl, whose name was Amy, so when people had found him out they said he couldn't be all bad and some of them tried to reform him, but it was never any good and what he used to say was that he had such a good time being a malefactor that he didn't want to be reformed, and he should go on as he was at any rate until Amy grew up and then he might turn over a new leaf so as not to stand in the way of her marrying somebody respectable. But when she had done that he should probably be worse than before because he would have missed such a lot of fun.

Well one winter he and Mrs. Shingle and Amy went to Switzerland for the sports, and they all enjoyed themselves and made a lot of friends, because nobody knew who he was, and he was the life and soul of the Superiority Hotel. But there was an American lady there called Mrs. Slick and she had such a lot of diamonds and pearls and rubies and emeralds that he thought he might as well steal them, as she was so rich that she could easily buy some more.

So he did that, but just as he was coming out of her bedroom he met a clergyman called Mr. Rowbote in the passage when he hadn't expected to meet anybody, so he was found out and it was very awkward for him.

Well both of them kept their heads and Joseph Shingle said I will just put these diamonds and emeralds back on Mrs. Slick's dressing-table and then I will come and have a talk with you. And Mr. Rowbote said yes do, my room is No. 98, and we could drink a little whisky and soda-water together, because I am not quite a teetotaler and I suppose you are not either.

And Joseph Shingle said no I have been most things in my life but not that, and he put back what he had taken from Mrs. Slick's room except one diamond ring which he thought he might as well keep and then he went to No. 98.

Well when Mr. Rowbote had poured them both out some whisky he said you had better make a clean breast of it because I know who you are now, and the Manager of this hotel told me he had his suspicions of you and if anything was missing you would be the first person to be searched.

And Joseph Shingle said please excuse me for a minute, I must go and fetch a handkerchief. And he went to Mrs. Slick's room and put back the diamond ring, and then he came in again and said well I am really quite glad you have found me out because I have been thinking of turning over a new leaf for some time, and as you are a clergyman you can give me some tips about it and I am sure we shall get on well together, this whisky is not quite strong enough.



"I BROKE DOWN AND SOBBED."

And Mr. Rowbote said yes it is, if you are going to turn over a new leaf you must begin on whisky. And he said oh very well, I only want telling, I suppose I shall be much happier when I turn over a new leaf shan't I?

And Mr. Rowbote said oh yes much. Now let us begin at the beginning, have you ever committed a murder? And he said well I don't say I have and I don't say I haven't, what should I have to do supposing I had? And Mr. Rowbote said well you would have to give yourself up, they might hang you for it or they might not. And he said well I shouldn't care about that so perhaps it is just as well that I have never murdered anybody though I have had plenty of provocation, most of us have. I just wanted to see what you would say.

And Mr. Rowbote said well I am glad you are not a murderer and we have got that out of the way, now tell me the very worst thing you have ever done. And he thought for a moment and then he said well I think the thing I am most ashamed of is coming into my wife's drawing-room in muddy boots when she was having a tea-party.

And Mr. Rowbote said well I don't think that was so very bad, and he said oh don't you, well she did, because I was a bit drunk at the time and used disgusting language to her which I don't generally do even when we are alone, and I had just had a fight with a man I had been swindling so I was all covered with blood, and when one of the ladies shrieked out at it I was quite rude to her and threatened to cut her throat with the butter-knife, and I should have tried to do it too if my wife hadn't clung to me and reminded me of Amy asleep upstairs in her little white bed, and then I was ashamed of myself and when I had told the ladies to get out and keep out and thrown all the chocolate éclairs at them and spoilt some of their clothes I broke down and sobbed.

And Mr. Rowbote said well that shows you have some good in you, and he said oh yes lots, and my wife was like an angel about it and said she didn't mind it that none of the ladies would ever come to the house again because they were a set of old cats and she could do very well without them, and I very nearly turned over a new leaf then but I wasn't quite ready for it.

Well they had a good talk together and settled that Joseph Shingle should lead a good and honest life in the future and drink less whisky, and he said that a judge had once told him that if he had used his wits to make money honestly instead of dishonestly he would have made more of it, so he was going to try that and see if it was true.

Well he did try it, and he set up an office where he promoted companies and things like that, and it was such a success that he often put Mr. Rowbote on to a good thing, because he never forgot people who had done him a good turn. And he hardly ever drank any whisky but only light wines like champagne, and he only had to go to prison once more, for some mistake in one of his companies, but it wasn't for long and fortunately Amy was at school in Paris then so they kept it from her, and after that he was more careful, and he grew quite rich, with several motor-cars. And his wife was very happy because he was always nice to her, and when Amy grew up she married a Lieutenant in the Navy who had no idea that her father had ever been a malefactor, he subscribed to so many charities and was so particular about being honest in everything. A. M.

THE LEAN DOG.

A STUDY IN CONVERSATION.

SCENE—*A Village Inn.*

Characters:

Hodge, Jorkins and a dog.

(There is an interval of fifteen minutes between the Acts.)

ACT I.

Hodge. Who's that there dog belong of?

Jorkins. Eh?

H. That 'ere dog; who's he belong?

J. Which dog?

H. That there dog.

J. That dog there?

H. Ay.

J. 'T's my dog.

H. Ah! [*Both drink.*

ACT II.

H. Why comes that dog there so thin?

J. Eh?

H. Why's that dog there come so thin?

J. Which dog?

H. That there dog.

J. That dog there?

H. Ay.

J. He don't eat nothing.

H. Ah! [*Both drink.*

ACT III.

H. Why don't that there dog eat nothing?

J. Eh?

H. Why don't that dog there eat nothing?

J. Which dog?

H. That there dog.

J. That dog there?

H. Ay.

J. He don't get nothing.

H. Ah! [*Both drink.*

ACT IV.

H. Why don't that dog there get nothing?

J. Eh?

H. Why don't that there dog get nothing?

J. Which dog?

H. That there dog.

J. That dog there?

H. Ay.

J. We don't give him nothing.

H. Ah! [*Both drink.*

ACT V.

H. Why don't you give that dog there nothing?

J. Eh?

H. Why don't you give that there dog nothing?

J. Which dog?

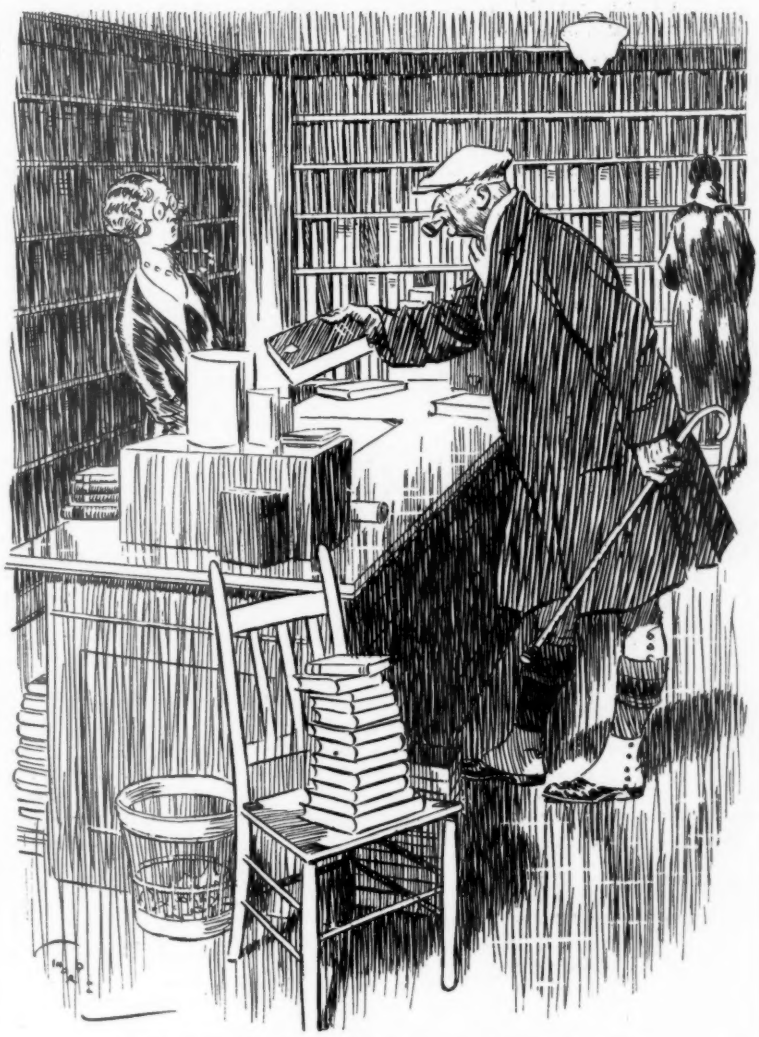
H. That there dog.

J. That dog there?

H. Ay.

J. We got nothing to give him.

H. Ah! [*They finish their beer.*



Non-Literary Subscriber. "HERE, GEL, HAVE I READ THIS?"

Another Debt to the Victorians.

"FUNERALS
ESTABLISHED 1845."
Undertaker's Signboard.

"The opening address was given by the Rt. Rev. Arthur Greenwood, M.P., Minister of Health."—*American Charities Magazine.*

The rest of the Cabinet have also taken orders, but in their case from the Trades Unions.



Customer. "I WANT HALF-A-POUND OF NICE BUTTER, PLEASE."
Grocer. "I 'M SORRY, MADAM, WE ARE OUT OF BUTTER. BUT WE HAVE SOME NICE SAGO."
Customer. "SAGO! CERTAINLY NOT! MY HUSBAND DIED OF SAGO LAST WEEK."

TRAVELLING LIGHT.

["Mr. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, who is on a holiday in Japan, states that he feels like mud unless he is well-dressed. His travelling outfit contains forty-seven, etc."—*Telegram.*]

WHO is the glass of fashion? Who is he,
The star for meaner men like you and me,
Who feels like mud unless he walks the land
Equipped, as one may say, to beat the band?
'Tis Hollywood's great chieftain, noble DOUG,
He of the nimble frame and glittering mug,
Who, as advices tell from far Japan,
Achieves high merit as the well-dressed man,
While someone (bless him!) flashes as on wings
A fair and wide-flung summary of his things.

47 business suits (what business suits may be
I 'm not aware), for golf and games a moderate 23;
His shirts are 153, his sweaters are 34,
With 147 ties and overcoats half-a-score;
His hats, we gather, are only 8, which looks like a printer's lapse,
But several boxes are occupied with an elegant taste in caps;
Of gloves he carries a mere ten pairs, sufficient perhaps to lose,
And the list is brought to a worthy close with 34 pairs of shoes.

A decent outfit, giving in its range
A certain latitude for choice and change;
Yet, when you think, to go accoutred thus
Would hardly do e'en for the likes of us,
While as for DOUG, who holds the world in thrall—
Oh, no; not so; by no means; not at all.

Th' included items may be well, no doubt,
But there are others that have been left out.
Let us complete the tally of his dress.
As for the numbers, we shall have to guess!
But if we get the garments fair and square
DOUG will have justice; that is all our care.

Seven-and-fifty pyjama suits, for rest in his little crib;
A couple of dozen dressing-gowns and bathing attire ad lib.*;*
An undergarment to every shirt—I mean, of course, in sets,
Whether you call them union-suits or vest-and-pantalettes;
Sox, sox (some with clox), give him a gross of those,
With 68, or two per sweater to match, of sporting hose;
Collars, allowing him two per shirt, would total 300 odd,
And I leave the tale of his handkerchiefs between the man and his God.

This is the glass of fashion; this is he
Who shows us what a well-dressed man should be.

DUM-DUM.

Things we would never have dared to say.

"'Who Goes Next?' goes to the Prince of Wales next Monday instead of 'The Ninth Man,' which presumably has exhausted its West-End public."—*Daily Paper.*

Why the Pilot was Dropped.

"The ex-Kaiser, in a letter to his grandmother, explained why he had dismissed the great Chancellor.

'In my discussions with Bismarck he treated me like a schoolboy,' wrote the Emperor. 'He became so Yum Yum.'"

Japanese Paper.

We have always understood him to have been a bit Pooh-Bahish.



THE HORNPIPE OF PEACE.

WITH MR. PUNCH'S COMPLIMENTS TO THE INSTRUMENTALIST, MR. ARTHUR HENDERSON.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 2nd.—It must have seemed quite a treat to Members of the Government to find themselves moving the Second Reading of a Bill that really has a good chance of becoming law. Such was the British Museum and National Gallery (Overseas Loans) Bill, already passed by the House of Lords. By way of showing that the Government has a mind of its own, Mr. PETHICK-LAWRENCE informed the House that they would move to omit the Lords' Amendment to the Bill restricting the loaning power to works of art of British origin. As Mr. ORMSBY-GORE, for the Opposition, seemed inclined to agree with the FINANCIAL SECRETARY, it looks as if their Lordships will have to give way on that point.

On the other hand Mr. ORMSBY-GORE approved the Lords' Amendment which limits loans to works of art dating not earlier than 1600, but, in addition to the FINANCIAL SECRETARY, found himself in disagreement with Lieut.-Colonel ASHLEY, Major HILLS and Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN.

Having disposed of that matter the House gave a Second Reading to the Grey Seals Protection Bill after Commander SOUTHBY and Major DAVIES had shed a tear for "one of the most interesting and defenceless of creatures" and Sir ROBERT HAMILTON had intimated that the only harmless grey seal is a dead one.



The Schoolmaster (Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN) to the small boy (MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD). "I AM NOT IN FAVOUR OF YOUR EDUCATION IN THIS ESTABLISHMENT BEING EXTENDED FOR ANOTHER YEAR, BUT IN ANY CASE I DECLINE TO CARRY ON THE TASK OF INSTRUCTING YOU."

Tuesday, March 3rd.—If the Government had not been quite so slow in coming forward with its Royal Commission on Malta their Lordships would not have been required to listen—by no means for the first time—to the bedtime story of Lord STRICKLAND and the Bold Bad Bishops. But Lord STRICKLAND and his deputation had already started before the Government got busy, and there was nothing for it but to give him an innings. It was rather a rambling statement, but it certainly appeared that the Bold Bad Bishops had been going it.

There was much else that their Lordships had heard before, nor did they look unduly surprised when Lord PASSFIELD, assuming a "plague-on-both-your-houses" expression, invited Lord STRICKLAND to leave it to the Royal Commission, whose personnel he hoped soon to announce.

Whether a resignation a day would keep the General Election away cannot be foretold in the absence of any precedent, but the experiment might be worth trying. Unfortunately the ATTORNEY-GENERAL does not seem to see it that way, and, though he announced in Committee to-day that the Trade Disputes Bill must be considered "*bien mort*," as *Tosca* said of *Scarpia*, and proceeded to set the candles of propitiatory eloquence at its head and feet, he did not forthwith—emulating his late colleague, Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN—promptly resign his job as a protest against the Government's unwillingness to deliver adequate quantities of Socialism in our time.

It is unfortunate in a way because Dr. ADDISON will not know what to do when the Lords massacre his twin orphans of the storm, the Agricultural Land (Utilisation) Bill and the Agricultural Marketing Bill. The position is made slightly more difficult by Sir CHARLES's apparent unwillingness to make the usual statement explaining his resignation in the House. In the political army, it seems, it is quite usual for an officer who does not approve the general's strategy to reduce himself to the ranks.

Parliament is never less impressive than when it is wasting a whole day arguing that more days should be allotted to the remaining stages of some Bill or other, while the protesting Opposition knows that it would be doing exactly what the Government is doing if it were in its place. So the debate as to how often or how swiftly the guillotine should fall in the interests of the Electoral Reform Bill found Mr. MACDONALD and Mr. BALDWIN following familiar paths of argument. Then, the Opposition lamb having emerged well sheared from the Division Lobby,



SIR JULIUS CÆSAR SIMON.



LITTLE TOOMAI PLAYS HIS PART IN THE SUCCESSFUL ELEPHANT-DRIVE.
MR. WEDGWOOD BENN.

["The old elephant-catchers would find time to nod to Little Toomai wriggling with joy on the top of the posts."—*The Jungle Book.*]

Mr. MACDONALD amiably tempered the wind of repression by throwing in an extra day for the Committee stage of the Bill, and the House turned to less contentious matters.

Wednesday, March 4th.—Whether we shout out "Bears!" or not it is ever so jolly to walk on all the London squares, and even if there are four-hundred-and-fifty-six of them we should all be very grateful to Lord LONDONDERRY for moving the Second Reading of the London Squares Preservation Bill on behalf of the L.C.C.

Anyway their Lordships all seemed quite pleased about it, Lord HOWE announcing that he would withdraw his motion to reject the Bill as the L.C.C. had agreed to meet him on the subject of underground garages. Lord DARLING hoped that nothing would be allowed to interfere with the ancient rights of the Benchers in the Temple Gardens, and was assured by Lord LONDONDERRY that everything in that connection had been arranged to everybody's satisfaction.

In the Commons loud Labour cheers greeted the FOREIGN SECRETARY when he rose to answer Questions as to the result of his naval limitation negotiations in Paris and Rome. Conservatives restrained their enthusiasm, preferring to wait for particulars, which Mr. HENDERSON was unable at the moment to give. Their restraint was perhaps an error of judgment, as it put them in the position of seeming to realise that in the *rôle* of the honest brokers of naval disarmament the Labour Party, whatever its limitations in other directions, "has them beat."

Mr. HENDERSON'S statement was more a tribute to international high-mindedness than an outline of what the French and Italian Governments had agreed to, and he left it to Mr. ALEXANDER to explain (in answer to Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY) that the British Navy's "modest programme of replacement" was based on the assumption that a maximum of disarmament all round was going to be reached and was not therefore affected by the new Franco-Italian agreement.

More Ministerial cheers greeted Mr. WEDGWOOD BENN when he in turn rose to explain that a happy and harmonious agreement had crowned the confabulations of Lord IRWIN and Mr. GANDHI. Here again the House was invited to await the details.

An Electoral Reform Bill for which the Government has no mandate and its supporters no real enthusiasm—seeing that it was introduced in anticipation of Liberal favours which did not in fact come, and is destined, if the Government does not in the meanwhile perish of inanition, to be thrown out by the House of Lords—is not the sort of measure to provoke a lively or illuminating debate.

So the House in Committee remained listless when Mr. CLYNES explained that a free vote of the Committee would be taken on the question of whether the City should be saddled with the alternative vote (though Sir S. HOARE did profess decorous astonishment); equally so when the MINISTER joined with the hon. Member for Down in opposing a Liberal Amendment to extend the alternative vote to Northern Ireland, on the not unsubstantial ground that Liberals, like snakes, were no longer common objects of the Irish countryside.

On the general question of the alternative vote the arguments of Sir E. BENNETT—the House's one enthusiast, as Captain BOURNE pointed out, for the alternative vote for its own sake—evoked an amount of all-round dissent which more than justified Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN'S criticism that (in the terms of WILDE'S definition of WHISTLER) while it was not true that the Bill had no enemies it was certainly true that it was intensely disliked by its friends.

Finally the Government had its way by a meagre margin of 26 votes—a hollow victory snatched by aid of a heavy phalanx of Liberal auxiliaries that just outweighed the outright defection of 14 of its own left-wingers and the diplomatic absence of not a few more.



A GREEK GIFT.

DONOR AND OCCUPANT OF THE HORSE: MR. LLOYD GEORGE. MEMBERS OF THE GARRISON WHO SUSPECT TREACHERY: MR. J. BECKETT, MR. MAXTON, MR. FENNER BROCKWAY AND MR. BUCHANAN.

Thursday, March 5th.—"It is the intention of the Government that the Bill for raising the school-leaving age shall be reintroduced." With this challenging announcement Mr. LEES-SMITH presented himself to the House as the Board of Education's new President.

A packed House, hushed with anticipation, listened appreciatively to Mr. WEDGWOOD BENN'S reading of the White Paper containing the terms of settlement arrived at between Lord IRWIN and Mr. GANDHI. It was a lengthy document; Mr. BENN got through it with commendable promptitude and Mr. BALDWIN was not unduly cautious when he announced that he would abstain from comment until he had had an opportunity of examining it. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, on the other hand, tendered prompt congratulations to the VICEROY and "all others concerned" on their achievement. The SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA perhaps got down to the meat of the whole matter when, having read the White Paper, he intimated that the Round Table Conference would soon be conferring again, this time with the Congress Party in attendance.

The House got through the second instalment of the Committee stage of the Electoral Reform Bill without untoward incident, unless indeed one can so describe the unfortunate error that caused Lord EUSTACE PERCY to quote as the bygone sentiments of Sir HERBERT SAMUEL an utterance of a distinguished Conservative, Sir HARRY SAMUEL. Lord EUSTACE excused himself on the ground that the quotation had been handed to him. "More changes at the Conservative Central Office are obviously necessary," commented Mr. PYBUS drily.



Referee. "DON'T FORGET—I CAN GET YOU SUSPENDED."
Player. "YAH! I CAN GET *you* LYNCHED."

L'AMOUR.

["The sale of a certain make of revolver to Parisian women has increased during the past twelve months by several hundred per cent. . . . Financed by firms in the firearms industry, a chain of elegant shooting-galleries is to be opened in Paris. The targets will be silhouettes of stout, thin, tall, and short 'husbands.'"—*Daily Paper.*]

WHEN a lady is tired of her lover
And wants to be rid of his wrangles
In a neat little crocodile cover
A *chic* little shooter she dangles—
Mon dieu!
Or maybe her hubby
Is thick-set and tubby?
A tiny revolver
Will soon be the solver
Of all her connubial tangles.
Parbleu!

So come to our galleries nightly
And don't put it off, we implore you;
Les cochons, the huge, the unsightly,
We send them on canvas before you—
Voilà!
Imagine that that one
Is Alphonse—the fat one;
Be light on the trigger
And aim at his figure;
How dares he no longer adore you?—
Comme ça!

He is sick of the passionate fever,
He wearies of sighs and embraces?
Then follow the heartless deceiver
And pot him at once through the braces!
Ton âme
Will be soothed at this juncture
By making the puncture
With small *automatiques*,
They are so *sympathiques*,
We stock them in lizard-skin cases,
Madame.

We have plenty of weapons to fit you
(Now this is an elegant model),
And the jury is sure to acquit you
In spite of the advocate's twaddle.
Take care
Not to be too delighted
As soon as you're sighted;
No longer you love him
But don't aim above him
If you want it to go through his noddle,
Ma chère!

So come to our ranges, you fair ones,
And choose out a suitable figure;
The lovers are lean ones and spare ones,
The husbands are gross ones and bigger,
Voilà!
Make sure when you pot him—
No, that one is not him,
The one in the centre
Has been your tormentor;
Take aim, and be light on the trigger,
Comme ça! EVOE.

More Commercial Suicide.

"—— BROS.,
BUILDERS AND DECORATORS.
This Firm is outstanding and incompetent in every way."—*Pamphlet.*

"DEAN SHEPPARD.—'I don't wear garters,' he once said, 'they separate you from your fellow-men.'"—*North-Country Paper.*

But still they save that unsociable hiatus between socks and trousers.

"After the landing, when Sir Ronald Macleay had welcomed the Prince, the cheering grew louder still. People literally boiled round the Prince. . . ."—*Daily Paper.*

These hot-blooded Argentines.

AT THE PICTURES.

CHARLIE AND "CITY LIGHTS."

CHARLIE (I will not say Mr. and I will not say CHARLES)—CHARLIE CHAPLIN is the Playboy of both hemispheres. No actor has ever had such a vogue, and, given the same conditions, it is



TRIUMPH OF THE TRAMP.
MR. CHARLES CHAPLIN.

doubtful if any other actor from the past could have equalled his popularity. GARRICK would have been too calculating, DAN LENO too simple. Nor, without the invention of the cinema, would CHARLIE, I think, have conquered. Always funny, it was for him and him alone, in his performance as the festive interrupter, that one used, years and years ago, to brave the rigours of the programmes of outlying music-halls where "KARNO'S Mumming Birds" were appearing; but one did not think of him then as ever to exceed in fame and in recognisable features all the great ones of the earth: kings, kaisers, prima-donnas and record-breakers in whatever branch of sport.

Yet all the while it was only the camera that was needed. There was the man, with a brain fertile in comic invention, the impassive face ready for instantaneous mobility and light, the swift deft hands, the shuffling feet at an incredible angle; and no sooner was he photographed in action than the world knew what it had been waiting for. Since his films had no talking at all and the minimum of caption, and since they forswore all subtlety and their fabric was the rough humour of life wherever life is found, north or south, east or west, CHARLIE touched a universal chord. There was no need for translations or explanations; his gestures were themselves the best Volapuk, the best Esperanto. Hence Kamschatka knew him as closely as Kilburn, New Zealand as New York, Buenos Aires as Bordeaux. Hence his latest film, *City Lights*, which we have been expecting for so long and which was produced the other evening with so many circumstances of splendour, will evoke laughter in the remotest corners of the earth as well as in the Dominion Theatre.

The criticism may have a paradoxical sound, but *City Lights* is best when it is least funny. One goes to laugh and one does laugh, but the memorable moments are serious; that is to say, when the Tramp (CHARLIE) has provided the blind Flower-girl (Miss VIRGINIA CHERRILL), whom he adores, with enough money to undergo a healing treatment, and you then see across his features—features capable of abysmal melancholy—the doubt passing: "But, when she can see, won't she despise me?" There is no caption; the expression says all. And again at the very end, when, now seeing, she does not recognise him, and, although not despising, is not too friendly until her sense of touch on the hand that in her blind days used to reassure her brings gradually to her the knowledge that this ragged wastrel is her hero; while to him is brought at the same time the realisation that there is no contempt in her mind, but gratitude and love in her



STARRY LIGHTS.

heart. On this discovery, silently but surely conveyed, the curtains unite.

There has been *en route* some glorious fooling, not least when CHARLIE swallows a whistle and becomes the involuntary invoker of cabs and dogs, and again when he enters the prize-ring and finds a real use for a referee. But the film is rather a series of episodes than a story and now and then is surprisingly unadventurous and not too well photographed. The scene, for instance, where the crooks are hiding in the background is feebly handled and indeed muddled; and we notice this the more because every other film that is now



SPOTLIGHTS AT THE PREMIÈRE.
MR. BERNARD SHAW GETS A LITTLE.

being shown has similar scenes capably and convincingly treated. CHARLIE's momentary escapes are more ordinary than we should expect, and, although the effect was funny—as it always is and has been ever since films began—it seemed late in the day for jazz motor-driving. HAROLD LLOYD stuff, to be avoided by his predecessor and surpasser. It seemed to me too that now and then one of the original comic moments might have been extended, as when CHARLIE, like a new Laocoön, is in the toils of the macaroni and night-club coloured-paper streamers combined. Having stood up to reach to the swaying filament the better to swallow it, I think he might have climbed first on his chair and then on the table to be able to absorb still more. But it wouldn't surprise me if he knew best.

It will be interesting to note how *City Lights* succeeds. CHARLIE is CHARLIE and must be seen; but it is a silent film and the present fashion is for talkies; it is a comic haphazard go-as-you-please film, and the present fashion is for emotion and plots. CHARLIE's voice is pleasant and persuasive rather than vibrant, and some day he may give way and confide in the screen; but he will, I feel sure, if he does so, have to play different parts. It is not a voice for irresponsible and farcical antics; it would not go with



WORLD'S WORKERS.

PREPARING WRITING MATERIALS FOR PUBLIC USE IN POST-OFFICES.

those hands, those feet, that hat. It will be the voice of a new CHARLIE—possibly of Mr., possibly of CHARLES—CHAPLIN, whose business will be to break our hearts. E. V. L.

WHEN OUR VILLAGE PLAYS SOCCER.

OUR survival of the first round of the District Charity Cup-ties was regarded by the uncharitable as entirely due to an epidemic of influenza, which compelled our opponents, Compton-in-the-Hollow, to scratch. The fact that earlier in the season they had beaten us by the somewhat convincing margin of eight goals, in a match described as a "friendly," may perhaps have occasioned the libel.

Realising the importance of our engagement with Slaughter-under-Weatherley in the second or semi-final round, our committee decided that the team should undergo a week of intensive training under the management of Tom Harris, who had qualified for the job by studying newspaper accounts of the special training of teams which have reached the final stages of the Football Association Cup-ties.

Tom was greatly impressed when he learnt of the benefits to be derived from sea-air, and on his recommendation Ozone-super-Mare was visited by the players, who on their return acknowledged that they were invigorated by their half-day excursion.

Our manager explained the importance of a carefully-selected diet, combined with plenty of strenuous exercise, and the latter recommendation was strongly supported by two members of the committee, Farmer Porrett and Farmer Guttridge, who were prepared to provide employment for eight of the players at a time when labour on the land was badly needed and very difficult to procure.

Tom was also greatly impressed by the need for providing cheerful recreation in order to prevent the players from being obsessed by the serious nature of the ordeal which faced them, and with this object in view he arranged an entertainment in the Village Hall each evening, among the items being a demonstration of First Aid work by the local branch of the Women's Institute and a performance by the village handbell-ringers, under the leadership of the sexton.

Tactics were of course fully discussed, with particular reference to marking Harry Moggs, our opponents' star performer, this duty being entrusted to Sam Broody, our centre-half, known as "the Mule," who was instructed to mark the player in such a manner as to check his activities during the game and perhaps for the rest of the season.

After the match was over the captain of Slaughter-under-Weatherley was so impressed by the condition of our players that he expressed the hope that our manager would undertake the training of Cobberly-on-the-Water, whom they were now entitled to meet in the final.

Stock Exchange Note.

We are asked to deny the rumour that, in view of the present financial depression, there is shortly to be an issue of black-edged securities.

"WHAT CHELSEA MUST DO TO WIN."
Headline in Daily Paper.

It doesn't seem to have occurred to them that a good plan is to score more goals than your opponents.

"Stolen: Two suit-cases full of data on the evolution of the cladocera from a locked motor-car in front of a church."
Daily Paper.

We shall be careful not to lock our car outside a church. We don't want a cladocera to evolve from it.

"NANKING, Feb. 10.—Speaking at the Central Party Headquarters yesterday, Dr. C. T. Wang, Minister of the old diplomacy of deceit and Foreign Affairs, animadverted upon intrigue. . . ."—*Shanghai Paper.*

Judged by his portfolio he should have much to say on this subject.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE VENETIAN" (LITTLE).

WE are not of course concerned with the controversy as to whether, as history used to relate, FRANCESCO DE' MEDICI was a worthless, and BIANCA CAPPELLO (his mistress and, after, his duchess) an infamous character, or, as Mr. CLIFFORD BAX maintains, both were worthy temperamental folk—the Duke a great and faithful lover and merciful prince, BIANCA a high-souled clever modernist young woman, ambitious certainly, but honourable, compassionate and essentially faithful. Let us accept without curious inquiry Mr. BAX'S lively version.

It would seem that *Piero Buonaventuri*, an obscure but personable bank-clerk masquerading as a nobleman (though his "Bianker! Bianker!" should have given him away), has seduced the young *Bianca Cappello*, daughter of a proud patrician house of Venice. The young lovers elope to Florence; are secretly married; are discovered; and the impetuous young *Vettore*, *Bianca's* brother, is sent to ask *Duke Francesco* to have the upstart *Piero* forthwith executed, thereby removing the stain on the delicate *Cappello* honour; not to ask indeed, but to demand, presenting a peremptory covering letter from the Venetian Senate. *Francesco* will brook no orders from Venice; listens to the passionate pleading of *Bianca* for her awkward and terrified husband, for the rights of youth and of first love; and, comparing this vital young woman with his stiff exigent Duchess, *Giovanna*, finds a neat little plan forming in his head. The handsome boor, *Piero*, shall be found a place at Court. *Bianca* shall conquer the depressed *Duke's* perpetual sense of the futility of life and his ever-present horrified expectation of death.

All goes well; for *Francesco* is not the only bored husband in Florence. *Piero* too, a faithless sort, has accepted the current philosophy that a love-affair lasts with luck about three months; Florentine ladies are a friendly breed and don't inquire too narrowly into the antecedents of a handsome young man at Court.

Bianca, her heart wrung by her *Piero's* faithlessness, accepts the *Duke's* impassioned wooing with a disappointing calmness. There's a little too much introspection about her, we think, to make her the ideal mistress; but the *Duke*, though disappointed, shows an unusual patience—is indeed completely in thrall. When the swaggering *Piero* has been duly ambushed by the brothers of a high-born young woman whom he has been in the habit of visiting at unconventional hours, *Bianca*, with a promptness which seems to us a little lacking in finesse, demands to be made Grand Duchess—if anything should ever happen to *Giovanna*. "Certainly," says *Francesco*. "Not if I can help it," murmurs sleek *Cardinal Ferdinando*, whose single passion is the preservation of Medici honour and Medici power.

Three years pass and with them the *Duchess Giovanna*. It is the day of the public crowning of *Bianca*, whose ambition it now is to have her son publicly acknowledged by the *Duke*. "Certainly!" again says the complacent *Francesco*. "You can't be aware that *Antonio* is not your son," counters *Ferdinando*. "But of course I am," says *Francesco*. "*Bianca* is always as straight as a die"—or words to that effect; for Mr. BAX sedulously avoids anything like your Wardour Street idiom. Naturally *Ferdinando* can't have this. *Bianca's* two-year-old shall be abducted by the spendthrift *Vettore* and taken to a certain capable *Catherine* in Paris, who will know what to do about it. *Vettore* however thinks, falsely as it happens, that his bread is likely to be better buttered if he betrays the *Cardinal*. Moreover, what about a spot of poison in the said *Cardinal's* wine? "Excellent," says *Bianca*. Her tame adoring poet, *Malespini*, makes a purely formal protest against this breach of hospitality, but withdraws his objections, realising that this after all is the accepted technique. So too thinks the crafty *Cardinal*, and invites *Bianca* to take the first pull. Whereupon the noble and confiding *Duke* himself drinks from the fatal cup; and *Bianca*, toasting his trust in her, finishes it, having persuaded herself that the sinister *Cardinal* will be more likely to treat the young *Antonio* decently if his mother and putative father are out of the way. This, as it seems to us and as might have been remarked by *Piero* or *Vettore*, is a bit steep.

Of course this is much too flippant an account of the business. Mr. BAX, though he may not have given himself time to complete his portraits and make their actions entirely plausible to us, has drawn rough sketches of interesting people. They say things worth saying, couched often in beautiful language. One understands his anxiety elsewhere to escape the pompous and unlikely idiom that usually damns this sort of thing.



The Cardinal. "THANKS. I NEVER TOUCH POISON."

Francesco de' Medici . . . . . MR. WILFRID WALTER.
Bianca Cappello . . . . . MISS MARGARET RAWLINGS.
Cardinal Ferdinando de' Medici . . MR. ALAISTAIR SIM.

Mr. WILFRID WALTER'S impressionable *Duke* was thoughtfully done. Miss MARGARET RAWLINGS was interesting throughout, though somehow she failed to be moving, perhaps owing to some rather self-conscious mannerisms. She seemed to be watching and enjoying her part rather than carried away by it. In the final scene, however, she did convey a real sense of tragedy.

The setting, intelligently designed by Mr. PETER BAX, suggested an appropriate magnificence without resort to obtrusive or expensive flummery. An interesting affair altogether. T.

"MONEY! MONEY!!" (ROYALTY).

The translator, Miss DE VIC BEAMISH, and the reviser and adapter, Mr. CAMPBELL DIXON, translate Signor LUIGI CHIARELLI'S *Fuochi d'Artificio* "Money! Money!!" no doubt as being more suitable to our present doleful pre-occupations with that elusive commodity.

The bankrupt *Gerard, Count de Jersay* (Mr. HUGH WAKEFIELD), after an ineffective attempt to restore his broken fortunes in New York, has returned to Rome with an eccentric compatriot who has attached himself to the unhappy nobleman in the capacity of confidential agent. This bizarre philo-

sopher, *Scaramanzia* (Mr. LEON M. LION), holds the view that money is an illusion and the product of illusion, and that if, instead of admitting failure, the bankrupt sets himself to behave as if he had come back from America with a large fortune rumour will be busy with him, he will be courted instead of shunned, and the financial men, a witless sort, will press upon him all the money he needs. Rumour, sedulously circulated by *Scaramanzia* in the proper quarters, can also alter the purely arbitrary values of stocks and shares, and rich pickings can be gathered from the resulting confusion and panic. We seem to have seen something of the kind happening in real life, but do not suppose it is in detail, though it may be for all we know in essence, as simple as *Scaramanzia* supposes and Signor CHIARELLI chooses to suppose.

Success crowns the efforts of the adroit agent, creeping mysteriously about with an impressive portfolio containing old newspapers carefully tucked under his arm. The *Count's* rumoured fortune rises from three to six and seven and eleven million *lire*. *Scaramanzia* does not trouble to invent these particular rumours; he merely creates the atmosphere in which they are spontaneously generated and contents himself with not denying them.

So that while *de Jersay* is quietly preparing to shoot himself the financiers of Rome are tumbling over one another trying to borrow money (which helps immensely) and imploring him to buy ships for twenty-five million *lire* which can be sold at once to a hustling American for thirty-two million *lire*. In the result our impecunious *Count*, having been saved from suicide by a former mistress—a rescue prepared for by the perceptive *Scaramanzia*, who thinks of everything—cleans up a cool seven million.

This lady (Miss JEANNE DE CASALIS), who has threatened to be tiresome, behaves with the most unlikely generosity and hands him over with her tearful blessing to the young thing with whom he has been in love for years, and all is well, except for the real hero and heroine, *Scaramanzia* and the generous mistress, who are left sitting forlorn—the one without a penny or a word of gratitude for his adroit contrivances, the other fobbed off with an arthritic old imbecile, the *Prince de Broni* (Mr. BREMBER WILLS)—while *de Jersay* joins his deplorably loud and half-witted friends.

For myself I do not quite see our resourceful friend *Scaramanzia* setting out on his travels again without a handsome commission. Heaven knows he has earned it!

There is real wit and true satire in this extravaganza, and it is surprising that with the detail so good the whole does not appear more plausible. It is a question, no doubt, of balance. The character and contrivances of *Scaramanzia* overload the play, and this over-



THE LEON M. LION COMIQUE.

loading is aggravated by Mr. LEON M. LION—the appeal to whom of this "fat" and engaging part can easily be understood. He plays it, I venture to suggest, much too slowly—not at all suggesting *Fuochi d'Artificio*—and with an exag-



Dessa d'Elsinq (Miss JEANNE DE CASALIS) to Gerard, Count de Jersay (Mr. HUGH WAKEFIELD). "DON'T SHOOT YOURSELF; IT'S COWARDLY. SHOW A LITTLE BACKBONE, AS I DO."

gerated gusto which tends to become a little tedious. It is in itself, of course, a clever and well-sustained performance. But it leaves too little for the others to do. Mr. WAKEFIELD in particular has little chance for the exercise of his particular gifts, and is too good an artist to allow his *Count*, under self-imposed sentence of death for two Acts, to appear other than gloomy and preoccupied. The minor parts are not impressively played. This is not the first play in which a clever author has allowed a good central idea to run away with him, or the first time a clever character-actor has prevented our seeing the wood for the Tree. T.

MY FIGHT AGAINST TOBACCO.

I BEGAN with chewing-gum. I had been given to understand that chewing-gum had relieved many wretched tobacco-slaves of their fetters. It did not relieve me of mine. Apparently I did not possess the chewing-gum complex in sufficient strength to react according to schedule. The more I chewed chewing-gum to overcome the desire for tobacco the less I desired chewing-gum and the more frantically I desired any brand of tobacco that would obliterate the depressing influence of chewing-gum. The mere sight of a cow or any other ruminant was enough to make me fill my pipe.

I leave you to imagine the joy with which I learned of a herbal preparation which would permit me to continue the outward appearance and physical effort of smoking without suffering its degrading and deleterious effects. Unhappily, no sooner had I inhaled a few whiffs than I realised I could not conscientiously carry on.

It was not that I doubted my ability, given time, to prefer the innocuous mixture to the finest Habana ever rolled; I simply could not countenance the deceit of appearing to share the guilt of the tobacco-smoker while all the time I was as innocent as a new-born babe. Added to which there was always the danger that I might inadvertently offer my herbal tobacco to a man whom in the interests of my family I could ill afford to offend.

Eventually I came to the conclusion that no old-world cure could be expected to grapple successfully with a mentality so complex as mine. I decided to tackle myself psychologically, and I was pleasantly surprised to find how easy it was.

Having charged my sub-consciousness, or whatever it is, with will-power and psycho-hypnotism and all that, I seated myself in an armchair and quite simply and with earnest conviction told myself over and over again that I had no desire to smoke.

All seemed to be going well when, to my amazement and bitter chagrin, I discovered that I possessed a dual personality. As fast as I told myself that I had no desire to smoke, another and apparently much more forceful self per-

sisted in interrupting like a man at a political meeting and calling me a liar. Under such conditions any progress towards reform was out of the question, and I was forced to put an end to the unseemly brawl by lighting a large cigar.

Nevertheless it was by brooding over and developing the modern science theory to a point far beyond the reach of the average intelligence that I eventually won through to victory. From this daring venture into psycho-analytical metaphysics I returned with the grim tobacco tyrant whacked to the wide.

The simple and yet stupendous explanation is that I have abolished from my consciousness the popular degraded conception of smoking. That is to say, I succeeded, after only a slight struggle with my baser self, in auto-suggesting my psycho-intelligence (as I like to call it) into realising that smoking as smoking simply does not exist.

Thus, while to those around me I still appear to be puffing at a pipe or cigarette, I am in reality conscious only of something on an altogether higher plane which bears no relation to my old self-indulgent habit of smoking. Few, if any, of the psycho-analytical experts appear to have pushed their way so far as this; so naturally I cannot say what they would call it. I have decided to describe it as a Flowing Forth. That which you in your lower sphere of consciousness would doubtless conceive to be tobacco I call Fount or Well-Spring.

These, you will admit, are lovely terms, and I need scarcely tell you how much better I feel since I gave up the coarse habit of "smoking" in favour of this abstract spiritual indulgence. It just shows what you can do with a little science if you give your mind to it. D. C.

A Startling Revival.

"NORMA SHEARER IN SARAH BERNHARDT'S ROLE.
THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY."
Cinema Poster.

More Journalistic Candour.

"Sometimes we have reprinted a complete issue, but it is not often possible to do this, with the consequence that many would-be readers are not able to obtain copies and suffer disappointment."—*Magazine.*

The Qualification of a Statesman.

"According to a contemporary, when Lord —— —— attains his majority in a few months' time, he intends to adopt a political career. His lordship is said to be an excellent dancer."—*Cambridge Paper.*

"In German schools they have sing-sings every week."—*Daily Paper.*

Our sympathy is with Chicago in its eclipse.

THE GRIN THAT WOULDN'T COME OFF.

"A SHOT rang out and a nickel bullet tore the soul of Abraham Isaacs from his body. A glistening snake of blood coiled gutterwards across the pave——"

I paused in my dictation and glanced towards my stenographer. Her pencil was idle and she was gaping at me with an air of incredulous horror.

"Did you get that opening sentence, Miss Meakin?" I inquired.

"I—I'm afraid I didn't. It sounded so unusual."

"It's intended to be unusual," I replied.

"But it's rather gruesome," protested Miss Meakin, nervously adjusting her spectacles.

"It's intended to be gruesome."

"But," she insisted, "it's not funny."

"It's not inten——" I began; then I stifled a sigh and decided to explain. It is not, of course, any part of Miss Meakin's duty to criticise the pearls of thought which drop from my lips, but she is an excellent secretary with a refreshing and unshakable belief that my outpourings are really witty. I might go a long way before I found such another.

"I'm tired of writing humour, Miss Meakin," I said. "The strain of being funny is spoiling my temper. I need a wider scope. What, after all, is humour?"

"There's a man at the Colladium," she answered unexpectedly—for I had myself intended to reply to my own question—"who is most awfully amusing. He has a very small dog and a very large sausage. When we saw him we simply screamed."

If my determination had been wavering, this announcement would have set it rock-firm. Did this woman, I wondered, class the shining gems of my erudite wit with the large sausages and small dogs of red-nosed vaudeville?

"I am going to write a thriller," I announced definitely. "A thriller with plenty of blood in it. There is money in blood. Corpses will strew the story like grass-blades on a newly-mown lawn, and the public, like vultures, will pounce eagerly from body to body. I shall call it 'Gore.' I wonder what the editor will say to that?"

"He'll say it's a rotten title," said Miss Meakin gloomily.

I gasped. Could this outspoken critic be my paragon of a secretary?

"Really, Miss Meakin," I began, "I don't——"

"I was only telling you," she explained blushingly, "what I think the editor may say about 'Gore.' You know how difficult editors are about titles."

"They won't be difficult about this one," I assured her; "they will realise that the story is a masterpiece."

Miss Meakin took off her spectacles and polished them nervously.

"You know, Mr. Cuddlepin," she said hesitatingly, "it's no business of mine, of course, but I *do* feel you're making a mistake. You are known as a humourist. If people buy your story expecting to be amused and they find these bloodstains and bodies all over the place they won't be pleased."

"Miss Meakin," I replied coldly, "there appears to be some sort of superstition which expects a man, once he has written humour, to go on writing humour for ever. I intend to break down that superstition."

"Very well, Mr. Cuddlepin."

"So please let us begin," I said. "Clear your mind of any hint of laughter, for this is going to be deadly serious. Are you ready? Right. 'A shot rang out, and a nickel bullet.' . . ."

* * * * *

"Mr. Cuddlepin," announced Miss Meakin a few weeks later, "I'm afraid that at times you must find me almost *simple.*"

"Not at all. Indeed I think you're——" I paused. Half-past nine in the morning is not the easiest time of day for bouquet-flinging — "very satisfactory in every way."

"I was thinking of your story, 'Gore,'" she explained. "Until I read the editor's comment at the top of the first page I didn't understand the idea at all."

"Editor's comment?" I repeated.

"Yes. Haven't you seen it? The first instalment appeared to-day." Here she produced a magazine. "Three large illustrations by 'Wow,'" she added with a touch of maternal pride.

I frowned as I took the magazine from her hand. "Wow," with his light, almost facetious style, was, I felt, scarcely a suitable artist to illustrate so sombre a theme. In silence I perused the editorial comment to which Miss Meakin had referred:—

"*We have published many witty stories from Mr. Cuddlepin's pen,*" I read, "*but never has he given us anything better than the following delightfully humorous satire on the modern crime-story.*"

I looked up from the page and gazed into the bleakness of the future. Was I destined to continue writing humour for ever? With all my heart I hope not.

[*We share your hope.*—ED.]

More Commercial Candour.

"This Hair-Restorer will quickly add ten years to your appearance."
Notice in Hairdresser's Shop.



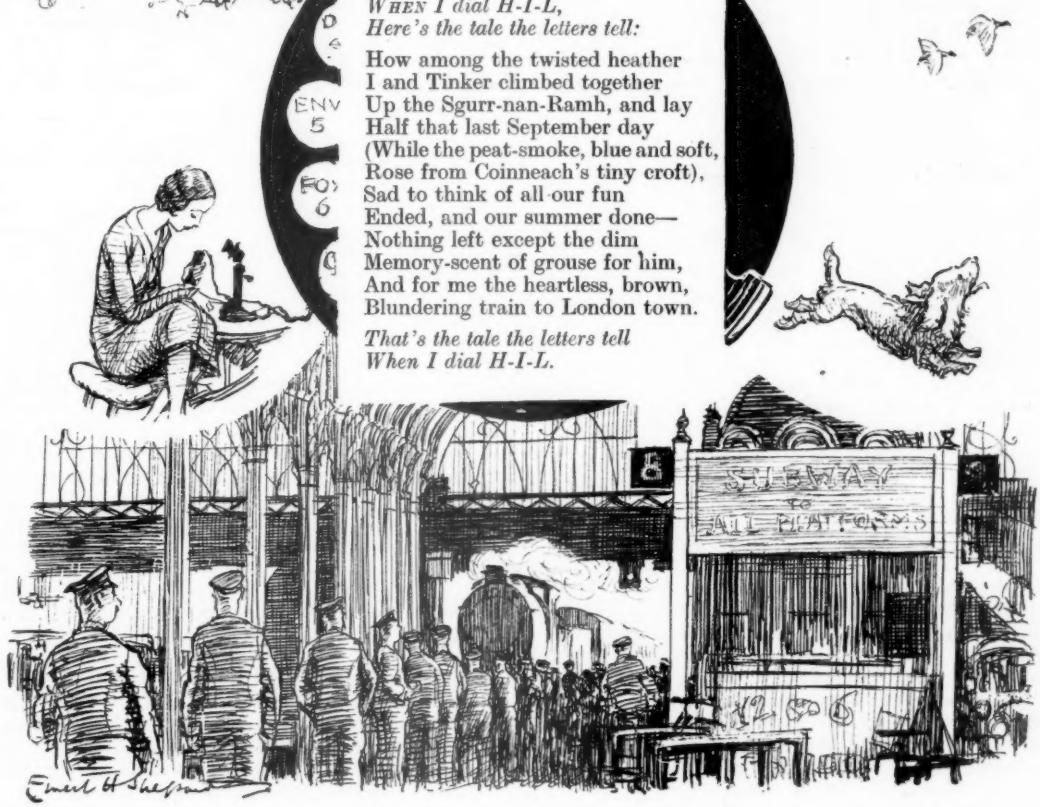
DIALLING TONES.

HILLside.

WHEN I dial H-I-L,
Here's the tale the letters tell:

How among the twisted heather
I and Tinker climbed together
Up the Sgurr-nan-Ramh, and lay
Half that last September day
(While the peat-smoke, blue and soft,
Rose from Coinneach's tiny croft),
Sad to think of all our fun
Ended, and our summer done—
Nothing left except the dim
Memory-scent of grouse for him,
And for me the heartless, brown,
Blundering train to London town.

That's the tale the letters tell
When I dial H-I-L.





Hairdresser (to undecided client). "IF ONE MAY SUGGEST, MADAM—SHINGLE, NO; BINGLE, NO; BUT DANGLE, YES."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE is a pleasant provinciality about Oxford which is never admitted except in retrospect; but so far as setting goes this provinciality is the salt of Mrs. W. L. COURTNEY'S delightful book, *An Oxford Portrait Gallery* (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 12/6). Of national, even imperial, significance in the issue, her figures in so far as they belong to the Oxford of the 'eighties and 'nineties are coterie figures. And not the least intriguing thing about them is the spectacle of their subsequent adaptation or resistance to the demands of the outside world. Take the case of DAVID GEORGE HOGARTH. Contemporary at Magdalen of his sister (the writer) at Lady Margaret, HOGARTH, after taking a First in Greats, seemed oddly unassimilable by the system that had produced him. In '86, however, the Craven Fellowships were founded, and as first Craven Fellow he was well on his way to the life's work of Near Eastern research so intimately depicted here. Here too GERTRUDE BELL receives additional illumination from the companion of her college days; and her stepmother, FLORENCE—though not, strictly speaking, of the Oxonian circle—is portrayed, and with justice, even more winningly than her stepdaughter. I find Mrs. COURTNEY'S presentation of HUGH CHISHOLM of *The Times* a conscientious study of a rather unseizable subject; and her "Ralph Thicknesse" a really eloquent portrayal of a whole family of "characters." Her book has an air of its own, and in its most memorable passages the air is fragrance.

Contemplated in peace-time, spying cannot but seem a pretty sorry business; shorn of the glamour which not undeservedly surrounds it in war, it seems to resolve itself into a rather pitiful affair of petty corruptions and mean little sins against the ordinary decencies of life. It is due to GUSTAV STEINHAUER, who tells his story in *Steinhauer. the Kaiser's Master Spy* (BODLEY HEAD, 18/-), to say that he makes no apologies for his profession and no attempt to gloss over its more sordid aspects. His book, which is sufficiently well-written for its purpose, is of interest for two reasons: he was responsible for German espionage in England before the War, and he also acted frequently as the personal bodyguard of the KAISER. Though there were many agents willing to re-address letters and hold their tongues, at the beginning of the War it was actually the case that the only German spy in England was KARL LODY. Such espionage as went on concentrated on the ports; naval gossip above all was what the Intelligence men in the Wilhelmstrasse demanded. But from beginning to end STEINHAUER was hampered by the positively myopic meanness of his War Office, who refused to give his emissaries any adequate rewards. While he sums up the KAISER as vain, unreasonable and fanatically interested in the science of war, he insists that his heritage of birth and environment left him little chance of being anything else. The memoirs are edited by Mr. S. T. FELSTEAD.

Mr. HORACE H. C. BUCKLEY is a schoolmaster—in fact, I believe, the headmaster of a private school—and he served through the War as an officer, first in the K.O.S.B. and afterwards in the Coldstream Guards. It has occurred to him (as no doubt it has to others) that some corrective may now be needed to the spate of books by participants in the War which emphasise filth and horrors; and perhaps he feels that the younger generation are growing up with a wrong idea of what the years 1914—18 meant to most of

us. Accordingly he has written a pleasantly simple account of his own experiences, called *Great Event* (FIGUREHEAD, 7/6), which strikes me as being admirably suited to its purpose. It has at times, I admit, a touch of that heavy playfulness of manner which is the besetting sin of the author's profession, especially in the opening chapters; but this wears off as the book goes on. Those who prefer, let us say, *The First Hundred Thousand* and its kind to books of the *All Quiet* pattern will be glad to know of something on the War suitable for youth. Those, on the other hand, who think that war cannot be made too disgusting will probably demand the withdrawal of *Great Event* from the libraries.

Eve Dawlish, as a baby, dwelling
In affluence, from county state
Is kidnapped and by vile compelling
Must sell cocaine and chocolate
As *Miriam Levi*, till at Ascot
A racing bachelor
Adopts her as his little mascot
And takes her home therefor.

Rick Denton is the lucky fellow
Who rescues *Eve* from dubious chocs;
They train and race till leaves turn yellow
And then they ride and find a fox;
Eve finds her Dad too, do not doubt it;
Art to art's need responds;
Eve also finds while she's about it
Some long-lost diamonds.

Rick wins the Derby and, to tally
With every story-teller's job,
Weds *Eve*, who, inartistically,
I think, prefers another—*Bob*;
And, *à propos* of bobs, at seven-
And-six this yarn is done—
It's *Denton's Derby* and a leaven
Of sin and spots of sporty heaven;
And, by D. CONYERS spun,
It's sold by HUTCHINSON.

There is a glamour and originality about *Ships in the Bay!* (HEINEMANN, 7/6) that sets this latest of Miss D. K. BROSTER'S romances pretty high up in the *Odtaa* school to which it undoubtedly belongs. I admit that the tale doubles like a hare. I own that, for my own part, I thought its longest bout of retrospective narrative an error. But that was mainly because, while enjoyable in itself, it held up the development of a relation at once propitious and piquant: the love of *Nesta Meredith* of St. David's, the bewitching daughter of the Precentor of an eighteenth-century Welsh *Barchester*, for *Martin Tyrrell*, alias *Thompson*, alias *Towers*, deserter from a Liverpool privateer and not improbably Jacobin and murderer. How the innocent son of a Northamptonshire parson, a graduate of Brasenose and potential bear-leader to young noblemen, turns up on the Welsh coast in this invidious guise you learn from his own lips. His ingenuous disclaimer admits one expedition to the Dublin of pro-French plotters; and another to the little town of Altona, near Hamburg, where Lord EDWARD FITZGERALD and his wife, the lovely PAMELA, entertain (and very gracefully too) the enemies of England. I can only compare the Altona episode to a similar enchanting backwater in *Catriona*; and this, with *Tyrrell's* amusing spell of apprenticeship to a zealous Welsh antiquarian, were for me the tranquil high-water-marks of an indubitably thrilling novel. For excitement I commend you to Miss BROSTER'S account of the French landing near Fishguard in 1797, an authentic attempt, the cause of whose unaccountable failure is here circumstantially conjectured.



A.B. (*to new Deck Hand*). "YOU THE YOUNG FELLER WOT GIVES FARM-YARD IMITATIONS AND THAT?"
Deck Hand. "YES."
A.B. "CAN YOU MAKE A NOISE LIKE DRAWING A CORK OUT OF A BOTTLE?"
Deck Hand. "YES."
A.B. "THEN COME ASHORE WITH ME. I DON'T KNOW THE LINGO 'ERE."

The fourth volume of *The Memoirs of Raymond Poincaré* (HEINEMANN, 21/-) covers the year 1915. The rushing peril and the mortal excitement of the first German onslaught are over, the threat to Paris and the flight to Bordeaux are things of the past, but gone too are the glories of the Marne, the illimitable confidence in one's soldiers and something of the "sacredness" of the Union of Parties. Only the hesitating entrance of Italy to the War tells of hope, while throughout a year of horrible ineffective batterings in the west the hosts of Russia, armed with sticks and stones, are for ever giving ground, and the Serbians, left to bitter isolation and betrayal, are being driven in powdered fragments to the sea. Bulgaria links up with Turkey, impregnable at the Narrows, and, though American citizens drown with the *Lusitania*, no lightning strikes through the tinkle of the trans-Atlantic typewriter. Finally VIVIANI'S Ministry falls, and only JOFFRE, majestically unruffled, seems to support the weight of a nation under a curse. Even of JOFFRE the whisper is abroad that his confidence is offspring of his terrible slowness. In such a year, unable either to obtain information or to control his Ministers, assailed alike for supineness and for unwarrantable interference, with unresolvable alternatives and growing doubts ever hammering in his mind, even the staunchest of Presidents may confess dismay. In retrospect, no year dragged with such utter heaviness for the Allies as 1915. This volume of daily records, most ably translated and adapted by Sir GEORGE ARTHUR, is weighted from page to page with a burden of dreariness beyond endurance.

I do not know when I have read a more fascinating book of reminiscences than these recollections of Sir WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN, published by FABER AND FABER at 21/-, and entitled *Men and Memories*. Why is it that painters write such good memoirs—from the days of BENJAMIN HAYDON downwards? Probably because they have commonly a more happy temperament than those who practise the other arts. They help each other more freely and make friends with a wider set. I agree that young ROTHENSTEIN must have had a special genius for friendship. After the Slade School (he very nearly went to Bushey, his early drawings having been first submitted to HERKOMER) he entered JULIAN'S at Paris, where he got to know CHARLES CONDER, PHIL MAY and a host of others. One day the great WHISTLER walked into his studio, unannounced and unexpected. OSCAR WILDE he met and VERLAINE; but the names are endless. And then came the visit to Oxford, to execute the *Oxford Characters*, who indeed did not take too kindly to their execution. Most of the elderly and eminent gentlemen selected agreed that everyone else was all right, but could not the artist have one more try at their own portrait? Soon he knew everyone at Oxford, just as he had at Paris. And then home to London, where he made friends with a new set, including AUGUSTUS JOHN and STEER and SICKERT. A fortunate life, one would say. And a charming record, in which the best thing, full of good stories as it is, remains the promise held out in the last line—END OF VOLUME I.

Although those of us who are already acquainted with *The Lovely Ship* and *The Voyage Home* will possibly read *A Richer Dust* (HEINEMANN, 8/6) with a more vivid interest than those who have not previously met *Mary Hervey*, it is well to say that this volume, in which Miss STORM JAMESON completes her trilogy, stands very firmly and attractively upon its own legs. The trouble, if indeed it can be called a trouble, is that Miss JAMESON'S picture of that wonderful woman, *Mary Hervey*, is so extraordinarily well and powerfully drawn that it is apt to prevent one from a due appreciation of her other portraits. For my own part I am far from complaining, so entirely fascinated was I by the skill with which Miss JAMESON presents this dominating, intolerant, though always, to my mind, attractive and—*au fond*—sentimental woman. I cannot but think that readers who meet *Mary* for the first time as an old lady will want to step backwards and read the earlier volumes of the trilogy.



First Man from over there. "VICTORY O' SAMOTHRACE! WHA' D' YER KNOW ABOUT THAT?"
Second Ditto. "WELL, I'LL SAY THAT DAME DON'T LOOK LIKE A WINNER TO ME."

A Tribute to Michael Faraday (CONSTABLE, 7/6) has been well and truly paid by Mr. ROLLO APPLEYARD. A hundred years ago FARADAY won eternal fame as a scientist, and Mr. APPLEYARD gives us a very clear conception of him both in the scientific and the social world. With no advantages of birth or of money to help him at the start of his career, FARADAY'S natural abilities and indomitable determination gained the victory over all obstacles. To read this "tribute" is not only to realise FARADAY'S value as a scientist, but also to appreciate how "amidst activities and experiences calling for the utmost watchfulness and with the alternative paths to wealth, to ease and to social distinction enticingly open to him, he held fast to the helm of conduct and steered true to precepts and to conscience." A great and a good man.

"Hounds lead the way across a river near Melton Mowbray at a meet of the Belvoir."—*Caption in Daily Paper.*

They often go in front.

CHARIVARIA.

METEOROLOGISTS keep telling us where the weather is coming from, but even they admit that they don't know what it's coming to.

***

Pessimistic people are now wondering if the recent heavy frosts are really the first throes of summer.

***

Thames boatmen have decided to advertise the beauties of the river. They will, of course, emphasize the fact that bungalow plots can be bought for about a pound a gallon.

***

It is pointed out that M. BRIAND, who has just celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the day when he first took office, has been Foreign Minister sixteen times. It is thought that it would be a graceful tribute to allow him to keep the portfolio as his own property.

***

A peer's son who is working in the kitchen of a London hotel in order to learn every detail of the business is said to have found that considerable skill is required to shell peas in the hotel manner. So much for the belief that it is as easy as shelling peas.

***

It seems that the week-end habit has made it necessary in taking the Census to require people to state their usual place of residence. That means, of course, the Tuesday-to-Friday address.

***

An old lady of our acquaintance wants to know why, if the days of bribery and corruption are past, there is so much talk just now about buy-elections.

***

One hears many complaints about bad trade, but the man with the telescope at Westminster Bridge tells us that business is looking up.

***

A lecturer has suggested that the mysterious "Abominable Snow Men" of Tibet may be apes or bears or even outlaws. No evidence has been found to support the theory that they are Winter Sports' enthusiasts.

We hear of a lady who visited the Observatory at Greenwich the other day and was much astonished to learn that the ASTRONOMER-ROYAL found it necessary to regulate his clocks by observing the stars when it was easy to get the time signal on the wireless.

***

We are asked to say that in *The Daily Mail* "Spot the Stars" Competition all competitors start from scratch, though many people feel that Sir JAMES JEANS ought to give the others a few yards.

***

An art critic writes that savages create similar works of art to those of EPSTEIN and worship them. Our missionaries are doing all that is possible.

***

As the result of experiments in the diet of dogs it is concluded that Vitamins A and D are essential to healthy teeth. It is not stated, however, whether there is an abundance of these vitamins in postmen.

Mr. EDGAR WALLACE, we learn, smokes eighty cigarettes a day without being in any way the worse. We understand too that he has suffered no ill-effects from excessive novel-writing.

***

An American film-star has left her husband three weeks after their marriage. But what caused the delay?

***

Mr. T. A. EDISON says his secret for health and happiness is hard work and plenty of it. Some men, however, are too fair-minded to take advantage of another man's secret.

***

A man was arrested the other evening while trying to fight his own reflection in a shop-window, and got off with a fine of five shillings. On seeing him the magistrate evidently considered that the assault was justified.

***

The writers of the song, "The King's Horses," have been telling the readers of *The Evening News* why they wrote it. It is very unusual for a song-writer to know why.

***

Describing a motor tour in Ireland a novelist mentions that one night lightning was flashing past him for hours. Very few real motorists would allow lightning to get in front like that.

***

When a man wants his wife to take off his boots, says a medical authority, it means that his circulation is sluggish. Wives should be satisfied with this charitable explanation.

***

A question which is warmly debated in cricket circles is whether the South African schoolboy who has taken nine wickets in nine balls is entitled to three hats.

***

"Rhubarb may now be forced," says a gardening note. Nice people never do that. They always ask it to go quietly.

***

"Eggs are down," we read. This is good news. We never cared for those high ones.

***

It is estimated that, if all the pedestrians in the world were placed end to end, this would get it over quickly.



First Bright Young Thing (at christening party). "MY HAT! SUPPOSE PHŒBE GIVES ME THE BABY TO NURSE; I'M SURE I SHAN'T KNOW HOW TO HOLD IT."

Second Ditto. "DON'T BE AN ASS; IT'S JUST THE SAME GRIP AS FOR A COCKTAIL-SHAKER."

THE SPECIAL EDITION ELECTION.

THE Pimlico by-election of 1940 raised public enthusiasm to a high level which was new to English politics, for it was realised that it stood as a signpost indicating a fresh phase in democratic government. In the first place none of the three old parties put a candidate in the field. For in a fine spirit of magnanimity Lord BEAVERBROOK and Lord ROTHERMERE had agreed for national reasons to diverge and so between them to provide a Government and an Opposition. Behind Lord BEAVERBROOK stood the idealistic phalanx of the United Inspire Party, and sometimes at the back and sometimes at the front of Lord ROTHERMERE were the massed forces of the United Expire Party, so called in a bitterly ironic reference to the current trend in the affairs of the country.

In the second place the election was of importance as marking for the first time the complete substitution of the party newspaper for the old vote-catching machine. Canvassing ceased, there were no meetings, and the personalities of the candidates were only known to the electors through the uniformly flattering photographs which half-filled their party's papers. From the little that trickled through from other sources about these obscure men, this impersonal procedure was generally considered to be in their favour.

Thirdly a development which had begun as early as 1931 became for the first time of prime significance, and that was the accession to both parties of well-known people who possessed a high publicity value, but with whom there had not been previously associated any serious political urge.

The constant recruitment of these persons necessitated edition after edition of the party papers, and very soon it came to be spoken of as the Special Edition Election.

On the eve of the poll the situation was extremely dramatic, and as Fleet Street rocked to the thundering of the rival presses the excitement of the public grew intense. For on the vital score of Big Supporters both parties stood all-square. Each of them had gathered four plums of the first order.

To the United Inspire Party the following testified unswerving approval:

(1) Miss Ophelia Higginbotham, the Lancashire mill lass, who had fought her way to be Lady Squash Rackets Champion of the World. The uncanny twist which she imparted to her services was regarded as such a national asset that her allegiance to the party was clearly a political event of the greatest magnitude.

(2) Sir Albert Busby, who had recently been knighted for his lone roller-skating adventure to Tibet.

(3) Lord Musquash, the bassinette King, and

(4) Mr. George Punk, whose *Intimations of Immorality* had easily established him as the best-seller in the European zone.

On the other hand, for the United Expire Party the following stood firm:

(1) Miss Jane Balham, who had been chosen the 1940 Cosmetic Queen of the Southern Hemisphere.

(2) Sir Edward Pimple, who owed his well-deserved baronetcy to bringing back to this country the Shove-Dinero Championship of Peru.

(3) Lady Garcia Grime, the night-club Queen, and

(4) Mr. John Bottle, the young London barrister who had made history and startled Christendom by sitting out Lent on the Dome of St. Paul's.

The parties were level in the final lap. Was the election to be morally a draw? Or would some Olympian throw in his weight at the last moment, and if so, who?

Late in the evening a special edition of the United Inspire paper decided the matter. It informed a fevered public that no less a man than the Earl of Dashboard had announced his conviction that a policy of Inspiration was the country's only hope. After that the issue of the election was beyond all doubt, and the public went home; for had not Mr. James Tappet, as the Earl had then been, gone out and in his fast all-British, all-metal, all-oily motor-car, the Purple Whizz-Bang, passed not only the records set up by Sir MALCOLM CAMPBELL, but also the coveted thousand miles an hour?

It was asked at the time in what way the ability to control high-speed machinery fitted a man for the expression of political views, but coming at such a juncture the inquiry was very properly disregarded. ERIC.

ANOTHER PERSIAN EXHIBITION.

THOUGH, Rumti Cat, your Persian eye,
Amber as treacle in a pasty,
Has seen eight winters pass you by,
While you no doubt were wondering why
They were not cold and keen and dry
But very wet and nasty,
Lightly on you the hurrying seasons tread;
Blue still is your august Iranian head.

Yet Time, as one might well expect
Who knows how brief your ninefold days are,
Has had a sobering effect;
The close observer may detect,
If the wild Past he recollect,
The fact that now your ways are
Those of the fifth scene, that of middle age,
Antepenultimate on *Jaques'* stage.

The kind Penates and the Lars
Seem to you now much more attractive;
Night with her silences and stars
Wakes you less often to the jars
That won those honourable scars
When you were young and active;
Nor are occasions frequent when I see
You occupy your once-loved apple-tree.

Bent like your land's ancestral bow
You still can foil the furious rushes
Of the insensate canine foe,
But you are getting rather slow;
And hard employment, as you know,
Has worn away your tushes,
So that you find a little bit absurd
Your earlier passion for an uncooked bird.

You like a comfortable chair—
My chair, in fact, if you can get it;
You like the Spring, the garden where
Is exercise and sun and air;
You feel that life is passing fair;
It passes and you let it.
I hope my middle age is half as wise,
Blue Rumti with the amber Persian eyes.

VERGES.

Mr. Punch on Tour.

THE Collection of Original Drawings by JOHN LEECH, CHARLES KEENE, Sir JOHN TENNIEL and GEORGE DU MAURIER, and of reproductions of Famous Cartoons, Forecasts and other exhibits from *Punch*, which has recently been on view at the *Punch* Offices, is being made accessible to our readers in the Provinces. It will be shown at the following places: at Wolverhampton from March 28 to May 9; at Blackpool from May 23 to July 4; at York, July 18 to August 29; at Burton, September 12 to October 24; and at Manchester, November 7 to January 9, 1932.

Invitations to visit the Exhibition at any of the above places will be gladly sent to readers if they will apply to the Secretary, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.4.

"FREE SAMPLE.

If you would like a free sample of the bread that the Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce always had with her, send coupon to-day."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

By now it ought to be nearly stale enough for crazy pavement.



THE EXPERT CHARMER.

MR. MACDONALD. "WHAT DO I DO NOW?"

MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "YOU MAKE CLICKING NOISES AND STROKE HIM GENTLY WITH THE FOREFINGER. THAT'S HOW I CHARM MY SNAKES."

[The above instructions appear in a report by the Political Correspondent of a daily paper, who states that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has received a lesson in the art of snake-charming. The demonstration, we are told, was given in his room at the House of Commons.]



Hostess. "DEAR LORD NORMANTOWER, MISS HIGGINS IS *DYING* TO MEET YOU. *MILLIONS*, YOU KNOW."
Lord Normantower. "BLAST! *SURELY* SHE KNOWS I'M A BOLSHEVIK."

WILLIAM.

HE is described on the back of the frame as "Hippopotamus with Lotus Flowers, Buds and Leaves, XII. Dynasty (about 1950 B.C.), Series VII., Number 1, Egyptian Faïence"; but to us he is simply William. He stands in the place of honour on an old oak chest in our drawing-room and excites the admiration and envy of all who come to call.

The original William is to be seen in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, but, though ours is only a colour-print, he radiates benevolence with all the warmth of a living creature, so that we have come to love and revere him with an intensity bordering on the pagan. In colour he is a delicate blend of greens, blues and yellows, and I suppose the College of Heralds would describe his attitude as *passant regardant*, but he has the air of one waiting patiently for the Day of Judgment, and he stands four-square upon his stumpy legs, gazing into the mysteries of life and death with an expression of unshakable placidity. If ever animal was in tune with the infinite, William is. His shape is irregular and dumpy, his flanks are decorated with the outline of the lotus flowers, buds and leaves, the pottery has chipped off his near fore-foot, giving the impression, at all events in the colour-print, of a grey woollen sock bursting through a boot, and Margery and I can never decide which is the most adorable end of him; but it is impossible to look at him for long without a feeling of awe and a realisation of the vastness of eternity.

I should like Professor EINSTEIN to meet William, for William's curves would either confound or confirm his philosophy. It may be that eminent savants have investigated William before now and, taking him as their text, have delivered dusty lectures on the art of the ancient Egyptians, but they can never have come near the naked truth about William himself, his meaning or his message; for William is inscrutable, incomprehensible, and yet with it all the friendliest thing in the world.

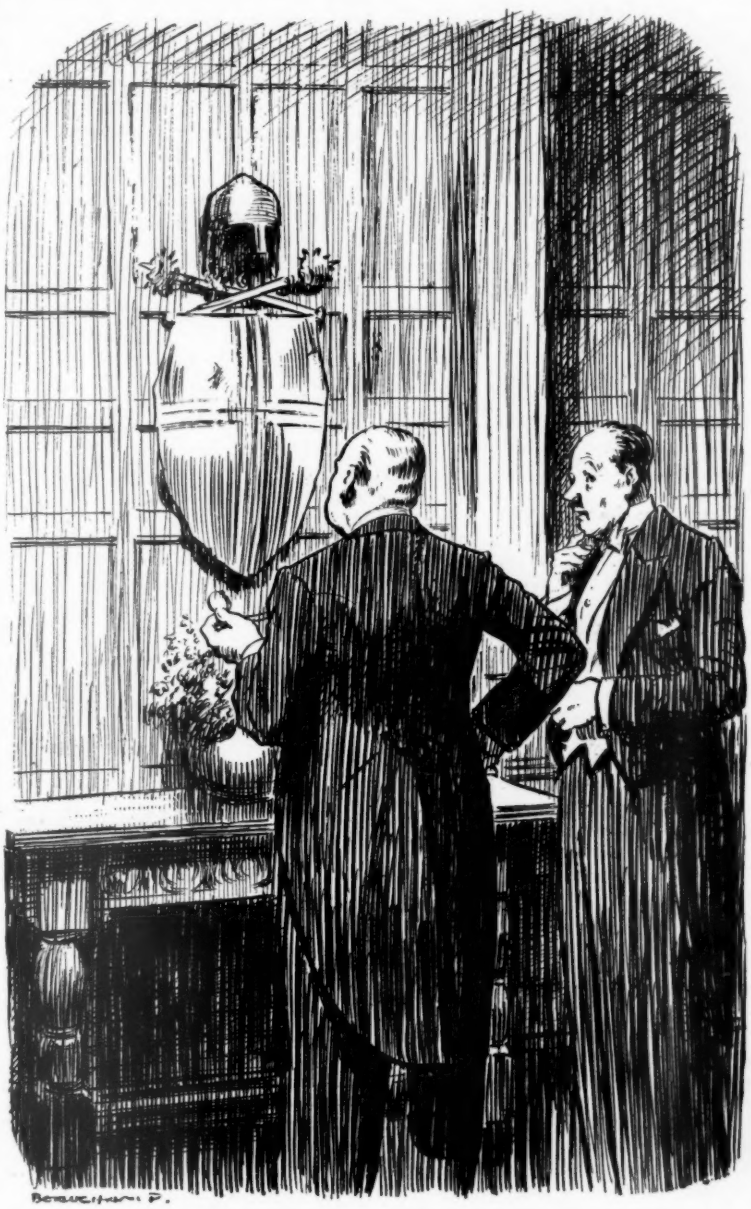
He is, of course, our oracle, and neither Margery nor I would dream of taking any important step without first consulting him. At least, not now. There have been distressing occasions when we have disregarded his advice, but there will be no more of these. We have learned our lesson. There was the unfortunate affair of our last summer holiday, for instance, when our choice lay between a small cottage in the heart of Wiltshire and a second-rate hotel at a popular seaside resort. Margery and I discussed the problem in William's presence one morning and, thinking that the sea air would be good for the children, decided on the hotel. We had just reached this momentous decision when I happened to glance at William, where he stood immobile and mysterious in his narrow black frame, and his stern forbidding aspect gave

me a shock. He had not moved, of course—he will never do that on this side of Doomsday—but there was something in the heavy droop of his left eyelid, in the curl of his great lip, and above all in the rounded bulk of his posterior, that convinced us both of his disagreement with our resolve. "Poor fools," he seemed to be thinking, "what are the tawdry delights of a cheap seaside hotel compared with the deep peace of the English countryside?"

We went to the sea. Margery was quite worried about it, and on the morning of our departure Peter, my eldest boy, aggravated her anxiety. "Mummy," he said, coming into the dining-room with a wooden spade in his hand, "why does William look so grumpy to-day? I don't think he wants us to go." But I would not change our plans at the last moment because of the fancied disapproval of an Egyptian hippopotamus, and we went. It rained unceasingly throughout our holiday, and the children, imprisoned by the weather in a dingy and overcrowded hotel, became fractious and difficult to control. Margery lost three pounds seventeen and sixpence playing bridge with perfect strangers; Peter fell against a hot-water radiator and cut his forehead open; the nurse had her watch stolen in a cinematograph theatre, and I contracted mumps. When we got home I expected to find William in a sarcastic mood, declaiming with every curve of his dumpy body, "I told you so." But I was wrong. William is far above that kind of shoddy triumph.

Not long ago I bought, in the teeth of William's manifest disapproval, a club called a driving baffy. It took me repeatedly into the rough, flew out of my hands and stunned a caddie, and lost me five new balls and a medal competition, and not a flicker of emotion did William betray on his large flabby countenance. He had warned me, I had disregarded his warning and I had suffered for my folly. He left it at that. After all, golf doesn't matter much. The original William has been in existence for nearly four thousand years, and he will stand invincible and serene for countless centuries after the names of VARDON, TAYLOR and BOBBY JONES have faded into oblivion.

Margery and I are careful about William now. He has the casting vote in all family disputes, and in his calm dispassionate way orders our goings out and our comings in. We would no more dream of doing anything of which he disapproved than of questioning the authority of a point-duty policeman. Nor do we worry over the problems that vex the minds of amateur psychologists and the writers in the Sunday papers. Modernism, complexes, inhibitions, the fourth dimension—what do such things matter to us? William is sufficient.



Nervous Host (to Conservative M.P.). "THEY BELONGED TO MY ANCESTOR—SIR GYLES. HE WAS A—HE WENT ON THE—— *HE WENT TO PALESTINE.*"

"Also receiving were . . . and Miss Eleanor ——, wearing cloth of golf shot with rose."
Canadian Paper.

So many tweeds look as though they had been shot with an elephant-gun.

An Apology which Impends.

"APPEAL TO THIEVES.
'DAILY MAIL' AID SOUGHT."
Daily Paper.

"Miss Carstairs is Britain's foremost woman speed-boat expert. She delights in speed and drives her boat with nerves of steel."
Sunday Paper.

There is no truth, however, in the rumour that the motive force of Mr. KAYE DON'S boat is twisted elastic.

MY MANIFESTO.

I WISH to appeal to the nation for support for a new party of action (but not too much action) which I intend to create if given an ounce of encouragement. It will be called simply and sufficiently "The Party," a title at once dignified, descriptive and definitive, very much better than Sir OSWALD MOSLEY's footling attempt at nomenclature.

A member of The Party will only need to say, "I am a member of *The* Party," with an accent on the "The," and everyone will know at once where he stands. I am not sure if there shouldn't be an accent on "Party" as well, but that can be considered at the next party meeting, which I propose to hold any day now.

I have issued a manifesto which I have headed simply "My Manifesto." Just that. It will be followed by other manifestos (or should it be manifesti, or manifascesti?) at short intervals. It appeals to all men of good will, and there is no reason at all why members of any of the existing seven (or is it eight?) parties should not join at once. I am publishing my detailed proposals for the right government of this country almost immediately in booklet form, bound in yellow, red, blue or any other colour within reason at the purchaser's choice, to tone with his present political allegiance, if any.

But about the manifesto. It is a sixteen-point manifesto. Candidates must swallow the first two points and any two or three of the remainder, preferably before meals. And I should like to warn the country that, if it is not accepted *in toto*, or at least *mutatis mutandis*, I see no alternative for the nation but damnation; and don't say I didn't tell you. Here it is anyhow.

MY MANIFESTO.

For many years I have regularly warned my fellow-travellers on the 9.15 that this Government was fiddling on the edge of a precipice, and that unless something was done I didn't know what the country was coming to. I said so in 1921, and again in 1924, 1926, 1927 (twice), on March 1st, 1928 (just after I had received my final demand for Schedule A), six times in 1929, each Monday morning in 1930, and every week-day this year until yesterday, when I had the compartment to myself. And now look at things.

The Government is inept. It is without a policy. It shilly-shallies like anything. The other parties are no better either, are they? They have no Constructive Policy and without it the nation drifts like a lost sheep at the mercy of the economic blizzard until now it finds itself sitting heedless on the safety-valve of a volcano that may go off at any minute.

This is not good enough. If we are to be saved from the disruptive forces that wrecked Rome we must take action at once, and that is where The Party comes in.

The policy of The Party is *to do something about it, and do it now.* I and those associated with me believe that in the present crisis Socialism and Individualism, unless combined, are equally futile. What we propose is a plan by which industry will be revived, wages increased, costs reduced, capital safeguarded and dividends doubled. The nation must control and organise industry for the benefit of all while leaving full scope for initiative and private enterprise.

We believe in economy, but it must be the right sort of economy. Cheeseparing economy at the expense of the worker will intensify our difficulties, but the burden of taxation must be reduced and the standard of living maintained.

To this end we propose to set up a whole lot of boards which together will form a fence to keep out sweated foreign goods. Necessary food and raw materials will be allowed to come in through a gap in the fence, and we shall place a tax on imported bananas, stuffed olives and Chinese ginger, out of the proceeds of which we shall subsidise our exports to enable them to compete at world prices. We shall thus combine the advantages of Free Trade, Protection and all other fiscal policies at one stroke. I hope I make myself clear.

Oh, and the Empire. We mustn't forget the Empire. We are quite sound on that.

Our relations with Foreign Powers remain friendly. We shall pursue disarmament in no uncertain manner, and at the same time arrange for security by maintaining the strength and efficiency of our Army and Navy, not to mention the Air Force.

Parliament is effete. We shall take away that babble and invest an emergency Cabinet of five, consisting of Mr. J. L. GARVIN, Lord CASTLEROSSE, Mr. SCRYMGEOUR, Miss AMY JOHNSON and myself, with supreme emergency powers to carry through an emergency programme, subject of course to full democratic control.

But what I say goes.

We appeal to youth and to age, to rich and to poor, to all who want a better England—and so on. We are going to run thousands of Candidates. The annual subscription is 5*s.*, payable in advance, and I am the Treasurer. It entitles the member to a neat enamel badge bearing our slogan, "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of The Party."

All The Party's typists are *ex-officio* honorary members.

There is lots more of it, but perhaps that is enough for the time being. Lords BEAVERBROOK and ROTHERMERE, Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, Sir WILLIAM JOWITT and Mr. DAVID KIRKWOOD are expected to join at any minute. Mr. Albert Haddock writes: "Re-impose the speed limit and all



Wife. "AND YOU MIGHT STOP WEARIN' YOUR CAP ON THE BACK OF YOUR HEAD—LOOKING SO EFFEMINATE!"



Clumsy Man. "ANYHOW, I DON'T THINK I LOOK AS RIDICULOUS DANCING AS THAT LITTLE BLOKE—WHAT?"
Long-suffering Partner. "NO; BUT, ON THE OTHER HAND, HIS PARTNER'S TOES SEEM SAFER THAN MINE."

Hammersmith is with you." Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD still holds aloof. Mr. CHARLES CHAPLIN wires: "If you are against the talkie-shop you have my support. I am sending ten thousand signed custard-pies to distribute at the party." Offers of help are rolling in from all sides. More to follow about my policy next week.

FOR SORE EYES.

A WISE man now forgotten
This wisdom did instil:
"When life looks extra rotten
And all the world goes ill,
When cares and crosses seem to throng
Too thick to be endured,
It means that you have looked too long
On ugliness; your eyes are wrong;
Go out and get them cured."

My lines lie in a city
Beside the Bengal Bay;
You could not call it pretty,
You could not call it gay;
And there are times its mud and mess,
Its vast unsavoury spread
Do so discourage and depress
I could believe all happiness
And all delight are dead.

Then that wise man's injunction
Comes pat and *à propos*;
I quit without compunction,
I gird my loins and go
By road to north or south or west
Or any road at all
Where stricken eyes may take a rest
And I may be the fairies' guest
And beauty may befall.

No Odyssey is needed;
Just through the city's gates
With lavish hands unheeded
Old loveliness awaits;
Airs that enrapture and embalm,
Green paddy like a sea,
The banyan's arched cathedral calm,
The laughing, dancing coco-palm,
The casuarina-tree;

Red rocky hillocks climbing
From yellow babul's blaze;
Old grey pagodas timing
The ceaseless march of days;
A blue jay's flash, an oriole's sheen,
Kind creatures in a fold;
A smoky, shady village green;
Two temple trees, a rose between,
The glint of marigold.

A sea-wind, young, insistent,
Exults; blue heaven spills
Its sunshine; dim and distant
The sheeted ghosts of hills
Call clear across the shimmering space,
"Old friend, do you forget?
We still abide, and in this place
Man looks on beauty's very face
And knows her lovelier yet."

That sage of former seasons,
He said it. Life's duress
Derives from many reasons
But most from ugliness;
So men tormented of the town
With eyes and hearts to mend
May do the powers of darkness down,
May touch the hem of beauty's gown
And find her still a friend. H. B.

Things we Dared not Have Said.

"The Celtic were in deadly form against Morton. The face and strength of —— wore down a gallant defence."—*Indian Paper.*

We know these pulverising dials.

Our Outspoken Tattlers.

"The rarely beautiful Countess —— entered the church as I did."
Gossiper in Daily Paper.

We hope that this was one of her rare days.

"SCOTS XI TO MEET IRELAND.
EFFORT TO ADD PUNCH TO ATTACK."
Scots Paper.

Mr. Punch remains adamant in his refusal.

"'I have never seen the picture,' said Miss Lanchester, who is married to Mr. Charles Laughton, the actor.
'Miss Lanchester is the wife of Mr. Charles Laughton, the actor.'"—*Daily Paper.*

We gather that Mr. CHARLES LAUGHTON, the actor, is the husband of Miss LANCHESTER.

A COMMON GARDEN OPERA.

MR. CYRIL WINN, Inspector of the Board of Education, once stated that "ordinary people have not yet been given a chance in music. We have had a *Beggar's Opera*, and so why should we not have a Dustman's Opera? Possibly there are embryo Wagners or Schuberts in our elementary schools."

One may doubt this, but so long as Sir NIGEL PLAYFAIR functions at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, the suggested *Dustman's Opera* may yet see the light after his modern experiment, *Tantivy Towers*, has finished its run (if ever); and while I cannot lay my hand at the moment upon the musical score, I can at least present him with the libretto, which deals with life and love below-stairs. It will be seen that the cast of modern domestics and dustmen are of that indescribable Playfairian epoch which disarms criticism:—

THE DUSTMAN'S OPERA.

Cast.

Mrs. Mangleton . Miss ELSIE FRENCH.
Sally . . . . . Miss SYLVIA NELIS.
(*Kitchenmaid*)
Polly . . . . . Miss VIOLET
(*Housemaid*) MARQUESITA.
Jan Leathercote . Mr. FREDERICK
(*A Dustman*) RANALOW.
Dustmen, Maids.

The Dances arranged by Miss PENELOPE SPENCER.

SCENE: *The back-garden at Mrs. Mangleton's.*

Ten servants, in hooped gowns, muslin aprons and mob-caps, are hanging out the washing to the air of Lucy Lockit. *Ten coloured dusters, to tone with their dresses, are placed upon the line, which is a silver cord with oxidised tassels, while the clothes-pegs are tied with knots of ribbon to tone with the dusters. There are ten wooden "profile" cabbages* L., *and ten wooden dustbins* R., *expressed in chromatic patterns.* Sally *leans over the wall. As she is only the kitchenmaid her mittens are of emerald, not scarlet, silk.* Mrs. Mangleton, *in purple heels, prune-coloured mittens and a white wig topped with a small wreath, enters, sees* Sally *idling and curtsies angrily.*

SONG (*Mrs. Mangleton*):

This very day you leave me;
No more shall you deceive me,
You slothful wench! Untrothful wench!
The die is cast, believe me;
In gossip and in tattle
No more your tongue shall rattle,
Precocious slut! Atrocious slut!
Go, pack your ev'ry chattel!
[*Exeunt* Maids *and* Mrs. Mangleton.

SONG (*Sally*):
(Spinet, Harpsichord and Viol da Gamba.)

Oh, long and cruel tongue
Of mistress all unjust!
In woe these tears are sprung,
If go indeed I must.
Oh, teasing, teasing Fate
That drives me from this door
To linger at the gate
Which opes for me no more!

I feel the turtle's pain
That from her flight perceives
By hawk her nestlings slain
And strewn among the leaves.

Enter Polly.

Polly. So, Miss, you are cast upon the world like any common jade.

SONG (*Polly*):

When a trollop's rejected
For work she's neglected
(Her nose in the air like a peacock in pride)
The news was expected,
The drab was ejected
By mistress whose orders are always defied. [*Curtseying mockingly.*
In satins she'll flaunt her,
In junketings jaunt her,
Her hands are polluted by dustpan or broom,
And cinders they daunt her
And cooking-pots haunt her;
The part of Fine Madam she hastes to assume.

Sally. Indeed, Miss, you wrong me. Such presumptuous vapouring was alien to my thought——

Polly. —which is to be at ogling of the very dustmen that empty the stinking waste.

Sally. That fleer came poorly from such a source, when 'tis the gossip of the very pantry how on Wednesdays *you* are first in the yard.

Polly. Mopsy!

Sally. Cat!

DUET (*Polly* and *Sally*):

Both. Two cats upon the tiling
The moonlight are beguiling
Sally. With lashing tail
And strident wail
Polly. And jealous nail
And glare so pale,
Sally. With spiteful cláws
Polly. And spitting jaws
Both. The midnight peace defiling.
Then up goes ev'ry casement
And into ev'ry basement
Sally. Pour angry threats
From parapets
Polly. And toilet sets
On these duets,
Sally. And boots and sticks
Polly. And halves of bricks,
Both. All seeking their effacement.
Till round the leads come prowling
Two tom-cats softly growling;
Sally. Their handsome mien
Converts the scene
Polly. From fighting spleen
To calm serene;
Sally. And side by side,
Polly. Puffed up with pride,
Sally. Sit groom and bride,
Both. And ended is their yowling.
Mur—ow! Phffzzz! [*Dance.*

Sally. Was ever an innocent maid so provoked! If Jan were here he would mend my hapless condition.

The servants re-enter and, to the air of Buy a Broom, *wave their feather-dusters. Ten dustmen file in and take up position by their bins. The men wear head-dresses of gilt leather, jerkins laced with gold cord, russet tights and gilt boots. The head-dress of* Jan *is of similar pattern, but in silver leather to match the clothes-line.* Mrs. Mangleton *emerges from the scullery, gives* Jan *twopence and curtsies angrily.*

Mrs. M. Come, Sir, must I be at pains to *pay* you to debauch my women?

Jan (*sniffing at a filigree pomander*). No great debauch at that, Madam, with Sally here in tears.

Mrs. M. Oddso! I would fee you double to remove her with the rest of the rubbish.

Jan. My thanks, Madam. I was come for that very purpose.

SONG (*Jan*):

When a beldam is spiteful, is spiteful
And jealous of beauty so gay,
We will shoulder our load
And proceed up the road
Singing fal-la-la-la-la-la-lay!

For her looks are so frightful, so frightful,
There's going to be Satan to pay,
Now preserve all the young
From the length of her tongue,
Singing fal-la-la-la-la-la-lay!

Her kind husband at thirty, at thirty
Departed this life, so they say,
Crying, "Pest on the scold!
Put me under the mould,
Singing fal-la-la-la-la-la-lay!"

In my dustcart so dirty, so dirty
My Sally I'll spirit away;
At the church on the hill
We shall answer "I will,"
Singing fal-la-la-la-la-la-lay!

(*Quadrille of* Dustmen *and* Servants. Jan *and* Sally *drive off.*)

CURTAIN. RACHEL.



Lady Shopper. "HOW MUCH ARE THOSE PACKETS OF PINS?"
Shopwalker. "A HALFPENNY, MADAM."
Lady Shopper. "WHY, THAT'S THE PRICE THEY ARE WHEN THERE ISN'T A SALE ON."

COUNTRY CLOTHES.

(With polite acknowledgments to the POET LAUREATE.)

Not of the proudly apparelled, not of the profiteers
Riding in costly cars with furs up to their ears—
Rather the tramp am I, in clothes I have worn for years.

Not the topper for me nor the tails of the mode,
Not the bespatted shoes seen in a London road;
Before I would wear such gawds I would see Society blowed!

I am a lover of oddments by rummage upthrown,
Things that are threadbare and shiny, things coming unsewn,
Things in which few people would care to be known.

Any old rag for a covering, any old clout,
Any old shooting-jacket found lying about,
Any old pair of bags with the knees half out.

Others in costly raiment may deck their portly girth,
Finding my hopeless clothing a matter for ribald mirth,
I shall continue wearing the shabbiest things on earth.

Theirs be the spotless trousers arranged with perfect fold,
Mine be the shapeless garments more than a decade old,
So long as they're easy to walk in and keep out the cold.

W. H. O.

IN OUR INN.

THE PRIVATE BAR.

IF the public bar constitutes the real body of the "White Rabbit" Inn, the private bar is entitled to call itself the brain. For it is in the private bar that you will find of an evening the intellectuals of the village: Farmer Garton's son Jim, who went away "to larn eddication" (as the public bar puts it), and now, presumably knowing it all, has come back "to help the Dad"; little Snape of the "shop," who bought the 1902 *Encyclopædia Britannica* when they had the big sale up at the Hall, and has since become positively oracular; Mr. Bliggett, the schoolmaster, an intellectual *ex-officio*, and of course Marefield, the genial tailor, who has broken all tailor-tradition by being big, burly and red of face, to which last attribute he adds, with devastating effect, aggressively checked breeches and a canary-coloured waistcoat. You can judge, therefore, that in the private bar the talk is of brisker quality than the slow-witted utterances of "George" and "Old Walter" across the passage. The jokes are on a higher plane than the oft-repeated quips of "Young 'Arry." And in the private bar the drink is whisky-and-water or bottled ale, instead of pints and pints of bitter or old-and-mild. Yes, without doubt the private bar is the brain of the "White Rabbit."

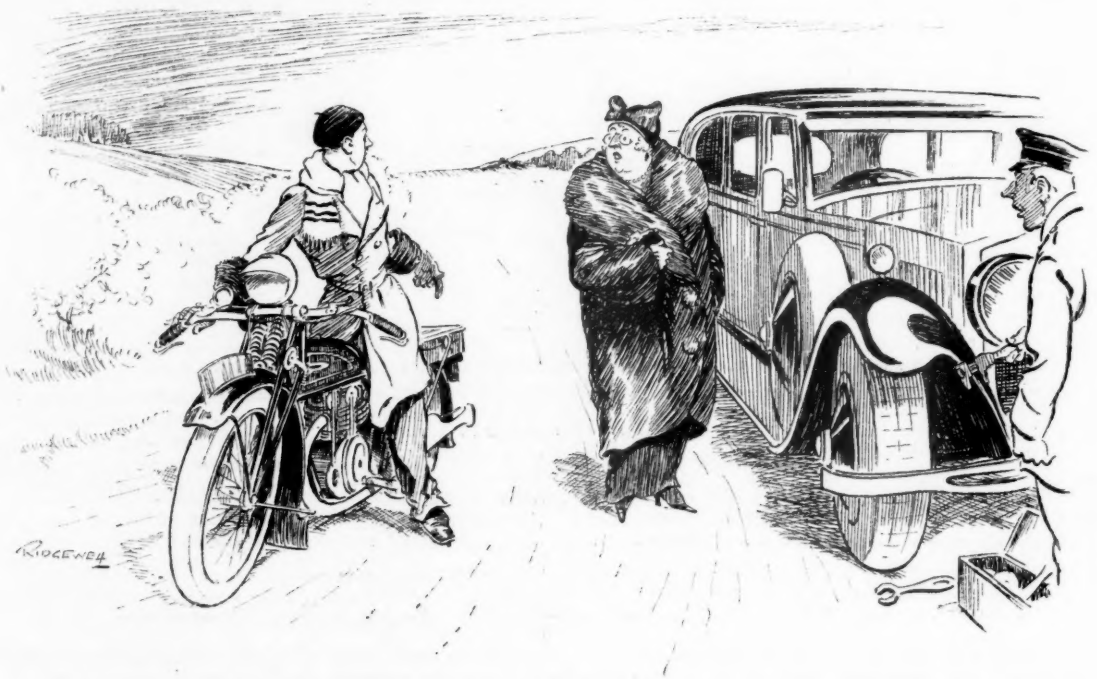
Anyway, it is into the private bar that the more interesting strangers usually come. Ducking under the low black beam, which since 1650 has been the lintel of the "White Rabbit's" main doorway and its best practical joke, they stand hesitant a moment in the passage. Probably they peer first into the public bar, where the cheery atmosphere of warmth and relinquished toil and honest beer either lures them in or sends them hastily across to the more intellectual camaraderie of the private bar. The private bar does not hold many, being but a small room with a serving hatch, two settles, a rickety oak table which landlord Willyum's "grandfeyther 'ad from *'is* grandfeyther," and half-a-dozen semi-humorous, semi-sporting prints with such titles as "Snookered" or "The Stymie."

The newcomer is greeted with the respectful cordiality due to one joining a select circle—as indeed he is—and Marefield, who sits next the hatch, will rap smartly for Willyum in case the stranger is a little diffident about doing it for himself. A polite but interested silence follows while the order is given, for the private bar is apt to class its visitors by their style of refreshment. "By their drinks you shall know them," as young Jim so wittily says, and the private bar never feels particularly drawn to those who order "'arf o' bitter." It lowers the tone. After all there is the public bar for that kind of thing.

With the ordering of his refreshment the stranger imperceptibly finds himself one of the circle. It is as though till then he had been a guest, one to be treated courteously, deferred to about the weather, and even made way for by little Snape on the settle; now, however, it is up to him to make a comradely remark or so, and possibly satisfy the private bar's purely intellectual curiosity.

As like as not, if there is a cheerful little fire and the night outside is sufficiently forbidding, the stranger soon warms into narrative. It is thus that the private bar gets little tales or bits of news about the far outer world, such as the town of Midfield five miles off, or even Carchester, the county capital, which in the eyes of the village is so remote as to be practically abroad.

It was only the other day that the private bar thus heard the latest about Colonel Tobit, a great Carchester character, from a solicitor's clerk who was over on business and stepped into the "White Rabbit" for a bottle of stout



Obliging Motor-Cyclist (to Owner of broken-down car). "WHAT GHASTLY LUCK! LONELY ROAD TOO. CAN I GIVE YOU A LIFT ANYWHERE?"

and some sandwiches. Colonel Tobit is absent-minded and choleric, and as a result generally makes the front page in local gossip. According to our visitor —a pleasant young man who so far unbent as to take a subsequent small whisky with little Snape—a constable came round one day to Colonel Tobit's house and informed him with great embarrassment that he would have to be summoned for leaving his car unattended in the High Street. The Colonel cursed the constable and asked him when he was supposed to have done this. The officer diffidently said the car was there now. The Colonel cursed the constable and told him it was quite impossible, for his car was locked up in his garage, and as a matter of strict fact—more attention to which might well be paid by the local police—he hadn't used it for two days. However, mistakes would occur in car numbers and he was willing to overlook. . . .

Hereupon the constable, perspiring but persistent, quoted the number of the alleged unattended car, and it was certainly the Tobit car.

The Colonel, cursing the constable afresh, led the way to his garage and, flinging the door open, cried as explosively as an H.E. shell, "There, Sir, damme!"

The policeman scratched his head, peered in and said respectfully, "Where Sir?" Colonel Tobit then looked and exploded like several H.E. shells. For the garage was empty. Apparently the Colonel, who sometimes walked into Carchester and sometimes drove, had a couple of days ago absent-mindedly combined the two by driving in and walking out.

Instead, however, of pausing to reflect on this possibility, the Colonel cursed the constable once more most exhaustively and departed at high muzzle velocity, vainly pursued by the worried officer, to the police-station, where, overbearing all interruption from the sergeant, he proceeded to report the theft of his car from his garage some time during the last two days. . . .

At this point in his story the visitor became a little hard to follow. The majority of strangers' stories in the private bar do tend this way, it is found, towards the conclusion. For the public bar begins to make a noise because they can't get served, because Willyum is hanging about the private bar, because he doesn't want to miss the climax of a story. In this case Willyum was at last so forcibly summoned that he had to stop, saying, "Just coming, gentlemen!" and go, but not before the full cream of the jest had been elicited, which was that Colonel Tobit is on the Carchester Bench and a veritable scourge of those who leave cars unattended in the town, on the grounds that it is definitely tempting others to steal.

Later, the private bar heard Willyum telling it to the public bar. The public bar, however, have not yet fully apprehended the point of it. They seemed to think the car *had* been stolen from the garage, and their comment is, "Sarv'em right for leaving 'is garridge unlocked for two days!" But that misunderstanding does not really matter; it merely confirms the private bar in its conviction that it is the brain of the "White Rabbit." A. A.



"SPARE US A COPPER, GUV'NOR."
"I GAVE YOU TWOPENCE BEFORE I WENT IN HERE."
"BLIMEY, FANCY REMEMBERIN' THAT ALL THROUGH YER TURKISH BATH!"

New Hope for our Spas.

"LICENSING SESSIONS.
INCREASED DRUNKENNESS AT LEAMINGTON.
LICENSEES COMPLIMENTED BY JUSTICES."
Leamington Paper.

The Graded Purler.

"Several people were admitted to —— Royal Infirmary suffering from the effects of falls.

In Hexhamshire the fall was particularly heavy."—*Newcastle Paper.*

"There seems something quite seriously to be said for Sir Alfred Yarrow's theory that a man owes most to his mother."
Daily Paper.

And not, after all, to his tailor.



New Maid (just arrived). "WHAT ARE THEY LIKE HERE?"
The Other. "DUNNO. I'VE NEVER TOOK MUCH NOTICE OF 'EM."

SONG BEFORE SPRING.

(Written in the Cold Snap.)

THE land is white and frozen;
The wind has got a sting
That makes the thickest hosen
Sell off like anything;
In point of fact the weather
Is too much altogether,
Which offers me my chosen
Time for a Song of Spring.

The customary poet,
I know, in stress and storm
Is apt to murmur "Blow it!"
And wish the day was warm;
A world of vernal splendour
When all is green and tender
Alone can make him go it
And show his proper form.

Then he will sing you sunny
Skies, and the gadding vine,
Of bees that gather honey
And meditative kine,
Of lambs that skip on daisies,
Of birds that sing like blazes,
And makes his bit of money
Because the weather's fine.

Me, when the day glows brightly
And things are in the pink,
Although I'm feeling sprightly
I loathe the sight of ink;
But when the skies are gloomy,
Then I can sing, beshrew me;
That's where I differ, rightly
As I'm inclined to think.

Then, day, continue freezing;
Refuse to shine, O sun,
And kindly go on easing
The glass down with a run;
Come, snow, and in no slight fall;
And I'll produce, 'ere nightfall,
A Song of Spring as pleasing
As I have ever done. DUM-DUM.

TWO SATIRISTS BEGIN THE SAME STORY.

I.—W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM.

IT was soon after the publication of his first volume when I met Gerald Hone at a party. His book had by a stroke of luck attracted attention, and when it was found that his appearance was presentable and that he came of good family it attracted even more. It was a book of poems. I had only to read the first pages to know what they were like, and when he asked me as we were introduced what I thought of them I was able to say that I had read them all with enjoyment. I did not tell him that I meant I had read them all in the books of other authors before his own was published and that they were merely clever derivatives, because I had no reason at that time to want to hurt his feelings. He looked pleased.

"I flatter myself that there are one or two striking things in my little book," he said.

He often said he flattered himself. It was true enough that he did, although he did not mean the remark to be taken seriously. I have noticed that people who say that they flatter themselves actually do so far oftener than those who would never think of saying anything of the sort.

Gerald Hone was at this time quite slim, and there was no trace of the baldness or the reddening of the nose that in later years he took so much trouble to hide. He had a rather prominent nose, and I can well imagine that when it began to assume its, as it proved, permanent flush he must have been a good deal perturbed. But as his reputation was pretty well made by that time it was not seriously affected by his loss of charm. In fact as he became less good-looking the critics began to notice new qualities of harshness and ruthless grandeur in his work, though there was no such change in his style that I could discover; and indeed his correspondence as his fame advanced contained a growing proportion of

letters from old ladies who had been charmed by his sentiment.

He would sometimes say with a deprecating laugh that he supposed most of his readers were women, judging by the letters he got; and by the time his third novel was published he had managed to convey this suggestion to his publisher, so that all his later novels bore the remark, "How He Does Know Women!" on the wrapper. It was only by chance that I discovered that the average age of his women correspondents was at least sixty, though it dropped a little after he stopped having new photographs published. . . .

II.—OSBERT SITWELL.

The outstanding characteristics of the English people are not often brought into conflict one with the other. For example, should a man be worthy of respect or even liking for his prowess at slaughtering all those animals and birds—foxes, grouse, pheasants, stags—the proximity of which in their live state no member of the ruling classes of this country can endure with patience, it is most unlikely that he will also possess intelligence and thus incur the widespread detestation in which all who display any vestige of that quality are in British communities throughout the world invariably held. But occasionally it happens that two qualities, one attractive and the other equally repugnant to the average man, co-exist in the same human being; and then few onlookers would be rash enough to prophesy the attitude of the crowd toward him. I know that fifty or sixty years ago, in the early nineteen-twenties, when Gerald Hone published his first book of poems, none of his friends—and I was then not unwilling to number myself among them—realised that he possessed one attribute capable of making him popular in every rank of society except that in which to announce oneself a poet was as suicidal as to use a word of more than two syllables in ordinary speech.

This attribute was his facial expression, which, though not unpleasant, reminded the beholder very forcibly of that of a member of the animal world—the horse. His head was long and narrow and, seen from behind, somewhat like a worn cokernut; but from the front the resemblance to a horse was striking. The eyes were large, liquid and brown in colour; the nose was long, smooth and apparently—though I never put it to the test—soft and velvety to the touch. The nostrils were large and almost circular. The upper lip was long, the lower being a little thrust outwards, and when he ate these moved with a sideways-and-downwards motion, recalling the reflective equine munch.

At this time the popular worship of horses—enough of which had been killed or maimed in the First European War to lend colour to the assertion that they had helped to win it—was at its height; and it is no exaggeration to say that Gerald Hone's resemblance to the horse increased his popularity a thousandfold among its worshippers.

He was not unaware of this himself. In later years, when his long velvety nose began to redden and his dark straggly mane to whiten and recede, he tried to recapture some of his old admirers by using a very pungent kind of scent redolent of the stables; but nobody was taken in by this. . . .



Owner of flooded Bungalow (to burglars). "I SAY, I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW THE LAW'S VERY SEVERE ON PIRACY."

"BATHING COSTUMES.
OFFICIAL BODY COMES INTO LINE WITH MODERN FASHIONS."
Yorkshire Paper.

It isn't our Mayor's.

One positively ultimate noun of assemblage: "A relish of tripehounds."



"HULLO, DARLING, YOU LOOK TIRED."
"YES. I'VE BEEN HAVING WHAT I BELIEVE IS CALLED A '*MAUVAIS QUART D'HEURE*' WITH COOK."
"WHEN? JUST NOW?"
"OH, ALL DAY—MORE OR LESS."

METAMORPHOSIS.

A PHANTASY.

ON the day that Antony Waver
(Whom nobody knew by sight)
Emerged into popular favour
As an anti-Baldwinite
And wrote that wonderful letter
Which came in *The Daily Excess*,
And said. "We must slough the fetter
Of folly and farce and mess,"

His eyes were the eyes of a sea-king,
His stature increased by half,
He improved his public speaking
In a well-placed paragraph;
We noticed his wry-necked putter,
And his jokes, which up till then
Were the oldest lips can utter,
Made merry the hearts of men.

His house—it was hardly a mansion—
That stood by the silver foam
Became by a rare expansion
His immemorial home
Where for many a generation
The Wavers by land and sea
Had toiled for the sake of the nation
Since they came from Germany.

And ravished was every reader
By his daughter's daring book—
It was done in a special leader
By the Viscount Botherbrook;
And the last I saw of his grandeurs
(Though I own that the rhyme is bad)
Was a taste for blue hydrangeas
Which Antony Waver had.

* * * * *

On the day that Antony Waver
Tottered and lost his hold,
And fled from the Grand Enslaver
Back to the BALDWIN fold,
And wrote that absurd epistle,
Recanting his former crimes,
On *Gathering Figs from a Thistle*
Which only appeared in *The Times*,

How less than an ALEXANDER,
How thinner than Hercules
He grew in *The Evening Slander!*
How short his shots from the tees!
His voice that had been like honey
Was bitter and harsh as gall,
And his jokes that were once so funny,
They ceased to amuse at all.

And his home no more was stately
Nor washed by the sea-spray now,
And those who had seen him lately
Had noticed his balder brow,
And as for the brilliant novel
That his daughter wrote, so frank
That it made the critics grovel,
It had dropped to the second rank.

And still he neglected the warning
Of the great Twin Hands who write
Their gossipy news by morning,
Their gossipy notes at night;
Little by little the grandeurs
Of Antony fade. I think
That even his blue hydrangeas
Will probably soon turn pink.

EVOE.

A Sticky Job for a Hero.

"EXTRACTING HEROINE FROM FLOOR POLISH. DETECTED BY BRITISH POLICE."
Singapore Paper.

"OPPORTUNITY MARKET.

A pedigree donkey and governess are for sale."—*Daily Paper.*

We suspect a trap in this advertisement.

"Htl. ——, Rm., bkfr., with run. wtr. 6/3."—*Advt. in Evening Paper.*

We prefer to have the running water quite separate from the breakfast.



THE DRAGON'S DISGUISE.

LORD BEAVERBROOK. "I WONDER IF THEY'LL SEE THROUGH THIS?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 9th.—"Why does the hon. gentleman allow the Portuguese Government to snap its fingers at us?" demanded Mr. A. M. SAMUEL snappily when Mr. DALTON had admitted to Mr. HORE-BELISHA that it was still awaiting satisfaction from the Portuguese Government in respect of the case of Mr. A. J. BREWER. Mr. DALTON did not explain why, but he may possibly have felt that the only form of moral suasion that occurs to him—the replacement by the Kitchen Committee of the produce of the Douro by the vintages of the Thames—would have no message for hon. Members.

Mr. PYBUS no doubt meant well when he urged the SECRETARY TO THE OVERSEAS TRADE DEPARTMENT to "counteract unpatriotic propaganda which urges people to desert English seaside resorts and have the time of their lives abroad," but it was all too clear that the topic left the House cold in every sense of the word.

The decision of the Office of Works to raise the terrace parapet of the Houses of Parliament to the height prescribed by the L.C.C. provoked nothing but suspicion in Earl WINTERTON'S breast. Would the FIRST COMMISSIONER explain to the L.C.C. that this must not be regarded as a precedent, and that the Royal Palaces do not come under the jurisdiction of the L.C.C.? Mr. LANSBURY thought that was well understood. "Was there not a precedent set by KING CANUTE?" mildly inquired Mr. EDE.

The attitude of British Governments in respect of the maintenance of world peace has always been that "another little Pact won't do us any harm." So it fell to Mr. HENDERSON, when he moved the accession of this country to Chapters I., II., III. and IV. of the General Act for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes, to explain that the Locarno Pact, the Pact of Paris, the Optional Clause and a whole mob of arbitration treaties did not cover all the ground, and that the object of the General Act was to bind the country, subject to certain reservations, to arbitrate "non-justiciable disputes."

Vague as the FOREIGN SECRETARY'S explanation was, even vaguer was the ensuing discussion of the documents evolved by the League of Nations. Perhaps Mr. CHAMBERLAIN approved, for he spoke of the General Act as a "triumph of the Latin mind," and "a policy which the whole of Anglo-Saxon political experience showed to be a bad guide in practical affairs." Having thus declared his unfaltering Anglo-Saxondom Sir AUSTEN advanced a whole flock of arguments on aspects of the General Act that Mr. HENDERSON, one felt, must have tried to explain if he really understood them. But Mr. HENDERSON had not really attempted to explain anything, not even what the reservations were or why only Spain, Belgium and Sweden among the eight Governments had accepted the General Act. So Sir AUSTEN'S contention that they would never know what they had signed until they were compelled to go to the Permanent Court of Justice and ask what actual obligations the signatories had undertaken seemed to be well founded.

Sir HERBERT SAMUEL supported the Government against Sir AUSTEN, but his arguments were rather directed to the point that not to accept the General Act would leave the machinery of world peace incomplete than that the Act itself was the right sort of gadget with which to complete it. He was followed by Mrs. MANNING, who made a very moving and eloquent maiden speech, but frankly ignored the technical details of the Act, with the result that Sir RENNELL RODD had some difficulty in bringing the debate back to realities by pointing out that in view of our reservations to the Act we were committing ourselves to very little, and that our precipitancy in signing a relatively meaningless instrument seemed unreasonable and perhaps somewhat insincere.

Tuesday, March 10th.—It is curious, in view of the traditional attitude of the Socialist Party towards the pedantic art of war, that the two Ministers who have made reputations for themselves in an arena littered with the detritus of legislative futility and administrative folly are the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR and the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY. Mr. TOM SHAW has his critics—he had them to-day when he introduced the Army Estimates—but they were critics of detail rather than of general policy. Indeed his defence of the Army's intelligence, morals and good behaviour was all that the most exacting militarist might require, and his defence of the War Office's stewardship disarmed serious criticism.

Major TRYON thought the W.O. had been niggardly in the matter of the sanitary arrangements in the married quarters. He pointed out (supporting the MINISTER'S plea for the retention of the Army at its present size) that, regarded purely as an armed police force for the defence of the country, no army had ever undertaken so large a task with so few men. Mr. MACPHERSON thought that the MINISTER had dealt courageously with the problem of combining adequate defence with the prevailing spirit of disarmament, but blamed him for not applying himself personally to the task of recruiting. Members, realising how perfectly Mr. TOM SHAW reproduces the physical robustitude of the "bully, bully sergeant," nodded agreement.

Dr. HASTINGS wept like anything (metaphorically) to think of the moral degeneration of O.T.C. boys who "inspected guns and implements of war and got the idea that war was a sort of glorified picnic"—an attitude of mind



"'What curious attitudes he goes into!' Alice exclaimed. . . .
'Not at all,' said the Red King. 'He's an Anglo-Saxon messenger—and those are Anglo-Saxon attitudes.'"—*Alice Through the Looking-Glass.*

that caused Sir H. NIELD to inquire ironically if the hon. Member for Reading had ever committed the foul offence of giving his own boy a box of soldiers.

All had gone smoothly so far, but a motion by Miss LEE to reduce the personnel of the Army by 130,000, which the MINISTER stoutly opposed, suddenly found the ultra-pacifist band not so pacific, Socialist Members raging together most heathenishly. Mr. BUCHANAN and Mr. PALIN were heard to be at outs; Mr. BEVAN and Mr. MUFF were on the verge of fisticuffs, and Mr. B. SMITH also lent some violence to the scene. The defeat of the motion by 216 votes to 19 brought hostilities to a temporary conclusion.

Wednesday, March 11th.—An ingenious effort on the part of Mr. HACKING to wring from the PRIME MINISTER some confirmation of the rumour that in Mr. SNOWDEN'S regretted absence the interesting part of Budgeteer-in-Chief will, as the theatrical notices put it, be in the capable hands of Mr. GRAHAM, broke harmlessly on the rock of Mr. MACDONALD'S even more ingenious reticence.

Even more than the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR, Mr. ALEXANDER, First Lord of the Admiralty, has achieved a solid reputation for combining a sincere belief in exemplary disarmament with an effective determination that the curtailment of defensive armaments must be strictly measured by the willingness of other nations to follow the example. He is one up, so to speak, on his colleague, Mr. TOM SHAW, in that he has just returned from the disarmament hunt with substantial trophies bulging in his bag. Modestly he made no attempt to claim that the battue had been complete. In a speech dealing lucidly with tonnages and categories he made it clear that, in order to secure agreement between France and Italy, French submarine tonnage was fixed (pending possible revision at the World Disarmament Conference in 1932) at a figure that might necessitate an increase of British destroyer tonnage pursuant to Article 21 of the London Naval Treaty. Congratulations came to the MINISTER from Mr. AMERY and others, and the criticism that in playing the part of honest broker he had gone a bit too far in the way of pledging our own security to secure agreement between the parties primarily concerned was purely tentative.

After Mr. HALL, the Civil Lord, had accepted a motion calling on the Navy to encourage the use of oil extracted from British coal, the House in Committee proceeded, but on this occasion without resort to pacifist violence, to throw out a proposal to reduce the Navy's personnel by ninety thousand.

Thursday, March 12th.—The India debate this evening really resolved itself into a competition in oratory between Mr. BALDWIN and Mr. CHURCHILL. It was rather a contest of giants. Mr. BALDWIN is the loftier, Mr. CHURCHILL the master of the *mot juste*. Mr. BALDWIN on this occasion was emotional; Mr. CHURCHILL ironical. Mr. BALDWIN was explanatory, Mr. CHURCHILL critical.



THE TOMASHAWK-PIPE.

(Can be used both for Peace or Self-preservation).

Mr. BALDWIN, eloquent as his speech was and statesmanlike as his attitude on the whole Indian problem unquestionably is, would have made a better impression on his own followers if he had frankly admitted that the "bombshell" announcement of what was universally but mistakenly accepted as a Conservative boycott of further instalments of the Round Table Conference was *his* blunder, and if he had not pledged himself quite so heartily to follow wherever the Socialist Government and Lord IRWIN chose to tread. This lack of a Conservative policy, or at least of anything definite to anchor a Conservative policy to, was in marked contrast to the attitude of Mr. CHURCHILL, who made it clear that in his view the SIMON Commission Report should be the Gospel and the Word of Indian constitutional reform.

Possibly Mr. BALDWIN felt hampered by the necessity, as he presumably saw it, of inviting the Conservative Party to give him cordial and undivided support or get another leader—an invitation that was received in depressing and significant silence. Labour benches more than compensated for this absence of enthusiasm by cheering the LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION vociferously. Mr. CHURCHILL earned some intermittent applause from his own side, and the usual compliment of silent attention from the other.

Mr. BENN and the PRIME MINISTER both congratulated Mr. BALDWIN on still standing where he stood at the conclusion of the Round Table Conference, and everybody else on a needful clearing of the political air.



Manager BALDWIN *(addressing audience panic-stricken by loud report off).* "NO CAUSE FOR ALARM, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. IT WASN'T A BOMB; IT WAS ONLY A BRICK THAT SOMEBODY DROPPED."

Chacun à son Goût.

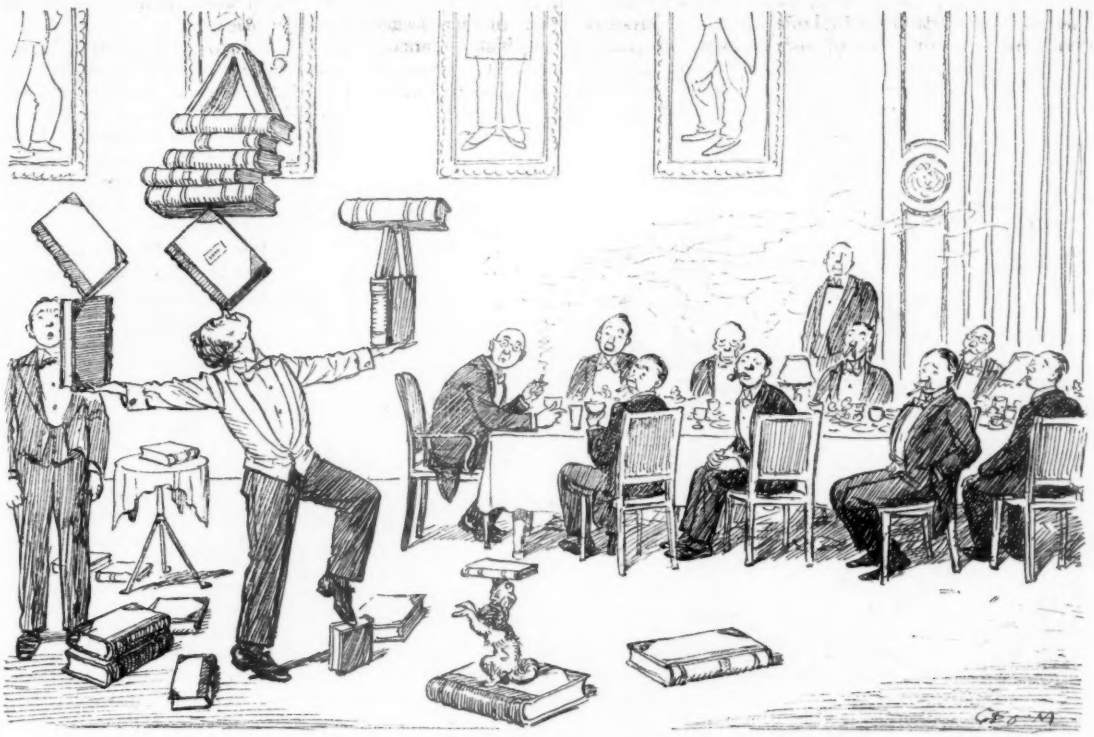
"SHIPS LIKE SCIENCE MUSEUMS AND SARDINE TINS."
Daily Paper.

Books Banned for Banting Babies.

"Weak and thin children can be made strong and fleshy by reading free book of Dr. M. ——, B.A., M.D., H.B.L."
Advt. in Bombay Paper.

"There is a grass verge down the middle of Scott Hall Road, and motorists who are not acquainted with this fact have sometimes found themselves on the verge when turning out of Harrogate Road."—*Leeds Paper.*

In view of the stringency of the new Act we should advise them to pull in to the kerb in Harrogate Road and sleep it off.



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

"BALANCING THE BOOKS" AT THE ANNUAL DINNER OF THE SOCIETY OF CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS.

THE LITTLE RIVERS.

"Μὴ νεμέσα βαιοῖσι."—*Greek Anthology.*

THE World's new Wonders, published ev'ry morning,
Incline to grow more huge and vast and tall,
And restless folk forget the Sage's warning,
"The very great are often very small."
But while they stimulate their sluggish livers
By cruising on the Amazon or the Nile,
I find my comfort in the little rivers
That lend enchantment to our little isle.

The Westerner may boast his Mississippi,
The longest river and the worst in flood;
Nor do I grudge the emancipated Gippy
The alluvial richness of Nilotic mud;
I do not hanker for the Orinoco
Or crave to wander by the Yangtse-Kiang—
I much prefer *desipere in loco*
Beside the margin of the friendly Pang.

I never was attracted by the Dnieper;
I feel a deep repugnance to the Bug;
Its banks may be much stonier and steeper,
But I am quite contented with the Lugg.
More water flows per day 'neath Volga's bridges
Than under Dulsie bridge in half-a-year,
But spite of its exasperating midges
To me the Findhorn is by far more dear.

The marvel of the gorges of Zambesi,
If close at hand, my senses might enthral,
But for the great Limpopo, "grey and greasy,"
I simply haven't any use at all.
I like the sound of silvery Sonora
Where Colorado safely winds to sea,
But dearer far and nearer is the Brora
And dearer still the Ettrick is to me.

Let then the tribe of rich and dainty diners,
Succumbing to the fashionable craze,
And safely housed in sumptuous pleasure liners,
Ascend Brazil's mysterious waterways,
I am content on British soil to tarry
And roam on Shanks's mare by "bonnie Doon,"
The Beauly or the Affric or the Garry,
The Evenlode, the Windrush or the Lune. C. L. G.

Recipes for Civil Servants.

"Have ready a little minced salary. . . ."
Cooking Notes in Liverpool Paper.

How Mr. Lloyd George Views the Situation.

"To-morrow is St. David's Day, and for it Mr. Lloyd George gave this message to a reporter to-day: '. . . May the ties which hold all Welshmen together on the day of our national festival help us throughout the year to unite in grappling with the grave problems which comfort us.'"—*Scots Paper.*

"May I put forward the case of an excellent gardener, a regular member of the congregation, who is out of regular employment, and would like to work up a connection keeping gardens in order, or even doing work now and then."—*Parish Magazine.*

We hope that this distinction will not be lost on the Vicarage gardener.



Doting Mamma. "ERIC, DARLING, PLEASE, PLEASE DON'T BE SO NAUGHTY."
Eric. "NAUGHTY? YOU MEAN NEUROTIC, DON'T YOU?"

A NOTABLE BIOGRAPHY.

I HAVE been reading the life of AL CAPONE, Bootleg King, as one might read the life of NELSON or the life of FREDERICK THE GREAT, and I must say I am beginning to like the guy.

His life, of course, is not yet over, and I believe at the moment he is in gaol. This must be a pleasant holiday for him. Outside prison, I gather that he drives about in an armoured sedan auto of steel construction with bullet-proof glass and non-dentable fenders, weighing seven tons and costing twenty thousand dollars. It has a special combination lock so that his enemies can't jimmy a door to plant a bomb under the seat. This auto is preceded by a scout flivver, and followed by another car containing an escort of twenty hard (or rough) eggs, tuxedoed or otherwise as the occasion demands, but carrying gats and quick on the draw.

Pomp of this sort takes away all the pleasure in motoring, to my mind.

Even the man AL'S business premises are too ostentatious to be comfortable. One of these is the Hawthorne Hotel, in Cicero, which has steel-shuttered windows and a heavily-stocked arsenal of THOMPSON sub-machine guns, and is known as "The Capone Castle" to the rubberneck bus ballyhooers as they pass down the street. But he has another office at the Metropole Hotel in South Michigan Avenue, which is also heavily garrisoned, and contains in an underground vault a hundred-and-fifty thousand dollars worth of wines and liqueurs for his own use and that of his eggy friends.

So much for public affairs. But there is another and softer AL CAPONE—AL CAPONE the home boy, dwelling on South Side with wife and children, or rather those children who have not been bumped off on election days. The home life of AL CAPONE, when he has any, is said to be simple in the extreme. He potters about in carpet slippers and lounging robe, tuning in on the radio or cooking spaghetti with an apron tied round his neck. He is liked by his neighbours. His acts of generosity are numberless. Around Christmas-time he may be seen to emerge from the armour-plated sedan with baskets of candy, fruits, turkeys, and gifts for every pupil and teacher at his daughter's school. He gives dollar bills to the poor. Unless he happens to be wearing whiskers, you would never guess that here was AL CAPONE, the prominent business man. When he is wearing whiskers, it means that there has been another coroner's inquest, for AL CAPONE never shaves between the day on which an enemy has been taken for a ride and the day of the funeral.

Funerals are not the least important public occasions in AL CAPONE'S world. At the O'BANION obsequies (O'BANION was a rival of AL CAPONE) the morticians laid the Irishman out in a ten-thousand-dollar casket equipped with solid silver and bronze double walls. There were twenty-six truck-loads of flowers, and feature-pieces were a heart of American Beauty roses, and an arch from which swung two white peace doves. But there was one basket of roses labelled "*From Al.*" He had helped to slay the man.

Perhaps, if funerals were his only business worry, his life would be easier and jollier than it is. But there is a vast deal of organisation to be done by an industrial magnate like AL CAPONE, in a city so great as Chicago and so

nominally dry. Trade jealousy perpetually manifests itself. Hoodlums attempt to high-jack his booze trucks. There is ward-heeling and court-fixing to be carried out. The city whitewings have to be squared. Undue curiosity may have been shown about alky-cooking. The police have to be put back to travelling beats instead of sniffing around for a little home-brew or frisking pantries for a hip-flask. When a triple slaying occurs, a G-man may have to be given a gran' to forget it, or even ten gran' at times. Ten gran' are ten thousand dollars. I am always interested in the technical side of any industry, and I hope that my readers have followed all that I have said.

But there is more in it than this. Quite apart from the activities of the police and the jealousy of competing firms, it may happen that AL CAPONE'S own staff show traces of unfitness for their jobs. Granted that they are tough babies, granted that they carry sawed-off shot-guns or can pull an automatic from under the left arm-pit in a ritzy cabaret at a word; yet they may suffer from nervous strain. What if they go cuckoo and turn yellow when it comes to a pinch and squawk? They must have their courage tested. If they fail there is nothing to do but to get them beered up and take them for a ride. That means another funeral and more flowers.

There is danger also for AL CAPONE himself. Danger from typewriters; danger from ukuleles. A typewriter is a machine-gun. A ukulele is its loading drum. Enemies once fired a thousand shots from eight touring-cars into the Hawthorne Hotel and Restaurant whilst AL CAPONE was there. They did not hit him. They did not kill anybody. A gentleman from Louisiana, with his wife and five-year-old boy, happened to be sitting in a parked automobile close to the hotel. One bullet bored the gentleman's hat. Another grazed his son's knee. A third clipped the boy's coat. A fourth struck the boy's mother in the arm, and bits of flying glass from the wind-shield were embedded in her right eye. The car was riddled like a sieve.

It was just here that the true kindliness of AL CAPONE'S nature came out. He was lying on the floor of the Hawthorne Restaurant at the time. When he learnt of the lady's injury he introduced himself and insisted on paying ten thousand dollars to specialists in order to save the sight of her eye.

So might CÆSAR have done.

This is AL SCARFACE CAPONE, bouncer and boss. He is not beautiful to look at, they say. He has a flat nose, pendulous lips and a bullet head. But he strikes me as a he-sized gorilla holding down a he-sized job. There is little hokum about him. He does not snap out or beat it. When the newsies greet Chicagoans with the cry, "Cops ordered to kill killers!" he holds on. He is seldom in prison, except for minor offences. When the morgue-wagon totes him to his last home I shall look out for the obsequy notice of this strong egg, written up by sob-sisters for the Chicagoan Press. It will help me to pursue still further my researches into the American tongue. EVOE.



"YOUR WIFE TELLS ME YOU MAKE ALL YOUR ELECTRIC LIGHT YOURSELF?"
"OH, WELL, OF COURSE WE'VE GOT A SORT OF ENGINE THING."

Further Encouragement to Eat More Fruit.

"The oranges we eat to-day came to us from China through the gateway of India, which they reached about the beginning of the Christian era."
Pamphlet of the Empire Marketing Board.

Foolishly we had thought that they tasted faintly Babylonian.

"USED CAR BARGAINS.

£265 1930 series 21/60 h.p. —— Coach-built Saloon; just like a new pin."
Agent's Advertisement.

We should consider it a greater bargain if it were just like a new car.

AT THE PLAY.

"STAND UP AND SING" (HIPPODROME).

THOUGH Mr. JACK BUCHANAN has some pleasant accomplices, this diverting business is mainly carried on his shoulders and is a triumph of the quality which matters most in the actor—personality. Mr. BUCHANAN has also the gift of doing what he does with an effect of consummate ease, yet without casualness. He is a past-master of emphasis by understatement. The raised eyebrow, the shrugged shoulder, the quiet nonsensical irrelevant interpolation, the easy business, the accomplished diseur's technique of singing as it were in a confidential whisper and yet being entirely audible, and perhaps above all the effortless gymnastic and perfect timing of his step-dancing—all this makes him the pleasantest of players to watch.

The whole of this merry affair seems to have been built up on a *motif* of step-dancing. "Let us take for granted the jolly old plot of the stolen documents discovered by the impecunious hero and restored, after a chase across the world, to the hitherto hostile father of the heroine, and get on with the song and dance"—he may be assumed to have said to his collaborators at the outset of this adventure.

Mr. PHILIP CHARIG has invented some really memorable melodies and rhythms, excellently adapted for the soft pit-pit-a-pat-pitter-pat obbligato, whether of the clever principals, Mr. BUCHANAN, Miss ELSIE RANDOLPH and Mr. RICHARD DOLMAN, or of the well-trained Chorus. Perhaps there has been step-dancing of more accomplished virtuosity, but, I think, none which has so definitely made it as it were an exciting and suggestive feat of apt orchestration. Mr. DOUGLAS FURBER'S "lyrics" also seemed to me better than usual, or perhaps the clear articulation of Mr. BUCHANAN, Mr. DOLMAN and Miss RANDOLPH allowed us to hear them more clearly.

Messrs. JOSEPH and PHIL HARKER and F. L. LYNDHURST have provided excellent settings; a country house in which hero (Mr. BUCHANAN), hero's friend (Mr. DOLMAN), heroine (Miss ANNA NEAGLE), a delicately modelled young woman who moves with a charming ease and grace, heroine's lady's-maid (clever Miss ELSIE RANDOLPH), black corpulent tarbooshed Egyptian villain (Mr. MORRIS HARVEY), villain's dupe and accomplice (Miss VERA PEARCE) restate the old paper-chase thesis to the accompaniment of song and dance by an apparently numberless galaxy of young ladies working in two shifts ("*honi soit*"). Also the *s.s. Ambrosia* complete with comic purser; Egyptian villain's suburban villa in Cairo in which the plot thickens; Cairo roof-garden serving as a suitable excuse for Mr. DOLIN'S accomplished but rather solemn posturings and some amazing somersaultings by the seven HINDUSTANS; lounge of the Miramar Hotel, London; Court scene embellished with grotesque ingenuous judge (Mr. JOHN MACMAHON); blustering counsel and imperturbable unsatisfactory witness (Mr. BUCHANAN); country-house again. And finally "Anywhere," wherein we were shown one of each pair of chorus-legs hitherto veiled by the current inconvenient fashions, and the whole company assembles to receive approval by acclamation from the delighted audience.

There stay in the memory a pleasant sense of gaiety achieved without deafening clamour; of happy quiet nonsense; of melodies that chase one another merrily in the brain, and an echo of softly pattering feet and jolly patterned dances. And over all the smiling shrugging Mr. BUCHANAN stringing it all together with his effortless tact and making the whole a tonic for jaded nerves, an encouragement to dance gaily into one's bank manager's office and get away with an overdraft. In truth an entirely charming and highly creditable show. T.



MR. MORRIS HARVEY, HAT SPECIALIST.



STAND UP AND DANCE!

The Princess Amaris . . . MISS VERA PEARCE.
Rockingham Smith . . . MR. JACK BUCHANAN.

"STRICTLY DISHONOURABLE" (PHŒNIX).

This is an excellent instance of how a not entirely unsatisfactory play can be carried off by extremely competent acting and sound production. It lacked likely characterisation, and it certainly lacked good taste, even judged by our present easy standards. We were always indeed expecting, and were meant to expect, something to happen that would be just a little too embarrassing to bear, but the author, Mr. PRESTON STURGES, never having quite the courage of his convictions, managed to run away just in time, and left us with a sense of being at once relieved and defrauded!

It wouldn't be fair however not to acknowledge that Mr. STURGES says quite amusing things—the little incidental sketch of the *Patrolman* was particularly well done—or that we have seen without indignation or discomfort plays which are essentially as disedifying. It is rather a question of touch. Just as some of our author's jokes are a little heavy-handed so his manipulation of his chosen situation, of seduction and counter-seduction, is not relieved by those arts which are at the command of more sophisticated practitioners in this genre. Perhaps Pilgrim Fathers' blood has

something to do with it. We often suffer over here from the same difficulty.

The incredibly ingenuous young *Isabelle* (Miss MARGARET PERRY) and her complacent, opinionated and dictatorial young commuter, *Henry* (Mr. GEORGE MEEKER), on a day's visit to New York, wander into the speak-easy of *Tomaso Antiovi* (Mr. WILLIAM RICCIARDI), where *Henry* consumes more whisky than is good for him, while *Isabelle*, under the influence of a hastily-manufactured "cream de menthe," finds her richer Southern nature expanding—she is from Virginia, where the folk are friendly, not poor earnest stiffs, like *Henry*.

She suddenly wants a good time, and *Henry* isn't the sort that gives wives, or *fiancées* for that matter, a good time. So that when the perfectly lovely *Count di Ruvo* (Mr. TULLIO CARMINATI) comes in from singing to a packed frantic audience in the Metropolitan, she is ready to fall a victim to his accomplished methods; the more so as she has already fallen in love with him on the Victrola and from the gallery of the Metropolitan.

Di Ruvo lives over the speak-easy. *Tomaso* is his groom-of-the-chambers and pander—not to put too fine a point on it. *Henry*, now quarrelsome drunk, is disposed of through the friendly offices of *Patrolman Mulligan* (Mr. EDWARD J. MCNAMARA), and the *Count*, declaring his intentions to be strictly dishonourable—this gag was going strong in our mid-Victorian period—offers her a home from home.

The singer begins to find this baby-snatching a little too much even for his easy conscience and prepares to spend the night in the apartment of a vague and unlikely judge who has been wandering in and out with a view not so much to spoil sport as to make sure that the young person really knows what she is doing. She does; and is perfectly furious at the singer's gentlemanly forbearance. He has, after discreet disrobing rites, put her to bed with a gigantic Teddy Bear—which touch serves as well as any other to show the author's lack of artistic conscience. And the deserted maiden, after vain efforts to persuade the young man to stay, is left kicking the bed in a fury of baulked ambition. It only remains for the *Count* to telegraph to Italy to his widowed mother in the night and to come back in the morning to offer marriage, with the said mother's cable of blessing in his hands; for the furious *Isabelle* to refuse and to fall upon the stiff neck of her *Henry*, who arrives to apologise; and finally to throw away *Henry* and return and agree to be a countess.

It is not at all to be supposed that there are not young English-speaking women on either side of the Atlantic with ideas like these frothing in their emancipated heads. But we simply don't believe that the sweet sensible Blessed Damozellish young person of the first Act, with her softly slurred "Virginian" voice, would have behaved like the idiotic and rather unpleasant little female cad of the Second and Third. And the *Count*, while he might quite easily have played the gentleman overnight, was not likely to have played the fool so fantastically in the morning.

As for the acting—it couldn't well have been bettered. Miss MARGARET PERRY could play an honestly-written part with depth and sincerity, and played this as well as it could be played and better than it deserved. Mr. TULLIO CARMINATI has the natural dramatic talent of his race, heightened by acquired technical skill. The whole team was pleasant and instructive to watch. T.



JUDICIAL DISAPPROVAL.

Isabelle Parry . . . . MISS MARGARET PERRY.
Judge Dempsey . . . . MR. LEE BAKER.



EARLY MORNING BEAR.

Tomaso Antiovi . . . . . MR. WILLIAM RICCIARDI.
Isabelle Parry . . . . . MISS MARGARET PERRY.

Another Smith Minority.

"The Industrial Revolution came with the invention of railway trains during the reign of Queen Victoria and dates from 1840 onwards. This part of the reign is called the rolling forties."
From an Examination Paper.

"Passengers are requested to obtain their luggage in advance."—*Railway Pamphlet.*

Never tip the attendant and ask him to fetch you a couple of fairly expensive suitcases from the guard's van.

"ROUND 8.—Maloney landed a stiff left to the nose, and Carnera, after going round in a circle, landed on the nose. Carnera's nose was now bleeding."—*Newcastle Paper.*

We should never have doubted this.

"The strong winds again reached gale force in the south and west of England and in the Channel, and many high velocity guests were recorded in London."
Jersey Paper.

Gate-crashers get very boisterous as Spring draws near.

"Varsity Grad., financially bent, must have work."—*Canadian Paper.*

Our overdraft used also to get very warped towards the end of term.

SPOILING THE SYSTEM.

MY wife and I have a well-grounded practice of not interfering in our offspring's disputes; we think it promotes courage and self-reliance. You can judge therefore how startled I was at Irene's extraordinary remark.

The circumstances which gave rise to it were peculiar. Our son John, going to his money-box to take out the three-halfpence he had in hand, was surprised to find a sixpence there as well. Accepting this charming gift from the gods with unquestioning thankfulness, he promptly went out and spent it. A day or two later Eve made the appalling discovery that she had put sixpence into John's box, instead of her own, and at once the sparks began to fly upward.

John, who resembles his mother in so many respects, took up the somewhat lofty line that he really could not be responsible for mistakes of this sort; after all how was a fellow to know to a few pence how much he had in hand?

"But you've hardly ever got a penny in hand after Saturday," Eve pointed out hotly. "You must have known it wasn't yours. You'll have to give me your next Saturday's sixpence, that's all."

But this didn't suit John at all. He was very sorry, but his financial arrangements had been made for several Saturdays ahead and could not very well be altered. The sixpence in his box he had regarded as a lucky extra and as a lucky extra he had spent it.

Eve was quite horrified at the wickedness of the world. "But what are you going to *do*?" she demanded. "You don't want to rob me?"

No, John didn't want to rob her, far from it. What he had in mind was the establishment of some sort of sinking fund into which a halfpenny or a penny could be placed as the mood took him and which in six months or perhaps a little longer would enable him to liquidate the entire debt. He laboriously adumbrated the scheme to his own satisfaction.

Eve, who knew John's capacity for saving, rejected it flatly. "If you don't return it on Saturday," she said in tones of finality, "I shall tell Daddy."

We had overheard the conversation through the open play-room door, and it was at this point that Irene, who had been chuckling, made her startling remark.

"It seems to me, Eve always thinks she can appeal to you," she said; "I'm afraid you're rather weak with her."

"I am not in the habit of departing from agreed practice," I answered coldly. "If you were as firm with John as I——"

"Tut," she interrupted, "a mere *tu quoque*."

"And anyhow, I think Eve has a pretty good grievance," I said.

"Oh, it will do her good to realise that mistakes have to be paid for," she rejoined airily. "We can probably make it up to her in some indirect way."

"As for John," I continued indignantly, "he bids fair to become the complete spendthrift; I wonder which of us he takes after."

"And Eve has a tendency to hoard," she laughed. "I'm afraid she gets that from me."

"Good heavens!" I cried.

* * * * *

John evidently made no satisfactory offer, because Eve laid the case before me on the following Saturday. In spite of my sympathy I was firm.

"You must settle it between you," I said loudly (for Irene was in the next room). "*You* made a mistake in putting the money there, and *John* made a mistake in spending it. So you are both in a sense equally blameworthy. I cannot interfere."

Her lip quivered. "John must have known it wasn't his," she said.

"Pooh," I answered softly; "unexpected money finds its way into money-boxes sometimes. There are such people as fairies, you know. Perhaps they'll visit you one day."

I don't know what made her spring up suddenly and hurry off to her money-box; certainly nothing I had said could have suggested it. She did, though, and what is more came back a minute later with a face all wreathed in smiles. *She had found a new shilling in her box.*

"Well, I never," I whispered, "of all the lucky things! Talk about fairies! Why, they've actually given you a profit on the transaction. I think you'd better keep it secret because fairies don't like their doings published."

But of course it came out; Eve has too frank a nature to keep anything secret. And now what do you think Irene has done? Not content with having brought a baseless charge against me she has given John another sixpence. That's how women spoil a well-thought-out system. C. M.

"Gentleman, aged 25, desires change, 4 years' experience with garage as bookpeeper."
Advertisement in Evening Paper.

What a burden such an expert might lift from the shoulders of the Censor!

"DISPERSED STUDS."
Racing News in Daily Paper.

You will find these under the chest of drawers.

FASHIONS FOR LADIES' FACES.

[It is reported that the fashion for ladies of growing down on their faces is being revived.]

QUICK and proud was I to wake up
To the quality of make-up
That adorned my Julia's phiz
When she was out with me;
In the treatment and direction
Of her upper frontal section
Blessed with capabilities
Of wide renown was she.

I was gratified at dances
When, the cynosure of glances,
Her appearance would provide
A never-failing stir;
Thrilled to see the daintiest eyebrows
That the experts could prescribe rouse
Other women, open-eyed,
To stare at them—and her.

Veiling in an ebon cluster
Eyes whose rare and costly lustre
Made the hearts of men rejoice
And envious women's bleed,
Her adroitly lengthened lashes
Shielded their magnetic flashes,
Drooping, quivering, as the voice
Of circumstance decreed.

"Julia," I would say, enraptured,
"Social glory you have captured
With the smartest facial guise
That artistry procures;
Other ones, with lips as crimson,
With the shapeliest coral rims on,
Very seldom equalize
The *tout-ensemble* of yours."

Pride, it's said, precedes a tumble;
Time a man's conceits will humble;
This at all events to mine
It has contrived to do;
When to festive strains we waddle
She is now no more a model
For the women who design
Their visages anew.

You will ask (if you've attended)
How our reign of triumph ended—
Why she was obliged to drop
Her title to renown;
Sadly I reply that her face,
Though she fertilized its surface,
Failed to raise a decent crop
Of fashionable down. C. B.

"£10,000,000 LINER POOL."
Daily Paper.

A model yacht-pond would of course have been much cheaper.

"The Post-Office has placed a further order for 25,000 of the hand-microphone or 'cradle' type of telephone, in addition to 50,000 instruments not being delivered."
Birmingham Paper.

As a telephone-subscriber, we should have known this last piece of news by instinct.



IN THE GREENERY-YALLERY DAYS THEY WERE SPELLBOUND IN THE PRESENCE OF BEAUTY.



WHAT A BLESSING IT IS WE HAVE OUTGROWN ALL THAT SORT OF THING.



THE PROBABLE DEVELOPMENT OF THE PONY-CLUB MOVEMENT.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I AM not sure that it suits Miss SHEILA KAYE-SMITH to devote herself to the dissection of an adventuress. At the risk of writing myself down as a sentimentalist I confess that I prefer this gifted novelist with a kindlier row to hoe. Yet there is an accomplished astringency about her latest novel that recalls THACKERAY nearly as much as does the character of its heroine, a *Becky* of the sects, a clever, selfish, mercenary and ruthless religious charlatan. Born of the poorest of poor labourers in a starvation Early-Victorian Surrey, *Susan Spray* is reared as one of an obscure society of simple Bible-reading fanatics. A vision of the Lord bids her, during a thunderstorm, desert her childish job of bird-scaring; and henceforth *The History of Susan Spray, the Female Preacher* (CASSELL, 7/6) is the chequered career of a reputed (or disreputed) prophetess. Her parents die, the Horsham poorhouse shelters and 'prentices the destitute family; but the visions always end by securing the visionary preferential treatment, in farm-service, in matrimony three times ventured, in her continued association with sectaries rich and poor. Self-indulgent while coveting the honour due to ascetism, she envies her cheerfully promiscuous sister her sturdy bastard; and the scene in which she ousts mother and child from the Brethren's meeting is the strongest in the book. Her three husbands are admirably indicated—the thatcher, *Strudwick*; the wastrel gentleman, *Clarabut*; the rich dairyman, *Pell*. And the crowning manœuvre by which *Clarabut* and *Pell* overlap in the background of an otherwise successful prophetess provides the most memorably ironic thrust in the duel between *Susan* and adversity.

Mr. H. G. WELLS is swallowing his Universe in such great gulps that he may soon encounter a world-shortage of literary proteins and carbo-hydrates. *The Science of Life* (CASSELL, 21-/), even more comprehensive than *The Outline of History*, is a volume that weighs nearly half a stone and contains just as much sound science and exciting speculation as the conjunction of title and author implies, together with a curious suggestion that the banquet is spread for the writer rather than for the reader. Though to his table Mr. WELLS has invited Professor JULIAN HUXLEY, and his own son, Mr. G. P. WELLS, in an instance of divided or intermittent individuality that suggests an artificially-produced mutation, it is pretty clear that their position is mainly that of cooks and caterers to the central mouth, while the function of Mr. Everyman—and I object to being perpetually addressed as Mr. Everyman—is perhaps to supply fixed nitrogen to the higher organism. Certainly this is a form of life, and life in such brilliant lucidity that every paragraph, carrying its own arising speculation, seems at once to be answered by the paragraph that follows. Here is the whole process and chain of life, past, present and even future, the evolution of the sea-urchin and the eddying of the blood-stream, the cycle of a liver-fluke and the Mendelian laws of heredity, the ecological outlook and the triumphs of psycho-analysis. Here are miracles and to spare, the whole treatise only marred by the subtly propagandist interpretation running through it—unanswered though not unanswerable—from beginning to end.

HEINEMANN publishes *Christine*
(Seven-and-six), by JULIAN GREEN,
Who seeks to make you blench—
Four tales of deep mysterious gloom,
Ending in madness or the tomb,
Translated from the French.

Brother reviewers have, I note,
Provided many a useful "quote"
That those may read who run,
Hinting that ZOLA, POE, FLAUBERT
All look a shade the worse for wear
Beside this rising sun.

I doubt it. JULIAN GREEN can write,
But he is not a FLAUBERT—quite,
Nor yet a POE. All signs of fright
Were easily suppressed.
I never felt the bristling hair
Rise on my scalp (there's not much there),
But, reading him right through with care,
I thought, "This might be DE LA MARE
Not feeling at his best."

Rather, I feel, in the spirit of *Cranford*, which preferred bread-and-butter because it felt that society could not run to cake, Miss CICELY HAMILTON finds a great deal to praise in the pathetically ugly developments, social, political and artistic, of post-War Germany. Having "assisted" at the closing-down of the occupied Rhineland and seen much of many *Modern Germanies* (DENT, 7/6) she undoubtedly knows what she is talking about. As a critic she is perhaps too staunch a feminist not to lose her head a little over a world where the *Hausfrau* has ceded to the *Sportmädel* and woman can do everything manly except drive her own car. It is not, as I see it, a world with much promise of stability, and there are signs that its improvised ethics may last no longer than the concrete flats which are its (rather superior) substitute for the English prawn-roofed bungalow. It is perhaps a palimpsest, and some day its deplorable face will be duly scraped—if not by HITLER and his Nazis, by the wise erosion of time—and the essential Germany, domesticated, musical, learned, nature-loving and well-fed, will re-emerge. The last three qualities are still more or less unimpaired. For, though radio is killing chamber-music and the sports-cult family-life, students still make sacrifices to learn, walkers still roam the country at large and you can still get honest food inexpensively. Miss HAMILTON has written (she says) about what set her thinking. The interest of her book was assured from the outset.

In *Grave Fairytale* (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 8/6) Miss ESTHER MEYNELL has made an enchanting gift to those of us who still hanker after the books on the nursery-shelf. Not only has she written a story which contains all the heroic ingredients of the old-fashioned fairy-tale, but is so generous a narrator that she interrupts herself again and again to give us, now a scrap of legend and now a little miracle of a story that is complete in itself. There is also such a suggestive quality about her work that, as we read, one story in the book leads to another in our own minds until there seems no end to the fairy-tale. The first book tells of little *Jakob*, a cobbler's son, who is, I suspect (since the author admits that some of her characters are recognisable), the child HANS ANDERSEN, and describes his adventures in a forest that was as full of stories as of trees. The second book is about *Melchior*, a fierce young musician, and his friendship with *Jakob*. There is little plot in this long story, which, while telling the struggles and triumphs of two young men, each a genius, follows the pattern of most good fairy-stories; but there is much beauty. The ultra-critical may be irritated by Miss MEYNELL's wanton mingling of fact and fancy and by her disregard for dates, but the majority will, like myself, be really grateful for this pot-pourri from fairyland.



White Sailor. "MY GOODNESS, RASTUS, HOW DO YOU STICK THIS HEAT?"
Negro Sailor. "WHAT HEAT?"

The sudden and complete paralysis of her mother gave *Rachel Moon* (HEINEMANN, 7/6) an opportunity for self-sacrifice which appealed curiously to her nature. Refusing to believe with the rest of her family that *Mrs. Moon* would never regain consciousness, she devoted more and more time to unnecessary nursing in addition to the domestic duties which she had assumed. On one of her rare holidays she met *Clive Bardsley*, a young scientist, and they became engaged. As long as possible she staved off the problem of whether *Clive* or her mother came first, and when a decision was inevitably forced on her she took a perverted pleasure in choosing the sick-room. *Clive* immediately ran away with her young sister, and soon afterwards her mother died. Mrs. LORNA REA is far too sensitive a writer to be unintentionally dull, and, though I can understand that by dimming the other characters (even *Clive*, who represented the attractions of the world, was a deadly young man) she gains a certain high light for her heroine's abnormality, I cannot see why *Rachel* herself should be necessarily unattractive, or why her conversation should not rise more often above the trivial. Nor can I resist the feeling that Mrs. REA has stressed the monotony of obsession to an extent which endangers the interest of the whole book. The *Six Mrs. Greenes* were great ladies and witty, but to me *Rachel Moon* lacks their inspiration.

The Uneasy Triangle (MURRAY, 7/6), which gives its name to a lively and informative book, is the misalliance between England, France and Germany which existed in the Rhineland during the first decade of the Peace. The author, "APEX," is more modest than his pseudonym; he is, in fact, the reverse of self-important, and he does not hesitate to record, with both humour and good-humour, the inevitable humiliations of a difficult situation. What he does claim is that, having known Germany intimately before the War and still having close connections there, he had special opportunities of gauging the reactions on a conquered but still proud nation of the presence of foreign troops in their midst. Not that this was easy even for him, for while the English soldiers fraternised freely and even unto matrimony with the German populace, the officers and their social equivalents stood by mutual consent aloof from one another. On the occasion of "APEX'S" first reception into a private household, where his hostess was an old friend, he was eloquently told by a fiery baron what at any rate one type of German thought of his countrymen. Later he was given an interesting reason why the Senegalese troops might be more welcome than the British and learned how the Occupation had retarded, in the territories which it affected, the nascent progressiveness and cosmopolitanism of the rest of Germany. Nevertheless, if his book gives some buffets to our national complacency, it leaves a general impression that our troops left the Rhine with colours not only literally but metaphorically flying.



"GLAD TO SEE YOU'VE GOT A JOB, MY MAN."
"WELL, I WANT TO GET ON WITH A BIT O' WORK. I'M A PAVEMENT-ARTIST."

The Five Red Herrings (GOLLANCZ, 7/6) is an apt title for Miss DOROTHY L. SAYER'S story, but I cannot help thinking that two or three less herrings would have made the tale and the trail easier for the reader to follow. No fewer than six men, all of them artists, were suspected of killing *Campbell* (also an artist), and to be quite frank I found some difficulty at first in getting *Graham, Gowan, Waters, Farren, Ferguson* and *Strachan* fitted into separate compartments of my mind. But when my confusion lifted I could only admire the cleverness with which *Lord Peter Wimsey*, Miss SAYER'S excellent sleuth, unravelled the mystery. The scene of the story is laid in and around Kirkcudbright, and Miss SAYERS writes with so keen a sense of atmosphere and with such real distinction of style that, even if she has overloaded her basket with fish, her tale is far above the average of detective novels.

The Trail of the Black King (METHUEN, 7/6) belongs to what may be called the knock-about school of detective fiction. Of its kind it is an excellent specimen, for in the pursuit of a relentless blackmailer *Jimmy Rezaire* has to engage in a contest of brains that never for a moment is lacking in excitement. *Rezaire* in fact has never been in better form, and Mr. ANTHONY ARMSTRONG has every reason to be proud of creating a detective who retains some human frailties and in whom one can admire the man quite apart from the sleuth. I confess to finding *Hyslop, Jimmy's* assistant, a shade too facetious for my taste, but apart from this I have only praise for a tale that goes with a swing and a fine dash from start to finish.

Bulls'-eyes in the Dark.

"A watershed is what Americans have instead of a wine-cellar."—*Schoolboy's Answer.*

A Hurricane in Two Minds.

"A violent southerly gale is blowing with hurricane force from the east, and conditions at sea are very wild."—*Evening Paper.*

"220 YARD SLOW HURDLES—CAMBRIDGE."—*Daily Paper.*
But still not slow enough for Oxford.

CHARIVARIA.

WE are reassured to learn that Sir MALCOLM CAMPBELL'S World's Record remains unaffected by the result at St. George's.

* * *

Our hagiological correspondent informs us that Lord BEAVERBROOK has decided, in view of Mr. DUFF COOPER'S success, not to change the name of the St. George's Division of Westminster to St. Petter's.

* * *

An American student of New Thought is of the opinion that everybody has a halo. He will find it difficult to convince Lord ROTHERMERE that Mr. BALDWIN has one.

* * *

It is claimed that the Liberal Party has maintained remarkable solidarity during the last six days, not a single Whip having resigned.

* * *

With reference to the announcement that Mr. EPSTEIN'S "Genesis," which has been sold privately, is to remain in this country, we feel impelled to confess that we had become reconciled to the possibility that it might be taken abroad.

* * *

The recent announcement that Mr. EPSTEIN never attends art exhibitions has prompted one crusty old cynic to say that those who attend the famous sculptor's exhibitions are in much the same position.

* * *

It is predicted that, given sunny weather, this will be the "first spending fortnight" of the shopping year. Reports from the big stores have indicated for some time that the crowds were lifting.

* * *

In view of the probable resumption of the Chinese Civil War this spring, doubts are entertained whether any marked progress has been made by the "Brighter Civil War" movement.

* * *

General FENG YU-HSIANG, whose backers have failed him, is reported to be wandering about the countryside, unshaven and unwashed, painting and writing; and it is feared that he has become Bohemian.

A gossip-writer informs his readers that he saw a certain well-known peer last week for the first time since last October. The question now arises: Do celebrities hibernate?

* * *

"Paint more, smile more" is the advice of a Medical Officer of Health with special reference to house-decoration. In our view its soundness lies in the fact that when a house-painter is smiling he can't whistle.

* * *

Though the colony of seven parrots in Epping Forest is observed to have dwindled to two, hopes are entertained that the pair will nest again. The chance of hearing the young birds' baby-talk should add greatly to the interest of picnics in the coming summer.

* * *

"What good will the Census do?" asks a headline. Well, it will help to take our minds off the Budget and spring-cleaning.

* * *

A woman at Sheffield told the magistrate that her husband had threatened to cut off her head and put it on the table. We think he should be told that this would be illegal.

* * *

"A pipe with a pedigree" is advertised. This reminds us of a pipe a plumber repaired for us the other day; he took all day to find its connections.

* * *

An African insect, the Topelia, is said to thrive on whitewash. If it cares to visit this country we will do our best to get it made an honorary politician.

* * *

If all the hot-cross buns made this year were piled one on top of the other in the centre of the Strand they would probably fall down.

* * *

A lark will rise to the height of six thousand feet. Considering the number of bad poems that are addressed to it in the spring we can hardly blame it.

* * *

A suspect caught in a jeweller's shop complained that directly he raised his head above the counter the policeman hit him with his truncheon. His view is understood to have been that the constable should have allowed him to lead before delivering a cross-counter.

* * *

A golf expert mentions that an eminent professional has wrists of steel. They have of course an advantage over wrists of hickory.

* * *

"Dogs and horses I find tediously dull," says Mr. FRANK WELLS, son of Mr. H. G. WELLS. Our regret is that we have no opportunity of noting the reactions of our terrier pup to the WELLS family.

* * *

Motorists complain that the roads round garrison towns are bestrewn with nails from soldiers' boots, and they are understood to incline to the view that the time is ripe for the mechanisation of the infantry.

* * *

Seventeen of the young people who call themselves the "Monkeys" are going to Italy to study art, we learn. Not, as might have been supposed, in search of organ-grinders.

* * *

"People want to laugh without having to think too deeply," says Mr. C. B. COCHRAN. An economical method is to make a sight-seeing tour of London's statues.

* * *

A light-blue daffodil is reported from Cornwall. It seems that even flowers get the Boat-Race fever.

* * *

A doctor states that he uses tomatoes as a cure for bad temper. His aim, we imagine, is excellent.



Dictated. "DEAR MR. PRESIDENT ACADEMY, R.A.,—I AM THINKING OF HAVING AN OIL PORTRAIT OF MYSELF EXECUTED FOR YOUR COMING EXHIBITION, AND I WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE AN OPTION ON ONE OF YOUR BEST POSITIONS."

OCHLOS.

"Is our democracy to degenerate into an ochlocracy?" inquired "SCRUTATOR" a little plaintively in *The Sunday Times* not long ago.

I repeated the question to a friend whom I met on the Underground.

"What a nasty hacking cough you have," he said. "You should go to Brighton for a change of air." He then said that Drin would win the Grand National, which I held to be a lie, having drawn otherwise.

None the less I echo "SCRUTATOR'S" academic interrogation. Is it? Or is it to degenerate into something even worse?

Ochlos, as all those of you who were not on the Modern Side and doing stinks will fail to remember, means a mob. And a mob is a way of speaking of the people when they are doing something that you do not like. It used to be bad enough to call them "demos." Demos was a monster. It had hydra heads. But we have grown so much accustomed to demos now that we need a worse word to describe it. And ochlos, I think, is fairly good. You can gargle it before breakfast every day.

But is an ochlocracy quite the same as the thing which is known as the Dictatorship of the Press? I am not so sure.

For a moment I toy with beaverbrocracy; but that is a hybrid amongst words—a Canadian creature with an Attic tail. Those again who believe that elections are swayed by the votes of parlourmaids (or handmaidens) might find Homeric consolation in amphipolocracy—a fine-sounding word, I swear.

"I appeal to the sturdy commonsense of the amphipolocracy of Great Britain. . . ."

"Once again the heart of amphipolocracy has beaten true. . . ."

"Amphipolocracy is weighed in the balances and found wanting. . . ."

I will take out no patent. I present the double dactyl free to Candidates for constituencies in the hour of triumph or defeat.

On the other hand it might be said that the Press Dictators, if there are such people, attempt to guide our destinies chiefly by means of paragraphs in varying types, and photographs inset or seen above. I doubt whether "photographocracy," or "paragraphocrat" are likely to pass into the language of political history in place of the old-fashioned words.

Nor am I wholly pleased with hippopolocracy, although the bars of most public-houses seem to be full of hippopolocrats who have just got on to a good thing. Nor yet with asterocracy, though if the post-war world has been saved for anything, it seems to have been saved for the stars of Hollywood.

Let us return, *faute de mieux*, to ochlos, and consider its marvellous ways. Does it submit to dictation at all? Can anyone say what it reads, and why? Words may be printed in so vast a type, I acknowledge, that the ochlos can scarcely help reading them, and a Press Dictator, I argue, if he really understood his business and wanted to direct a policy, would only print about fifteen words, of enormous proportions and perhaps two photographs, on a page. It may be taken as certain that the ochlos reads all sentences which it happens to meet in which the letters are as much as eight inches high. Apart from that its taste in literature is practically unknown. It reads the racing, football and boxing news, and will continue to read that, even if the type seems to have a permanent wave or has grown smudgy, like fur. It has an insatiate appetite for photographs of women, especially women doing things that women were once not supposed to do. It likes to debate the question whether women after marriage should keep their boy-friends—in my opinion a rather arid theme. It likes to know what film-stars earn, and who murdered whom. Apart from these things its loves and hates are mysteriously vague. The Press Dictators, far from being tyrants, appear to me to wrestle in its toils, attempting to clutch it with now and then a menu for late dinner, now and then with a comic strip, and now and then with a revival of religious belief.

I have been told that in many industrial towns the ochlos does not read a morning paper at all. Its paper comes out at four o'clock in the afternoon and contains everything that the ochlos wants to know about dogs, horses, women and leather balls. The life of a would-be Press Dictator is really rather hard. He has to dictate through a megaphone, through the roar that goes up from the crowded arena when West Bromwich Albion win. And that is no easy affair.

It is never known on any given occasion whether the ochlos will take the trouble to vote either for A or B. But we may safely say that when fifty per cent of the electorate has failed to use its privilege, it is chiefly the ochlos which did not go to the poll. Even at St. George's, Westminster, a vast number of citizens, presumably the ochlos, disdained to state whether they stood for Petterocracy or were Duffocrats in grain. Some say that this is a definite principle of the ochlos. When dissatisfied with its own party it registers disapproval grandly, like Achilles, by remaining in its tenement and giving the ballot-boxes a miss.

"I voted for them last time and they didn't do me any good, and I'm —— if I'm going to vote for them again."

Why not vote the other way this time? Probably the ochlos feels that a rest is needed to recuperate after the fiasco of several years ago, and the Press Barons who have given it three pages of sport and one of film-stars every day are not really dispelling its apathy.

Whenever I read of the raging successes of beaverbrocracy, clad in armour, *cap-à-pie*, bearing banners and fighting for I know not what, I think of the strange habits of the ochlos, especially the ochlos north of the Trent, and I smile. London must be very provincial if it takes its little Press Dictators so seriously.

None the less it is possible that some day a leader of the ochlos will arise. I do not know what he would look like nor what his character would be. Does sentiment count for more than cunning? Would a straight tip for the Derby be as useful as a fine presence and a golden voice? If the fellow were a Press Dictator, would he have to stamp his messages of burning faith in the stop press column mixed up with the 3.30 result and the Cup Tie half-times? You may call me a snob for writing like this if you like. But I am not, for nobody in English admits that he belongs to the ochlos. Nevertheless the ochlos is there, and I await rather timidly the coming of our first great ochlagogue. . . .

Ochlagogue! What a name for an Irish horse! EVOE.

Some said the petter man was bound to win,
But some declared the petter was the pest;
The petter duffed it, and the duff got in,
So now there's peace again in London, West.

Virtue à la Mode.

"Practical Parchment Satin Set, handmade, suitable for any occasion. Price, set 35/9. Also Modesty can be had to match."
Spring Catalogue.

"UNRESTRICTED FREEHOLD.
EXTENSIVE FRONTAGE AT REAR."
House-Agent's Board.

Even the anatomy of our house-agent defies such description.

"1928 (late) 14-45 h.p. —— 2-3-seater De Luxe, in unapproachable condition."
Advertisement in Motoring Paper.

Yet in general we find motor-cars less smelly than they used to be.



THE LION FLAPPANT.

BRITISH LION (*looking at himself in the glass*). "THIS IS A VERY PRETTY PAIR OF WINGS SO FAR AS THEY GO, BUT I WISH THEY WERE A LARGER SIZE THAN NO. 5."

[In introducing the Air Estimates Mr. MONTAGUE admitted that this country stood fifth among the Air Powers of the world.]



The Flapper. "I WOULDN'T SO MUCH MIND, ONLY IT WAS TO BE A SURPRISE PRESENT FROM DADDY. I MEAN, HE DOESN'T KNOW HE WAS GOING TO GIVE IT TO ME."

THE GODFATHER COMPETITION.

I HAVE recently been playing in a Godfather Competition.

It wasn't a medal round or tennis tournament for godfathers only; it was a competition actually staged to decide who should be godfather to John and Betty Bishop's small daughter, Petronella.

There was one vacancy for the position (the child being a girl) and there were three available candidates, William, Mervyn and myself, with practically identical qualifications.

Selection thus seemed likely to be a delicate matter, and it was not long before the three candidates found themselves engaged in an unostentatious but definite competition.

The competitive spirit may be said to have been first fostered by Betty's cousin, Audrey.

I have known this girl—in fact we all have—for a number of years, and one day she said to me, "Ralph, if you want to do godders to Pet you'd better get in quickly before the others, my lad."

Of course *she* had been, as it were, awarded her cap as godmother and could afford to be a little patronising.

I decided, however, that there might be something in her advice, thanked her for it and got in quickly with a little poem addressed to the infant, which I sent to John.

Unfortunately, John, who has been trained in a stern school of light verse, wrote back to me that there was a false rhyme in it, and I felt that I had probably lost marks.

The others meanwhile, doubtless incited thereto by the insidious Audrey, were individually active.

I wasn't much afraid of William—he has a woolly-bear-and-Baby-listen-to-the-tick-tick mentality—but I was terribly afraid of Mervyn. He was a direct menace.

Neither William nor I have any money, but Mervyn is a wealthy and resourceful stockbroker, and when he was overheard to murmur something about a "transfer of stock," I think both William and I felt that Mervyn was the man. We made him the favourite at two-to-one on.

Well, nothing in particular happened for some weeks and then we each received an invitation to John's house at Piston-Slappe for the week-end.

We travelled down together in Mervyn's immense 8-cylinder Shippobotham-Worge. It was a curiously taciturn journey. Not, of course, that there was any suspicion of estrangement between us; it was simply that we were contemplative.

Audrey, also staying in the house, we found in an excited and mysterious mood.

Under pressure she revealed to us the fact that John and Betty, finding it impossible to adjudicate between us, proposed to refer the matter to Petronella's arbitration.

"To-morrow you three are going to

be paraded in front of the cradle," she giggled, "and the one who puts up the best show—the one on whom the little princess smiles sweetest—he'll be the chosen one. Ordeal by infant. Isn't it thrilling?"

So the affair now really had taken a serious turn, and when on the morrow we found ourselves gathered round the cradle like so many heavy fairies at a christening, there was a feeling of crisis in the air.

We had tossed up for who should take first ball and I stepped forward with another poem.

The tiny arbiter of our immediate destinies gave me such a sweet little smile and her blue eyes twinkled so encouragingly that towards the climax of my verses I became almost emotional with hope.

"For you, my pretty," I added simply and looked down at the cradle.

The eyes were closed.

William was next man in. He opened with a watch exhibition, and then, finding that this evoked an apathetic response, presented with gusto a series of hideous faces. They were less hideous than the consequences. Apathy gave way to pouts, pouts to puckers, and puckers to full-throated and sustained roars of resentment. William was hustled from the cradle in disgrace.

"*He*'s finished," whispered Mervyn, and I readily concurred. Not that, as I have already said, I was ever much afraid of William.

When order had been restored Mervyn approached the cradle.

He was always the stylist of our company, and on this occasion he looked to be in form from the first.

He leaned over the cradle, imprinted a light kiss on the occupant, whispered, "A little something for a rainy day," and deposited on the lace coverlet an envelope. And as he withdrew a tiny paw stole out towards his gift.

My heart sank and I crept dejectedly away. At that moment I felt I almost hated my friend, and it was upwards of half-an-hour before I had so far overcome my repugnance to have some beer with him in the smoking-room. I found him unexpectedly sombre.

"Who's got the job?" he said thoughtfully.

"You have," I assured him.

He shook his head. "You didn't see her turn down my little lot," he said. "Oh, yes, she turned it down all right. Toyed with it and then threw it out with a gesture of contempt."

The door suddenly crashed open and in danced William beaming all over his good-natured face.

"I say, ch-chaps," he stuttered, "we've all got our colours."



Very Modern Editor (to Spring Poet). "I RATHER LIKE THIS LITTLE THING OF YOURS, 'LOVERS' LANE.' I SUPPOSE YOU COULDN'T MAKE IT 'AN ARTERIAL ROAD'?"

"*What?*" we exclaimed.

"Yes. Old John's stuck it up in the hall, just as he used to in the house-room after a match. Remember?" (John had been our house-captain at school.)

We tore out into the hall, and there, drawing-pinned to the back of the front-door, was a white card saying in John's neat writing:—

To be Godfathers (Joint) :—

William
Mervyn
Ralph

and at the foot of the card the well-remembered injunction:—

"*Those able to play please tick off.*"

We ticked off. WOON.

The Conservative Carnera.

"MR. BALDWIN HITS OUT. THREE BELFASTMEN INJURED."
Poster of Ulster Paper.

"WOLVERHAMPTON TRANSFER RUMOURS."
Birmingham Paper.

Some clubs seem willing to buy anything.

"Exception has been taken . . . to . . . films . . . because of references to . . . compassionate marriage and 'free love' . . . ."
Manchester Paper.

The quality of mercy surely is not banned?

There was a braw piper of Bute
Who enjoyed a tremendous repute;
But he married a wife
From the kingdom of Fife,
And afterwards took to the flute.

ONE NIGHT OF CLOCKS.

OUR Captain Bayonet's brother, a young Major in the Hithershires, arrived in our Mess the other day on a short visit. He was not attached to us or anything like that; he was simply on sick leave from his battalion out East and had looked in to see his brother for a day or so—in spite of Bayonet's attempts to make him stay at a hotel in Havershot, where he (Bayonet, not his brother) would find it much cheaper. Bayonet's brother, however, said he didn't mind roughing it in barracks, especially among such a lot of jolly good fellows; and you will understand his appreciation of us when I explain that we made a point of offering him drinks on every possible occasion, subsequently having them put down to Bayonet as a surprise for him at the end of the month.

In return for our hospitality Bayonet's brother told us several amusing tales of peculiar hospitality he had experienced when out East, and particularly in the hinterland of Sarawak, where he had once been sent on a special job. The special job ("further explanation of which, my dear Watson, would at once plunge all Europe into war") involved his visiting various Dyak villages; and visiting the villages implied staying a night or so as the guest of the local Headman, who used always to meet him at the edge of the jungle-clearing and escort him proudly to his house.

Now a Headman's house in the hinterland of Sarawak is, so Bayonet's brother explained, a *big* house. In fact it is an ex-village. For a Dyak village is merely one long corridor lined on either side with rooms, the whole raised on poles above the ground and occupied by the community. When it can be comfortably filled by the Headman, his wives, children, relations and hangers-on, he simply calls it his house, kicks the villagers out to build another, and proceeds to decorate his new home with tangible signs of his importance and wealth. The trouble is that wealth in the Sarawak hinterland is not measured by money. Money, the natives say, is useless in the jungle, so its place is taken by enormous pottery jars, though the fact that these too are useless in the jungle has not yet occurred to them. But if it is pointed out that money is at any rate more portable, they smile knowingly, and say, "That's just the trouble; it *is*." Hence, you see, the pottery jars, which have been handed down for generations with written pedigrees, and are now worth about four to five hundred dollars each. To possess as many as ten is to be rich, to possess more is to be a veritable Haroun-Al-Rothschild, and necessitates spending money on something else more showy to prove it.

Now at one village where Bayonet's brother spent the night the Headman, by name Untang, had solved this problem of what to do with his surplus cash by the purchase of clocks. Not particularly expensive clocks—indeed quantity not quality was his goal—and doubtless he had got a reduction for buying them by the dozen, a course that would never have occurred to any of us in the Mess. For clocks had got right into his system. On every pillar, on every doorpost, in every available position in his large house shiny eight-day clocks, hanging like bunches of grapes on a vine, greeted Bayonet's startled gaze. Not an altogether foolish choice either, for the impression given was certainly one of overwhelming opulence. Even the usual Dyak house decorations looked shoddy before such a display; and the usual Dyak house decorations, it seemed, were baskets suspended in rows like ferns on a verandah, each containing the dried head of a quondam enemy with whom by then naturally enough one was at peace.

Untang's display of time-pieces, Bayonet's brother informed us, like all ostentatious wealth, had its drawbacks. He could hardly hear himself think above the frantic ticking of the clocks which, since they were religiously wound every night, always had seven days in hand and were full of energy. In addition his host had conducted him round on his arrival and given them an extra and ceremonious wind in his honour. Any connected form of conversation of course was completely out of the question, because the conception of time meant nothing to Untang, and so each clock still registered the hour according to the original whim of its manufacturer. No sooner therefore did Bayonet's brother begin a remark than one of the younger clocks would strike five with a shrill and breathless "*Spang-spang-spang-spang-spang-spang.*" Recovering from this, his ears would next be assaulted by an elderly timepiece which would solemnly clear its throat and announce "One o'clock" in a deep bass—"*C-r-r-r-r-r-m-m-m-m-STONG.*" A bare moment after a sort of aunt-clock would say "Twelve" and mean it, followed by small-boy-clocks, niece-clocks, sister-clocks, clergymen-clocks, with high-pitched voices and high-church chimes, and a half-witted third-cousin clock which rather diffidently and with much deliberation struck Fourteen and then sounded the alarm. In between all these statements there was a constant chiming of quarters, halves and three-quarters from all the more aristocratic chronometers which had it in them. So it is easy to imagine what a wealthy impression Untang's residence gave to his visitor.

By the time dinner was over, Bayonet's brother felt that if he didn't do something he would go mad. So, tackling his host on what was obviously his subject, he tried to teach him the idea of time and the reading of it from clocks. Untang was quite surprised and delighted to learn that clocks were useful as well as ornamental. He admitted, it seemed, that he had always suspected there was something more in them than a tick and a strike. His opinion of Bayonet's brother's wrist-watch, which up to then he had considered a poor thing without a noise anywhere about it, went up consider-



"REMEMBER THAT PART, MAISIE? IT'S WHERE THEY'RE FALLING OUT OF THE AIRPLANE."
"SURE I DO. THAT'S WHERE HE SINGS THE THEME-SONG, 'PARACHUTING THROUGH LIFE WITH YOU.'"



Footpad. "YOU OUGHT TO KNOW BETTER, HORACE, THAN TO LET A GREAT FAT WALLET LIKE THIS SPOIL THE SHAPE OF YOUR CLOTHES."

ably on learning that it alone had the correct time.

Untang proved an apt pupil, and one large gilt clock was fetched and solemnly set to the right hour as given by his guest's wrist-watch, the two being subsequently compared every few minutes, though the host's rather childish pleasure in finding that his own clock was winning, had to be dashed by manipulation of the regulator. It was unanimously agreed that of the whole collection only the gilt clock should show the correct time. The others were to be left to their own expressions of individuality, for Untang didn't at all like the idea of the poverty-indicating silence that would otherwise fall for long periods on his house, while Bayonet's brother was spending the night and had remembered that the house, being only built on stilts, would probably collapse in a faint if every clock of his host's vast collection simultaneously had a General Strike at midnight.

After passing a restless night, due largely to excess of clock, Bayonet's brother transacted his business and went on his way, leaving his late host with the right time on his gilt clock and a working knowledge of timepieces in general. Unfortunately the working knowledge of timepieces was hardly so deep-rooted as he had thought, for two days later, in another village, he received a breathless message from Untang.

The message was to the effect that the gilt clock had stopped. Would the White Man (who in the cleverness of his mind understood all clocks) please write down on a paper the correct hour by his little clock-on-the-arm, and send the messenger back with it, so that the gilt clock might be once more set to the Right Time.

We were all so pleased with this story that we asked Bayonet's brother to stay a few days longer and tell us some more—a motion which was carried almost unanimously, the one dissentient being, I regret to say, our Captain Bayonet.

A. A.

"Over 1,350,000 odd telephone calls were made in Great Britain last year, according to official figures made available yesterday."
Manchester Paper.

The P.M.G. has not yet realised that to the majority of the public the efficient is preferable to the quaint.

Mr. Punch Regrets.

In the article, "Dining Rosemary," in the issue of March 11th, Mr. Punch inadvertently used the name of an actual hotel. The episode described was purely imaginary, and no reflections whatever were intended to be cast on any Hotel Splendide.

Sweepstake Prosperity.

"DUBLIN MANNEQUIN DISPLAY.

Cheques also form the groundwork of many of this season's designs."—*Irish Paper.*

Posts which we should Hesitate to Accept.

". . . Edinburgh Town Council to-day drew up the following short list of five applicants for the post of medical officer in charge of the mental health of the Corporation."
Scots Paper.

"In the course of this year the Viceroy has fostered the growth of Mr. Gandhi's power to an extent almost inconceivable.

First, by neglecting to arrest him until his breeches of the law had gradually attracted and rivetted the attention of all India."
Mr. Churchill, reported in Daily Paper.

Mr. GANDHI never seems to be wearing these fascinating trousers in any of his photographs.

HYMN ABOUT SPRING.

[Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS was recently inspired to a Hymn to Spring. It appeared in *The Sunday Express*, and, perhaps wisely, was turned out in prose, which, however, was plainly not its rightful form. Mr. Punch, suspecting that there was a poetical version somewhere, has managed to get hold of it, and with pleasure affords this fine poem the hospitality of his columns.]

SPRING, happy Spring, the sweet o' the year (my phrase)
Begins on March the 21st.
And carries on, it's generally reckoned,
Till June the 22nd,
Whence this melodious burst.
Give Spring her due, a due of thanks and praise.
Oh, when I think
That for the whole of April and of May,
Twenty-one days in June,
Not counting ten in March
(When rosy plumelets tuft the larch)
We shall be in a kind of swelling pink
With each day growing hotter,
I strike the lyre, I blow the hoarse bassoon,
Ecstasy fills my breast
And rapture does the rest.
"You with the long mug, out of that," I say;
"Grumpish depressionist, you are a rotter.

Yet I have seen the young year's treacherous glow
Lure the rathe primrose on and promptly sweep it
With Winter's grapeshot (good) to Jericho
And I hae weepit;
I have shed tears upon the daffodil,
Also anemone and aconite,
Afflicted similarly by a chill;
The bosky rhododendron's fatal blight,
The blasted violet, has made me sigh
And often cry.
But somehow, for all that,
When I have drooped in snivelling despair
One spell has ever come upon me pat
And hushed my sobbin';
Rapture or ecstasy (whichever term 's preferred)
Again is mine, for I have heard
Spring's minstrel coming round to make me buck
Up with reiterate pluck—
Just a wee bird,
A robin.

I know a robin with bright breast
Bleeding from Winter's sword-cuts (good) who throws
A fat and undefeated chest
Against the vilest wind that blows,
Who doesn't give a hang
For Winter's icy fang,
Whose cheery chirps
Cleanse the dull mind like turps.
Turn to the robin, faint-hearts, fat-heads, turn;
You have a lot to learn.
Oh, when I've got to kick,
When I have handed in my dinner-pail,
Call me not gallant as a LANDSEER lion;
The phrase, I grant, is slick,
If somewhat stale.
But gather round and scribble with a sigh on
My little tablet, "J. D. *jacet hic*,
Brave as a Robin." That will do the trick.

Our magnates and our men of mark
Haver about like one o'clock;
Their souls are weak, their minds are dark,
And aimless as a foreign flock.
Here let me vindicate the British Sheep.
When Arctic winds pierce the adventurous lung
(Good) they bring forth their young,
Nor seem to feel upset
Whether it's fine or wet.
Would we had men like these, who with clear glance
Could stare the economic blizzard out of countenance,
(My golly, what a trope!)
Still nursing their unconquerable dope;
Let us—well, speaking shortly, let us choose
Leaders with the mentality of ewes,
And let our youth grow up
More like the simple tup
Who does not squander as a lamb
Money and time on Isis or the Cam
(Damn, damn, and damn!)
Where of development is no trace
Or manliness, if you except the Boat-Race.

Let us give over weakness. Let us nail
The flag of Spring to our great nation's tail,
I should say, mast; you frozen bankers, thaw,
Let me, let everybody, overdraw.
Let nervous manufacturers prepare
For orders in a heap
Coming from anywhere,
Nor paralyse a people's soul
With talk of taxes and the cost of coal.
Oh, emulate the daffodil and sheep
And the wee robin; fill your hearts with Spring,
And, lovers, get you wed like anything.
Come, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow follow, me;
I am J. D.
Read me o' Sundays; take in *The Express*;
I mean to make you brave and great and pure.
P.S.
And damned be all improper literature. DUM-DUM.

TOUGH.

THEY hurried into the casino, two large powerful men, and made a bee-line for the bar.

"This is on me, I guess. Name your poison, Son."

"Wal, mine's a vermoot gin."

"Aw say?"

"Sure, that's mine every time."

"Hey, Garcong. One vermoot gin here, and shake up a double esquimo flip for me."

Jane and I looked at our half-empty glasses. Not even vermoot gin, just plain vermoot. We gulped them down and slunk away to register a vow outside.

Next day we awaited the arrival of this he-man's drink with beating hearts.

"I expect they're frightfully potent," Jane whispered. The waiter appeared with two large tumblers containing a clear sparkling liquid and a lump of ice.

"You try first."

I sipped, paused and sipped again.

"Oh, quick! What's it like?"

"It's like—well it's just like soda water."

And it was too.

"The vessel as a result burned fiercely, but the flames, on account of the heavy seas, were soon distinguished."—*Manchester Paper.*

Fire-fighters find that this simplifies their work more than anything.

We understand that an enterprising reporter has examined the numerals on the face of Big Ben and has established the fact that they are not of Wedgwood.



"I DON'T MIND 'AVING INSOMNIA, DOCTOR, IF I COULD ONLY GET SOME SLEEP AT NIGHT."

A HITCH IN THE TRADITION.

O BRAVE days of old! The delight of it,
When in splendid profusion
At the tourney's conclusion
Our fathers sat down to a night of it.

Yet in spite of the festive good cheer,
If the ox turned out tough
Or there wasn't enough,
Had the seneschal nothing to fear?

When the Englishman's home was embattled
Did Care find no entry
Past warder and sentry?
Did the châtelaine never get rattled?

See, the tables are set in the hall,
The swan's off the spit
And the cressets are lit,
And the armour winks bright on the wall;

They're broaching the Malmsey with care;
'Twixt the cup and the lip
Was there never a slip
That made a poor hostess despair?

"Please, Mum, the portcullis is stuck;
We can't seem to lift 'er,
And till we can shift 'er
The guests are outside, Mum, worse luck:

"The man that knows best how she works,
Long Simon that made 'er,
He's gone a Crusader,
He's abroad, Mum, a-fighting the Turks."

O brave days of old (as they seem)!
Yet I fancy there were,
If the truth were laid bare,
Some snags in the feudal régime.

We may guess at these crises of yore,
But as history is mute
On such rifts in the lute
Far be it from us to say more.

"BENTLEY."

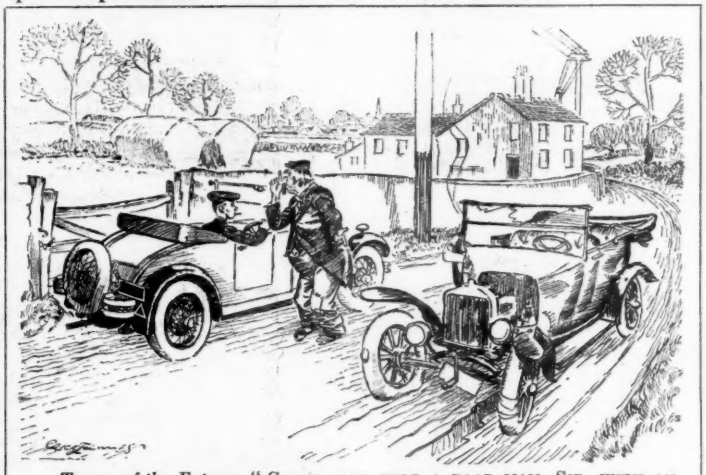
IT is one of the least unsatisfactory things about this precarious and disappointing life that it seems to be never too late to come upon discoveries among books. I mean not new books but discoveries. Only the other day, for instance, on a liner, I met with *Bentley*, and *Bentley*—in full, *Bentley's Complete Phrase Code*—began its career of usefulness as long ago as 1906. If for nearly twenty-five years—a quarter of a century—I have been so ignorant of this fascinating and exceedingly weighty volume, it is because such brains as I possess move in a different direction. My desire, without any wish to make anybody's hair stand on end or flesh creep, is to call a spade a spade. Nor am I normally a student of codes. Far from it. Codes, in fact, bore me, and I dislike stories that revolve round them.

But the double need to despatch a few cables from abroad and the wish to do so as economically as possible sent me to *Bentley*, where several words can often be expressed by half of one, and I found in the composition of my messages a great deal of amusement. After a surfeit of deck-quoits, contract bridge and crossword-puzzles, an hour with *Bentley* was diverting, particularly as, since all his energies are devoted to the kind of words that captains use to owners and brokers, and brokers and owners to captains, and they are chiefly concerned with cargoes and coal and charters and claims, and my own messages dealt with nothing of the sort, I had to work very hard to bend him to my will. But *Bentley* was bent. It was even possible to get a tailoring order through, for, though captains and owners apparently never have any communications concerning their trousers, I found a word for bags: AVANY. To *Bentley's* practical mind these would be full of rice; but they served, and I had the additional fun of making *Bentley* do what he never wanted to.

By those still susceptible to Cupid's sway, *Bentley* could, I found, even be forced into collaboration in the composition of a *billet-doux*. He has, of course, no word for "love," but, as he has the whole alphabet, anyone suddenly overcome at sea by thoughts of the girl he left behind him could, if he had enough money, spell it. The simple assurance "I love you" sent across the waters would cost little enough. "Why then," the critic may ask, "trouble about *Bentley*?" But that is to miss the very essence of the code, which is to convey information secretly. Why should the post-office people in her village know that I love her? They know too much as it is. And there is always the risk that she will be out, and an officious relation will open the cablegram. It is here that *Bentley* becomes the friend. "Don't say 'I love you,'" says *Bentley*, "say 'HUMYRIVZOP MUNYXVIJOY EVKERWUEMF': many letters but only three words."

According to the title-page nearly one thousand million combinations are possible. Each two words of five letters, run together, count as one, and when constructing a *Bentley* cablegram or Marconigram it is heartbreaking not to be able to make use of this concession; but it often happens that you are at the end of your message with a half-word short and nothing to marry it to. Then comes the fun of rearrangement. Some of *Bentley's* words seem to have a peculiar fitness. Thus an Act of Parliament is ADPUM; the Chancellor of the Exchequer BYVYG (a very good name for him); and the Prime Minister OJIRJ. Some are less appropriate. It seems absurd, for instance, that Berlin should be AYRUN, Paris NYKEK and London JOTPY. The fact that there is a word for "drunk" is ominous and recalls many dark stories of the bottle and the deep and the film called *Derelict* that I saw GEORGE BANCROFT in the other day. But who would send it? The captain or the first officer? According to film and fiction, the first officer?

But to return to the tender passion. Some of our words having more than one meaning, the ingenious Romeo can get the better of this unsympathetic code in other ways. "Dear," for instance, is not only a commercial term, as *Bentley* exclusively views it, but a popular and over-worked adjective in romance. Combined with "very" much could be done with it. Thus: "dear" is EBGUS, "too dear" EBGWE, "very dear" VIYHZEBGUS, "very precious" VIYHZOGTIX, "fairest" FUZIK. "Attractive," which *Bentley* would associate only with "offer" or "proposition," is ASMAC, and "devoted to," which he would link with "interests," is EKSES. "Glad if you can" is GYAMB; "offer" is NABUL, "hand" is HAZEF, and "myself" is KOKUX. There is also HULON—"husband," another of *Bentley's* verbs. The rest is easy. Should the lady wish, she could reply with ABYVA—"accept if cannot do better"—but that would be rather crude. E. V. L.



Tramp of the Future. "COULD YOU HELP A POOR MAN, SIR, WITH AN OLD SPARE TYRE, A FEW OLD NUTS AND BOLTS AND A LITTLE DROP OF PETROL?"

Another World's Record.

"The car was next seen at Putney Bridge, where a policeman threw his truncheon at it, without effect. It was picked up again in Harlesden . . ."
Daily Paper.

"ARGENTINE PAGEANT. . . . the motor-car building encloses in its centre the famous 'Golden Arrow' or 'Flecha d'Apostrophe Oro,' as it is inscribed here."
Sunday Paper.

There is no mention in this report of the Saètta Nera Fullstoppa, the Italian speed-waggon.

A Complex in the Kennel.

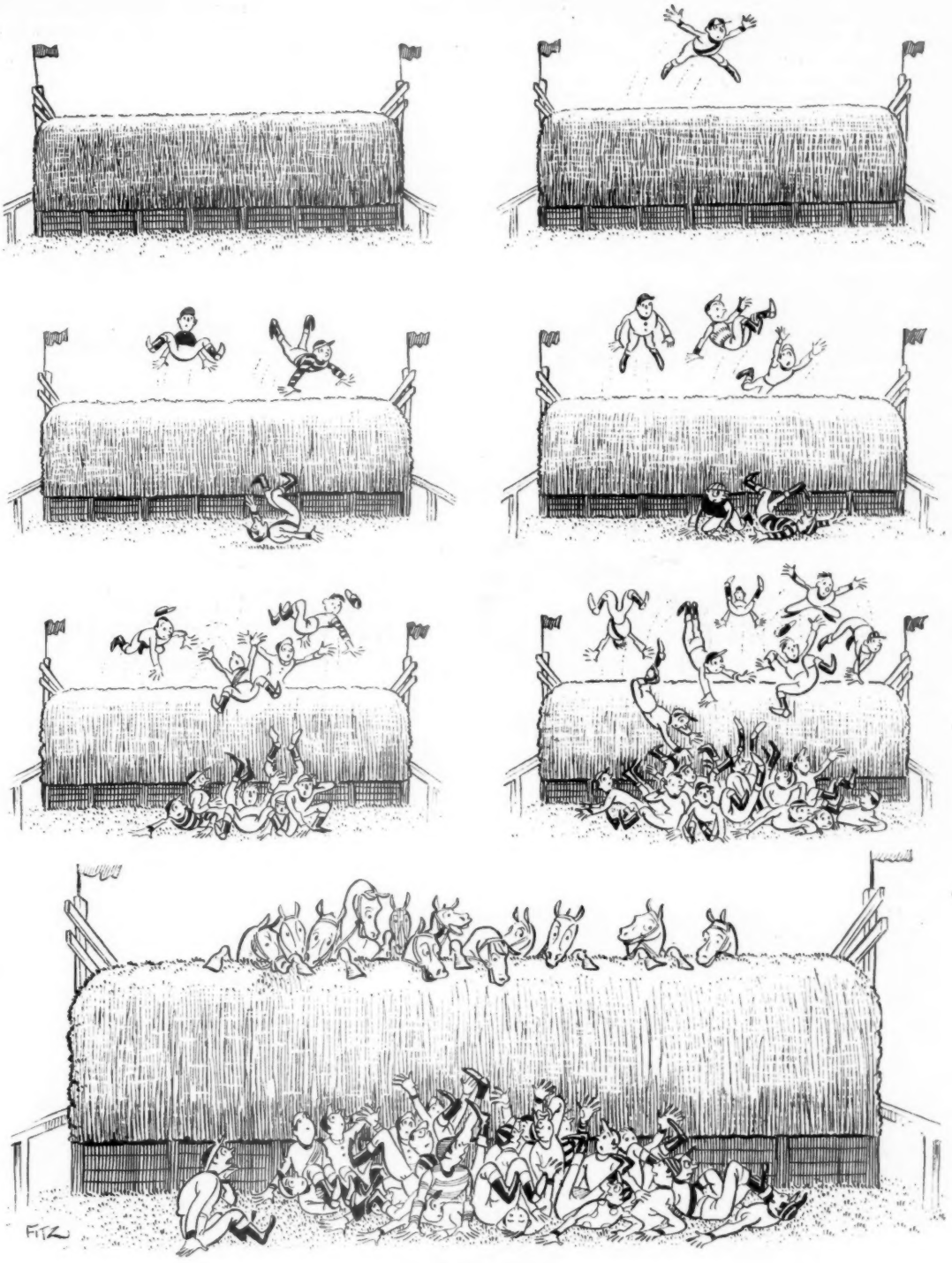
"The dog will outgrow this fear as he grows older. The abuse he received while a vagrant has frayed his cod liver oil every evening for a few months."
Dog Notes in Montreal Paper.

"BEECHAM CONCERT CHANGES.
The other items of the scheme will be —— entrance of the goods into Valhalla (from 'Rheingold'). . . ."—*Bristol Paper.*

So far as we know this is the first time that the lyre has been struck in honour of the celestial commissariat.

". . . . But in the opinion of the author under dirty conditions rain is beneficial, on account of its cleaning effect."
Engineering Paper.

If he lived in Bloomsbury, for instance.



THEY'RE OFF!

THE COMPLETE "SHEMOZZLE."

SIMPLE STORIES.

POLLIFEXIA.

ONCE there was an explorer called Zambesi Stutt, at least he hadn't done any exploring yet but he wanted to because of his name, and he thought he would like to discover a new country but he hadn't got enough money to pay his fare there. So he went to Mr. Pollifex who paid money to explorers for writing books and he said to him look here, if I write you a book about Pollifexia how much money will you pay me for it?

And he said I have never heard of Pollifexia, though I suppose I ought to because of my name, where is it? And he said I don't know yet, but I am going to discover it and I shall call it Pollifexia after you because I think somebody ought to call something after you, as you are so kind to all explorers and I don't think they recognise it enough.

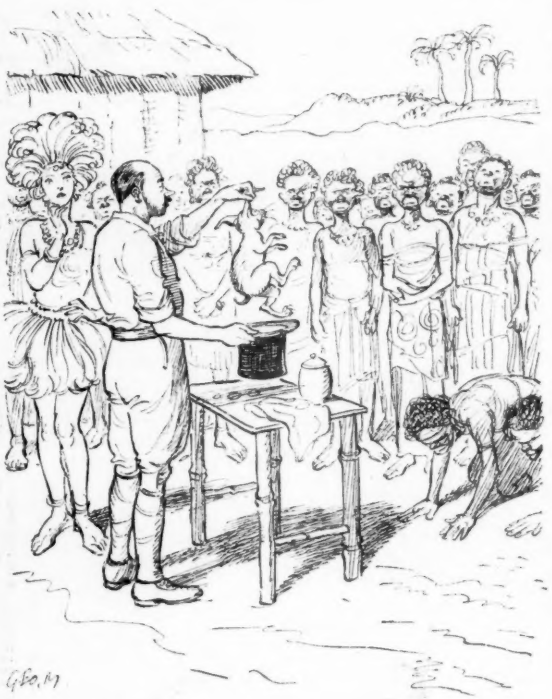
Well Mr. Pollifex rather liked that and he said should you want me to pay you before you had written the book or after? And he said oh before, because exploring costs a lot of money and I haven't got any myself as it happens and should have to give up a very good job for it.

And he said what job? And he said well I make quite a lot of money helping people do crossword-puzzles and a lot of them have won prizes, so I couldn't go for less than about a thousand pounds down and a good share of the profits.

Well Mr. Pollifex happened to be fond of crossword-puzzles himself, and he said look here what is this word, an Australian bird rather like an ostrich in three letters? And he said oh I can tell you that at once, it is emu. And Mr. Pollifex said oh of course, all I could think of was laughing-jackass and that didn't quite fit. I should think you could make your fortune if you are as quick at it as that, well I will pay you a thousand pounds and mind you write a good book with plenty of adventures in it, you can make some of them up if you like.

Well Zambesi Stutt had meant to look for Pollifexia somewhere behind the Pyramids, but when he got there he found it was mostly desert and too hot to be comfortable, so he thought he would go to the Pacific Ocean which he had always heard well spoken of and see if he could find something there. So he did that, and the steamers were very comfortable with good food, but all the places they went to had been discovered already, and as he had spent a good deal of the thousand pounds he was beginning to wonder what he was going to do about it.

Well at last he found himself on a very nice island with a good hotel, and a film company from Hollywood happened to be staying there who were going to make pictures of the natives and had brought several stars with them to have fights with the natives and go through hair-breadth escapes, but they had forgotten to bring somebody with them who could make up the story and they didn't know what to do about it.



"HE DID A FEW CONJURING TRICKS."

So Zambesi Stutt went to the manager and said look here, I am a famous explorer as you can tell by my name, and if you will pay me a thousand pounds down and give me a share of the profits I will make up a splendid story for you.

Well the manager said he would do that, because he was in such a hole that he didn't know what else to do, and Zambesi Stutt said all I ask is that the film shall be called Pollifexia and that the name of the hero shall be Zambesi Stutt, and the manager said oh very well.

Well he made him up a most exciting story of Zambesi Stutt discovering Pollifexia through being wrecked off a ship, and being captured by the natives and just going to be burnt alive when he thought of saying that he was their chief idol whose name was Gogo, and he did a few conjuring tricks with animals something like rabbits which there were plenty of on the island, and a top hat out of the theatrical wardrobe, and all the natives bowed down to him and shut him up in a temple and started worshipping him.

And the chief's daughter fell in love with him and he fell in love with her, because she wasn't black like the rest of the natives but had long golden hair, and instead of thick lips a mouth that looked lovely in a close-up. And it turned out that she wasn't the chief's daughter at all but the only child of an Earl who had been wrecked off his yacht when she was a baby and she had been the only one saved. And she got Zambesi Stutt out of the temple and showed him a place where there was a great heap of gold with several animals like small dragons defending it which they made up by putting wings and scales on a lot of dachshunds they had brought with them, and they had been trained to fly at him and to lie doggo when he pretended to throttle them.

And she showed him the chief's private divers diving for pearls which was very interesting and gave him lots of good ones, and then she married him, and there was a splendid wedding with tom-toms and hibiscus and native rites. But Zambesi Stutt had to be killed after that, and they managed it by a man-of-war coming to Pollifexia to look for the Earl's daughter, and as the natives didn't want their chief idol taken away and she wouldn't go without him, there was a good fight and he got killed in it.

So they buried him on the top of a hill and you saw the Dawn rising over his lonely grave. And that faded into a quiet English churchyard with a noble marble monument labelled Zambesi Stutt and the Earl's daughter in deep black laying expensive lilies on it, and after a close-up of her face with the tears welling out of her eyes and then rolling down rather heavily as she threw herself on the monument in a burst of uncontrollable anguish.

Well about a year after he had first come to him Zambesi Stutt called in on Mr. Pollifex and he said well I have discovered Pollifexia and written one

of the most exciting books you have ever read about it, and I have arranged for the film rights of it already and got you heaps of good photographs, so I hope you are satisfied.

And Mr. Pollifex said well I must read the book first, and when he had read it he said yes it seems all right, you must have had some quite exciting adventures, but if you are dead how do you come to be here? And he said well you see I had to get somebody else to be photographed instead of me, as I couldn't have done all those things myself, and he had to be killed or it would have been awkward when I came home.

And Mr. Pollifex said yes I quite see that, but what are you going to do now you have come home? And he said oh I am going to change my name to Albert and say I am Zambesi's brother.

Well it all worked out very well, and Albert Stutt made quite a lot of money out of the book and the film and bought himself a villa near Monte Carlo because he liked gambling. And when he had lost most of his money he went to America and gave lectures about his brother the famous explorer and made plenty more. A. M.

OUR AERO CLUB.

THE thriving private Aero Club
Demands a very modest sub.
And offers elevating sport,
With uplift of the loftiest sort.
The Secretary hustles round,
And where he's wanted there he's found;
A seasoned blend of pep and tact,
No crisis ever has him whacked.
The Flight-Instructor straps you in;
There's comfort in his cheery grin;
His voice, heard through the speaking-tube,
Inspires the thought that if you boob
This jolly reassuring soul
Sits close at hand to take control.
The old Mechanic calmly leans
Against his well-beloved machines;
He wastes no words but does his stuff,
This hard-boiled veteran, seared and tough,
Who (rumour has it) tuned the bus
Of owner-pilot Dædalus.

The senior members here and there
Affect a slightly *blasé* air.
You'll meet a lady with a spanner
Who murmurs in a casual manner,
"I'm feeling like a jaunt this morning,"
And then without a further warning
She'll wave her hand and off she'll go
To Minsk or Jask or Jericho
Or somewhere on the warm Equator,
Remarking briefly, "See you later."
Before she's fairly out of sight
Upon this enterprising flight
Another plane is seen to land
And someone shouts, "Hi! lend a hand!
I must have got a dashed mosquito
Embedded in the old magneto."
Then out hops Jane (or George or Dinah)
Back from a flip to Cochin China.

Such lively trips, such brisk excursions
Extend the range of our diversions
And make the local Aero Club
The globe-encirclers' social hub.
C. L. M.



First Best-Seller to Second Ditto. "SO LOVELY TO HAVE THIS MARVELLOUS LONG CHAT, DARLING; *so* REFRESHING TO HEAR YOU JUST BEING YOUR DEAR NATURAL SELF AND NOT SAYING *ANY* OF THOSE CLEVER THINGS YOU WRITE."



SPRING COMES TO THE FASHION PARADE.

NEW LIGHT ON EVOLUTION.

THE dogs of this small Alpine village present a number of problems to anyone interested in evolution, and I have now reached the stage in my researches when I can formulate a working hypothesis. My starting-point was the dictum of CHARLES DARWIN (or it may have been GALTON) that offspring tend to resemble their parents. My investigations, however, restricted as they have been to the offspring of widely dissimilar parents, have compelled me to amplify the original observation and to say that each offspring does its best to resemble *both* parents.

The evidence for this is the occurrence in the fauna of such slightly grotesque species as the Aberpeke, the Pekepood, the Alsatobern, the Foxdachs and the Dachsfox. In the nomenclature adopted the appearance of the head end decides which name shall come first. Thus a Dachsfox is dachshund for the first half and fox-terrier for the rest of the way. A Foxdachs is of course the same thing only turned round.

So much for my first result. The next is that I have stumbled on an example of the influence of environmental conditions which seems completely to have escaped the notice of all students of evolution. My discovery is that all these species are built on a slope. That is to say, the fore or hind legs are longer than the respective hind or fore legs, so that the animal's longitudinal axis is inclined to the horizontal by often as much as forty-five degrees. There must be an explanation for this, and the one which I venture to assert will be found to accord with the facts is that these dogs are adapted to life in hilly country. Thus a species with long hind legs will stand level going up-hill, whilst one with long fore legs will be on the level when moving down-hill. Quite clearly this will be of the greatest advantage to the individual.

One obvious criticism is, that on the flat, or more particularly when going the wrong way, the creature will be at an equal disadvantage. To this I would reply that Nature works but slowly, that this is but a first step along the road to perfection and that future generations may expect to find species with legs that they can expand or contract at will. Further, I would point out that I have observed the animals' favourite stamping-ground to be the rink, which is neither up nor down, and that in every case investigated uphill dogs, by which I mean dogs born in houses that I can only reach with great effort, are higher in front than behind. Downhill dogs, on the other hand, whose birthplace I can visit with ease but can't get back from, are tilted the other way.

There remain one or two small points which I have no doubt will require elucidation, but these I am compelled to leave until some future date as I am shortly returning to my home in the Fens.

Insubordination Below Stairs.

"COOK'S BOY TO SMACK OWNER."
Evening Paper.

"TWENTY YEARS AGO.

Pau, France—Captain Belanger, who set out to fly to Paris in an aeroplane yesterday, was compelled to return to Pau because of defective lubrication of his companions who started with him."—*Montreal Paper.*

The modern practice is to refrain from oiling up until after the flight.

"Get fuller details of this unique English heating system; send for descriptive booklet—or have our Heating Specialist call to submit plans."—*Advertisement in Monthly Paper.*

We shall be happy to know him, he sounds real okey.



REFUSERS ALL.

BEWILDERED BACKER. "I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY CALL THIS RACE, BUT IT 'S NOT MY IDEA OF A 'GRAND NATIONAL.'"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 16th.—Kindliness of soul is not a virtue that is ever required to feed upon itself. There are always plenty of people only too anxious to give it scope. That is well enough in reason, but the thing can be overdone. Kindly Mr. LANSBURY obviously thought it was being a bit overdone when Sir E. BENNETT asked him to undertake the excavation of recently-located portions of Hadrian's Wall. Mr. LANSBURY modestly suggested that the archæologists should be allowed to have a go first. In another direction the FIRST COMMISSIONER was able to repel an assault on his benignity in the shape of a horrid rumour that in the interests of strict economy he was proposing to cut off the free supply of matches in the Smoking-Room. Mr. WILL THORNE begged the MINISTER to realise that a general newspaper report to that effect had "very much damaged his reputation," to which Mr. LANSBURY replied that there was no helping what the newspapers might do to a humble person like himself.

After the new Member for Salisbury, Major DESPENCER-ROBERTSON, had taken his seat, the PRIME MINISTER, Mr. BALDWIN and Sir JOHN SIMON paid eloquent tributes to Mr. HARTSHORN, a man of the people, who by his personal gifts and force of character had attained well-deserved eminence alike in politics and as a trade union leader, and who by his tireless labours as a member of the Simon Commission had deliberately sacrificed health and long life in the cause of duty.

Then the House went into Committee again on the Electoral Reform Bill, and once more the Government found itself out of luck. The Bill is no great favourite with any Labour Member and anathema to some of them; it was introduced, in fact, as a *quid pro quo* for a measure of tolerance in respect of the Trade Disputes Bill which the Liberals were expected to but did not in fact extend.

But there must be a limit to bringing in Bills only to see them swept into the discard. When therefore the Government found itself defeated on the University Vote question by a conjunction of rebellious Liberals and contemptuously absentee Socialists, the Treasury Bench made no attempt to conceal its chagrin.

A little more prevision, however, would have convinced Mr. CLYNES that the abolition of the University Vote was not an affair that could be bludgeoned through. In the first place



THE DAUNTLESS THREE.
SIR MARTIN CONWAY, LORD HUGH CECIL AND SIR CHARLES OMAN.

there was the formidable Lord HUGH CECIL to be contended with, one of the few men in the House who, when he is in form, can sway Members from their party allegiances. His argument, that our political system is founded on oligarchy, not on democracy, was a delightful blend of satire and logic, and his declaration that "Members on the Ministerial side below the Gangway were always disillusioned" got well under the Socialist skin.

Against the Clause too were arrayed Major CHURCH—whose argument that "this was a time when they needed in authority men of the ripest judgment" was more true than flattering to the Daniels and Solomons on the Treasury Bench—and the combined wit and eloquence of Mr. COWAN, Sir JOHN WITHERS and Sir CHARLES OMAN. Against them the unctuous breathings of Sir HERBERT SAMUEL, the sweet but unconvincing reasonableness of Mr. CLYNES and the unpatriotic dialectics of that renegade alumnus, Mr. GREENWOOD, could not prevail. They failed to prevail by a narrow minority of four votes, and the PRIME MINISTER, unmoved by Opposition pæans of victory, informed Mr. BALDWIN with unusual mildness that he would consider what was to be done next.

Tuesday, March 17th.—Mr. GRAHAM *may* have spent the night shedding the unanswerable tear on the cold corpse of his little playmate, the Tariff Truce, but it was no downhearted PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE who explained to Mr. GIBSON that the Government proposed shortly to make industrial surveys in various parts of the country whither it is hoped to "attract new industrial development." Respect for the poor dear departed doubtless deterred Conservative Members from suggesting that a spot of protection for existing industries might be even more welcome in the areas concerned.

Members looked at one another with a wild surmise when the PRIME MINISTER, answering Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, said that an "Axe" Committee, whose terms of reference would be practically identical with those of the famous GEDDES Committee, was to be set up by agreement among all three Parties. Were there still to be three Parties after all? they asked themselves, in spite of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S announcement that the Liberal Party must either obey him (which it won't) or find another leader (which would seem to be unnecessary).

Mr. MONTAGUE is a very efficient estimator, and if faults were found with his Air Estimates it was for reasons over which he could justly claim to have little or no control. True, Mr. HORE-BELISHA called him a greedy fellow for not turning



"YAH! GREEDY!"
MR. HORE-BELISHA ACCUSES MR. MONTAGUE, UNDER-SECRETARY FOR AIR, OF KEEPING BOTH AVIATION APPLES TO HIMSELF.

over Civil Aviation to the Board of Trade, but the UNDER-SECRETARY can hardly be held responsible for that. The MINISTER and Sir SAMUEL HOARE bandied the usual technicalities about Siskins and D.H.9A.'s, but there was no inclination on the part of the Opposition to criticize destructively the amount of the estimate or the policies pursued. Captain CAZALET moved that more ought to be spent on Imperial aviation, and pointed out that we got an average of sixty-eight thousand miles flown per machine for a per mile subsidy of 5*s.* 7*d.*—a much higher mileage and lower subsidy than the U.S., France or Germany could show. We could therefore afford to spend a bit more. Mr. MONTAGUE replied that in the mileage of our air routes we came second to the United States, but the Air Ministry nevertheless constantly had before it the need for speeding up the development of air routes.

On the Vote for personnel Mr. SORENSEN trotted out the usual motion to reduce the numbers to nil or thereabouts and subsequently marched into the Lobby with the usual phalanx of eleven at his back.

Wednesday, March 18th.—It was by a mere coincidence, apparently, that Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL and his noble relative, the Duke of MARLBOROUGH, found themselves holding forth on the burning question of India on the same evening, the former at the Albert Hall and the latter in the more detached atmosphere of the Upper Chamber. In actual fact the DUKE beat his eloquent cousin by a few hours. Moreover, his speech was mild in tone and inquiring in substance. He wanted to know what had become of the SIMON Report, and what "safeguards" the Government considered indispensable. Did it stand by the safeguards mentioned in the Statutory Commission's Report or those adumbrated by Lord READING, and what did it propose to do if the Indians refused to accept them?

Lord SANKEY'S reply was largely a repetition of all that has been said before. The Government had gone beyond what the SIMON Commission contemplated, he explained, because the Indian Princes, on reaching London, had patriotically accepted the All-India Federation scheme. He discussed some details of the scheme, finance, the Two-Chamber Legislature, and so forth, as if it were all very much cut and dried, adding rather vaguely that it was too late to go back. His *sangfroid* was not marred by any disturbing references to a Mr. GANDHI, nor did he in fact answer the question about what the "safeguards" were to be.

Lord PEEL was vaguely critical, and reminded their Lordships that "behind the filling-in of the Federal structure lay the question of agreement between Hindus and Moslems." The Conservative Party, he said, had not refused to co-operate with the Government any further. They just wanted to hear what further proposals the Government had to make before agreeing with them.

Lord READING was vaguely approving. He too thought the Government had gone out of its way to ignore the Statutory Commission, and he was glad to hear the LORD CHANCELLOR say that "safeguards" were indispensable. These were important and might even have to include some provision against the possibility of the Congress Party getting into the Legislative Assembly for the purpose of wrecking it.



Macduff COOPER *(to his chief, Mr.* BALDWIN, *after "laying on to good effect").* "HAIL, KING! FOR SO THOU ART. BEHOLD WHERE STANDS THE USURPER'S CURSÉD HEAD."—*Macbeth*, Act. V. Scene vii.

MR. DUFF COOPER AND LORD BEAVERBROOK.

Lord LLOYD said he was all for reforms in reason, but it semed that the future government of India had been taken out of the hands of Parliament and was to be an affair of negotiation between the VICEROY and "those who opposed us in India." Lord PASSFIELD in reply declared that the Government was content to leave it to the man on the spot. If there were to be more conferences it was because conferences were one of the ways of getting down to the realities of the situation with which Lord LLOYD was so concerned.

In the Commons, the PRIME MINISTER having announced that the Electoral Reform Bill would pop up again after Easter, the House turned to Naval Estimates.

Thursday, March 19th.—Lord RADNOR audaciously ventured to ask the Government "what considerations guided the B.B.C. in the selection of their programmes": worse still he suggested that there was "a tendency on the part of those in charge of the B.B.C. to try to educate the people of this country towards Socialism and even towards Communism." Nay more, he actually trotted out a most embarrassing array of facts to prove his case.

Lord CRAWFORD'S idea of combating this charge was to insist that B.B.C. programmes were infinitely better than those of other countries—to which the obvious reply was that it has infinitely more money to spend. Lord GAINFORD "resented the attack on the staff" and insisted that the B.B.C. tried to hold the balance fairly between all shades of opinion. He admitted however that a paid advertisement of the Labour Party had appeared in *The Listener*—and this brought on his head the wrath of Lord HAILSHAM, who declared roundly that to allow any political propaganda to appear in its official organ was a grave misconception of the B.B.C.'s functions. Lord PONSONBY in reply said that the B.B.C. could not inquire into the careers and opinions of all who broadcast. Why, he broadcasted himself, and would resent such an inquiry very much indeed.

In the Commons Mr. ATTLEE defended the Post-Office and Mr. SHINWELL defended the working of the Coal Mines Act, the former with the cheery optimism of a newcomer on the scene, and the latter with a minimum of the "truculence" that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE besought him to restrain.

Giant Tennis.

"FARMHOUSE BY THE SEA.
Sussex, pretty gardens with tennis lawn of over Two Acres."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

"Ex-Publican Wants Milk-Round."
Advertisement in Manchester Paper.

We suppose that even Paradise may pall in time.

"You may ask why I invite your attention this week to the autobiography of a seventeenth-century divine who was born a year before Shakespeare, and died, a septuagenarian, in the reign of William the Third. My answer is that Richard Baxter ought to be alive to-day."—*Literary Paper.*

We should imagine that only sheer bad luck could have prevented him from being so.



THE HIGHER HORTICULTURE.

Convalescent cactus being taken out for an airing in Kew Gardens.

THE RABBIT'S REQUIEM.

Farewell, O most exasperating game,
Creating transient joys and bitter shame,
Which I have played on quite a hundred greens
From Deal to Dornoch, Rye to Rosapenna,
And now consign for ever to Gehenna.

Why I began it goodness only knows,
For no instructors, amateur or pro's,
Could, whether by example or advice
Control my ineradicable slice.
My head was everlastingly unbowed;
I scanned the far horizon or the cloud
Or other objects, whether great or small,
But never kept my eye upon the ball.
My grip was feeble and four times in five
I either topped or duffed or missed my drive
Or skied it heavenwards like a ruddy rocket;
My iron shots were mostly from the socket
In the direction of square point or cover.
The fairway I eschewed, but, like a lover,
Clung to the rough, and through long grass or whin
Bush-whacked my tedious way from tee to pin.

In earlier days I sometimes struck a patch
Of luck or decent play, and won a match,
And fondly dreamed of getting down to scratch.
Alas! these shining moments swiftly passed,
Leaving me undistinguished and outclassed,
And, though I played the agriculturist
And cut my divots with a strength of wrist
That would have gratified old Thomas Tusser,
I proved an irredeemable non-plusser.

But latterly a spell of dire defeat
Has knocked the bottom out of my conceit.
Thrice have I found my unexpected master
And thrice succumbed in unrelieved disaster—
First to a veteran of eighty-three
Who absolutely wiped the floor with me;
Then to a lanky schoolboy of thirteen
Whose play suggested an inspired machine;
Thirdly, I had a catastrophic round
When by an epileptic I was downed.

Farewell, then, hickory or steel-shafted clubs,
Farewell, ye greens with your unkindly rubs,
Farewell, my trusty aluminium putter,
Farewell the oaths that I was forced to utter,
Farewell, ye caddies, whom my stance and swing
Moved to acclaim me as the Rabbit King.
This was the unkindest cut, the final straw;
For ever from the links I now withdraw,
Yet, though divorced from driver and from cleek,
I still shall read my Darwin once a week.

C. L. G.

The New Midnight Sun.

"Summer time in France is to begin and end at midnight on October 3rd."—*Bolton Paper.*

"Science, indeed, is clearly a subject that fascinates Mr. Waights, but he handles it with the firm touch of the dilettante."
Bournemouth Paper.

And not with the hesitating uncertainty of the professional.

". . . an eleven containing 50 per cent. of a regular Third Division, English League team."—*Daily Paper.*

Five forwards and a half-back?

AT THE PICTURES.

"TRADER HORN" (EMPIRE).

ABOUT five years ago I wrote, in a kind of story:—

"'But a girl in a jungle? Why a *girl*?'

"'My dear John, nobody wants to know what a *man* did in the African jungle in these days. Think of the witch-doctors of the Uglu tribe. Think of the Rhinoceros God. A girl, a lonely girl, a white girl, amongst all those gleaming eyeballs and rattling bones!'"

Well, here is one.

And what a jungle! What tribes! And what skeletons! In many ways *Trader Horn* is much the most exciting film I have ever seen. To begin with, you get your money's worth in zoology alone. Past your eyes drift antelope, buffalo, wolves, hyenas, antelope, lions, leopards, giraffes, antelope, elephants, wart-hogs, antelope—if I were better at the names of antelope I would not go on repeating the word in this foolish way; but I know that there were eland and hartebeest and wildebeest and springbok and Thompson's antelope. I think it was actually one of Thompson's antelopes that was killed in one remarkable sequence by a lion—Thompson not being there at the time.

Did I mention, by the way, the black



ANOTHER FILM-STAR WHO PREFERS SILENCE.

rhinoceros? That was there also. Two of him; or one him and a her. They were shot by the young gentleman who went up the river with *Trader Horn*. And only just in time too. I felt certain that his number was up. A lion attacked a zebra and was kicked off, attacked a hyena cub which was valiantly defended by the parent hyenas buck and doe. Lions abounded, quarrelled over their booty, sprawled and rolled and clawed and bit.

They also roared. CHARLIE CHAPLIN



A WALKIE-TALKIE.

Trader Horn . . MR. HARRY CAREY.
Peru . . . . . MR. DUNCAN RENALDO.

may not care about the "soundie," but lions take a longer view. They roared and put their whole heart into it. Crocodiles crashed into the water rejoicing in the microphone. There were an incredible number of crocodiles in this film. There were also hippopotami.

Pass on to the tribesmen and the witch-doctors. They were horrible in the extreme. They had weird head-dresses. They danced war-dances that terrified. The drums beat incessantly. When *Trader Horn* and his young friend *Peru*, who imagined that Africa was going to be a lark, were taken by the savages and coralled in a bamboo-hut, I could see no possible escape for them, and I nearly said as much to the row of six Japanese who were seated on my right.

The traders, of course, had *Renchero* with them, the stalwart black hunter, a man afraid of nothing and wearing what looked like a crocodile's tooth on his upper lip. This part was taken by MUTIA OMOOLU, an excellent actor too seldom seen on the London stage. His technique in spearing a dog-lion exactly in the centre of the forehead when it was about to eat him (this happened in a later sequence) was quite too admirable.

Thirdly, of course, there was S.A. *Nina* supplied that. The child of a widowed missionary, she had become the tribal goddess of the Isorgi, and, wearing very few clothes (though she wore them in different places from the native women), had been blanched a beautiful pearly white by the tropical sun. She was very fair to look upon. *Peru*, the young trader, fell for her instantly, and she, after a spasm of wild African fury, for him.

That was how the party escaped a messy end. *Nina*, despite the protests of the ju-ju-maddened mob, decided to go away with them in a log canoe over a lake that simply bubbled with hippopotami. Once again I thought that they could not do it, but they did. And even then the worst part of their adventure had only just begun. *Nina*, played very attractively by EDWINA BOOTH, had apparently not learnt during her deification amongst the Isorgi how to walk about in a jungle, and had to be coaxed and carried and cared for by the two white men almost as if she had been a film-star instead of a creature of the wild. Then the travellers became hungry and had no food. They resolved to scare a lion off his kill. A caddish thing to do. But necessity knows no laws. *Nina* was sent up a tree. There was a scrap with the lion, with several lions. *Nina* rather foolishly came down in the middle. A lion ran after her. She lay down motionless. I now felt absolutely certain that she would be devoured from head to foot, but just as the lion was beginning to nibble at her the men ran up with their sticks and chased it away.



LIGHT RELIEF.

JUNGLE-BRED *NINA* DOES HER STUFF.
(MISS EDWINA BOOTH.)

There were more sensations than these. Many more. I should have stated, perhaps, that the Isorgi were cannibals and that their first intention had been to crucify *Trader Horn*, *Peru* and *Mr. Renchero*, and no doubt use them afterwards for soup. Their leader



Horse-Breeding Farmer. "JUST LOOK AT THAT! IF YOU BUY THAT ONE YOU CAN TELL YER CUSTOMERS YOU SAW 'IM JUMP SOMETHIN' THEY NEVER SAW DONE."
Dealer. "THAT DIRTY LITTLE DITCH?"
Farmer. "LITTLE DITCH BE 'ANGED! YOU CAN TELL 'EM 'E JUMPED OUT O' ZOMERSET INTO DORSET."

was one of the most terrible-looking men I have ever beheld; and later the whole army followed the fugitives through the jungle with a persistent ferocity and a continuous war-chant that made even lions and crocodiles seem tame. A nasty gang.

All, however (and to my great surprise), ended happily, except for *Renchero*, who was laid out by a spear, and *Peru* sailed for civilisation with his *Nina*, whilst *Trader Horn* remained in Africa the ever mysterious, which does not get old, like a woman, before a man dies. So he said.

As *Trader Horn*, I should think that HARRY CAREY must have been nearly as good as ALOYSIUS himself, and one cannot say more than that.

Finally, though the voice transmission of English was often booming and brassy and overloud, the Isorgi in this film, like the noises of the jungle, was irreproachable. I have never heard Isorgi spoken so well before in a talkie-play. Film-goers who are fond of this lovely East African dialect will be able to follow every word. EVOE.

THE ONLY ONE.

A FAMILY might be rather fun,
But not if you're quite the youngest one,
For the youngest one, and it's hardly fair,
Has nothing that's new of her own to wear;
She finishes off her sisters' frocks
And shoes and socks,
And she wears for *best* the things they wore
The year before.
And she's sure to be last in every race,
And she has to sit in the smallest place.

A family might be rather fun,
But not if you're quite the eldest one,
For the eldest one is the one who's told
That she's far too big and she's far too old
To scuffle her shoes on the garden wall,
And flop and sprawl;
To tear her stockings and frocks to rags
And jags and tags:
And she's always told she should be the *best*,
And she does more lessons than all the rest.

A family might be rather fun,
But not if you're quite the middling one,
For however the middling person tries
She misses the first and the booby prize.
Yes, the middling one's so inbetween
She's hardly seen;
So, with one below and one above,
She has to *shove!*
And she's always told, and it's rather flat,
She's too old for this and too young for that.

A family might be rather fun,
But it's better to be an only one
Than first or middle or last of three,
They're all of them horrible things to be;
But the only one's allowed to choose
New frocks and shoes;
And the only one's allowed to play
In her own way;
And she can't be last and she can't be worst,
For an only one is always first!

AT THE OPERA.

"LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE" (PRINCE EDWARD).

WHATEVER one may think of the libretto of this old comic opera there is no doubt that its music has a time-defying charm. Those airs which by so many summer seas have set the feet of whole generations jogging and have lifted the curtain on and enlivened the entr'actes of so many less amiable successors retain their youth. For PLANQUETTE, like OFFENBACH and SULLIVAN, is an old master in this *genre*. He knew his job.

At first I feared that its music might be all this revival had to offer one whose expectations had little but hearsay to inform them. Something seemed to be missing from the treat that rumour promised; some touch of style perhaps in the presentation or revitalising genius in the playing that by annihilating time would have given me ancestral privileges.

There was delightful reassurance in the air with which Mr. JOHN ANSELL waved his baton, a complementary confidence in the way his orchestra responded. But for a while it was the foot that was tempted to jog rather than the heart that was uplifted. Moreover I was too soon beset with a tyro's fear that I should never grasp the plot. The two young ladies—*Serpolette*, the coy soubrette, and *Germaine*, the hidden Countess—who were the life and soul of this melodious Breton village seemed to be more concerned with registering their charms and message on the distant gallery than on the nearer target of my heart.

These were beginner's fears, however; for with the arrival from sea of the young *Marquis* in all the bravery of scarlet and blue, great plumed hat and virile perruque, style entered too, and things began not only to move but to be cordial and lucid. Both Mr. JAY LAURIER as the low-comedy *Bailie*, and Mr. HUNTLEY WRIGHT as the *Miser*, were in their element throughout. And by the time we reached the Crusaders' Hall in the Château de Corneville and were ghost-raising and miser-baiting among its moonbeams and cobwebs, the effect of the delightful melodies, so admirably scored and sung, was being reinforced by the plot and the *mise-en scène*.

The acting honours of the piece are traditionally *Gaspard's*, and when Mr. HUNTLEY WRIGHT was playing his famous soliloquial scene at the Château ere the pseudo-Crusaders sent him mad, the house was hushed as at the rites of a superb tragedian. The low-comedy is period stuff, of course, in which alliteration and the pun share equal honours, and Mr. JAY LAURIER and his shadow, Mr. PHIL PHILLIPS, carry them off effectively.



THE SWORD OF HIS FATHERS.
Henri, Marquis de Corneville . MR. DONALD MATHER.
Germaine . . . . . MISS MARJORIE GORDON.

The charming quintet sung by the ghost-raisers, and the sailor and Crusader choruses are fine. They leave nothing to be desired either by the con-



OLD GASPARD'S WORK WAS DONE.
Gaspard the Miser . . MR. HUNTLEY WRIGHT.

temporary ear or the retrospective imagination. Mr. DONALD MATHER is a fine upstanding *Marquis*, good to look at and extremely good to listen to. He sings *con amore* and acts *ma non troppo*; and the tender quality of Miss MARJORIE GORDON'S *Germaine* gradually overcomes its quantitative weakness. The Chorus, which is a very good one, sings with a will, and its acting, though operatic, is not too baton-bound. One may see fancied resemblances to GILBERT and SULLIVAN in the choice and disposition of the plot and its venue, echoes of *The Pirates of Penzance* and *Ruddigore*; though, as Mr. PHILIP PAGE informs us, these were a parallel development in opera rather than offshoots from the same French root; and GILBERT'S libretti are, of course, unique.

This is the first of what we hope may be a successful series of revivals of comic opera of the past. *Dorothy* is to follow, and other charmers who too long have languished in the obscurity into which they had been cast by the counter-revolution of jazz. The younger generation of playgoers may have to make allowances for mannered plots and the naïver humanities of the past; but the music will more than compensate them, just as, if criticism be withheld from the opening phases of this good old piece, the rest is tolerably certain to make criticism relative instead of absolute. Enjoying so much of it as I did, I realise that my reservations were due as much to personal foibles as to those of the play itself. H.

More News of the Moslem Group.

"LONDRES, 24 (U. P.)—O chronista politico do 'Dailly Express' declara que em seguida a uma reunião do grupo mahometano na Camara dos Communs, hontem, á noite a senhora mahometana Cynthia e os Srs. W. J. Browns John Strachey e Oliver Baldwin decidiram abandonar o partido trabalhista, hoje."—*Brazilian Paper.*

"NORFOLK BROADS HOLIDAYS.

"£2 per week is the average cost per head of hiring a fully furnished wherry, yacht, motor-boat, houseboat, bungalow, etc., to explore 200 miles of inland rivers."

Advertisement in Wireless Paper.

Some bungalows are presumably more navigable than others.

". . . By confining him under some old statue as a prisoner of State."

Evening Paper.

The report is denied that Genesis is joining the staff of the Borstal Institute.

AT THE PLAY.

"Naughty Cinderella" (Comedy).

This is not the play by which, were I the author, I should choose to be remembered by posterity. It comes to us from the French, adapted by Mr. Avery Hopwood; and, although its manners are as free as its morals are easy, it need not be too gravely deprecated on that account. Had we been under any misapprehensions as to its type or intentions, *Jacques*, the hero's manservant, would quickly have removed them; for, although he does not flourish a visible slapstick, he is unmistakably a clown, at whose mute bidding doors fly open and characters enter as though impelled by that farcical sceptre.

Retailed in cold blood the action of the piece might seem more shocking than it is in fact; and to approach it censoriously would be to invest it with a false importance. For all practical purposes the plot is merely an instrument on which so capable a leading lady as Miss Olga Lindo may exercise her talents and cover the Palais-Royal gamut. This she does exuberantly.

As *Germaine*, a little hungry typist, she comes to *Gerald's* apartment in Paris ostensibly to take up a post as private secretary, and is there transformed by a wave of the invisible slap-stick into something less technically respectable. Having ruffled up her dove-grey feathers as a thoroughly good girl, she presently assumes, with song and dance, the brighter plumage of a Bird of Paradise. This metamorphosis is achieved by means that are as glib as her reasons for essaying it. A dab of powder to the nose, the twirling of a feather in her cap, the swift undoing of zip-fasteners, and she stands revealed as "Chou-chou, the two-bottle baby from Montmartre"—a *rôle* she sustains till curtain-fall, when convention, aping romance, bids her fold these garish wings and present herself a dove-grey target for *Gerald's* now matrimonial kisses.

The reasons? As hero of a French farce *Gerald* is naturally in love with his friend's wife, and the friend is as naturally the green-eyed monster personified. So, at the suggestion of another friend—the silly-ass-in-waiting to the plot—*Gerald* engages by telephone a travelling-companion to the Lido—whither the friend and his wife are proceeding—who, by belying in private the ardent show of love she is to be handsomely paid for making in public, shall cloak the liaison and divert the jealous one's suspicions.

This odd adventure is prosecuted in a garish hotel suite overlooking the Lido with as little regard for conventional decorum as for the subtleties of dramatic art. *Chou-Chou* plays her part so well that all the men save *Gerald* are intoxicated by her love-darting eyes and *parfum d'amour*, the powerful moonlight and dim gondolas; and she leads them all a suitable dance. Polylingual misunderstandings with the natives, much slamming and counter-slamming of bedroom doors, paroxysms of passion and mock-heroical tantrums make it often a noisy and always a difficult dance for her partners; and when its permutations, together with our patience and Miss Lindo's wardrobe, have been exhausted, there enters from the blue a Bowery bruiser to give the plot its knock-out and the dénouement its cue.



TROUBLESOME CINDERELLA.

Gerald Gray . . . . Mr. Arthur Margetson.
Germaine Leverrier . Miss Olga Lindo.

The brunt of this entertainment falls heaviest upon Miss Lindo. She has not only to turn from grave to gay, from voluptuous parody to sentimental realism, from affected inebriety to sober truth in the twinkling of an eye, but to change her frocks more often to the square inch of plot than would be considered a *tour de force* at a mannequin parade. And she does it all so well that we regret the plot should give her such slim support.

Mr. Arthur Margetson as *Gerald*, and Mr. Reginald Gardiner as the silly-ass-in-waiting, both cleverly abet her. Miss Irene Russell sketches a Montmartre adventuress with bravura; Mr. Charles Farrell is a terrifying Bowery bruiser, and Mr. Albert Brouett's man-servant, hall-marked by the Palais-Royal mint, is an indubitable clown. It is not a play for children, nor indeed for anyone else who rates the art of the theatre above crude tinsel.

H.

"FOOLS RUSH IN . . ."

Able Seaman Martin sat on a mess-stool with his legs thrust out in front of him and surveyed life dismally.

"What's up, Pincher?" asked a messmate with that faint suggestion of hope of the worst that only a bluejacket can impart to so ordinary a question.

"Oo was it," said Pincher sepulchrally, "oo said that a bloke what didn't make mistakes never made nothing?"

"Either Shakespeare or Lord Nelson, I expect. Why?"

"Well, the Bloke don't seem to recognise the truth of it anyway."

"Best tell me and get it orf yer chest whatever it is," urged the messmate.

Pincher kicked an unoffending mess-tub savagely.

"What's the good," he said, "of tryin' to keep free of crime when Fate's agin yer? Two year ago, when we first commissions, I spilled a pot o' paint on the quarter-deck, an' that was on account of a Joey treadin' on me unexpected."

"Was that your last crime, then?"

"It was. I've run the 'ole bloomin' commission as pure as the driven what-not an' then this 'appens at the final Admiral's inspection."

"What 'appens?"

"Well, I'm telling you, ain't I?"

"You may think you are, old cock, but you aren't. I make doo allowance for the depressed state of your mind, but I wish you'd get on with it. I'm duty boat's crew, and I should 'ate to miss anything."

"Well, I'm in the Commander's report—so there!"

"Wha-for?"

"Speakin' out of me turn."

"Go on!"

"Fact."

"Tell us."

"Well, I was detailed for Captain's messenger. When the barge shoves orf from the Flagboat, the Owner 'e says sort of voce to the Bloke, ''Ave a look

at 'im through your glass, Commander, and see what the port-ents are.'"

"The port what?"

"The 'portents,' yer fat'ead. French for whether the Admiral looked as if 'e'd got a liver that mornin'."

"Ah! I get you."

"So the Bloke ups with 'is glass an' 'as a squint. 'I think, Sir,' 'e says, 'that honourable hadvancement may be gained by the use of hextreme tac'.' 'So be it,' says the Owner and readjusts 'is sword-belt as if girdin' up 'is loins for the fray."

"That's funny now. I saw the Admiral when 'e come over the side and passed the remark 'ow docile 'e looked."

"Ah! yes, 'e started sweet as a nut. 'Good-mornin', Captain,' 'e says, when the band 'ad stopped the noise they makes for Admirals and the guard's rifles 'ad been chah-hooed back to where they started from. 'Good mornin', Sir,' says the Owner subordinate like.

"'I 'ave chosen a fine day for my inspection of your ship,' proceeds the Admiral."

"Meanin' a bit more'n what 'e said, I reckon."

"That's a fact. 'Yes, Sir,' replies the Captain, meanin' 'An' I 'ope you won't go an' do nothin' to mar the gifts o' nature.' Then they starts walkin' round the divisions."

"What was 'e saying to Tubby Jones in the quarterdeckmen?"

"'E wasn't sayin' nothing to 'im. 'E asked the orficer of the division what the man's name was."

"My word, 'e's 'ot stuff! But that was a bit 'ard, 'cos the orficer of the quarterdeckmen 'as only just joined the ship."

"Yes, the Admiral knew that well enough. 'Atkinson, Sir,' says the orficer of the division, cool as you please."

"That's the stuff to give 'em."

"Yes, but not *'im*—very rare the Admiral asks a cove a question what 'e doesn't know the answer to 'isself."

"But 'e don't know Tubby."

"Don't 'e, then! 'That's queer,' 'e murmurs as 'e moves on, ''cos 'e used to be named Jones when 'e was in my last barge's crew.'"

"Strewth! What did the Owner say?"

"I think 'e must 'ave swallowed 'is words from the look of 'is face. But the Admiral didn't take no notice. 'E just walks on chucklin' to 'isself, and when 'e gets to the end 'e stops and smiles."

"That was bad. It's stand from under when the Old Man smiles. I know. I was along of 'im when 'e was a four-striper."

"Yes, 'e seemed a bit too bright to me to last. 'You 'ave a fine ship's company, Captain,' 'e says.

"'Thank you, Sir,' says the Owner, givin' the impression 'e'd brought us all up on infant food 'isself. 'An' now I'll 'ave a look at the mess-deck,' says the Admiral with 'is smile still shipped. 'Very good, Sir,' replies the Owner, and 'oists the interrogative with 'is eyes to Number 1, 'oo moistens 'is lips and moves up nervous-like into station astern of the Admiral. The Admiral puts one foot onto the ladder down to the mess-deck and then stops sudden like and cocks 'is 'ead on one side."

"Yes, I seed 'im. Put me in mind of a ruddy seagull what 'as just spotted something from the lower boom. What *'ad* 'e spotted?"

"Nothin'. 'E was just charmed by the music of the band."

"Go on."

"Fact."

"I've often wondered why the band plays while an Admiral's inspectin' the troops. P'raps it do 'ave a soothin' effect. Did 'e pass any remark?"

"Yes, and that's where I came in."

"'Ow?"

"Well, 'e asked the name of the toon. The Owner didn't know, the Bloke didn't care, and Number 1 ain't musical, so I was told orf to go and find out from Bandy."

"Well, there wasn't nothing in that, was there?"

"Not 'arf there wasn't."

"Why?"

"Well, the cove what gives the names to these 'ere toons don't give 'eed to what they sound like when you've got to report 'em to an Admiral what 'as suddenly lost 'is sense of humour."

"Ah! Things wasn't as pleasant when you got back as when you left, then?"

"Pleasant! Look 'ere—'ave you ever seen a cockroach in this 'ere ship?"

"Never."

"Nor me. But there is one, and 'e walked out along a mess-table to report 'isself to the Admiral. The balloon 'ad fair gone up over that cocker. The Admiral was saying things to Number 1 what I wouldn't even say to me wife, and I could see from the P.M.O.'s face that 'e was sorry 'e'd butted in to say that 'e didn't think one cocker borne unexpected on the ship's books signified. The Admiral was almost speechless by then; but, turnin' and seeing me doubling up with me message, he roars, 'And what the 'ell do you want?' or words to that effec'. 'If you please, Sir,' I says, saluting nervous like, 'nothing, Sir, but YOUR SWEET SMILE 'AUNTS ME STILL.'"

"Strewth! Was you daft or what?"

"No, but the blighter what gave 'is toon that tally must 'ave been."

THE HOLIDAY.

THE sun had made a lovely day
When all the children came to play;
The sea had sent its waters green
To wash the shores all bright and clean;
The winds had swept with busy brooms
The beach's sandy drawing-rooms;
And there the children spread in flocks
Among the shingle and the rocks,
Dancing before the dazzled eyes
Like rainbow-coloured butterflies.

They carried tiny pots and pans,
Bottles and kettles, tins and cans,
And soon the smoke of scattered fires
Rose up in sooty-golden spires,
While hosts of little clever cooks
Made meals you find in fairy-books;
And all along the water-side
Where empty boats at anchor ride
A crowd went down on joyous feet,
And lo! the water held a fleet
Of rakish pirate-ridden craft
With crews that rowed and squirmed and laughed,
And waving arms and tousled heads
All gay in blues and greens and reds
Painted the shining ripples there
With gipsy colours, like a fair.

And so the holiday went by,
And when the sun had left the sky
Kettle and can were gathered up,
Unstoppered bottle, empty cup,
And treasures stolen from the sands
Hidden in clutching grubby hands;
And big and small, they left the shore
To journey to their homes once more.
But with them went the ocean breeze,
The glint of sun on changing seas,
And in their fingers spar and stone
Fashioned enchantment all their own;
And in their ears each hollowed shell
Conjured again its wistful spell,
With echoes faint and far away
Of one brief blissful holiday.

A Warning to Mr. Tearle.

"THREE HAMLETS WIPED OUT."
Daily Paper.

Smith Minima in Form.

"A myth is the equivalent of a mile."
Schoolgirl's Definition.

More Wisecracks from Throgmorton Street.

"TIN BEARS IGNORED."
Daily Paper.

"House-parlourmaid, young, flat, immediately."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

Evidently the advertiser has no head for figures.

"FLEETWOOD'S NOBLER DESTINY UNDER STATESMANLIKE AND DIPLOMATIC GUIDANCE."
Fleetwood Paper.

The nation can breathe again.



DIALLING TONES.

FRObisher.

WHEN I dial F-R-O,
Round my head the sea-winds blow:
Swiftly now the swelling sails
Bear us from our Yorkshire dales
(Martin's men, a lusty score)
Towards a dim uncharted shore.
Shall we find the secret way
Through the ice-floes to Cathay?
Does our chancy future hold
Fame or failure, death or gold?
Nought we know nor greatly care—
Hearts are stout and winds are fair;
High adventure's all our quest,
Speeding, speeding towards the West
(Martin's men through heaven or hell)
In the good ship *Gabriel.*
Round my head the sea-winds blow
When I dial F-R-O.



Mistress. "WHY DO I KEEP FINDING HALF-SMOKED CIGARETTES ALL OVER THE HOUSE?"
Maid. "BECAUSE I NEVER GET TIME TO FINISH ONE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE vogue of the Russian Ballet—an art compact of extreme childishness and extreme sophistication—began like that of the PERRAULT fairy-tale, but under a Tsar instead of a Roi Soleil. By the time it invaded Western Europe "it was in its essence an exotic and costly survival from the days of the great Courts and wealthy patrons. That DIAGHILEV brought it back to vigorous life is an astonishing tribute to his genius." Under this admirably reasoned conviction Mr. W. A. PROPERT, who has already reviewed the exploits of 1909–1920, surveys *The Russian Ballet of* 1921–1929 (LANE, 30/-). His book is the last word on its enchanting theme, and both critically and statistically invaluable. Eight chapters appraise the salient productions of nine years, with special regard to their personal aspect for the indomitable impresario; and there is a complete list of every ballet DIAGHILEV produced. On its mere financial side the chronicle makes vivacious reading. You never quite know when the troupe's properties are to be left on a rain-swept siding for lack of freight-money, or when a princeling or a millionairess is about to come forward with an opera-house or a subsidy. What his artists did for DIAGHILEV should live in these pages long after the contemporary voice is silent. The music his productions evoked remains to speak for itself. Here over forty memorable photographs reinforce Mr. PROPERT'S descriptions of scenery, costume and choreography. He has wisely refused —except in a very few instances—to avail himself of the misrepresentative ingenuity of the modern draughtsman.

Mr. ERIC LINKLATER is a young man who has seen a good deal of the world and experienced more adventures than generally fall to the lot of those who write novels. The United States of America apparently he knows better than most natives of that great country. Though a Scot by birth, he uses the American language with the ease of SINCLAIR LEWIS. And he can be extraordinarily funny. *Juan in America* (CAPE, 7/6), with its brightly-coloured jazz cover, gives the reader very much what he might expect from a look at the outside. For Mr. LINKLATER had the pleasing idea of sending over a descendant of BYRON'S hero (you may remember that affair with the *Duchess of Fitz-Fulke* towards the close of *Don Juan*) to visit the home of Prohibition and bootleggers and gangsters and all the crop of marvels that have sprung up of late years on the far side of the Atlantic. It may be admitted at once that *Juan* lives well up to his name; but we are inclined to forgive him much for the sake of the mirth-provoking adventures he went through. I liked best his time as an undergraduate at Motley University, where that remarkable coach, the eloquent *Mr. Ramper*, tries to make a football-player of him. (*Juan* did actually play in the great Princeton match, and his performance on that occasion was the source of much future trouble for him.) But the whole book is a carnival of fantastic imagination. Mr. LINKLATER has no reticence. He puts in a great deal that would have been better omitted, especially in the too numerous love affairs. As he points out himself, readers would do well to leave the prologue alone, with its rather wearisome tracing of *Juan's* descent. But begin at p. 63, and it will not be long before you enjoy a hearty laugh.

Some gardeners are solemn souls
Whose only love is soil;
With spade and rake they undertake
Eternities of toil;
They bury bulbs and seeds in holes
Content if what may grow
Collects a prize for shape and size
At the forthcoming show.

These Nature snaps her fingers at
In scorn; but some the minx
Greets with a smile that hides her guile,
And they greet her with winks;
Though half their cherished hopes fall flat,
They do the job for fun;
A cheery crew, too rare, too few,
And KAREL CAPEK's one.

The Gardener's Year (which UNWINS make
With ALLEN joining in,
At 3/6) tells of the tricks
He's won or failed to win.
He knows the season when to take
Occasion into tow;
He also knows that every rose
Conceals a thorn or so.

Having begun Mrs. ELEANOR MERCEIN KELLY's trilogy at its third volume—missing, to my luckily not irreparable loss, *Basquerie* and *The Book of Bette*—I find myself in two minds about *Nacio: His Affairs* (HARPER, 7/6), the same two minds with which I contemplate the last book of the *Tartarin* trilogy. Despite HENRY JAMES'S asseveration that the only defect of Port Tarascon was that it left no more to come, I am pretty sure that the further DAUDET took his Tarasconnais from Tarascon the worse it became them. And Mrs. KELLY will forgive me, I hope, for suggesting that I feel much the same about her Basques and their Pyrenees. Yet *Nacio*, youngest son of the great house of *Urruty*, is a personable creation, and his elders and contemporaries, *The Matriarch*, *Esteban*, American *Emilie Francine* and the rest, delightfully sustain their parts as onlookers, and occasionally moderators of his amatory adventures. The boy, being equally ingenuous and good-looking, gives his kinsfolk a world of trouble. He falls for a fair model with a Maida Vale accent; he rescues (in an aeroplane from the churlish republic of Andorra) a fugitive from American justice with an unappreciated wife and small daughter. Finally he gets entangled with an African princess; but returns to his American Egeria's small daughter, who herself has taken us as far afield as New York. The curtain of this engaging romance falls on reunion at the *Urrutys'* homestead, with its charm—at once so reposeful and exhilarating—of folk-lore, fantasy, unsophisticated human nature and a setting redolent of all three.

Miss DAPHNE DU MAURIER, a grand-daughter of GEORGE DU MAURIER, has provided a fresh instance of inherited gifts, for her first novel, *The Loving Spirit* (HEINEMANN, 7/6), is a quite remarkable achievement. A family tree covering five generations is her idea of a frontispiece; I, loving such things, found it very attractive, and I cannot imagine any reader, however clear-headed, who will not find it useful, for Miss DU MAURIER ranges far and wide, picking up individuals of the *Coombe* family, using them to represent their generation and stretching behind them a veritable frieze of sisters and cousins and aunts. The plan of her story gives it a sort of grandeur and magnificence of scope, and the objections which might be raised to so frequent a change in the point of interest she very nearly succeeds in discounting. High among the fruit of her family tree is one *Janet Coombe*, wild, lovable, the spirit of a sailor in a woman's body. It is *Janet's* portion in her descendants which is the real theme of the book, though she dies on the day that sees the launching of the

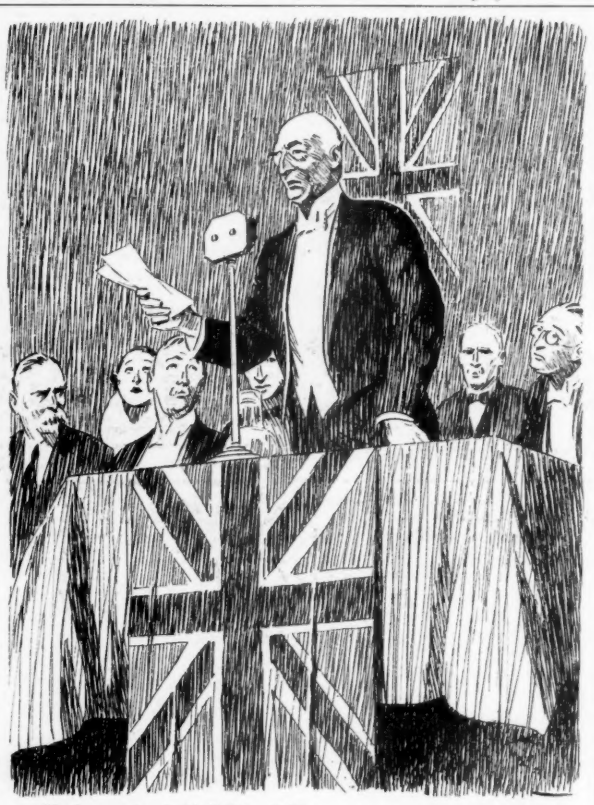


USEFUL REMARKS.

The Knowing One. "YER SEE, IF 'E DIDN'T 'AVE THAT 'ELMET AN' THEM RUBBER CLOTHES ON, 'E WOULDN'T BE ABLE TER BREATHE WHEN 'E'S UNDER THE WATER."

schooner that bears her name and on which she was at last to have sailed the sea with her adored son, *Joseph*. Her grandson, *Christopher*, falters, but ultimately carries on her tradition; her great-grandchildren, *Jenny* and *John*, who both take after her, marry and find a complete happiness in each other such as she never knew.

The Apocryphal Book of Tobit constitutes one of the most delightful stories in the whole of literature. Miss STELLA BENSON, in *Tobit Transplanted* (MACMILLAN, 7/6), has essayed a modern version of the old tale, substituting for the exiled Jews of TOBIT'S day the exiled White Russians of ours. To most travellers in the region the White Russians of Manchuria appear a feckless incompetent lot, but that is probably due more to their Russianism than to their Whiteness. Miss BENSON, however, looks with a kindly eye upon these folk, and presents some of their number in great psychological detail. A close parallel with the original is maintained throughout. The author's fund of sympathy is inexhaustible. Her sensitive wit is poured over her characters, her chief delight (and ours) being one *Wilfred Chew*, a Chinese Christian who takes the part of the angel. There are plenty of diverting pages in the book, but it must be confessed that there are also *longueurs*. The story is spun out to cover three-hundred-and-forty closely-printed pages, while the Book of Tobit, thoughtfully reprinted at the end of the volume, occupies only twenty. The brevity of the latter and its superior vividness compel a not very favourable comparison. One can only admire the courage and honesty which included this appendix. It will be gathered from these reserves that this book is a minor STELLA BENSON, but still indubitably a STELLA BENSON.



Chairman (and M.F.H.). "I'M SURE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE CANNOT OPEN THE PROCEEDINGS BETTER THAN BY SINGING THE GRAND NATIONAL."

All those who realise how much unselfish work Mr. STEVE FAIRBAIRN has done for the improvement of rowing in this country will be prepared to forgive the allusions to his many-sided athletic prowess which personally I found a trifle monotonous in reading *Fairbairn of Jesus: An Autobiography* (BODLEY HEAD, 7/6), which is published with a foreword by Sir ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH. Mr. FAIRBAIRN is the father of Jesus rowing; and in view of the outstanding success of his original methods and of certain recent and notable converts to it, he need scarcely be troubled if to the orthodox his school remains anathema. His style may not be good to look at, but it has kept the Jesus boats at the head of the river with a consistency which makes conservative oarsmen shudder. These reminiscences contain many amusing anecdotes and a great deal of sound advice to young athletes. But I cannot help wishing that Mr. FAIRBAIRN had dealt more fully and more critically with Cambridge rowing, for on that subject he must have much to say of interest.

I am doubtful whether *The Owl in The Attic* (HARPERS, 7/6) will be appreciated as thoroughly in this country as in America, and not until the third part of Mr. JAMES THURBER'S book, the part entitled "Ladies' and Gentlemen's Guide to Modern English Usage," did I obtain any of those chuckles of amusement which are the greatest tribute one can pay to a work of this *genre*. Part II. is called "The Pet Department," and here the drawings are compensation enough for the rather commonplace letterpress attached to them. But in Mr. THURBER'S first section he shows such real observation and knowledge of human nature that, whatever the future may have in store for him as a humorist, his career as a story-teller should be assured.

"GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM" tells us that *Fed Up* (METHUEN, 7/6) is the "very most foolish and flippant story" that he has ever written, but I have to confess that it amused me. *Beauchamp* (Cons.) who hated politics, but had been thrust into them willy-nilly by his beautiful and inconveniently energetic wife, and *Boyd* (Soc.), harried by "United Chapel Ministers' Associations" until he loathed both elections and electors, talked matters over and decided to make a bolt for freedom. The constituency in fact was left without either Candidate. And I think that "GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM" would have made even prettier play with the situation that followed had he not allowed a half-witted peer so many opportunities to be tiresome. But it is a gay tale and delightfully irresponsible.

Mr. Punch's Motor Book has just been published by METHUEN at 3/6. It is a selection from the many motoring pictures which have appeared in his pages since 1895, and he extends to it a warm blessing.

More Floaters from the Platform.

"I want to thank the exceedingly generous donors of prizes, especially those who have given voluntarily."
Prize-giving reported in Geelong Paper.

"Replying, the head master reminded his audience that though he had only been at the school about six years, well over 200 boys had left in that time."—*Bolton Paper.*

We feel it cannot help him to harp on it.

CHARIVARIA.

LAST week was Pipe Week; but we have no confirmation of the rumour that several Empire Crusaders were seen ostentatiously smoking cigarettes as a gesture of hostility to Mr. BALDWIN.

* * *

Certain members of the Liberal Party think the Government should be driven out at the first opportunity, while others think they should remain a little longer. Perhaps it would be a good idea to ask Lord ROTHERMERE to ring a bell when he would like them turned out.

* * *

A correspondent writing to an evening paper says it would be a good thing if Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW was a Member of Parliament. So much for the old-fashioned idea that the famous dramatist had no enemies.

* * *

Mr. J. A. SPENDER recalls that in 1892 Mr. GLADSTONE said that Mr. LABOUCHERE could not at one and the same time be editor and proprietor of *Truth* and a Member of a Government. This should set at rest all controversy as to what GLADSTONE said in '92.

* * *

An old-lady acquaintance of ours refused to go in for the Grand National Sweep on the ground that she didn't like dark men.

* * *

Mr. EDGAR WALLACE predicts that the day is not distant when bookmakers will have a recognised social standing. Fastidious backers will then feel less compunction about losing money to them.

* * *

We are afraid that the rumour that whisky is to be cheaper will be nipped in the Budget.

* * *

Our Government offices are adopting economical methods, we hear. A new system is reported to have been discovered by means of which three officials can do the work of one.

* * *

According to a paragraphist, Mr. EPSTEIN'S "Genesis" is to be placed where it will be visible from the windows of the Carlton Club. Among members, however, there is support for the view that it is preferable to the same sculptor's bust of Lord ROTHERMERE.

* * *

In anticipation of the Boy Scouts' Moot at Kandersteg, Swiss scouts are offering prizes for a yell fit for international use without being translated. They realise the disadvantages of yodelling through an interpreter.

* * *

A girl billiards professional is said to use neither make-up nor lipstick. Girl amateurs, on the other hand, are apt to powder their noses more often than they chalk their cues.

* * *

In the course of a recent article a writer states that he struck a quantity of excellent eggs in Barnstaple. We sincerely hope that he only did it in self-defence.

* * *

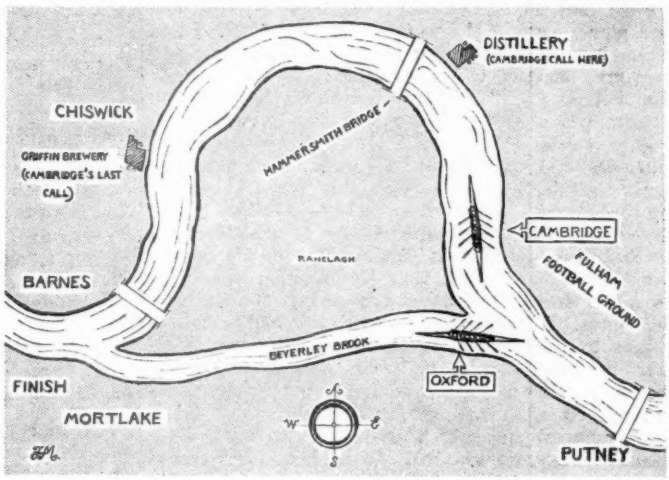
An historical exhibition of the port-wine trade is to be held in Oporto in August. As yet, however, no appeal has been made to possessors of portraits of famous three-bottle men.

* * *

A game-pie prepared from a recipe of Imperial Rome has been served in a Budapest hotel with pastry resembling the mausoleum of the Emperor HADRIAN. We ourselves have had experience of pie-crust which suggested the tomb.

* * *

The discovery that a successful vocalist could sing is said to have been made when he was a plumber. Too many plumbers make it evident that they can't sing.



HOW OXFORD MIGHT WIN THE BOAT-RACE.
WIDEN AND EXTEND BEVERLEY BROOK.

The weather is becoming so mild that the early-morning bathers in the Serpentine are seriously thinking of giving the habit up as it has become merely enjoyable.

* * *

By laying an egg at a police-station, a pet tortoise, which the Zoo authorities had pronounced to be a male, has shaken the faith of the Force in expert opinion.

* * *

A newspaper-item says that the secretary of the Society of Journeymen Felt Hatters has declared war on the hatless, but it will probably need more than that to make them take cover.

* * *

"Millions listen for dance-music each night in preference to any other entertainment," says a writer. After all, there is very little rhythm in the fat-stock prices.

* * *

The "biggest loud-speaker in the country" was heard clearly across the Thames at Victoria Embankment the other evening. This raises the question: Is the Thames wide enough?

* * *

During the progress of a bull-fight in France the sword of a matador flew out of his hand and struck a spectator. We fancy that if there are a few more incidents of this nature it will gradually dawn on the public that bull-fighting is a cruel sport.

* * *

The future film-star, it is said, will have to have a round face, wide between the eyes and cheeks, with a fairly broad nose. This indicates a public demand for films of the wide open faces.

* * *

A garden-roller has been stolen from the grounds of a York house. We were afraid this would happen. Few people can nowadays afford trouser-presses.

* * *

Girls are alleged to beat boys in the learning of modern languages. Many of them are said to be able to understand an American film-caption after only three lessons.

* * *

A clergyman says very few people get married on the first of April. Yet it fell on a Wed. this year.

IT'S DOGGED AS DOES IT;

OR, THE BOY WHO MADE GOOD.

"I STARTED from small beginnings," said the hale old man whom I interviewed at No. 44, Carlyle Avenue, Westhampton—the man who is now known through the length of England as "Buzfuz," or more familiarly GHP 17968. "Little did I think when I put my foot on the first rung of the ladder that I would ever be what I am to-day. It seems a far cry, doesn't it, from a mere errand-boy to the winner of the Madagascar Old Age Pension Sweepstake on the Raleigh Hunt Cup?"

I said it did indeed.

"My father taught me to take an interest in these things," he continued, "but it was very little that I could spare from my first wages of five shillings a week to put on a horse or a pigeon or a dog. I suppose I have some kind of grit or strain of obstinacy in my character, for in spite of frequent failures I never relinquished my determination to win through. Other boys would waste their money on marbles and sweets or in buying penny dreadfuls, but I never missed a chance that might help me to carve out my career. It was always the longest odds that I went for, and I depended largely on dreams.

"Gambling, of course, was not then what it has become in these days. It offered but few opportunities to the strong and ambitious boy. I never cared much for shove-ha'penny or nap, or even dominoes. Darts I regarded as a waste of money and time. I remember that I was often laughed at for my studious ways. Every day while the others larked in the streets I would be at the Free Library close by comparing the opinions of all the newspapers and looking for the longest price that gave me a chance of success. But it was not until the big State lotteries became really popular that I began to feel certain that my life-long endeavours would some day meet with their reward."

"Even so," I objected, looking at the pile of congratulatory telegrams that were heaped on the table of the little living-room—"even so you must admit that there is a small element of luck——"

"I don't admit it!" he said, and a strange light burnt in his eyes. "Persistence has been my watchword. Hard work has been my motto. Look at the cronies of my youth. Where is TFR 79825 to-day? Living on the dole. It was all he could do to spare the price of a ticket out of it. He didn't begin early enough. That was what was the matter with him. When I was taking chances week after week as a lad, he was putting his money in the Savings Bank and reading SMILES' *Self-Help*. Fortune, as you know very well, favours the brave."

"It favours them, you mean, if they go on being brave for long enough?" I suggested.

"Exactly," he replied as he toyed with a plea for financial assistance from a ruined ironmaster which lay upon his writing-pad.

"All the same," I said, "I suppose this is the first really big triumph you have gained?"

"Not at all. Did you never hear of the Bolivian Lottery?"

"The one on the Poet Laureateship?" I said.

"No; that was Ecuador," he replied. "I mean the one on the final places in the Football League last year."

"You won that?"

"The winner was JRX 4122. I had a half-share in it for a time."

"Only for a time?"

"Only for a few hours. Then, thank Heaven! the two halves were one. Darling JRX 4122/2! I see her now as she stood before me with the lovelight in her eyes!"

"You mean to say——?"

"She became my bride. She had seventeen thousand proposals on the morning that the number was published, but she refused them all. Somewhere, she guessed, her soul-mate was waiting for her. Then I telephoned and she knew. She was twenty years younger than I am, but as soon as I showed her my ticket heart seemed to speak to heart. And two weeks later we were wed. It was not a fortune that we shared—only a competence. But we went on working. Every night we would cut out coupons. Every day we would study the principal naps. We bought every ticket we could buy. The Spanish Revolution Lottery, the Danish Police Lottery, the Patagonian Reformatory Sweep—we had a little in them all. Every penny that could be spared from household expenses we tried to lay out to the best advantage—now with a bookmaker, now in a competition to name twelve photographs of film-stars or twelve photographs of eminent divines. Midnight would often find us together toiling over a mere crossword-puzzle when there was no other task in hand and a few pounds were offered for a win. Heavens, how we slaved!"

He looked fondly as he spoke at a large full-length photograph of a handsome smiling matron in a gilt frame, signed "*JRX 4122. Lottie. With fondest love.*"

I could not refrain from asking him whether the union had been blessed with an heir.

"Twins," he said. "Tattenham and Becher. It is my fervent prayer that they may go even further than their parents have gone. Perhaps even the German Debt Derby," he said musingly, "or the Soviet Finance St. Leger itself."

"Splendid!" I cried. "And you yourself—are you going to retire now?"

A twinkle came into the keen eyes. "Not till the youngsters are old enough to step into my shoes," he said. "Can you tell me whether GANDHI will be asked to make the draw for the Calcutta Sweep?"

I said I rather thought not. But who knows?

EVOE.

SPRING IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.

(An April Frivolity.)

WHEN early March (as you 'll remember)
Usurped the guise of mid-December
The crocuses were bold enough
To call the froward braggart's bluff;
Then, waking in St. James's Park,
Blithe Spring got smartly off the mark.

The pelicans with some agility
Forsook their pose of immobility
And gave the cormorant a shock
By dancing gravely on his rock.
Sly coots made pert allusive jests
On topics such as sites for nests;
The white-faced whistling ducks grew chatty,
The jealous mallard, spruce and natty,
Kept watchful eyes upon his dames
And called the ruddy sheldrake names.

Green buds adorned the willow-trees;
But there were gayer signs than these
To give the wise observer reason
For banking on a change of season.
With luck he 'd meet a lively bunch
Of Civil Servants out for lunch
And hear them murmur as they passed,
"The Estimates are through at last!
Acclaim with modest shows of joy
The well-accomplished task! O boy!"
Then, as these jolly bureaucrats
Were seen to elevate their hats,
He might with confidence remark,
"'Tis Springtime in St. James's Park."

C. L. M.

Things We Have Never Dared to Say.

"The Prime Minister is generally the First Lord of the Treachery."—*Schoolboy's Essay.*

"Davis had only one no-table break—115."
Daily Paper.

Our best effort in this direction was a boundary up the chimney.

"Her dark mass of hair, curling down her neck, frames a face such as Michael Angelo might have chosen for 'Mona Lisa.'"
Sunday Paper.

He didn't, of course, but he may have given the idea to DA VINCI.



THE FALLING MONARCH;

OR, A HOPELESS PROPOSITION.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "FOR MY SAKE, STAND."

OLD LIBERAL OAK. "I DON'T KNOW WHETHER ANYTHING WILL KEEP ME UP NOW, BUT IT CERTAINLY WON'T BE YOU."



Lady (to whom the butler has brought a card). "I DON'T THINK I KNOW THE NAME. WHAT IS HE LIKE?"
Butler. "RATHER THE CLASS OF PERSON, MADAM, WHOSE PORTRAIT ONE SEES AS HAVING WON NEWSPAPER COMPETITIONS."

TAKING THE COUNT.

I STOLE into the room on tip-toe and crossed silently to the side of the bed where Angela lay. There was a tiny smile on her sleeping lips and her little finger—a childish habit—had insinuated its pink tip into the corner of her mouth. It seemed a shame to wake her but it had to be done; the law insisted, and who was I to disobey? I bent down and—well, Angela awoke.

The big blue eyes, still cloudy with sleep, opened an infinitesimal fraction and looked up at me from amid a tangle of curls.

"Is that you?" murmured Angela sleepily.

"Yes, it's me," I said. My grammar is never very good at midnight.

Angela sighed contentedly and closed her eyes again.

"One moment," I said. "Don't go to sleep again. There's something I've got to ask you. Is it *you*?"

The blue eyes opened again, a little wider this time.

"Is what me?"

"Are you you, and if not, who are you, and what is your name, age, sex, state, occupation——"

The blue eyes were quite wide-open by this time.

"Is anything the matter?" asked Angela.

"I've come to count you, that's all."

"To *what*?"

"To count you. Everybody has got to be counted at midnight. Now then, are you ready? Because if so——"

"Couldn't you have counted me asleep?"

"I doubt whether it would have been legal. Besides, there are a lot of very important questions which I shall have to ask you."

"In the morning——"

"No," I said. "I'm sorry, but I'm afraid it will have to be now. The law wants to know how many people there are at midnight. Think how it would complicate all the—the Blue Books and things if every time they stated the population they had to put '48,506,729'—or whatever the number is—'people at midnight and Angela in the morning.'"

"It would make it more difficult, I see that," said Angela reasonably.

"I thought you would. First of all, who are you?"

"Don't you know?"

"Not officially."

"Then I don't think you ought to be here," said Angela doubtfully.

"The law is everywhere," I said pompously. "What is your name?"

"Angela."

"Thank you. And your age?"

"Oh," said Angela. "Does the Censor want to know that?"

"The Censor?"

"Of course. This is the census, isn't it?"

"The census hasn't got anything to do with the Censor."

"Don't be silly," said Angela. "Of course it has. He does it all—interfering old man. Ask BERNARD SHAW."

"What has BERNARD SHAW to do with it?"

"*He* knows," said Angela darkly.

I assumed a stern expression.

"Don't try to side-track the law," I said severely. "Angela, how old are you?"

"I'll whisper it," said Angela.

"You can't whisper to a Government Department."

"Of course you can. People *always* whisper to Government Departments. So as not to wake them up. Come nearer."

I bent my head.

"Angela," I said sternly, "do you realise that there is a heavy penalty for giving false information?"

"How heavy? And how false?"

"Any deviation from the exact truth——"

"Doesn't it sound terrible? Perhaps I'd better whisper again."

The second whisper was duly and solemnly inscribed in the national archives. After all, it was very *nearly* right.

"May I go to sleep again now?" asked Angela.

"Certainly not. Are you married?"

"What a sudden thing to ask anybody. Especially at midnight."

"Are you?"

"I hope so. After all these years it would be a little—wouldn't it?"

"Perhaps it would. Have you any occupation?"

"I'm secretary of the tennis-club."

"That isn't an occupation."

"With Miss Pople in the club it's a full-time career."

"I'm afraid the law doesn't recognise the secretary of a tennis-club."

"There are times when Miss Pople doesn't recognise her either," said Angela sadly.

"Is that all that you can offer in the way of an occupation?"

"Unless darning your socks counts."

"I'm afraid the law wouldn't recognise my socks either."

"You can't blame it," said Angela. "Sometimes I hardly recognise them myself. I can't think what you do with them."

"Very well. If that is all, I had better count you and get it over. It's rather a solemn moment, you know."

"I know," said Angela. "You will be careful, won't you? I mean, you're not very good at mathematics. Sometimes the bridge scores——"

"This is quite different," I said hurriedly. "Are you ready?"

"What do I have to do?"

"I think you ought to sit up."

"Can't I take it lying down?"

"Would that be quite respectful to the law?"

Angela sat up in bed and folded her hands on the counterpane in front of her.

"I'm ready," she said.

I lifted my finger warningly. Somewhere a church clock began slowly to strike twelve. I waited until it had finished, then I pointed my finger at Angela.

"One," I said solemnly.

"Right," said Angela, and with a quick wriggle she snuggled down into bed again. Then, after a slight pause, "Good night, you old censor," she murmured sleepily.

I bent down and put the censor's official seal on the proceedings.

L. du G.



"Your shoelaces are very dear."

"Ah, lady, but those are genuine mohair, and you wouldn't say they was dear if you knew the ways of the Mo and 'ow difficult 'e is to catch."

The Survival of the Tightest.

"Amateur boxing's field-day opened at the Albert Hall before eleven o'clock, and twelve hours' fighting, with perhaps a brief interval at tea-time, had to take place before the tight champions of 1931 emerged."
Evening Paper.

Tea at the Albert Hall sounds intoxicating in itself.

"Mr. G. T. —— applied for an occasional license to sell intoxicating liquor on the occasion of the Weymouth Amateur Billiards Temperance Association's dinner. This was granted."—*Dorset Paper.*

After some dinners, of course, one can be teetotal without effort for quite a long time.

MY BRITISH TELEPHONE.

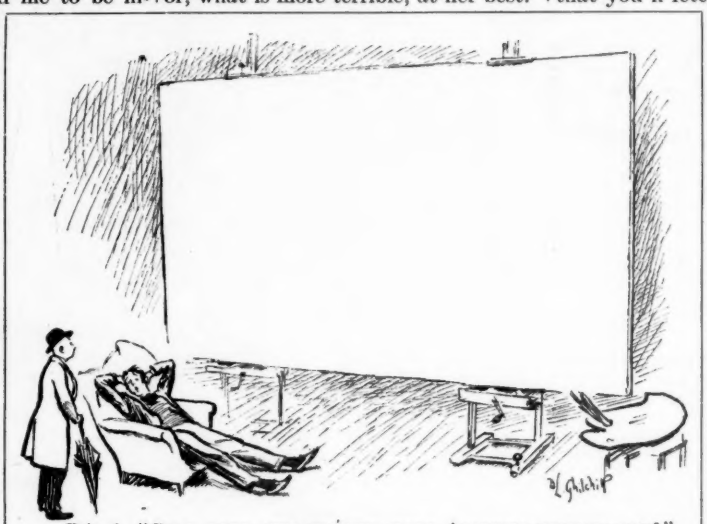
THE other night at a dinner, one of those informative people who apparently delight in looking up unexpected facts in *The Encyclopædia Britannica* before going out for the evening, told me that for every hundred persons in Great Britain there are only 3·6 telephones, whereas even in little Denmark there are over nine to the hundred. Or, to put it another way (as I couldn't stop him doing in time) there is but one telephone to every twenty-eight people in Great Britain, while the highly civilised United States, say, have about three telephones to every one people. Or something of the sort; I'm no good at statistics. Anyway, the point is that my informant expected me to be incredulous, whereas I believed him quite easily. And as long as other British telephones continue to be like *my* British telephone, so long shall I continue to understand perfectly why there are twenty-seven wise British persons to every one British mug.

To begin with, why on earth, two times out of five, does it take anything from half to three-quarters of a minute for my own exchange to answer when I lift the receiver? I've always been led to believe that the service was so arranged as invariably to give an instantaneous reply; the underlying idea being that if I were assailed by a burglar, a fire, or an urgent desire for an ambulance I simply had to knock the receiver off, shout "Police!" or whatever it was into the mouthpiece and the local station would instantly be connected up in time to hear the shot and my dying whisper that "The Ringer did it: let Wallace know." As things now are my number would be up before the exchange had even asked me what it was.

Secondly, why do they call me up—invariably when I am very busy—and then, after a minute's clicking and buzzing, brightly say "Number, please?" as though I had started it?

Thirdly, why do they choose the moment when I am in the thick of an important conversation (such as trying to negotiate an immediate overdraft) to cut me off abruptly, and later answer my protests by telling me to hang my receiver up and perhaps the other party will call me again? *Perhaps!* They don't know my bank-manager.

Finally, there is the wrong number question. This pleasant custom is necessary to our humorous papers, and so no broad-minded man objects to getting a wrong number now and then. Besides, it brightens life and puts you in touch with the most unexpected people, and from this a beautiful friendship may spring up. But when *you* are somebody else's wrong number the thing really loses its charm. Possibly this is sheer disappointment or even hurt vanity; you are expecting the call to be from a friend and you find instead that you are just a stranger's wrong number—generally a stranger at his worst or, what is more terrible, at her best.



Friend. "GOOD LORD, NOT STARTED YOUR ACADEMY PICTURE YET?"
Very Impressionistic Artist. "THAT'S ALL RIGHT. SENDING-IN DAY ISN'T TILL TO-MORROW."

The only thing to do is to look on all this as of educational value, and indeed you do acquire a wonderful insight into the complexities of modern civilisation. It is amazing to learn what you are at different times supposed to be by these voices that pass on the wire. You have, of course, one particular favourite; a friend of mine, for instance, is continually being asked to send up two dozen bottled beer to various addresses; while I personally am HANDLEY SLOTT about six times a week on an average, though five times in one day is my record. If ever I took up a career other than writing, as various editors have frequently indicated I should, I certainly should go in for aeroplanes. I wouldn't have to look for business, merely sit at home and fight off the surplus.

Another thing I can't understand about wrong numbers is the mentality of the people whose wrong number you happen for the moment to be. Several times, after I have replied "Hullo!" in a very masculine voice with an audible moustache on it, strange ladies have continued, "Is that you, Joan darling?' and the talk has to be dragged round to Sex before they are convinced. Quite a lot of them even then won't believe you are *not* the number they want, and when you are reduced to saying, "Dammit, *I* ought to know," they get quite peevish. Others are terribly annoyed with you for being a wrong number at all, as if you had done it on purpose.

The only thing to do to prevent this type of person driving you off your head is to humour them. Make a little game of it. If they insist on saying you *are* Mr. Smith's number, reply politely that you'll fetch him, and then either leave them quite alone for fifteen minutes with the receiver off, or else pretend to be Mr. Smith yourself. If you then find they want to sell something, buy it. Better still, if they want to buy something, sell it. I have sold practically everything from saucepans, in my well-sustained *rôle* of The Durall Ironmongery Coy., Ltd., down to even more embarrassing wares as the *Cie* of *Bettine et Cie.* And I still recall with pleasure the excited squeak of a very persistent lady who ultimately forced from me the admission that Cyril was engaged—"such a nice girl too; not in the least foul-minded." And there was the very offensive man who at last sold me some dud shares; and the fellow who insisted on "seeing the manager" because I was impertinent to him, and who then "saw" first my "secretary" and then me. I promised to sack myself for insolence, and finally booked a good order for, I think, tinned tongue.

Ah, well. Sometimes in my simple manner I wonder if everyone has a telephone like mine. No wonder in Great Britain there are only 3·6 instruments to every hundred persons. But personally I cannot help feeling that in my particular hundred I have been fobbed off with the ·6.

A. A.

"We still had to-day the works of Shakespeare, and after him, Milton, Sherry, Keats, and Tennyson."—*North-Country Paper.*

And of course those of Dante Gabriel Spaghetti, the great Italianesque.



"Now make a good job of those boots, my lad. I want to see my face in them."
"Why?"

WHAT WILL HE JOIN?

At the moment of writing Mr. Lloyd George, owing to circumstances over which he has little or no control, has not quite joined the Labour Party. And the Labour Party for its own reasons has not joined Mr. Lloyd George; and at this one can hardly be surprised, for of late years there has been a general shyness about joining the ex-Premier, the movement having been rather in the contrary direction.

The spectacle of this lonely man compels one to feel that all will not be well until he joins something. He cannot go on much longer trailing such a very small cloud of glory as that which now adorns him. It is high time that the sun rose again upon the mountain-tops, and he cannot manage the job single-handed.

One must be fair to him. It is so long since he joined anything that it may be he has forgotten how. He is so accomplished at unjoining that in trying to join he may find himself not so skilled as in the days when without much trouble he joined the Walton Heath Golf Club, the National Liberal Club and the League of Young Liberals.

Yet, as a man who is at a loose end, he ought to have some new interest in life since the old ones are failing him; and he ought to join something. Perhaps it is a bit late in the day for him to join the Navy, though whether as Admiral or even as a bandmaster he would be the life and soul of any battleship, and might be expected to have a remarkable effect upon life on the ocean wave. There he would be bound to have some following: he would not be left alone.

It is certainly not too late for him to join the Salvation Army. As a lover of hymnal-music he has yet to prove whether his highest happiness is not to be found as player of the kettle-drum or blower of the trombone; and his unique experience in raising funds would be invaluable to the cause in Self-Denial Week.

Or could he not settle down happily as a member of the Royal Philatelic Society? All those gaily-coloured stamps, bearing the portraits of princes and rulers—would he not love pasting these and putting them in their places? Or if the geographical aspect of that hobby repels him, we recommend the world of Rotary, in which there should be scope for one of his temperament. There are Oddfellows, Frothblowers and Good Templars also, all of whom would give him that hearty welcome which of late must have been a rare experience for him.

When one remembers the British Israelites and the countless slate-clubs throughout the length and breadth of the land, he cannot make the excuse that there is nothing to join. Moreover, there is the Order of the Elk. It is true that for the purpose of joining this and at the same time enjoying the full advantages of doing so one should cross the Atlantic—and stay there. But would that matter?

A Chance for a Midget Painter.

"Studio to Let. 19in. x. 19in. W.1 dist."
Advt. in Evening Paper.

A Glimpse of the Impertinent.

"A huge collar of white fox fur successfully concealed the greater part of Mrs. ——'s face."—*Gossiper in Evening Paper.*

"Simultaneously with Mr. Bayes, Miss Belle Cramer is showing some landscapes and still lives."—*Daily Paper.*

We hope she will survive for many years.

CHIN-CHIN.

[A "social secretary" in Chicago, who has made "a study of chins," announces that a receding chin, far from being a thing to worry about, is a social asset. Its owner is quick in conversation; he has charm, and his repartees cannot be surpassed.]

O MAN with the receding chin,
Too long the scoffing of the crowd,
Look forward with a new-found grin,
Sing, if you like, out loud;
Your skies are blue, your world is gay;
You can expand like flowers in May;
A lady in the U.S.A.
Has gone and done you proud.

The facial slope which up till now
Has been a handle to your foes
To pale the grandeur of your brow,
The glory of your nose
Shall be that handicap no more,
Nor shall it yield as heretofore
A readily accepted score
For girls when you propose.

For she, this daughter of the West,
Whose children's unaffected lot
'Tis to inform us of the best
And tell the world what's what,
Cries out that the retreating jaw
Which by a kind of natural law
We had supposed to be a flaw,
In point of fact, is not.

It does not stand for want of guts
(You'll pardon me), of strength and will,
But (mark the blessing of these "buts")
For social charm and skill;
None but the chinless man can please
With conversation's highest ease;
For prompt and pungent repartees
He only fills the bill.

How quickly change can come about!
A teacher's word is passed and lo!
The man whose jowl sticks proudly out
Reels as beneath a blow,
While, for his chinless brother, he
Discovers what it is to be,
Like bathers issuing from the sea,
All over of a glow.

Then up and give the lady praise;
Your social triumphs now begin;
See how yon maiden's artless gaze
Dwells on the lack of chin
By which you are the more endeared;
And if you have, as may be feared,
Grown the dark horror of a beard,
Go, hog it to the skin.

DUM-DUM.

"PENRITH ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL CLUB.
Result of free-gift ticket to Wembley Cup Final. Winning Number 1274.
His sudden end surprised us all."
Cumberland Paper.

Sweepstake shock is likely to become a very prevalent complaint.

THE BAG.

"THAT's a very pretty bag," I said. "Where did you get it?"

"I bought it," she said, "on the ship. From a man in a fez. I think it's camel-skin."

"Did you give him what he wanted?" I asked.

"Yes," she admitted.

I groaned.

"Wasn't he disappointed?" I asked.

"He smiled," she said. "He had beautiful teeth. But I didn't buy it for myself, you can be sure of that. I bought it as a present for Sophie. Dear Sophie! I always buy Sophie something, and she was so kind taking care of Yum Sing."

"Well," I said, "that's all right. Sophie deserves everything she gets. But why don't you give it to her?"

"She's been in Scotland."

"Yes, but she's back now," I said. "She came back last week."

"I know," she said. "But——"

"But what?"

"But I find it very difficult to part from this bag. I like it. In fact it's just what I want for my wool."

"It's just what Sophie wants for her wool," I said.

"Yes, I know," she said. "But—well, I was wondering if I wouldn't get Sophie something else."

"But she would expect something from abroad," I said. "You always give her something when you have been on a voyage."

"That's all right," she said. "There are lots of shops where you can get things made abroad. Bags, baskets, shawls."

"Wouldn't that be dishonest?" I asked. "Poor Sophie, expecting you had thought of her a thousand miles away and then you buying the thing in Regent Street. Do we like that?"

"She would never know," she said.

"You must do it your own way," I said, "but don't forget to take the label off."

And so I left her.

The next time I called I saw the bag again. It hung beside her chair, but it was not in use.

"Hullo!" I said. "Sophie's present?"

"Yes. Isn't it awful of me? I haven't given it to her yet and I haven't been to see her. I don't know what she can think of me, but I like the bag so much."

"You're a very selfish woman," I said. "Don't you know that the only presents worth giving are those we want to keep?"

"I've heard you say so," she said. "But I don't think I'm noble like that. Anyway I can't bear to part with this bag. It's so pretty. Isn't it pretty? Fancy camels, those great ugly clumsy things, walking all wobbly, making a bag like that!"

"Then Sophie is to be utterly neglected," I said. "For the first time after all these years. And she was taking care of your dog too."

"Yes, it's dreadful of me, isn't it?" she said. "Well, all right. That's settled. She shall have the bag. I'll take it round to-morrow. After all, she might have gone away again."

"She's been back from Scotland for a month now," I said.

And so I left her.

The next time I called, a fortnight later, there was the bag again. It was now full of wool.

I was genuinely shocked.

"Then you never gave Sophie her present after all?" I said.

"Yes, I did. I gave her the bag."

"Didn't she like it?"

"She adored it."

"Then how did you get it again?"

"I asked her for it."

"You didn't?"

"Yes, I did. I found I couldn't do without it. It was the right size and the right colour. I asked her very nicely. I wrote and said that I hadn't realised how fond I had grown of the bag, how much it meant to me, and would she be an angel and let me have it back and I would give her something else. Something far nicer. And she did."

"Well, I'm hanged!" I said.

"Sophie didn't mind a bit," she said. "She's like that. I don't think you know her as well as I do."

"And what have you given her instead?" I asked.

"Oh, I haven't got it yet," she said. "I thought perhaps you'd help."

E. V. L.

More Dry Propaganda.

"Opposite Griffin Brewery Oxford had a bad spell, and the boat rolled very much in the rough water, Holdsworth hardly touching the water for a couple of strokes. . . . Cambridge had a slight lapse off Mortlake Brewery. . . ."—*The Observer.*

"The draw started punctually and was conducted with the greatest expedition. Nurses wearing their uniforms in relays took their positions at the huge drums. . . ."
Irish Sweep described in Yorkshire Paper.

It is nice to think that now the hospitals can afford to see to it that each nurse has her own uniform.

"Mr. —— moved for an injunction to restrain L. B. —— from carrying on business in such a manner as to lead the public to suppose that their goods were those of the plaintoffs."—*Daily Paper.*

The modern business world seems to hum with these evident swells.



"THEY TALK ABOUT NOBODY 'AVIN' ANY MONEY THESE DAYS; BUT IF WE WAS TO GO TO ONE O' THEM SWELL NIGHT-CLUBS IT WOULD BE SO OVERCROWDED I BET YER WE COULDN'T GET IN."

SPRING SONG.

RUSSIA has its Bolshies, Tartary its yaks;
Georgia has peaches, cotton-fields and shacks;
Australia has rabbits, Klondyke has its gold,
Ireland's got potatoes, but England's got a cold.
Oh, to be in England now that Spring is here!
Most of us in England feel distinctly queer;
Half the population is getting over flu——
Pass the eucalyptus, A—tish—oo!

Spain has got its onions, France has got its snails;
Bulbs are grown in Holland, mutton comes from Wales;
Egypt has a Sphinx that's very, very old;
Turkey has got carpets, but England' s got a cold.

Here's to good old England in the early Spring;
Lambs are gaily frisking, larks are on the wing;
Dad and Mum and Phyllis crawling up to bed. . . .
Aspirin and gargles. Oh, my head!

Switzerland has mountains, glaciers and lakes;
Germany's got sausages, Scotland has its cakes;
Mexico has brigands, very bad and bold;
Denmark has its bacon, but England's got a cold.
Crocuses are blooming, fields are getting green,
Some folks swear by cinnamon, others by quinine.
Try a mustard-plaster, take some whisky hot. . . .
Nothing ever cures the cold I've got.



Father William. "THEM TATIES I GROWED LAST SEASON JUST IS BUTIFUL EATERS."
Town Visitor. "WHAT DO THEY EAT, GAFFER?"
Father William. "YOU BE TARRIBLE SMART, BAIN'T YOU? BUT YOU KNOWS MY MEANIN'."
Town Visitor. "YES, THEY'RE NICE ONES TO EAT."
Father William. "JUST WHAT I ZED, AND BE DANGED TO 'EE!"

A FULL-COURSE TRIAL.

WHEN Fosby said he thought a run down to the sea would be a good opportunity for giving his new four-seater car her first decent day's outing, or "full-course trial" as he aptly expressed it, Leonie and I replied at once that we thought so too; and when he invited us to accompany him Leonie looked agreeably surprised and without hesitation accepted on behalf of us both.

While descriptions of the full-course trials of the rival crews prior to the boat-race were quickly spread abroad from Press-land, news of that of Fosby's four-seater has hitherto been withheld from the public. It is high time the facts were made known.

The crew got off soon after ten-thirty and the conditions for the first half of the course were moderate to rotten. There was an unpleasant wind blowing from both sides into the faces of the two men occupying the rear thwarts (young Fosby and myself), and a strong tide—at times it was alarming—of traffic was against us. Fosby, who occupied the wheel thwart, got in speeds of five, twenty, forty-five and two miles per hour at the ends of the first quarter, half, three-quarters and full minute. This was an excellent start and at the end of half-a-minute we had shaken off a fast-moving cyclist who had started roughly at the same time. Another inch or two and we should have shaken him right off, probably into the near-side ditch. The substantial reduction in speed after the first three-quarters-of-a-minute was due to a dust-cart entering the course from the Surrey side and cutting clean across our bonnet. The way Wheel kept the car steady at this critical juncture was admirable.

It was some half-an-hour before we managed to draw ahead of the dust-cart, and then for the next five minutes Wheel got in a good fifty miles to the hour. The behaviour of the crew during this period was not beyond criticism. Wheel himself lost a lot of his former steadiness; this was undoubtedly due in a large measure to the unsettling influence upon him of the lady (Leonie), who occupied the adjacent thwart. It is my opinion that young ladies should not be given this position, and that if they are they should scrupulously avoid speaking to, smiling at or in any way encouraging Wheel, who, if he is a male of ordinary susceptibilities, is apt by way of showing off to increase the rate of piston-striking beyond that dictated by his better judgment. The chances of the car may thus easily be ruined; so may those of the crew.

Of the two in the rear of the car, neither came through this burst of speed with credit to themselves. Dick Fosby is at present young (fourteen years old, I believe) and inexperienced, and no doubt he will learn later to avoid excitement when the pace is increased, or at any rate to eschew verbal recommendations to Wheel to go faster still. This is apt to unsteady the latter and will often upset the other members of the crew. In this case it upset the member seated beside him considerably, who, it should be recorded, made no attempt to back up Wheel during this period: the strain visibly told upon him and he went very pale.

Lower Melcombe railway bridge was shot in forty-three minutes, sixteen seconds. This compares unfavourably with the time recently recorded by the Southern Railway time-table, which is thirteen-and-a-half minutes, but the disparity was probably largely due to the behaviour of the dust-cart referred to above.

After Melcombe we were picked up by a strong motor-cycle combination crew. For a time neither made any impression on the other, but at the start of the big bend round to the left in the road by Limmersmith, we were leading by about a shock-absorber. The M.C.C. crew occupied the outside position, and before long they began to feel the strain and dropped behind. I didn't blame them.

Shortly after this we were picked up and passed at once by a powerful motor charabanc containing a crew of about sixty and bound for Newcastle. To the uninformed this may sound bad, but, as Wheel told me afterwards, these are among the fastest vehicles on the road and it is hopeless for an ordinary car to try to compete against them.

On arrival at Bormouth Beach, reached in one hour, thirty-three minutes, four seconds, the crew disembarked for about an hour.

For the return journey the order was changed, the lady in front and the more experienced of the two behind exchanging thwarts. The rearrangement undoubtedly had a steadying effect on Wheel, his new neighbour avoiding all unnecessary conversation. The latter was much better suited to the lower rate undertaken in this direction, and the young member in the rear thwart also appeared far more comfortable; he was asleep most of the way home.

Two halts were called for on the return journey; the first after the car had been travelling very unsteadily for a hundred yards or so; after the break, during which a puncture was remedied, it went much more smoothly. The second, a shorter one, was at the "Blue Boar" at Nuttingham. From this point to the finish every member of the crew appeared very comfortable.

Fosby said that the full-course trial was unsatisfactory and that there will probably be another one shortly. For this there are likely to be changes in the crew. For Leonie I cannot speak, but for myself, though, as I have said, I was far more comfortable on the return journey, I have quite made up my mind that I shall not again be included. C. B.

"At 200 yards Cambs were 200 yards in front."—*Scots Paper.*

Oxford's generosity cost her dear.



First Patriot. "IT'S THIS TERRIBLE FEELING OF UNREST THAT'S SO DISTURBING."

LOST MUSICAL LEADERS.

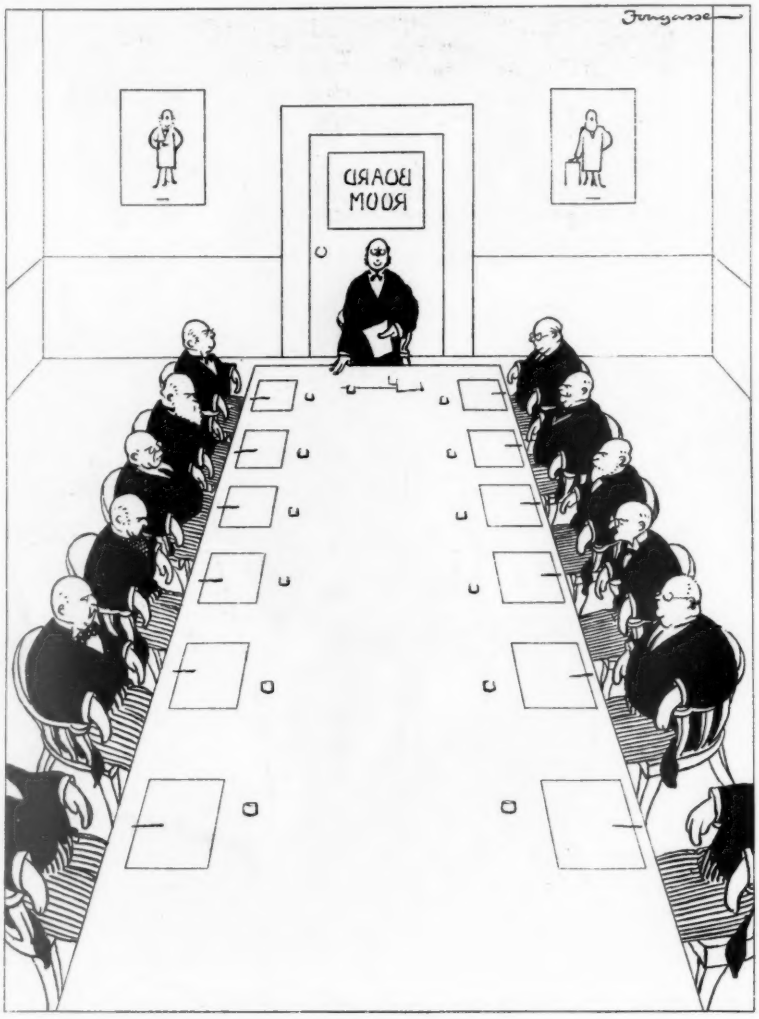
ART, as the pilgrims on its way know,
Hides many an extinct volcano.
The fearsome prodigy, who vext
One generation, by the next
Is oft consigned to endless slumbers
In the dark limbo of back numbers.
STRAUSS, once a musical Mad Mullah,
Seems now as harmless as JOHN HULLAH.
The gentle strains of STEPHEN HELLER
No more content the Hall of Kneller.
BANTOCK, grown mild and Hebridean,
No longer rends the empyrean.
HOLBROOKE, once libelled as a looney,
Is now thought positively tuney;
And HOLST, once censured as "abnormal,"
Grows academic, staid and formal—
Less like PICASSO than a RAEBURN
Compared with HONEGGER or WEBERN.

Vogue la galère—why stress the debt
We owe the past? Better forget
The songs and tunes we loved of old,
Now overgrown with moss and mould,
Proclaim our spiritual kith
And kin with THEIL and HINDEMITH,
And hats in reverent rapture doff
To SHOSTAKÓVITCH, MOSSOLOFF
And KRENEK—Golly, what a name
To fill the sounding trump of fame!

The stars of yesteryear are fled;
Each hides his much-diminished head;
While the new gods of brass (or tin?)
Reverberantly usher in
The new Dominion of Din. C. L. G.

"Imagination is needed to answer question 7. It requests description of 'life aboard one of his Majesty's ships about the middle of the eighteenth century—i.e. about 1750.'"—*West-Country Paper.*

We feel we could do it on our head.



"AND NOW, GENTLEMEN, WE PASS TO THE CHIEF ITEM ON THE AGENDA—THE CHOICE OF A SUITABLE NAME FOR OUR NEW INDELIBLE LIPSTICK."

OUR TUDOR COLONY.

IT is the vogue among our Tudorite neighbours to dabble in mediævalism and archæology. It adds to one's prestige to be an authority on fourteenth-century ironwork or fifteenth-century pottery. The usual thing is to take up the line with which one's own house is associated. Thus Purbank of The Garth is the recognised expert on locks, latches and bolts, a few ancient specimens being still attached to his indubitably Tudor residence. Campion of Old Forge has the last word on all subjects connected with iron-smelting in the Middle Ages, on the ground that samples of that metal are constantly being dug up in his enclosure. It is not only irrelevant, but also rude, to show him evidence that an empty-tin dump was made there during the Great War.

I am unfortunate enough to possess no remains of any importance. I can dig myself moist on my plot without coming across a Roman coin or a Byzantine potsherd or even a Jacobean horseshoe. How I envied even Tuckling, whose fake Tudor hall, The Cedars, lay near the site of a mediæval glass-house, so that any morning he could take out his spade and turn up a glazed brick or, on lucky days, a fragment of earthen crucible with glass adhering to the hollow side. But I was not to be beaten by my inferiors in industry and intellect, so cast about for a line in which I could excel and on occasion become portentously dogmatic.

I came into the field rather late, so that all the best claims had been already staked. Men who had only the haziest idea of the present-day price of a sirloin of beef could tell you to a groat the value of a haunch of venison in the open market of 1572. Women who were themselves unable to thread a needle would describe with tedious accuracy the working of a fifteenth-century hand-loom. In a word, mediæval lore had been pretty thoroughly exploited.

At last, to my delight, I found a virgin field, namely, the Board—for signs or directions. There were many of these stuck about the surface of the Colony region. Some merely indicated the name of the house which lay back from the road; others directed the wayfarer to obscure places he did not require to visit; others again bore assertive and minatory inscriptions. Some of the boards were elderly and a few quite ancient, but had been diverted by vandal hands from their original purposes. For instance, a poultry-farmer's "Fresh Eggs for Sale," when inspected from behind, bore the notice "To the Lamb and Flag," a hostelry which has unfortunately long since passed away.

There was at least one practical advantage in my choice. I was not compelled to delve in the earth to a considerable depth in search of material for my studies. I was essentially a surface-worker. This enabled me to survey my terrain in a single day. On the morrow I planned my campaign for securing recognition as the Greatest (Local) Living Authority on Ancient Boards (Local).

Now it appeared that, besides that already mentioned, there was only one really Ancient Board in the Colony. This was a weather-beaten affair standing in the grounds of Ye Olde Orcharde and recently painted over by the owner with the inscription "Trespassers will be Prosecuted." A cursory inspection of this exhibit revealed to me that it was a palimpsest. Still darkly discernible through the new paint were some older letterings, doubtless handed down from a bygone age. I longed to erase the superimposed warning and reveal the original message. The bother was that its owner was Stokes-Satterly, the owner of a fake Tudor house, bearing the fake Tudor name of Ye Olde Orcharde. The area about and beneath his house had formerly been known as Tinker's Plat, but this description had not met the taste of Stokes-Satterly. This man had not a single genuine antique in his house; he was a very low-class Tudorite. Nor did

he suspect the treasure he owned in his notice-board. Had I approached him openly and made known my plans for its restoration, he would have at once removed the board and placed it under lock and key. I therefore decided to dispense with his permission and proceed with the work, choosing as a precautionary measure the early morning hours when Stokes-Satterly was unlikely to be abroad.

Having come to this decision, I took my bottles and set to work. The new paint came off easily enough under my caustics, revealing, as I had suspected, an older notice. This said quite simply, "Man Traps and Spring Guns"—evidently a relic of the days of mid-Victorian savagery. I was disappointed; I had looked for at least a Georgian motto and perhaps a Caroline.

A further examination revealed that the Victorian barbarism was not the original occupant of the board. My solvent had been a trifle too strong and had removed not only the top coat but also some of the second. A third world-message lay before me, waiting to be disclosed.

I worked on, fired by the ambition to read in this board the whole history of Tinker's Plat backwards. Behind the Man Traps and Spring Guns lay, perhaps, Kettles to Mend. Deeper still would lie Casks and Leathern Bottles and Bushes for Inns and Alehouses. And so on into the remotest antiquity. I saw my reputation secure.

I was, in fact, so carried away by my dream that I failed to notice the approach of Stokes-Satterly. He must have been watching for some minutes before I caught sight of him.

"Well, Worples," he remarked, "do you mind telling me exactly why you are defacing my property?"

"One moment," I replied, still working away. "Had you any idea of the original inscription on this board?"

"No; it was all blotched, so I gave orders to have it re-lettered with 'Trespassers,' to keep people out."

That was the sort of thing Stokes-Satterly would do. We genuine Tudorites know that a trespass-board will never check the advance of anybody who knows its legal worthlessness.

By this time the third layer of lettering was coming through. I had only to temporise a little longer.

"You have still not explained," persisted Stokes-Satterly, "why you have taken it upon yourself to meddle with the board. I should have thought that neighbourly courtesy would have required you to ask my permission."

Now the inscription—obviously the final one, as the grain of the wood was visible behind it—showed quite clear. I was still standing between Stokes-Satterly and the board, so that both the lettering and my vexation were hidden from him.

I stood aside to let him see the result. "There," said I without enthusiasm—"I have cleaned your board for you free of charge—and this is the saddest moment of my life."

I then withdrew, leaving Stokes-Satterly staring in a bewildered manner at the words "Trespassers will be Prosecuted." E. P. W.



Sub-Editor. "What's the matter, Chief?"

Editor. "That joke about plumbers we published—one of them has just been to see me about it; but he's had to go back for his horsewhip."

"Greta Garbo Bust."
Daily Paper.

We had always assumed her finances to be well assured.

"To-Day's £1,200,000 Draw.

At the Mansion House sentries with loaded rifles were posted at the door. Inside, 300 specially Irish girls waded in counterfoils."
Daily Paper.

Ours must have stuck to one of their brogues.

"Pointing out the importance of the College, he stated that about 70 students were turned out every year. . . ."—*Derby Paper.*

We wish he had also stated how many students escaped being sacked.

"The —— chorus will now sing 'Come Back to Erin,' followed by 'A Peculiar Man.'"
Wireless Announcer.

Our cook Bridget retails a similar experience on the Holyhead boat.



Small Boy. "DAD, I WONDER IF YOU COULD CHANGE SOME MONEY FOR ME?"
Father. "I DARESAY I COULD, MY BOY. WHAT IS IT YOU WANT CHANGED?"
Small Boy. "I WAS WONDERING IF YOU COULD CHANGE ME A PENNY FOR TUPPENCE?"

THOUGHTS ON A NICE DAY IN MARCH.

If all the nice days of a thousand Springs
Were rolled up into one, that could not be
A nicer day than this: the throstle sings,
The man who sold me papers said to me
(Echoing my own swift thought), "Nice day," said he.

He did not tell me that the day was hot,
He did not tell me that the day was warm,
A man well used, through standing in one spot,
To judge the ways of days in heat and in storm;
"Nice" was the word he used to estimate its form.

And rightly—for so temperate is the breeze
That I dare swear there is an undersong
Of life amid the staid suburban trees,
And in bare boughs the sap is stirring strong
Where yesternoon I walked and found out nothing wrong.

I doubt if we shall get a day like this
So nice, so unexceptionally fair
That Zephyr and Aurora seemed to kiss,
And happy, happy, as if buoyed on air
(Which, sooth to say, it is), my bus bowls round the square,

Till Lord knows when. Ah, days! red-letter days
When falls not snow, nor any hail, nor ice,
Nor fat men suffer from the sun's hot rays!
Days that the heart of England stamps as nice,
How few ye be! How excellent beyond all price!

There must be primroses in certain lanes,
And see the yellow crocus, rank on rank!
Old gentlemen who ride on District trains
Hum as they seek their places, and I thank
My stars I still possess a balance at the bank.

But those who, drawn towards the lively South,
Have left their country in the lurch, have fled
To where the ginger is more hot in the mouth
And the blue lake before their eyes is spread,
Hoping to make a bit, no doubt, on black or red—

They have not seen this day of perfect balm,
That comes not to the gilded orange-grove,
The cork, the eucalyptus and the palm:
On the high downs to-day 'twere well to rove,
And dine, when evening falls, at some good place in Hove.

Yes, it's a nice day this, it's beautiful—
A day that prompts me as the sweet hours run
To buy silk underwear and leave off wool:
Will there be more such days when March is done
And the wild Budget bursts? Not one, I say, not one.

EVOE.



THE RIVAL CONFECTIONERS.

M. BRIAND. "HERE, I SAY, YOU KNOW, THIS WAS *MY* IDEA!"
DR. BRÜNING. "POSSIBLY; BUT I GOT HERE FIRST."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 23rd.—Sir W. Brass, who may be described as "*ære perennius*" where Indian affairs are concerned, put a poser to Mr. Benn when he asked him if the boycott of British goods in India had ceased. Mr. Benn told Sir William that he had asked the Indian Government for a "full appreciation of the situation."

A Question by Captain Waterhouse to the Secretary for Overseas Trade revealed the rather remarkable circumstance that the umbrella bought by Her Majesty the Queen at the British Trades Exhibition was covered with a foreign cloth. Mr. Gillett said that the matter was being looked into. It may have something to do with the fact that the late Mr. Cobden always carried an umbrella.

Mr. Edmunds asked the Postmaster-General if he was aware that costing-officials from the central office of the engineering department had "visited various districts and, watch in hand, overlooked men engaged in manual labour." The Postmaster-General intimated that he saw no objection to this. If the officials had been concerned with slow-motion pictures and not with costings it would of course have been different.

They were nameless fair on whose behalf Sir William Davison besought the First Commissioner to temper the too-revealing rays of the Harcourt Rooms to the cheek of banqueting beauty. Mr. Lansbury promised to look into the matter, but no supplementary protest from lady-Members present suggested that *they* had anything to fear from the white light that beats on *hors d'œuvre*.

In these days an Irish Nationalist M.P. is something of a museum-piece, and when Mr. Cahir Healy drifted in to join the glad throng of which Mr. Devlin is the rest there was no excitement. It was otherwise when Mr. Duff Cooper strode up the aisle with Mr. Baldwin at his right hand. It was a spectacle to make Press Lords weep, an added gloom being communicated to the repulsive scene by mysterious voices which besought Mr. Cooper to remember that Gandhi was watching him.

Then the House settled down to hear Mr. Morrison unfold the details of his London Traffic Bill. This, the House quickly gathered, partakes, in the Minister of Transport's view, of the duality enjoyed by that famous but still unperfected vegetable that is to combine the onion taste and the violet smell. Mr. Morrison's Bill has the nationalisation smell and the private enterprise taste. Or so he insisted, though Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, who moved the rejection of the measure, declared that it stank to heaven of nationalisation and did not taste of anything.

He took occasion, however, to congratulate the Minister on his elevation to Cabinet rank, gracefully observing that, bad as his Bill was, he had presented it in a way that would justify his inclusion in any Cabinet. For the rest he found that the right hon. gentleman cared more for Socialism than he did for co-ordination. He had contrived to give the House a segment of "Socialism in our Time," and was particularly to be congratulated on getting into the Cabinet in spite of that indiscretion. Mr. Harris of Bethnal Green gave the Bill qualified Liberal support, but urged that it should be "more democratic and less bureaucratic," by which he clearly meant more at the mercy of local bureaucrats and less in the hands of a single central board.

Lieut.-Colonel Ashley complained that the Minister would have the Board "under his thumb," and Mr. Fielden, representing the main-line companies, explained that they would endeavour to amend the Bill so as to have a proper finger in the co-ordination pie. Sir Kingsley Wood pointed out that the only local authorities that had approved the Bill were Poplar, Bermondsey, Stepney and Shoreditch. It established the worst kind of bureaucracy and flouted the decision of the recent County Council election.

Mr. Graham said it was, on the contrary, an anti-bureaucratic measure, and rather rashly defied the Opposition to drive a wedge between the Labour and Liberal Parties on the subject. With which Parthian shot rankling in their bosoms the Opposition rushed to defeat in the Lobbies by a matter of 47 votes.



PAINTING THE TOWN RED.
The Minister of Transport.

"What they were getting in this Bill was 'Socialism in our time.'"—*Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister on the London Traffic Bill.*

Tuesday, March 24th.—The House breathed again when the Secretary for Mines informed Mr. Morley that the Government did not propose to take powers to establish a central selling agency for coal. As far as coal is concerned the Government will stand on its record as an agency for selling pups.

It was a sober but still hopeful Mr. Graham who assured Sir Kingsley Wood that in spite of all that had happened he still believed in striving for a downward movement of tariffs. This encouraged Sir Herbert Samuel to inquire if the President of the Board of Trade would ask the countries that had raised their tariffs "as the result of the tariff truce proposals" to lower them again "as a mark of good faith." Mr. Graham's pregnant silence indicated that that was a bit too much to ask even of him.

Mr. D. L. Davies, the new Member for Pontypridd, took his seat and the House resumed its discussion of Royal Air Force and Army votes. The former produced no thrills, but on the Army vote for men Miss Jenny Lee "deplored the discourtesy of the Minister for War" in saying other nations had not disarmed while we had done so. She trotted out some figures which, she said, proved the contrary. Mr. Shaw, one feels, is the soul of courtesy in all circumstances, and if on this occasion he felt called upon to take the young lady and give her a firm but fatherly dressing-down, who could blame him?

Previously Mr. Tinker had suggested that the cavalry should be abolished. There was a time when the suggested abolition of a single squadron

would have brought a dozen champions of the "white arm" bristling into the breach, but on this occasion there was no response. Have we lost all decent regard for tradition—or were military Members merely speechless with indignation?

Wednesday, March 25th.—Lord PONSONBY'S motion to commit the London Passenger Transport Bill to Joint Committee caused the normally calm pulse of the House of Lords to beat for a brief period at almost feverish speed. The immediate cause of the flutter was Lord JESSEL, who took indignant exception to certain "purple patches" in the speech of the MINISTER OF TRANSPORT in another place. Lord PONSONBY made it quite clear that he, at any rate, was not going to be butchered to make an L.C.C. holiday, and advised Lord JESSEL to get somebody else who knew all about it to tackle the MINISTER in the House of Commons.

For the moment that somewhat perturbed assembly was busy asking questions about the new Austro-German Customs union, the terms of which (the actual agreement has not yet been entered into) were sprung on an unsuspecting Europe some time within the previous week.

Members seemed obviously at a loss to know whether the event called for tacit approval or riotous indignation, but Mr. DALTON'S assurance that Mr. HENDERSON, now in Paris, regarded the matter as one of considerable importance and his promise that, if a Question was put down for Monday, the fullest possible answer would be given, lulled Mr. HANNON to a temporary quiescence. A suggestion by Mr. WISE that a belated spot of debate on European economic relations as established by the Versailles and other treaties might be all to the good was met by an invitation to try it on the PRIME MINISTER.

The ten-minute rule found Mr. WINTERTON of Loughborough asking leave to introduce a Bill designed to prohibit the publication or circulation of advertisements containing inducements to consume, and canvassing for orders for, intoxicating liquors. Mr. MACQUISTEN opposed with the subtle argument that persons who too loudly trumpeted in the Press either their political opinions or their commodities always excited suspicion. The more Mr. WINTERTON was urged from the hoardings of the Underground Railway that Guinness was good for him the more firmly he would be likely to make up his mind not to put the question to the test.

The House rejected this method of relieving the Winterton of his discontent, but, strange to say, only by 15 votes.

The House then listened while the SOLICITOR-GENERAL explained the urgent need to give a Second Reading to the House of Commons Disqualification Bill. Contrary to the general belief that membership of Parliament disqualifies



BETSY MACPRIGSTEN OBSERVES THAT THE CONSUMPTION OF ALCOHOL IS IN NO WAY DEPENDENT ON THE AMOUNT OF PUBLICITY IT RECEIVES.

a man from nothing but the free use of intelligence, every Member present, Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS explained, was probably incurring fines of five hundred pounds a day or so by unsuspecting violations of the Act of 1782.

Members accepted with alacrity the



THE AUSTRO-GERMAN EGG-DANCE.
MR. DALTON, LIKE AGAG, WALKS DELICATELY.

Government's suggestion that the Bill should be put through all its stages without further ado, and, after Mr. DENMAN had been assured that he would now be able to purchase a disused Government farm-tractor without risk (other than that involved in buying second-hand farm-tractors), it was done, and the House plunged into debate again on the question of the Indian boycott, with Mr. HACKING leading the Lancashire regiment to the charge and Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY, Mr. SANDHAM and other Government supporters actively sniping the Bombay mill-owners from behind.

Followed a wrangle, as unproductive as usual, on Russian slave-produced timber, with Mr. G. LOCKER-LAMPSON and Commander BELLAIRS attacking *con amore* and Mr. GRAHAM defending *andante cantabile*, but also, as Lord EUSTACE PERCY justly pointed out, *poco ineffettuoso*.

Thursday, March 26th.—Consolidated Fund (No. 2) Bill produced one of those *ex nihilo nihil fit* debates in which everybody is unconsciously orotund and conscientiously vague. It began with disarmament, as to which Sir DONALD MACLEAN reminded the House that the Great War had cost from forty thousand to one hundred thousand million pounds. One almost expected him to go on and explain that if all the bullets fired in the war were laid end to end they would stretch from Westminster Bridge to the moon.

The House passed on to the proposed Austro-German economic union, which, said Mr. DALTON, the FOREIGN SECRETARY wished to see "considered in a friendly and impartial manner by the League of Nations." Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN spoke at even greater length and with more than the usual diplomatic caution. The gist of it all seemed to be that he agreed with the FOREIGN SECRETARY.

Private business had passed off uneventfully until the moment came for Mr. MACDONALD to announce that the Conservative Motion of Censure could be taken next Wednesday afternoon. Mr. BALDWIN, well aware that a good many Conservative Members have no intention of being *in situ* on that day, protested strenuously, but only to be met by the PRIME MINISTER with the retort that, if he could not feel sure of having his followers in their places on that day, there could not be much in the Motion. The vote was accordingly postponed until after the Recess, which, needless to say, was exactly what the Government was hoping for.

"£300,000 WILL SUIT."

Admirably. *Daily Paper.*



WORLD'S WORKERS.

SPRING-CLEANING IN A GOLDFISH WAREHOUSE.

ANTHONY'S WIRELESS-SET.

Anthony's new wireless-set and I travelled up together from the Malayan coast in a bullock-cart. When we arrived about noon at Anthony's bungalow somewhere in the back of beyond, Anthony rushed out with an effusive welcome for the former and told me that, if I liked, I could lend a hand assembling it.

I did both, hoping he would in time remember that I had been asked up to his place to see if I could get a tiger. But Anthony, a hardened shikari, had presumably got so used to the proximity of tigers in the jungle near his bungalow that the intermittent roaring of one some half-mile away all through that hot afternoon was apparently insufficient to remind him of the fact that I had my rifle in my kit. However, as I was to be there for a week, I determined that for the first day at all events I should be a perfect guest and say nothing about his promise.

About half-past seven Anthony's wireless-set was assembled and Anthony and I looked at it with some awe. It seemed uncanny that this polished box standing there on his table less than three degrees from the Equator could put us by a mutual bond in touch with people who snoozed in front of the cosy fires of England and groused about the fog and the money they'd lost on the 3.30.

"Now let me see," said Anthony; "we're about seven hours ahead of London, aren't we? What do you say to trying some of their tiffin music?"

"Let's," I said hopefully.

During the next hour or so very little happened, and, in spite of the fact that Anthony was particularly busy, the only sounds that he could coax from his loud-speaker were a series of cracklings and rather volcanic reports. After a hurried dinner, however, he was again back on the job, but the silence of the tropical night remained unbroken except for the shrilling of cicadas, the roaring of an occasional tiger and the muttering of periodic oaths by Anthony. At ten o'clock I pushed off to bed, leaving my friend hard at work, and in a very short time I was asleep.

Suddenly my dreams were shattered by a noise near by that I could not in my sleepy state put a definite name to. That must be Anthony and his damned wireless-set, I thought; so, after looking at my watch and finding that it was past midnight, I promptly turned over on my other side and tried to get off to sleep again. And then it was that I heard the growling of a tiger on the verandah where I had left Anthony.

Just as I had raised myself on my arm, wondering if I had heard aright, a sharp report echoed and re-echoed through the bungalow.

"Got it!" I heard Anthony shout.

With a feverish dash I leapt out from under my mosquito-net and in less than five seconds I was on the verandah. What I expected to find there I don't quite know; possibly my friend standing proudly over the fine carcase of a tiger; actually, however, I found him on his knees gazing reverently at the wireless-set.

"Anthony——" I shouted. But before I could continue the loud-speaker had hurled forth another of those rifle-like reports.

"Come here quickly, but for the love of Mike keep quiet," Anthony whispered as the reverberations died away.

I tiptoed to his side. For some seconds we could hear nothing but a dull humming noise, then came a voice marvellously clear: "This is the National programme from London," it said. "You have just been listening to a relay from one of the tiger-cages at the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park."

"I say, that reminds me——" said Anthony.

For the Sensitive Domestic.

"For excellent heat-resisting grate enamel mix equal parts of blacklead and blue-stone crystals . . . Apply to the cold grate with a soft blush."—*Manchester Paper.*

MY DOUBLE.

Todmorton is self-opinionated and aggressive. He knows better than anyone else. Remarkable and spectacular events too, often in the form of dramatic coincidences, appear to happen to him more frequently than to other people, and he recounts them with gusto as though they imparted some quality of distinction to himself. I have always suspected him of being a liar.

He was talking the other day in the club. Someone casually referred to the strong personal likeness between two acquaintances of his, and Todmorton had to butt in. No two adults, he asserted dogmatically, were ever sufficiently alike to confuse a discerning observer, whatever the superficial resemblance might be. A man's countenance revealed to the seeing eye his inner personality, it reflected his character, his mode of life and thought, his individual experience, etc.

"As a matter of fact," I said, "I myself have an exact double."

"You? Impossible!" he observed with heavy sarcasm.

"Very funny," I said, "but for once you are mistaken, Todmorton. I repeat that I have, or at least I had, an exact double. I met him some years ago, and it was generally conceded that, except for our clothes, it was impossible to distinguish between us even when we were together. He was a man named Launcelot Petrovius, a fairly well-known explorer, I believe."

Todmorton laughed. "An explorer? My dear fellow, use your common-sense. You work in an office in the City; your mind is engaged with the humdrum trivialities of the Stock Exchange. Is it conceivable that any intelligent person could mistake you for a man accustomed to face perils and privations in the wild places of the earth? No chance similarity of feature could deceive me for a moment."

"Have it your own way," I said quietly.

Todmorton is a Civil Servant and a creature of habit. Every day after lunch he goes for the same little walk in St. James's Park. It was here I resolved that Launcelot Petrovius (an entirely fictitious character) should make a timely appearance to the discomfiture of Todmorton.

At the first opportunity I put on an old and unfamiliar suit. From my neighbour I borrowed a long Inverness cape (somewhat too large for me and dating, I suspect, from the 'nineties) and a cap with ear-flaps tied with a knot on the top of the head. Sallying forth at the correct hour I entered St. James's Park at the Buckingham Palace end and sauntered along by the waterside. I had timed my progress well, for as I stepped on to the foot-bridge that spans the lake I saw Todmorton approaching from the opposite side. He observed me as we met in the middle of the bridge, raised his eyebrows and stopped.

"My dear fellow," he exclaimed, "what on earth are you doing in that get-up?"

I met his gaze with a blank stare. "I beg your pardon," I said curtly.

Todmorton frowned irritably. "What's the idea?" he persisted. "Why are you parading about in that ridiculous cape and cap?"

I permitted myself to smile politely. "You are apparently under a misapprehension," I said. "Presumably you mistake me for someone of your acquaintance, to whom possibly I bear a resemblance. Such errors may easily occur."

"Have you taken leave of your senses?" demanded Todmorton in angry bewilderment. "What the devil——?"

I drew myself up haughtily. "Allow me to tell you, Sir," I declared frigidly, "that I have never set eyes on you before in my life, and I hope"—here my voice rang with unmistakable sincerity—"that I may never set eyes on you again. I am not aware that it is any concern of yours, but I may inform you that my name is Launcelot Petrovius. I returned to this country only yesterday after an absence of two years in Northern Greenland. Possibly that may help to convince you that you are labouring under a delusion."

Todmorton's jaw dropped. When I pronounced the name "Launcelot Petrovius" a look of astonishment and dismay dawned in his eyes. For the first time in the course of our acquaintance I beheld him nonplussed.

"I—I beg your pardon," he stammered. "A most remarkable resemblance! I would never have believed it possible. Pray, pray forgive me."

I bowed coldly and left him.

* * * *

Next day I found Todmorton in the smoke-room holding forth as arrogantly as ever. He broke off and hailed me loudly. "My dear fellow," he cried, "the most extraordinary coincidence occurred yesterday. You remember mentioning an explorer—Launcelot Something-or-other? Well, believe me or not, I ran across him the day after he'd returned from an expedition to the Pole. Astonishing thing. Quite amazing the experiences he's been through, he was telling me. But as to his being your double, my dear boy, I could hardly see a likeness at all. He stands out as a man of action, one who's lived his life contending hand-to-hand with the primitive forces of Nature. I wouldn't have been deceived for an instant. Quite a distinguished-looking man, in fact."



Rejected Modernist. "WHAT ARE YOU FOLLOWING ME FOR? ARE YOU AN ART CORRESPONDENT?"
Journalist. "NO, A CRIME REPORTER."



Short-sighted old Lady. "WHAT A BEAUTIFUL COAT IT HAS!"
Cowman. "YES, MUM, THAT'S A JERSEY."
Lady. "NONSENSE! I KNOW SKIN WHEN I SEE IT."

"Remarkable indeed," I agreed. "And what may strike you as still more remarkable, I can tell you the exact spot where you met him. It was in the middle of the foot-bridge over the lake in St. James's Park."

Todmorton stared, and I could see that he was a little shaken by the thought that I might have been near enough to overhear his conversation with the great Petrovius. But he remained undefeated.

"I didn't notice you," he said airily. "What were you doing there? Feeding the ducks?"

"You have the general idea," I replied, "for actually I was at the moment flying a canard."

I left it at that. Whether my little *jeu d'esprit* (which pleased me considerably) penetrated his intelligence I cannot say; but I observe that he now avoids me and that his self-confidence in the smoke-room seems to have been chastened. C. L. M.

"It is estimated that a quarter of a million sterling's worth of damage was done in the Butler's bridge Wharf fire. The firemen are still playing horses on the smouldering debris."—*Malta Paper.*

Unlike Matilda, they know better than to play with fire.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL ERROR.

THE fault was really Jane's. She had no right to dash off and leave all the anti-moth preparations to me. She knows that I hate the smell of camphor anyway. But I did make a start. I must have flung at least a pound of moth-balls amongst my dress-clothes before the brain-wave overwhelmed me.

Briefly my idea was to manufacture a decoy or two and to hang them up at strategic points. I argued that, although it is the lady-moth who lays the eggs, it was almost sure to be the gentleman-moth who selects the nesting-site, just as it is with ourselves.

Naturally I would never pretend to understand the mental processes of any member of the fair sex, but with the male I felt on reasonably sure ground. Like me, all he would want would be a plain honest house within easy reach of the railway-station, the golf-course and, if possible, a pub with an off-licence. Nothing tucked away in some inaccessible corner would be likely to appeal to him, especially if there were other desirable residences staring him in the face. Accordingly I rummaged about, and with the aid of a pair of flannel bags, my gardening coat and a fur that had already nourished quite a few moths, built a comfortable sort of home in the middle of Jane's room. I had meant to run up a second, but decided at the last moment that my overcoat was still good for one more year. Then I finished my packing and locked up the house with the clear conscience of one who has successfully applied science to industry.

I would rather not enlarge on the discoveries we made on our return. My dress-clothes were untouched, but Jane's fur-coat and one or two similar trifles had gone in patches to build some bonny baby-moths. My decoy, on the other hand, to my great astonishment was untenanted.

It was some little time before I was able to tell Jane about the theory underlying my method, but when eventually I did I realised the error into which I had fallen. Apparently it is always the *wife* who decides where she will make her home, and that, of course, explained everything.

More Journalistic Candour.

"THE PAPER THAT STANDS FOR TRUTH, JUSTICE AND FAIR PLAY.
'BUY THE TRUTH AND SELL IT NOT.'"
Motto of Nigerian Paper.

Not many English papers could afford to be as honest as this.

AT THE PLAY.

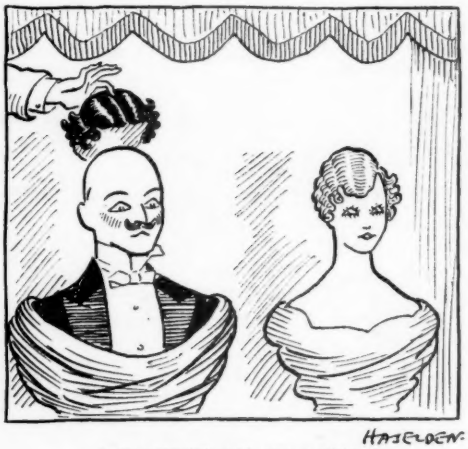
"CHAUVE-SOURIS" (CAMBRIDGE).

THERE is no falling-off in the quality of M. NIKITA BALIEFF's entertainment, and though the general formula is the same the detail is entirely different, and there is the old jolly air of extemporisation about it which is a continual refreshment. M. BALIEFF still makes his cynical hesitating little jokes in artfully broken English elaborately mispronounced, still mournfully reproves the latecomer, cocks a sad eye at any stall that may happen to be empty and impudently repeats his bland assurance that he works never for the money but only for the Propaganda of the Real Art—all of which we take in the spirit in which it is offered. An innovation is the introduction of English actors into the Company, who don't come too badly out of the affair.

In the first item Russian china figurines stand miraculously still, come to life and dance enchantingly to music by TCHAIKOVSKY. The decorations and costumes by S. TCHEKHONIN are particularly effective. Mmes. ANTAROVA, NIKITINA and POLIAKOVA are the country maidens, M. SERGIEFF the handsome swain, M. TCHERNIAVSKY the merry peasant. Then an all-British effort—"Blockheads in Love" — a romance of two hairdressers' dummies by GABRIEL TOYNE quite in the best Bat Theatre manner; a GLINKA barcarolle is sung effectively by four of the rich-voiced ladies of the Company; a knife-grinder, his daughter and her suitors, a soldier, a pastry-cook, a merchant, a young poet, comment on the situation in what M. BALIEFF assures us are highly disedifying exchanges.

Mlle. RIABOUCHINSKY, making her début at the age of fifteen, gracefully dances as *Diana the Huntress* in a net costume by SCHIAPARELLI of Paris; an old highly-coloured Russian print of Cossacks and their women is presented to us in three dimensions with lusty folk-song obbligato.

"The Queen of Spades," an elaborate fantasy after POUSHKIN, is played in English by an all-British team. It is the story of a young *Countess* (Miss JANE AMSTEL) who, having lost her all at faro, retrieves her losses and wins a great fortune owing to a "system" invented by the sinister *Count Cagliostro*, who in exchange for his advice exacts an oath that she will never again touch a card or betray his formula. He also claims some more immediate and personal reward. The grandson of the *Countess* (now an old lady) puts it into the head of a young lieutenant of Engineers (Mr. GEORGE HAYES) that he can wheedle the secret out of the *Countess*, and we are shown in a series of eleven admirably-contrived scenes the disaster which this quest brings upon our unfortunate hero. Excellent as the playing of all this was, I cannot help feeling that the success was primarily due to the setting contrived by the adroit use of comparatively simple and inexpensive means, and to the production by MM. THEODORE KOMISARJEVSKY and BALIEFF.



"BLOCKHEADS IN LOVE."
THE RAPE OF THE LOCKS.
MR. R. CALDICOT, MR. GABRIEL TOYNE AND MLLE. L. SHERWOOD.

One can imagine how drab, even how tedious the bizarre affair might have been played solemnly against a conscientiously realistic background in the solid English manner. This is indeed an excellent theatre specimen for study and comparison. The thing was gorgeously impossible, theatrical—and effective; and our native players seemed to be inspired by their environment to play with an unwonted ease and freedom. Emphatically there is some secret of the theatre in the Russian mind which it would profit us to discover. This would be a particularly profitable piece for members of our many admirable amateur dramatic societies to study for its technical lessons and the proof it affords of the theatrical effectiveness (and economy) of impressionism and suggestion in stage settings.

Again M. BALIEFF's team takes the stage with some Russian songs, sung with spirit, humour and at moments with the sad moving passion of exiles, under the direction of M. DMITRY POLIAKOFF, who seems to be a "character." Mmes. NIKITINA, POLIAKOVA and RIABOUCHINSKY, with Messrs. SERGIEFF and STARK, reconstruct for us a Rowlandsonish print and dance an interpretation of the spirit of a past time.

Then a delightful scene, brilliant in colour, with three peasant-women in a swing and three singing chaffing swains below, being a little ribald in their native tongue we may guess; more dancing and a new and pleasant version of the old joke of operatic parody to conclude an excellent entertainment. T.



BLOODLESS SPORT.
DIANA (MLLE. RIABOUCHINSKY) HUNTS THE STAG.

"COCHRAN'S 1931 REVUE" (PAVILION).

Has Mr. COCHRAN really exhausted the possibilities of revue? I hope not, for these productions of his are something in the nature of an annual festival to which we all look forward, and there has hitherto always been manifest a kind of corporate excitement in the performing teams and a

lively sense of expectation in the audience which give them a special quality of gaiety. This 1931 affair somehow fails to come to life.

Mr. Noel Coward in a pert introduction conveyed to us through Mr. Cochran's excellent young ladies, looking more comely than ever, that the forthcoming entertainment grew duller and duller as it went on and that the only thing for us to do was to leave and go to *Bitter Sweet* or *Evergreen*. This wasn't quite true, but rather too dangerously near the truth to make a good joke.

The chief American comedian, Mr. Bobby Clark, has a happy turn of humour, a sort of quiet knock-about manner which I found distinctly attractive. He has an excellent foil in the apparently dunder-headed Mr. Paul McCullough, who plays self-sacrificingly into his principal's hands.

There was plenty of genuine diversion in Mr. Clark as a dancing satyr; a boxer in a wild travesty of the procedure of the ring; an actor in a provincial theatre whose property-man has sent an incompetent substitute—an old jest which still contrives in skilful hands to amuse. The solution of the mystery of his cigar, which, having been kicked about the stage, still seems to draw satisfactorily, definitely eluded me. And there was a little gem of his quiet nonsense in a lecture by a German professor who had invented a fish-reviver.

Miss Ada-May had perhaps to carry too heavy a weight throughout the revue. She seemed to do better, indeed to do admirably, when she was called upon for something more than the quite pleasant little individual tricks of speech, song and shrugging movement which she displayed to us last year. As, for instance, in a study of a half-caste woman of many loves and as a disdainful Spanish dancer of more distinction in the same profession. She always dances charmingly and has an effortless high-kick which is a real achievement. There was a jolly painted background to this Spanish dancing-scene by E. Delany which was excellent, and the whole scene was well planned, lighted and carried through.

Mr. Oliver Messel has dressed and decorated "Scaramouche," a bizarre "impression from the Commedia dell' Arte," with music by Elsie April from an air of Pergolese and choreography by Georges Balanchin—a pleasant but hardly distinguished affair.

Mr. Al Marshal has discovered a new and diverting manner of making the human body look inhumanly absurd.

Miss Queenie Leonard, Mr. Edward Cooper and Miss Effie Atherton gave us a sound piece of satire by Mr. Noel Coward on the bright sexless young people which made its effect. And Mr. Eddie Williams and Mr. Joey Shields were diverting in some coon dances with a new twist. But nobody had, I think, any doubt that the turn of the evening, kept, like the better wine, to the last, was the quite amazing feat of the anonymous "Eve." You have to label this astonishing young lady "contortionist;" but the term is ludicrously inadequate. Contortions there were, incredible unless actually seen, but contortions performed with such virtuosity, perfection of balance and rhythm as to call attention not to the dexterity but to the beauty of the feat.



A 1931 SATYR.

Mr. Bobby Clark and Miss Ada-May.

Not Eve but the Serpent would seem to have provided the model for this superb gymnast, who has also a true dramatic sense, with the rippling gliding movements of a great snake alternating with swift darting movements as of the head striking in play rather than in anger—a queer, startling, most original performance.

The dancing young ladies on the establishment, combined occasionally with eight of the delightful John Tiller Girls, danced us into good humour whenever their turn came. But they seemed to have less freedom of manœuvre than usual, to be crowded by some oversight or necessity into a smaller space than seemed fitting. T.

FUTBOL.

Since the harems were abolished, football has gone ahead by leaps and bounds in Turkey. Any good Freudian can explain the underlying relationship, based on the *urge to kick*. And now that Turkey has taken to writing phonetically in a script which even an Englishman can read, we find our familiar football terms masquerading in quaint Oriental disguises. To be sure they have taken on rather a French complexion on their outward journey, but the altering of complexions is a French speciality.

So when one turns to the page of the Constantinople daily, headed *Spor*, he may learn with delight that the Balkan *lik fikstür* which took place the previous afternoon at the *stadyom* the *tim* of the Istanbul *Atletik Klüp* sprang a *sürpriz* by winning from the Yugoslav Yeggs by a score of 4—0. The winners showed much more *sistem* and played better *kombinezon* throughout. Their *forvarts* kept the opposing *golkiper* jumping, and the *konturol* of their *beks* was magnificent. Shortly before *haftaym* the visiting *kaptan* committed a *favl*, for which the referee allowed a *frikik* as *penalti*. This gave Constantinople its first *puan*. Within the next two minutes a *korner* following an *ofsayt* almost scored another *gol*, but resulted in an *avt*. The winning of this *maç* by the Turkish team makes them *sampions* and gives them the *silt* and the silver *kupa* as well.

As the reader finishes this thrilling account it is with difficulty that he restrains the impulse to give *tri harti Britis çirs.*

Unwitting Bull's-eyes.

"Satan now sets out on his perilous expedition."—*From Schoolboy's essay on "Paradise Lost."*

Another Impending Apology.

"Opportunity for young Sportsman or American to join Hunting and Shooting Box in Midlands during coming season."

Advt. in Daily Paper.

"The pier point of Morgan's yacht on which the archbishop of Canterbury is cruising for health put in to a shelter."

Sudan Paper.

The rear point evidently remained, with the correspondents, at sea.

MYSELF AS HERO.

I DERIVE satisfaction from the thought that for years I have confined my reading of contemporary fiction mainly to detective stories and thrillers of various kinds in preference to those novels which, I am assured, treat the problems of modern life in a frank and outspoken way. After all, with the problems of modern life, such as income-tax and the tradesmen's books, I am fairly familiar and am quite capable of treating them, though it does not do much good, in an outspoken way. Whereas, if I were to find myself confronted suddenly by a gang of international criminals, I might be at some disadvantage if I had not acquired by constant study a knowledge of what to do and what to avoid doing. For the benefit of others I submit some notes showing how I intend to handle certain situations that may arise.

(1) *The Automatic.*—I shall expect everyone to have an automatic and I shall probably carry one myself. As I do not remember ever to have seen an automatic I am not sure what it looks like, but I know it to be a firearm of some kind, so that, when the master-criminal points something at me, I shall recognise at once that he is holding me up with his automatic. It will of course come natural to me to divert his attention by some trick, and when I have done this to deliver a smashing blow on the point of his chin. This will cause him to fall a crumpled mass. And it is here that I propose to make a slight departure from precedent. Before I attend to the rescued heroine or any detail of that sort I am going to get hold of the automatic and to make sure that the villain has not got another or several more about him. Want of attention to this point is most risky. Only the other day I came across, in a book, a charming young man who, after he had knocked the villain out all right, proceeded at once to soothe the girl. The villain revived, picked up his automatic and fired again. Luckily the young man only felt a burning pain in his shoulder, but if the miscreant, who was about five feet away, had been rather a better shot, it might have been very awkward.

(2) *The Crumpled Mass.*—The crumpled mass has an inconvenient way of coming uncrumpled long before you expect. He will seize you from behind round the knees and upset you. The consequence will be that you will soon feel his strangle-hold on your throat and will be very glad when the rescuers from Scotland Yard rush in. It is safer to tie him up with rope if you can, or at any rate to stand some distance away from his prostrate form and keep a look-out for symptoms of returning consciousness.

(3) *The Unoccupied House.*—I intend to be specially careful when I make an examination of the house from which the criminals have recently escaped. Nothing will induce me to stoop over a writing-table and concentrate my attention on the blotting-paper to see if it reveals any important secrets. To do this is simply asking, as it seems to me, for a stunning blow on the back of the head and a subsequent awakening in the cellar at the beginning of the next chapter. You will be gagged and bound and surrounded by the entire gang, who had not really gone away, but remained latent in various parts of the building.

(4) *The Bogus Telegram or Telephone Call.*—I am going to receive with caution information or instructions conveyed by telegram or through the telephone. Any amount of trouble has been caused by thinking that it is the heroine who has telegraphed to you to get out the limousine and come along at once to 32, Acacia Villas. It is in fact the chief of the criminal association who has ingeniously signed her name to the telegram instead of his own, and you may be sure that he is already at Acacia Villas waiting behind the door to give you the usual one on the neck as you come unsuspectingly in. Either he, or possibly a female accomplice, can also deceive you completely in a telephone conversation by imitating the voice of your young lady. It is well to remember this.

(5) *The Convenient Taxi.*—I am determined not to be taken in by this. I shall not jump into the first taxi that I see, the one that is waiting against the kerb outside the flat, for I shall know that the driver is one of the gang. He means to chloroform you somehow and take you away to the lonely house that stands in its own grounds. I propose to walk past without taking any notice of his invitation to enter his vehicle, and I shall choose a taxi off some distant rank.

The only thing that occurs to me as presenting a slight difficulty is that, supposing some talented author asks to be allowed to publish a thriller based upon my adventures, I do not see how the book is to run to a suitable length. Because I am by now such an expert at the business that I shall be able to avoid all the known traps and, unless some new ones are invented, will have all the criminals under arrest by about the fiftieth page. A. C.

CAPE HORN DAYS.

I.—HORN WEATHER.

WHEN Admiral DRAKE came round the 'Orn,
A good long while afore we was born,
The ships 'e 'ad, they was bluff an' chubby,
Their sterns was 'igh an' their spars was stubby,
An', take 'em all round, from fore to mizen,
They was rum sort o' craft, them ships o' his'n. . . .
An' it rained an' it blowed,
An' it hailed an' it snowed,
One at a time an' all together—
For the ships they go an' the ships they come,
An' whether they're ornery or whether they're rum
Don't make much odds to the Cape 'Orn weather!

They 'adn't no jibs nor yet no staysails,
Royals nor stunsails nor none o' they sails;
They'd a sort of a Jimmy Green set forrad,
An' as for their topsails, their cut was 'orrid;
There warn't no reef-points nor no such gear,
But they clewed up their courses uncommonly queer . . .
An' it rained an' it froze,
There was fogs, there was floes,
One at a time an' all together—
For ships bein' women, why, as you'd suppose,
They changes their rig same as women their clo'es;
But there ain't no change in the Cape 'Orn weather!

They 'ad lamp-posts stickin' up port an' starboard,
But port in them days warn't port but larboard;
They 'ad charts as 'ud make our Old Man shudder,
An' a sort of a pole as worked the rudder;
There warn't no wheel nor yet no chronometer,
An' they shot the sun with a wooden barometer. . . .
But it 'owled an' it roared,
An' the seas come aboard,
One at a time an' all together—
For whether they're ol' ships or whether they're new,
Or DRAKE or just fellers that's like me an' you,
It's the same for 'em all is the Cape 'Orn weather!

C. F. S.

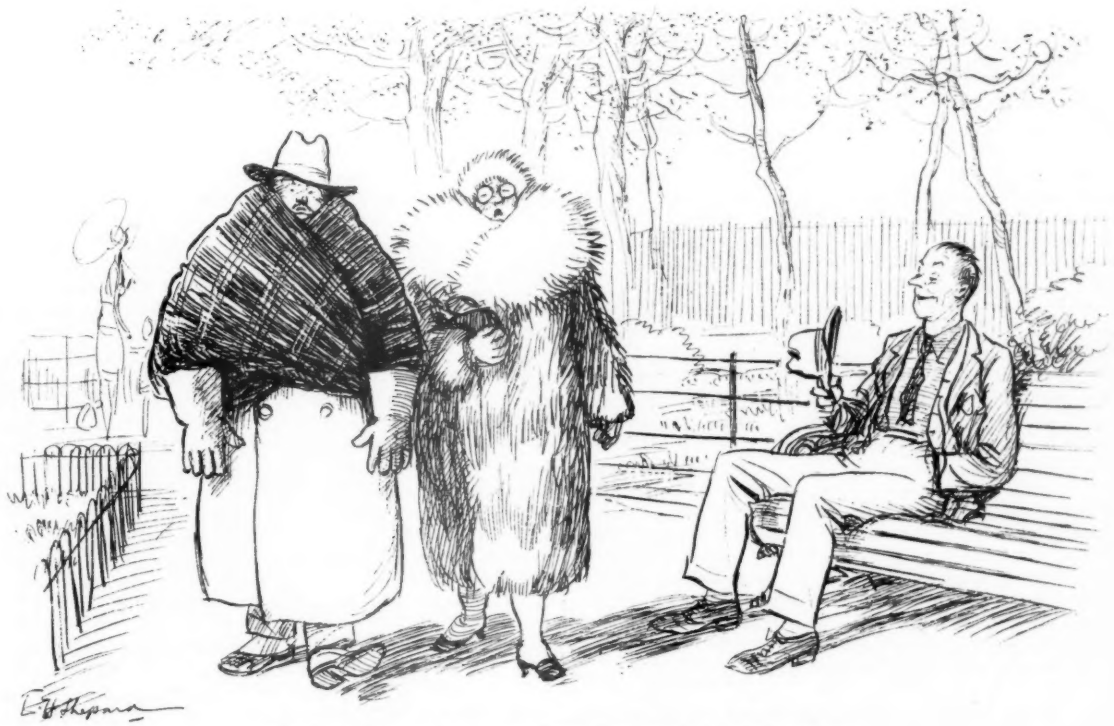
"H.M.S. 'NELSON'S' VISIT TO AMERICAN FLEET.

An extensive programme of hospitality has been arranged by the American Navy and will be approximately returned on board the British flagship."—*Indian Paper.*

More or less hooch for hooch, we suppose.



PEOPLE WHO INSIST ON GOING ABOUT LIKE THIS WHEN IT IS REALLY COLD—



SHOULD BE MADE TO GO ABOUT LIKE THIS WHEN IT IS REALLY HOT.



"NOW, MADAM, CAN YOU PICK OUT THE MAN WHO SNATCHED YOUR BAG?"
"I THINK I CAN, BUT YOU MUST GIVE ME THREE GUESSES."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE reader who has found the English thatched cottage more (if possible) endeared to him since *Princess Priscilla* ran away to it will rejoice that "ELIZABETH" has transported another distressed damsel to a similar retreat, though under notably dissimilar circumstances. *Jennifer Dodge*—*Jen*, they called her—was anything but a reigning beauty. The daughter of a novelist whose widowed years she had vowed to solace, *Jen* combined (at thirty-three) the misprized charm of *Fräulein Schmidt* with a touch of the bitterness of *The Pastor's Wife*. As for *Father* (MACMILLAN, 7/6), he was so thoroughly and drearily tiresome that I dreaded lest, having allowed him to monopolise her title-page, "ELIZABETH" should devote herself unduly to his dissection. This, however, did not happen. *Father* remarried in Chapter I., the bride's years totalling nineteen. But *Jen* escaped to Sussex and a society almost exclusively parsonic, urged thereto by *Minnie*, the cook, who had remained "passionately Christian" in a Gower Street basement while her employers above-stairs were occupied with free-thought. In Cherry Lidgate *Jen* had the time of her life. She aroused to a quite vivacious pitch of dislike the *Rev. Cyprian Devenish*, that man of many inactivities, and to a passion more creditably Anglican if equally human the gentle unassuming incumbent, *James Ollier*. *Father* (can you doubt it?) was heavily back on his daughter's hands before the honeymoon was over. But "ELIZABETH" is always strong enough to be merciful; and here the divine prerogative is wittily exercised on as lovable a pair of lovers as you could wish to see united.

There is sadness in the decay of any business, but the decline of a small country inn strikes me as a theme of pure tragedy; and as such Mr. JOHN HAMPSON has treated it in an interesting first novel, *Saturday Night at the Greyhound* (HOGARTH PRESS, 7/6). Like many wasters, *Freddy Flack* was hampered by an unbridled generosity, and in order to get him beyond the reach of his sponging friends his wife *Ivy* sank her small capital in a public-house in a mining village. Her brother *Tom*, an ambitious young waiter, threw up his job to come and help her to try to save *Freddy* from ruin, and together they worked hard and late in a hopeless effort to make the wretched little "Greyhound" pay. In the evening, as the villagers began to gather in the taproom, *Freddy* would saunter down in smart clothes and play the part of liberal host, dispensing free drinks with an abandon which made bankruptcy an ultimate certainty. Nor had he the domestic virtues, and in view of his wife's sacrifices his behaviour seemed doubly shabby. Mr. HAMPSON maintains a quiet but realistic note, from which he allows himself no light relief. There is little conversation, and he deserves our special gratitude for sparing us the wisecracks of the bar-parlour. His work shows an understanding of the essentials of tragedy, and if only he can fill out his characters a shade more he might give us something really good.

Taking as the microcosm of old Kentucky the descendants of one *Gabriel Sash*, backwoodsman of the seventeen-seventies, Mr. JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER embroiders his way to the 'nineties of last century in what I believe ladies used to call chain-stitch—the destiny of one generation being only revealed in retrospect by its successor. You no sooner

get the hang of the blockhouse period, and a mother who could strangle with impunity the siren who bewitches her son, when, presto! the scene shifts to 1813, and the ultimate fate of the murderess is reserved for the reminiscences of her offspring. He, *Sash* the second, abducts a mysterious "novice" who has taken vows—surely Mr. HERGESHEIMER might have shot a little nearer the bull's-eye than this! And their successors, rent (as was all Kentucky) into North and South, are more memorable for partisanship than personality. The post-war history of *Camilla Sash*, who murders the night-riding lover who rids her of an otiose parent, strikes me as one of those violent side-issues with which Mr. HERGESHEIMER condescends to liven-up a narrative admirable without it. And leaving *Camilla's* pistol still smoking (in the 'sixties) we are hustled into the 'nineties, when the last scion of *The Limestone Tree* (HEINEMANN, 7/6) is retrieved with what looks like finality from Paris. My own interest, continually aroused, continually thwarted and belatedly assuaged, survived, I admit, to the end; but the author of *Quiet Cities* would placate at least one old admirer by reverting, if not to the long short story, at least to a more self-sufficient chapter.

PHILIP ALLAN for twelve-and-six
Bird Life in England sells;
JOHN KEARTON here to tradition sticks
And of many a home bird tells—
Bird in the air, bird in the nest,
Bird on the garden stem—
He makes them all of interest
Out of his love for them.

Here are birds of London, quite a lot,
And birds of the Border's land;
Here are kittiwake, gull and guillemot,
Who haunt on the cliffs that stand
Where Lundy looms in the mists unsure
And the sea-tides crawl beneath;
And here are the birds of a Surrey moor
And the gorse on the golden heath.

This book is as good a book of birds
As ever you'd wish to see,
And every bit as good as its words
Its photographs seem to me;
So this is a capital book to buy
For a birthday in the Spring,
And when you open it (like the Pie)
The birds begin to sing.

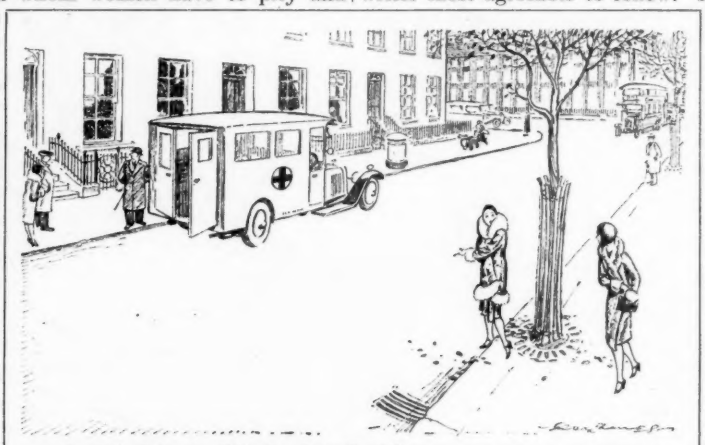


Well-meaning Steward. "YOU KNOW, SIR, ALL THIS 'AS COMPENSATIONS WOT YOU DON'T GET ASHORE."
Passenger. "WHAT COMPENSATIONS?"
Well-meaning Steward. "WELL, YOU DON'T GET THEM 'ORRID STREET NOISES OUTSIDE YER WINDOW."

There are no controversies, hardly even any echoes of controversies, in *The Memoirs of Marshal Foch* (HEINEMANN, 25/-). Events around which whole volumes of debate have arisen, from the first French blundering catastrophes right on to the framing of the Armistice terms and the Marshal's unworthy play with the German delegates at Rethondes, all drop smoothly, compactly, unarguably into place in the fluent sequence of his pages. The recoil at the Marne, or the bringing about of the unification of command, or the return to the offensive in 1918 are not matters for discussion. The facts are here set forth. To an unwary student of the War on the Western Front this volume must necessarily convey the impression not only that the *rôle* of the British armies was to be perpetually plunged in dire extremities from which they must be rescued by their glorious French protectors, but even more emphatically that throughout all the campaigning one infallible mind—that of the Marshal himself—brooded aloft in inevitable omni-

science. For, if less than justice is done to FRENCH and HAIG and GOUGH, there is this much impartiality about the book, that still less is done to PÉTAIN and, perhaps, GALLIENI and CLEMENCEAU. And yet, in spite of all the claims to leadership based only too visibly on the acceptance of the plans of others, or on the urging of forces already strained to the utmost to continue their labours with a maximum of energy, this volume will not lower Marshal FOCH'S reputation. Rather, the man's real greatness rises above his willingness to declare it.

In *My Eighty Years* (CASSELL, 10/6) a mellow and contented ROBERT BLATCHFORD demonstrates that all his life he has been a masterpiece of fascinating human contradictions. His childish physical delicacy suggested an early demise, yet here he still is with us. He played with girls because boys were too rough for him, yet became a proud and happy sergeant in the Army. He pulled the whole country upside-down with his "Merrie England" and trumpeted aloud the coming of the German menace, yet still at the back of his mind he remains, he says, a little wide-eyed wondering child, a lad whom women have to pity and befriend. He admits that he, a Southron, has a weakness for the bagpipes. And finally he breaks all the rules by writing an autobiography that is his own long love-story. Here in a volume that has his unfailing qualities of humour, surprise and clarity, is his history, told lingeringly when he turns to early vagabond days, told lovingly when he comes back again and again to the wife whose story is his own, passed over quickly when the topic is one of sacrifice or triumph. His one regret is that life has not let him be a painter of skies and trees. There is something of deliberate homely commonplace in Mr. BLATCHFORD'S choice of word and run of sentence that grates a little on the supersensitive ear of his own generation, yet it is not unthinkable that critics of the future may regard "NUNQUAM" very differently, and turn to this present volume with an almost reverential regard.



Football Referee's Wife (to Friend). "EXCUSE ME, DEAR, MY HUSBAND HAS JUST RETURNED AND I HAVEN'T MADE HIS BED YET."

In his dedicatory letter to *Above the Dark Circus* (MACMILLAN, 7/6), Mr. HUGH WALPOLE expresses a hope that his new tale will not be taken too seriously. It seems that once before, to use his own phrase, he "took a holiday" and wrote something about a Red-Haired Man which the reviewers persisted in treating as though it had been intended for a real contribution to fiction. This is all very well, and we have no particular objection to a popular author relaxing. *Non semper arcum tendit Apollo*, and one cannot always be dwelling on the heights with the *Herries* family, but let us not make too much of it. *Above the Dark Circus* has its points as a thriller. The apparatus for exciting horror is all there, conscientiously assembled; the book opens well enough; the murder and subsequent disposal of the body excite a certain interest. But somehow I doubt whether Mr. WALPOLE had quite worked himself up into believing in the villainous *Pengelly* and his brother, or the heroic *Osmund*, standing six foot six in his shoes, or even in *Helen Cameron*. When another WALPOLE in 1764 wrote his thriller, *The Castle of Otranto*, he got so engrossed in his story that he tells us how he wrote one night from six o'clock till half-past one in the morning, when his hand and brain were so weary that he left *Matilda* and *Isabel* talking in the middle of a paragraph. I cannot see our H. W. doing this. He has written a respectable murder story, but I do not think it will make many readers look fearfully over their shoulders and wish they had gone to bed instead of staying up to finish the book.

A full score of stories are included in *Concerning Peter Jackson and Others* (HUTCHINSON, 7/6), and the reading of them will assuredly provide a varied entertainment. Mr. GILBERT FRANKAU at his best, and he is at his best in his tales of *Peter Jackson*, is an excellent story-teller, but I confess that in this collection I found such stories as "The Wife Who Wanted Whipping" and "She Said He was Selfish" very difficult to read. The fact is, or so it seems to me, that when Mr. FRANKAU restrains himself he is a writer most agreeable to follow. But when he forgets to keep a tight rein over his emotions the result is by no means attractive. Here you will find him both in his restrained and unfettered moods, and in ideas he is never lacking.

Possibly those who hold that public schools are hallowed institutions will find *Stanton* (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 7/6) more than a little disturbing. No one, however, is more qualified to write such a tale than Mr. DESMOND COKE, and this story is quite remarkable both for its courage and its vision. Eschewing the tendency to sensationalism that has been the dominant note in some modern school-stories, Mr. COKE, while interesting us in his boys, also gives us ideas far more constructive than destructive. Once or twice I found his psychology a little difficult to follow, but that is a small matter in a book that deals frankly and freely with a very real problem. Mr. COKE'S story, while demanding the instant attention of schoolmasters and parents, should also prove attractive to all thoughtful boys.

More Mixed Plums on the Tree of Metaphor.

"So it is that whilst licking the wounds of this year, and adding at the same time another niche to the bookshelf of memories, the average individual is to-day wondering what the New Year holds in store."—*Sydney Stockbroker's Pamphlet.*

"Full results of the Children's Beauty Contest appear on Page Five of this issue, and among the prizewinners is the name of Councillor J. M. ——."—*Bridgwater Paper.*

Who are we to deny him this simple tribute?

"BUENOS AIRES.—Prince of Wales and Prince George in afternoon watched aeronautical exhibition of acrostics."

Ship's News-Sheet.

They ought to see a bus-driver doing *The Times'* crossword-puzzle in the rush-hour traffic.

CHARIVARIA.

WE understand that it is not true that in Melbourne racing circles Mr. LANG is described as the New South Welsher.

***

A baby boy born in Dublin on March 27th has been named GRAKLE. When he grows up he will be thankful that Big Black Boy did not win the race.

***

Burglars who force l an Oxford Street office-window when the door was open were described as amateurs; but as they took money they are considered to have imperilled their amateur status.

***

The mysterious roaring sound heard on the coast of Kent, which was at first attributed to gunfire, is now believed to have been caused by Lord ROTHERMERE expressing his private opinion of the *rapprochement* between Lord BEAVERBROOK and Mr. BALDWIN.

***

Exhibition dancers are observed to be disappearing from supper-restaurants. At many of these resorts they have lately been found less attractive than exhibition eaters.

***

Those who wish to rid their lawns of worms are advised to study published treatises on the subject. Yet we doubt whether they will find even a reference to the simple expedient of setting an alarm-clock in the garden to wake the birds early.

***

It will be gathered from the predictions of the fashion-experts that women will wear their legs shorter this summer, while men's faces will be much longer after the Budget.

***

A party of U.S. tourists are to do a round tour of England, visiting towns where famous authors live. It is expected that some considerable time will be sent in circumnavigating Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON.

***

An American ex-marine who has been reigning as king of an island inhabited by negroes has rejoined his former regiment. He should have a lot to tell to the marines.

New York tailors are trying to popularise "Host coats" with coloured lapels to distinguish the wearer from a butler. Many a butler would welcome some means of averting the indignity of being mistaken for the host.

***

According to a news-item a man named Mr. T. H. ALEXANDER has made a violin which only measures two inches in length and can be played. Apart from this latter drawback it is certainly a novelty.

***

We are reminded that the ability to read the inside of a closed book has been ascribed to the action of a certain gland. This gland is of course abnormally developed in some reviewers.



SENDING-IN DAY, ROYAL ACADEMY.

Old Lady. "NOW I WANT YOU TO TAKE FIFI IN WITH HER PORTRAIT, SO THAT THE PRESIDENT CAN SEE FOR HIMSELF WHAT AN EXCELLENT LIKENESS I'VE GOT."

The discovery in Sweden of a ski four thousand years old is regarded as throwing some light on the antiquity of winter sports.

***

A Syrian who claims to be a hundred-and-seventy years old has the date of his birth tattooed on his arm. This simple precaution to convince sceptics was of course adopted in anticipation of his attainment of a great age.

***

A gossip-writer declares that when he visited Brighton recently he was struck by the number of women there with their arms in slings. Probably landladies suffering from stone's-throw elbow.

***

"Contract bridge is still spreading," says a headline. Another view is that bridge-circles are contracting.

The Pittsburg Director of Public Safety agreed to allow the performance of a play by ARISTOPHANES to continue on condition that certain vulgarities were omitted. He is understood to have taken the charitable view that ARISTOPHANES didn't write for Pittsburg.

***

With reference to the small consumption of tea in the United States, it is recalled that fifty years ago advertisement taught the Americans to drink coffee. Prohibition taught them to drink whisky.

***

Hampstead and Golder's Green are stated to be favourite spots with burglars. We understand too that the locality is infested with highbrows.

***

We read of a magician who performs tricks with safety-razor-blades; but we should not easily be convinced that he can really cause used ones to disappear.

***

In a recent advertisement an elocutionist offers to teach men to become after-dinner speakers. But surely that isn't an offer—that's a threat!

***

In spite of the fact that he plays the concertina every day, a resident of Rotherham has just celebrated his ninety-ninth birthday.

***

It is said that there are zones of silence at sea where no sound whatever can be heard. On land these zones are sometimes called public telephone-boxes.

***

The publication of another book by Sir JAMES JEANS has prompted the suggestion that he should be called the Edgar Wallace of the Universe.

***

A railway-guard has retired after forty years' service. He can remember when the mustard on the senior buffet sandwich was quite moist.

***

Seaside bathing is to be cheaper this summer. Back to the days of the farthing dip?

***

"Can anybody suggest how one can get a quart out of a pint pot?" was a question asked in a leading article. We can. Have it refilled.

"A MAN FROM THE NORTH."

ENOCH ARNOLD BENNETT, 1867–1931.

HERE lies a man, from common clay descended,
Who took the common people of the clay
And from their lives of grime and greatness blended
Created Life that shall not pass away.

Here lies a child who penned with childish pleasure
The pageantry before his eyes unfurled,
The pomps and shows, the luxury and leisure,
The gauds and glitter of the rich man's world;

Yet still could sing, with sympathy unblunted,
With understanding welded doubly sure,
The saga of the straitened and the stunted,
The patience and the pathos of the poor.

Here lies a sage who saw in things material
The outward workings of some cosmic plan—
Each day a chapter in some breathless serial
Written by Fate for the delight of Man.

Here lies a jester with a sense of duty,
A master-craftsman in his craft engrossed,
A steadfast friend, a worshipper of beauty,
A kindly critic and a perfect host.

Here lies, in fine, a connoisseur of living
For whom adventure lurked in every breath;
Shall not his soul go forth without misgiving
To greet the Great Adventure which is Death?

CRICKET PROSPECTS.

As President of the Great Mickleworth Cricket Club it has always been my habit in the spring of the year to draw up a sort of summary of the Club's prospects in the forthcoming season. I have just been busy on it, and in case any of you who happen to be club secretaries should be arranging your fixtures and should think of including us, here it is. It is as well that you should know what you are up against.

First of all there is Jarge, the village blacksmith; the muscles of his brawny arms have more than once snatched victory out of defeat for Great Mickleworth. He has a way of handling a cricket-bat as though it were a twenty-eight-pound sledge-hammer; but the result is eminently satisfactory. He doesn't really care much whether the bowling is fast or slow; one good tap from Jarge and it doesn't matter how the ball *started*, the only thing to do is to look for it somewhere beyond Farmer Wurzle's rickyard. And Jarge is in fine form this year. When I went into the smithy this morning he was doing things to a couple of hundredweight of red-hot iron which made me glad to think I wasn't it.

Then there is Mr. Smithers, the chemist: he is our chief bowler. Probably it is his practice in rolling pills which gives him his uncanny command over the ball; his overs are not so much delivered as dispensed, and batsmen who treat his medicine lightly do not last long. Mr. Smithers has a deceptive ammoniated-quinine sort of run to the wicket, and the ball comes down as smoothly and insidiously as a black-draught; but it is after it has bounced that the trouble begins—arsenic is not more deadly.

Mr. Bunter-Bird, the curate, is our star-turn in the slips. His attitude is that of one who watches and prays, and it is extraordinary how often his prayers are answered. A ball which, snicked by the batsman, leaves the straight and narrow path has no chance with him; no erring soul was ever pounced upon more eagerly or held more tenaciously, and the bland smile which follows the departing batsman is like a benediction; it makes us all feel better men—except the batsman.

Mr. Hupp keeps wicket and the "Red Lion" equally successfully. He is the soul of hospitality in both capacities, and nervous batsmen have been known to be so affected by the sight of his jovial red face that they have leaned one elbow on the wicket and asked for half-a-pint of mild. But Mr. Hupp stands no nonsense, either in the "Red Lion" or at the wicket. That is the secret of his success. When he thinks that a batsman has had enough there is a sort of "Time, gentlemen, please" look in his eyes which would make DON BRADMAN feel that it was no good calling for so much as another single. I do not know what we should do without Mr. Hupp, either during the match or after it.

Jim is a motor-mechanic with a mania for speed, and naturally our fast bowler. Unlike Mr. Smithers, his dash to the wicket resembles a winning run by Sir MALCOLM CAMPBELL, and it is doubtful whether the batsman ever really sees the ball at all. When Jim sends down one of his eight-cylinder super-charged deliveries the batsman usually gets sadly into reverse and goes home.

The team would be incomplete without P.C. Jenkins. He stands, massive and immovable, at cover-point; but nothing ever gets past him. He can be relied upon to hold up all traffic on the off-side.

On the whole I think our prospects are bright for the coming season. We have a variable tail which is not without its sting. The doctor specialises in a late cut which has all the neatness of a surgical operation, and even the part played by Mr. Horrux, the sexton (our umpire), is not without its effect. Visiting batsmen soon learn that his decisions are as final as his professional duties.

What's that? Where do I come in?

As for me—well, as I said, I am the President. But it must not be supposed that mere prowess has raised me to this proud position. My season's prospects are best summed up as a financial statement:—

	£	s.	d.
3 new balls	1	2	6
2 new bats (at least) to replace those broken by Jarge	2	2	0
	3	4	6

L. DU G.

TO A DEFEATED CANDIDATE.

SIR, now the People in its might has spoken
(Or that percentage that was pleased to poll)
And you, whose every hope is dashed and broken,
Are feeling sad at heart and sick of soul;
In all the pangs that trouble the defeated
You have my sympathy, for I to-day,
Though humbler is my status, have been treated
In very much that way.

I too have bravely hidden the distresses
Attendant on the tale of votes denied
And smiled the gallant smile that acquiesces
In whatsoe'er that People may decide,
Have cloaked my wonder at its weird selection
And seen the future full of doubts and fogs
When everything, bereft of my direction,
Is hastening to the dogs.

I too have sorrowed as I thought how greatly
Affairs will go amiss through lack of my
Strong hand upon the helm (or, less ornately,
My interfering finger in the pie),
And in my sorrow still found time to pity
The folly that resolved my views to flout;
My tennis-club, selecting its committee,
This year has hoofed me out.



BACK TO THE LAND;

THE EMPIRE CRUSADER'S RETURN.



Parent. "SORRY TO STOP YOU, BUT I SUPPOSE YOU DON'T 'APPEN TO 'AVE PASSED A HOT-CROSS BUN?"

CONRAD COMES HOME.

GERMAN boarding-schools (perhaps you might have guessed it) are quite different from ours.

The trouble about the English public school is that the masters are mere amateurs in psychology. At the end of term, when the doting parent receives, along with a good many other and sadder communications, the one which is known as the REPORT, he does not learn very much about the inner ego of the girl or boy.

The REPORT goes something like this:—

Scripture.—Fair.
English.—Satisfactory.
History.—Fair.
Geography.—Satisfactory.
French.—Fair to middling.
Latin.—Some showers.
Mathematics.—Inclined to be variable.
Conduct.—So-so in spots.

This is not really informative. Detail is spared. The quality of mercy has not been strained. It droppeth all over the document. The principle of not being too hard on the unfortunate rotter, except by implication, is fairly clear. The desire on the master's part to get away in reasonable time for his own holidays amongst the Isles of Greece is not less plain. Even when you come to

Greek.—Needs more care

or

Needlework.—She finds needlework difficult,

a suspicion lingers that there is more behind, that all has not been said. Neuroses have not been dealt with. There are complexes unresolved.

I do not wish to blame our schoolmasters overmuch. We have our rough island methods, and on the whole they serve us well. I would merely point out that in Germany they do otherwise. In a German public school I should say that the masters gathered to the composition of the Final Report like a brigade of artillery. A German School Report is scarcely a Report at all. It is a Detonation. It shakes the air with sound.

What English public-school master, for instance, supplies any facts about the *Gerechtigkeitsgefühl* of his charges? Or their *Fähigkeit zur präzisen Tatbestandaufnahme*? Or even their *Fähigkeit das als Recht erkannte durchzusetzen gegen Eingebungen des Augenblicks*? Not one. Yet these, I learn from a kindly correspondent, are but a few amongst the headings under which the German schoolmaster ranges his battery of introspective analysis to bear on the growing boy. Take any gathering of English parents and ask them where Smith minor came out in his Sense of Justice last term, and see what they have to say to that.

"Justice," said CONFUCIUS, "is like the North Star, which is fixed, and all the rest revolve about it." I think he was right. Possibly this great fact has dawned on Smith minor when he was making toast or barging about the passages. But if so, did he beat Thompson major in his grasp of cosmic truth?

And the boy's Ability to Appreciate the Facts of a Case Correctly? How far has that *Fähigkeit* improved? Has he been working hard at his Fact-stand-sum-up or not? Does he realise that his shoes are wet because he is out in the rain? The English document is mute.

And then there is that other little thing of which I spoke—the Ability to Pursue the Rightknown against the Inbunging of the Eyeblink. (I always prefer my own literal translation in dealing with the German tongue.) Where does the young beggar get off on that? How does he behave when he is trying to do a Latin prose in a hurry and Brown and Thompson (silly owls) are scrummaging on the floor? Does he usually throw a dictionary at them or use nasty words? (There is nothing, I notice, in the German Report about the Ability to from Nasty Words under

Provocation Refrain.) Or does he fix his eyes firmly on the photograph of his mother and carry on? Once more we English parents are not told. But the German pedagogue, painstaking, omniscient, writes no doubt a long Freudian thesis on this fascinating theme. The German parent is not in the dark left at all. Reading further, he learns what marks for Planning Ability his little Conrad gained, and what for Organising Ability, which is divided under two heads: Distribution of Work and Leadership and Power of Coping with Unexpected Situations (*sich in unerwarteten Situationen zu bewähren*). Situations, I suppose, of the sort that arise when the form-master, suddenly entering, finds little Conrad conducting a mock lesson at the desk.

And reading on and yet on, he arrives at Conrad's Power of Mental Concentration—

(*a*) *in Case of Work in Own Sphere of Interest;*
(*b*) *in Case of Work Outside Own Sphere of Interest.*

In the matter of (*b*) I can only hope that Conrad gets more marks than Smith minor does, or at any rate than Smith minor used to do. At my own school I admit frankly that our *Geistige Konzentrationsfähigkeit bei Arbeiten ausserhalb des eigenen Interessenkreises* was bad. We did not even concede to the school museum, with all its doubtless edifying contents, the tribute of a worthy name. It was called the Dry Bug.

So full of psychology is the German Report that not until it reaches nearly to the bottom of the second page does it say anything about the standard of Conrad's work in class. By this time, profoundly interested in the study of his child as a dramatic hero battling with the storm and stress of life, the parent, you might think, has almost ceased to wonder whether the little beggar gets his sums out right or not. But the standard of work is not forgotten, nor is the athletic side of Conrad's scholastic career.

Physical Training, says the Report at the end; and this is divided into three phases:—

(1) Power of Endurance.
(2) Fighting Power.
(3) Reaction Rapidity (*Reaktionsgeschwindigkeit*).

All I can say is that if Conrad gets nothing better than *Fair* or *Satisfactory* for his *Zähigkeit* or Power of Endurance after all this it's fairly foul. *Donner und Blitzen!* didn't he come out top in his mouldy old Sense of Justice? And didn't he, for his Ability Himself in Unwarned Situations to Establish, obtain a calf-bound volume of the works of Jung? Anyway, his *Kampfkraft* was all right. He knew he would get "Very Promising" for that when he was smacking old Friedrich on both sides of the head. EVOE.



Chatty Lady. "DO YOU LIKE SILENT PICTURES?"
Fed-up Lady. "YES, PLEASE."

Humour North of the Tweed.

"Mrs. ——, magnifying glass and cheque."
List of Wedding Presents in Scots Paper.

"P.C. Warner said defendant had difficulty in standing up to hold his horse's bride."—*Worcester Paper.*

Where was the groom?

Statements Which Verge on the Impertinent.

"'If Kaye Don washes to make the attempt,' said a prominent official at the —— works, 'it would mean a lot of work in preparation.'"—*West-Country Paper.*

"ARISTOPHANES AT ELLESMERE COLLEGE."
Daily Paper.

We were somehow under the impression that he was an Old Etonian.

"An innovation will be a broadcast description of the face."
Grand National Article in Daily Paper.

Grakle's or Signor SCALA's?

DRESS REHEARSAL.

RIGHT! . . . That scene didn't go so badly! How long did it play, George, with full business? . . . Hm! We must shorten it. There's too much time being wasted. . . .

Now look here—er—you, Clare. All this *must* go quicker—particularly that bit where the Inspector comes. HEY! electrics! For the love of mike don't keep playing with that batten! You're making me dizzy. What in heaven are you doing anyway? . . . I *know*, I *know;* I said that about the ambers, but I didn't say start doing it just when I'm talking. It's late enough as it is. . . . Now listen, Clare; we *must* get more snap in that scene of yours. . . .

Yes, my duck, I know. I'm not blaming *you*. It's the *lines* really. I'm afraid we'll have to make another cut there. I've been a little doubtful of that bit all along. It doesn't come across right. It sounds as though you were ad libbing all the time instead of *speaking* the lines. . . . Where's the author? Benwipe, old man, can we cut that bit where Kitty says . . . WHO the dickens 's got the script? . . . Oh, thanks. . . . Yes, here we are. Miss-Lucy's-in-bed-Sir-but-if-it's-import-ant? *Inspector*: Yes-it-is. A-matter-of-life-and-death. *Maid*: Very-well-sir-in-that-case —— Well, *now* what is it, Clare? . . .

Oh, Betty's change! . . . But surely she'll still have time to make that change? Hang it all, she's only got to get into pyjamas. Betty! . . . Hey, Betty! . . . Here, George, go and find Miss Munden and tell her for God's sake I want her here on the stage when I'm talking, instead of drifting off! How the deuce am I to—— Oh, there you are, darling. Listen! This part while you're changing will have to be speeded up. . . . What? What do you mean, you can only just get into your pyjamas as it is? . . . Oh, come *on*, my dear, you've got enough time there to. . . . What? Oh, the hell with it! . . . Anyway, I can't stand and argue. There's enough time being wasted as it is. This is a rehearsal, not a debating society! The point is. . . . WHAT on *earth* dressing-gown is that you're wearing? . . .

Yes, I know, but you were wearing the blue-and-white one just now in the scene. Didn't I say I wanted the blue-and-white? . . . Quite, quite—but listen. If Silke and Popline lend us a five-guinea dressing-gown to have their name on the programme we *must* display it. After all, it's not as though it were a London show. You know what local people are. Whose *is* that green one, anyway? . . . Oh, I see. . . . Taffetas et Cie! George, aren't they in the programme too? . . . Oh, your shirts, Dickie, hey? Oh, well, then, perhaps. . . .



Kindly old Soul (to removals man). "OH—ER—WOULD YOUR HORSE LIKE AN ORANGE?"

Yes . . . Let's have a look anyway. Go and stand over there in that spotlight, Betty. . . . Yes, it does. . . . Turn round. . . . The colour's certainly better for those gold curtains; but it bunches too much up above. I mean, it's too much like a *man's* dressing-gown. You've got to be ab-so-lutely feminine in this scene. . . . Well, yes, you might tie it in that way, but still. . . .

Hm! That 's not much better. . . . Go and put on the blue-and-white again and let me see it. . . . Yes, darling, I can *see* you prefer the green, but I'm the best judge. You're inside it: I'm not. . . . Run along! . . .

What do you think of the green, George? . . . Yes, so do I. . . . We must see her figure more. After all, she's a girl, and that bunchy dressing-gown makes . . . Eh, what, Penwipe? Cutting lines? *Half*-a-minute, old man. Must get this settled first. Did you like the green one? . . . Yes, I know, against those gold curtains it's fine, but . . .

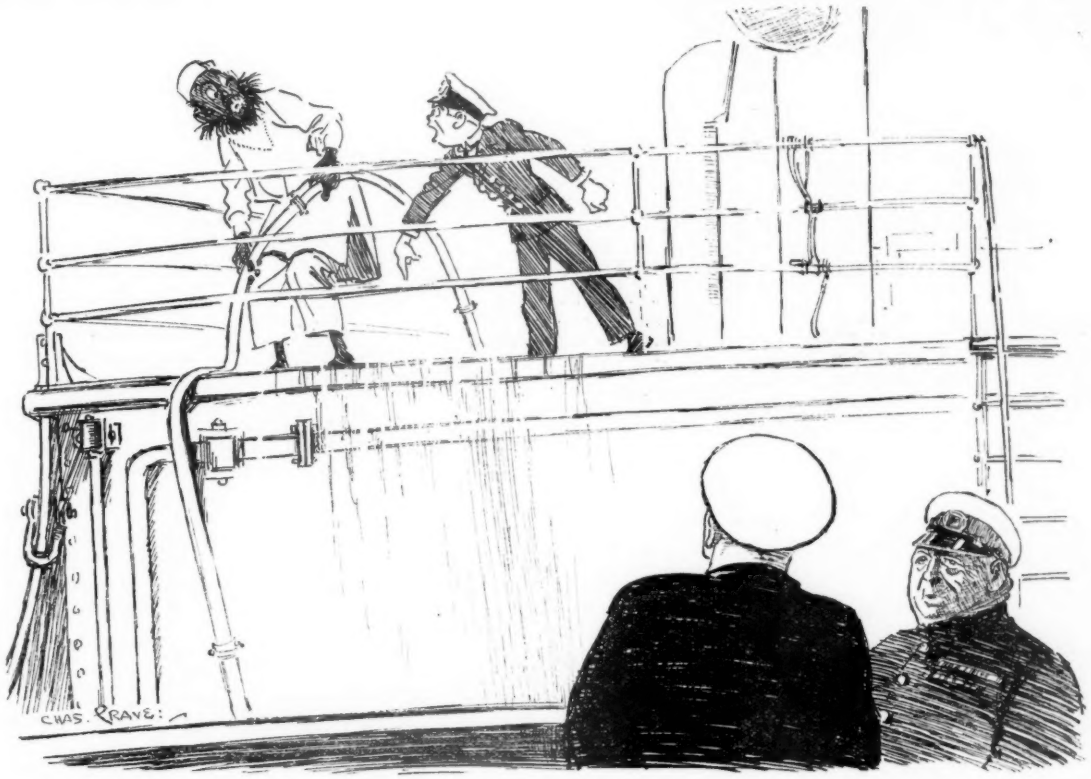
Ah, come along, Betty. Go on over in the spot. . . . Now where *is* that infernal spot? HEY! electrics. For the love of mike put that spot on! . . . I *know*, I *know ;* I told you to fix it further back but not just when I want to use it. . . . We can't go on wasting time like this.

Well, that blue-and-white's not *too* bad either. Listen, Betty, my dear; no, go and stand over there. She . . . Now turn round. . . . Turn back! See what I mean, Penwipe? She's feminine. . . . She gets her appeal over. She . . . Turn round. All rolled up in that green one she looked like a—like a. . . .

What's that, darling? The blue-and-white's only five guineas and the green's six-and-a-half. Why? . . . Well, what about the material? . . . Oh, I see! See, George, there is that about it. The blue-and-white's cheaper material. . . . Let's see the green one on you again. Trot along and put it on, there's a good girl! Perhaps we can get it to hang differently. . . .

You see, Penwipe, what I . . . What? . . . Yes, yes; I'll talk about that cut in a minute, old man. . . . This is going to be a very effective entrance if we get it right. She's got to look as attractive as possible because Dickie comes through the window later and . . .

Oh, right-o, Betty. . . . Hm! Oh, yes, I can see it's better material and of course the colour 's great . . . Betty, could you leave it open—carelessly sort of—down the front when you come in? They're Silke and Popline's pyjamas, too and they must be seen . . . Oh, *very* well, if you feel like that about it. . . . Clare! . . . CLARE!! DICKIE! Look here—will you kindly attend to me, please, you two? There's too much competition. Dickie, if you want to



SEAMANSHIP.

Bosun. "That young apprentice, Sir, will make a fine sailor. 'E's getting very fluent at cursin' in 'Industani."

chat to Clare, wait till I've finished, *please*. . . . Now, Clare, do you think anything can be done with this thing of Betty's to set off the figure more? . . . I see. . . . Yes, that might fix it. . . . What's that, Dickie? Yes. . . . Betty, could you possibly put on the blue-and-white again for a minute? . . .

What's that, George? Yes, that's an idea. . . . Maybe something can be done about that bunching. . . . And it certainly looks marvellous against those gold curtains. Settled! The blue-and-white's out! . . .

Now, Penwipe, what about that cut? . . . Oh, I forgot. . . . Listen, Betty—can't you *possibly* speed up that change? You've only got to. . . . Oh, *curse!* Well, you know more about getting into your own clothes than I do. . . We'll just have to leave it and just put more snap in the lines. . . . All right, Penwipe, we're leaving it as it is. . . .

Come on, now; we must get on. . . . If you've *quite* finished, Dickie, and you, Clare, perhaps you'll allow the producer to talk. . . . We're wasting far too much time. . . . Hey! electrics! What the devil! . . . A. A.

"THE WIDOW'S SON."

[At "The Widow's Son," a public-house in Bow, S.E., a hot-cross bun is still added each Good Friday to the chain of a hundred and more hanging in the bar, in accordance with tradition.]

In a little wayside inn
On the road to Bow
Lived a Widow and her Son
Many years ago;
Very simple folk they were,
Homely country-folk they were
And the Widow loved her Son
In that home at Bow.

War against Napoleon
Menaced Britain's might,
Nelson's ships were on the sea
Spoiling for a fight;
Soon the lad sea-fever caught,
Vowed that Boney must be taught,
Showed himself in sailor's rig,
Trim and gallant sight.

To his mother cried the boy,
Weeping for her son,
"Come Good Friday I'll be back,
When the fighting's done;
Don't forget the cake for me
That you always bake for me,
I'll be back to eat it then—
My Good Friday bun."

Twenty times Good Friday passed
Since that parting day;
Twenty times she made the buns,
Stowed them safe away.
All those years she prayed for him,
All those years she stayed for him,
But the sailor never came,
Laughing, tall and gay.

Scarlet buses thunder now
Down the crowded road
Where slow wagons through the lanes
Rumbled with their load;
But "The Widow's Son" is there
And the Hot-cross Buns are there,
Still the custom is kept up
In the same abode.

When each year Good Friday comes,
There the rite is done,
Though the first are crumbling now,
Still they bake her bun.
To that dusty rosary,
That lone mother's rosary,
Yet another bead they add
At "The Widow's Son."

LETTERS TO AN EXILE.

DEAR ROONA,—If I have not written to you for some months it is because I have been an exile myself, and life on ships and in strange tropical countries does not favour correspondence. There is too much to see on land, and at sea it is difficult, with all time at one's disposal, to find any. Even reading is not easy; the minutes pass so swiftly between meal and meal, between contest and contest, and the shadows of conversationalists so often fall across one's deck-chair and pause there. Or there is a headland to look at, or a sister ship to hail, or someone cries "Porpoises!" or "Sharks!" which of course are gone before you reach the side, but serve as distractions.

If you come back to London quickly you will find it full of backgammon-boards and all your friends rattling dice and compressing their brows in thought. But if you delay no doubt some other craze will be dominant. "Snap" is more than due.

A young friend of mine just back from Paris showed me a vanity-bag such as only the very smartest now carry. I don't know whether you have Night Clubs in your austere settlement, but should there be such a frivolous place you might pass the news on. It seems that on Montmartre now, where there is a new Night Club every week, it is the fashion to paste labels on the bags of the fair clients, and it is the ambition of the fair client to prove her chic mundanity by having as many labels on her bag as can be collected: just as it is alleged of Americans—and probably is equally true of certain English tourists—that they trot the globe more for these ocular proofs of wide and expensive travel than for interest in the globe itself, this girl's bag had the neatest little labels all over it, from the Rabelais, Casanova, Abbaye de Thelème, Chauve Souris, Loup de Nuit, Pigalle, Tartarin, Mimi Pinson and a dozen more, all bringing to my senses, as I read them, wafts of hot air, the pleading of saxophones, the popping of corks and floors crowded with swaying clinging dancers. London, with its incorrigible imitativeness, will soon follow suit.

A propos of Night Clubs, an American friend sends me a collection of the best similes that he has found in the papers in the past year, and I have copied out a few for you. I say *à propos* of Night Clubs, because the first to catch my eye was "As pseudo as Night-Club gaiety." Here are others:—

"As cheerful as a fireman breaking a window."

"As useless as to look for a compliment in an anonymous letter."

"As uneasy as a man meeting easy payments."

"As empty as a Christian Scientist's medicine-chest."

"As unconcerned as a Swiss delegate to a naval disarmament parley."

"As helpful as the Venus de Milo's hands."

"As scarce as bow-legs in the Follies."

"As busy as a lipstick at a college dance."

"As useful as a mirror to a blind man."

"As talkative as the dummy at bridge."

"As slow as a snail at another snail's funeral."

While here is an excellent example of a kind of exaggeration of which the Americans have the secret:—

"He was so low that it would take a special dispensation from heaven to raise him to the level of total degradation."

Another correspondent, this time at Buda Pest, asks me what I think is meant by the word—

SZENTVICS

which she noticed on a show-card in a Hungarian restaurant the other day. Can you decipher it? *

The latest English invention, which truly fulfils a long-felt want, is a chemists' bottle with an alarm attachment. You know how difficult it is to remember the three times a day, or the every two hours, when the remedy should be taken. Well, this new phial is to tell you. You set the alarum after you take the first dose, set it again after the second, and so on, and go on reading your detective novel in peace. Or you would if such a device existed; but outside my own head it doesn't. The collar-stud that shouted "Here I am!" and the umbrella that called "Don't leave me behind" are of the same shadowy company. Poor Mr. EDISON, always inventing the wrong things! Yours, E. V. L.

THE CRIME.

"YOUR arrival," said Hubert as I entered his study, "is most opportune. I now have everything the amateur detective could want—an exotic dressing-gown, a hypodermic syringe, a violin, and"—he eyed me with approval—"the half-witted accomplice to whom I can pour out my deductions."

"You certainly have the gimlet eyes and beaked nose which I understand constitute the true criminologist," I replied coldly, "but are you furnished with the necessary crime?"

"Therein," answered Hubert, "lies the originality of my methods. Most people discover the crime first and then look for the clues through which they hope to trace the criminals. But the number of undiscovered crimes must be amazing; I should not be surprised if every second person you meet isn't a dangerous crook."

"Until I came in here this morning," I began, "I had only met one person—"

Hubert ignored my interruption with a lofty dignity. "I," he continued, "work on different lines. First I notice the clues, then I deduce the crime, and finally I unmask the villain. My present case is quite a simple one. When I first entered this room to-day the window was shut at the bottom and on my desk was one of those knives that used to be made in Japan entirely, I believe, for the convenience of intending suicides. My Uncle George left it to me."

"A crude hint," I murmured.

"A sense of humour such as yours," said Hubert, "must be expected in the mentally-deficient accomplice. But, to continue, when I returned to this room after seeing my wife off this morning the window was wide open at the bottom and the dagger gone. The domestic staff asserts that she has not entered the room since its matutinal clean. Therefore someone must have come in by the window and departed with my knife."

"But perhaps the open window was merely a blind?"

Hubert studied me pityingly. "A window," he said, "cannot possibly be a blind—and besides we have curtains. No, since the weapon was of no intrinsic value I think we may take it that the man—no woman would have been in a fit mental condition to have pursued such a detailed course of action so early in the morning—that the man who entered my room was meditating some crime of violence."

At this point Hubert's deductions were interrupted by the insistent ring of the telephone.

"Probably Scotland Yard," he said casually.

After a brief and intense conversation he replaced the receiver and turned to me. "My wife," he said, "has arrived safely at her Aunt Maggie's. She forgot to mention before she left this morning that she was taking the Japanese dagger from my desk to show to Aunt Maggie's son, a keen antiquarian. She also forgot to tell me to be sure to leave the study window wide open so that Tibbles can wander in and out at will."

He picked up the violin with a mirthless laugh. "I shall," he said, "play a haunting melody."

He drew his bow over the strings and I crept hastily away.

The melody *was* haunting, but only because Hubert has not been a criminologist long enough to have acquired even the most elementary powers over the violin.

* The word in the Buda Pest restaurant is phonetic, to the Hungarian ear: "Sandwiches."



Locum Tenens. "Can you direct me to the Vicarage?"
Convivial Native. "Yes, Sur. You go down here so far as the 'Pig and Whistle,' and when you comes out o' there you're right up against it."

THE RETURN FROM NATURE.

I wander vainly through the open spaces
To gather notions from the vernal year,
But all the flowers wear old familiar faces,
There's not a hint to help a modern here.
The feathered fools lilt lyrics love-impassioned,
But not the least what critics now admire—
Merely melodious, hopelessly old-fashioned
To fit our cryptic cacophonic lyre.

The trees exhibit not the least improvement;
The same green leaves their hackneyed branches drape,
Uninfluenced by any clique or movement
And unconcerned for their ingenuous shape.

The season's lambs and piglets, calves and ducklings
Conform no whit to Chelsea's current thought;
Weak chicks and utterly dependent sucklings
Decline to be at all what Art has taught.

No more has swain or nymph become the creature
That from the studio each should learn to be—
Slab-sided, cretinous and flat of feature;
Their stubborn comeliness is hard to see.
This rural raid is folly—I forgo it;
Life, I perceive, remains Philistia still;
Let me return where sculptor, painter, poet
Contort creation at their own sweet will.

W. K. H.

THE SAGE WHO TOOK OFFENCE.

IN the time of the great Shang Chow Sin, Son of Heaven, there lived in the country of yellow earth a sage named Chang Tsze-ya, so famous that even the carp in the rivers were aware of his merit and required no bait, but readily impaled themselves upon his hook as often as he honoured them by dipping it into the water. And since he was fond of fish this circumstance was agreeable to him, and he took up his residence on the banks of the river Kiang, which is noted for the excellence of its carp.

Now Si Peh, the Prince of that district, cared nothing for virtue, but gave himself up to hunting and to feasting and other diversions. He too was fond of fish, and it came to his ears that a person of remarkable skill had been seen to draw carp from the water at a time when their wariness defied the ingenuity of all the Palace fishermen.

So he sent a messenger to Chang Tsze-ya, offering him congratulations upon his achievement and the post of Fisherman-in-Chief.

"Alas! it is necessary to acquaint your master with my refusal," said Chang Tsze-ya politely, "for the carp impale themselves upon my hook in acknowledgment of my merit, and I should ill requite this compliment if I sent them to the table of a person without learning, who is moreover a libertine." When this message was delivered to the Prince he became very angry and was about to send his executioners to the sage with instructions to terminate his existence by means of his own fish-hooks. But a lady of the palace named Fei-yen, who was then high in favour on account of her beauty, besought him to decide otherwise, saying, "Do not deprive the world of a rarity. For a fisherman who refuses preferment out of consideration for the feelings of the carp he catches must surely be very uncommon. Perhaps he will repay your clemency by providing us with amusement." And she could not rest until she had obtained permission to visit the banks of the Kiang and examine the peculiarities of the fisherman.

So one day, when Chang Tsze-ya was standing in meditation under a blossoming cherry-tree a palanquin closed by silken curtains came to a halt not far away. A lady sprang to the ground with the light and graceful movements of a darting swallow, and, having approached the cherry-tree, bowed politely, yet without performing the special ceremonies that are prescribed in the Book of Decorum for the greeting of sages. And she said, "Honoured Fisherman, I have come to learn from your own lips the secret of your skill."



Tramp. "'ELP A PORE MAN, MUM, WOT'S *NEVER* SEED BETTER DAYS."

"Call me not Fisherman," replied the sage, "for my name is Chang Tsze-ya, and I have other titles than that of Fisherman, though they are better known, it appears, to the carp in the rivers than to the maidens of this neighbourhood."

So the lady retired to a proper distance and performed the ceremonies which she had neglected. And she said with humility, "Reverend Sir, your name and titles are well known to this unworthy person who, having heard you spoken of as Fisherman, failed in her ignorance to apprehend your true identity."

Then Chang Tsze-ya perceived that her features were of jade-like perfection, and he granted his forgiveness for her fault and enlightened her as to the reasons of his success in catching carp. And they conversed together for some time with mutual pleasure, for Fei-yen, in addition to her beauty, was possessed of a good understanding.

Thereafter, Chang Tsze-ya led her to the river, where she observed with interest how the fishes competed among themselves for the privilege of impaling themselves upon his hook. And presently she said, "Reverend Sir, shall we make an experiment? I have seen the respect which these carp show for the merit of learning; and now I am anxious to know whether they appreciate beauty also. Lend me your fishing-rod and let us discover their opinion on this subject."

So Chang Tsze-ya handed her his rod and drew back from the bank, saying with a smile, "It well may be that in some respects the discrimination of carp is greater than that of mankind."

But no sooner had Fei-yen dipped her line into the water than a young and handsome golden carp, dazzled by her beauty, cast himself upon the hook and was drawn to land. Fei-yen clapped her hands in delight, but Chang Tsze-ya was disgusted and said indignantly, "These insensate carp are unworthy of consideration. When you return to your lord, you may inform him that I accept with gratitude his offer of the post of Fisherman-in-Chief. I shall refuse no more honours through mistaken tenderness for suicidal fishes."

But Fei-yen took the golden carp in her hand; and she sighed and said, "I do not care for fish, and I am sorry for this unfortunate carp who has placed himself in an invidious position through love of me. I shall return him to the water where he belongs and trust that he has gained in wisdom by experience."

So she let the carp slide gently into the water and returned to Si Peh to acquaint him with the decision of Chang Tsze-ya.

Now the fishes who dwelt in that part of the river Kiang hastened to visit the golden carp, for of all their



Sub-Editor of Social Paper. "HERE'S THIS THING OF FLOSSIE FOOTLIGHT'S AT HER PLACE IN ESSEX. WHAT SHALL WE CALL IT—'FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD'?"

Editor. "NO—NO—LET'S MAKE IT SNAPPY. LET ME SEE—CALL IT '*FAR FROM CROWD.*'"

number who had ever been drawn to land he only had returned and they wished to learn of his adventures.

But for a long time he would say nothing, since his mouth was sore owing to the wound made by the hook, and he was suffering from disillusionment.

Nevertheless he roused himself at last and replied to their questions, assuring them earnestly that his experiences had been of a terrible nature, and that the pains of suffocating in air were worse than could possibly be imagined beforehand. And he added sadly, "Nothing in the world is worthy of so great a sacrifice. For Wisdom can be resentful of homage paid to others and Beauty is merciful only when indifferent. Fei-yen does not care for fish."

So, having discussed the matter among themselves, the fishes came to the conclusion that it would be better in future to remain in the water, forgoing all opportunities of honourable but premature interment at the table of sage or beauty however distinguished.

It happened therefore that after Chang Tsze-ya had accepted the insignia of Fisherman-in-Chief he found himself unable, through the reluctance of the carp, to perform the duties appertaining to the office. And Si Peh at the next banquet observed that the fish course was lacking.

Whereupon he became so much enraged that he refused to listen to the entreaties of Fei-yen, but sent his executioners immediately to carry out on Chang Tsze-ya the sentence which had occurred to him before, and which still appealed to his imagination as being the most appropriate that could be devised.

THE SPLIT.

["Amidst what is left of Liberalism this is a sad spectacle of fission,* and it has not reached its worst."—*Observer, March 29.*]

THE Liberal group's condition
In these distressful days,
Wasted by long attrition,
The sign of death displays,
And the "spectacle" of its "fission"
Stout GARVIN's heart dismays.

But seers, profoundly musing,
May fall into a pit,
And GARVIN's zeal for choosing
A lordlier word than "split"
Beguiled him into using
A term that doesn't fit.

For science proves that fission—
As any text-book tells—
Involves no abolition
Of life that springs and swells,
But growth and parturition
Of endless little cells.

Then cease your sad discourses,
Lord of the purple nib,
Trust Nature's rich resources
Nor at a process jib
Whereby the Liberal forces
May multiply *ad Lib.*

*"*Fission.* The division of a cell or organism into new cells or organisms, as a mode of reproduction."
New English Dictionary.

Advertisements Which do not Compel.

"6.45 —— ROTUNDA —— 8.50
Booing all day.
The Great Comedy Revue,
'PLAYTHINGS.'"
Provincial Paper.

"CROSS-COUNTRY.
England had now nine men in the first six, and this position was maintained throughout the race."—*Irish Paper.*

Someone seems to have stood the reporter three over the six.

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE ACCIDENT.

ONE morning when Mr. Hunnybee was hurrying to catch a bus on the way to his business he slipped on a piece of orange-peel and fell down and broke his leg, and he was getting fairly old so it was awkward for him, but he always believed in making the best of anything and when he had been young he had played football a lot and not minded getting hurt, so when a policeman came hurrying up with his notebook he smiled at him and said well constable I am glad you happened to be here, I have broken my leg but I can soon get it mended again and if you don't mind moving me to the side of the pavement where I shan't be in anybody's way and propping me up against those railings I can read the newspaper while you fetch an ambulance.

And the policeman said all in good time, if you will kindly give me your name and address and let me smell your breath to see if you have been drinking whisky or something like that, and say how you came to tumble down in a public thoroughfare, and give me a reference to two householders I shall be able to make my report and have everything in order.

Well this was a little too much for Mr. Hunnybee, and he had given up using bad language for some years, but he used more than he would have thought he remembered to the policeman and a crowd gathered round and cheered him to the echo, so he felt a little better though his leg was hurting him very much. But the policeman wrote down his bad language, though he didn't know how to spell it all, and he took the names and addresses of two people in the crowd who could give evidence about it and said they must come along to the police-station with him.

Well there happened to be a doctor living in the house opposite where Mr. Hunnybee had fallen down and he came hurrying out and said what is this? has this gentleman had a fit, because if he has I might be able to cure it for him if some of you will carry him into my surgery, I am just in the middle of having my breakfast but I believe in putting work before everything and I can easily send it out to keep warm. And the crowd cheered him, but Mr. Hunnybee had gone off in a faint so he couldn't answer the question about having a fit, and the policeman said are you a qualified doctor, because that wants looking into first, there are so many quacks about. And the doctor said yes of course I am, you can see it on my brass plate, and he knelt down beside Mr. Hunnybee and began to feel him all over.

But the policeman stopped him and said you can't touch the body till I have made my report or you will be leaving finger-prints, and how do I know that your brass plate is telling the truth? That will all have to be looked into, but I don't mind your stopping here while I go to the police-station as I can't be in two places at once, and somebody must look after the prisoner to see that he doesn't run away when he comes to. I expect he is only shamming, but I can't take any chances.



"MR. HUNNYBEE HAD GONE OFF IN A FAINT."

Well just then Mr. Hunnybee came to, and as the doctor who was kneeling beside him smelt of carbolic and wore plus-fours he thought he might be a doctor and said rather faintly compound fracture and then fainted again.

And the doctor said to the policeman there you fool, it is quite easy to see he has broken his leg and now we must get him into my surgery.

But the policeman said he may have broken his leg or he may not but as he has said it himself it isn't evidence, I shall make a note of your calling me a fool and I should think that the judge would take a serious view of it as we have had a lot of that sort of thing lately. And just then somebody in the crowd held out a piece of orange-peel and said here is what he slipped on, and if that isn't evidence I don't know what is. And the policeman said how do I know you didn't take the piece of orange-peel out of your own pocket? you must come along to the police-station with me and bring the piece of orange-peel with you, this case is getting very complicated but it is all the more interesting to handle and I should think it is quite likely that I shall get promotion over it.

So he handcuffed the man who had picked up the piece of orange-peel because he objected to going to the police-station with him as he said he would get sacked from his job if he turned up late for it, and some of the crowd went after them and some stayed to see what the doctor would do. And what he did was to get some of them to carry Mr. Hunnybee into his surgery carefully so as not to hurt him more than could be helped, and Mr. Hunnybee had come to again and did his best to be cheerful about it all, and he found out that the doctor had been very good at football when he was young, so they talked about that while he was setting his leg, and he only fainted again once, and when he came to he said this is quite like old times when I broke my collarbone playing half-back, I feel quite comfortable now thanks to you and I think I should like to go home in a taxi-cab.

And the doctor said oh I will take you home in my motor-car because you are such an old sport, and if you break any other bones at any time mind you let me know and I will set them for you for nothing.

So he took him home and helped Mrs. Hunnybee to put him to bed, and gave her a soothing mixture which he had brought with him as she was getting rather old and had had a shock, and he said he would come and see Mr. Hunnybee again the next day and have another talk about football.

Well when he got back to his house there was the policeman on the doorstep looking rather down in the mouth, and he said did you happen to see an errand-boy or somebody like that eating an orange and throwing the peel on the pavement just before that accident

happened? And he said no, why? And he said oh because the Inspector says I haven't prepared my case properly and if I don't find out about that errand-boy I shall be reprimanded.

And the doctor said well you deserve it, if I hadn't brought the old gentleman in here he would still have been lying out there on the pavement with a broken leg. And the policeman said well so he ought to be, and when I have found out who it was who threw that piece of orange-peel on the pavement I shall take serious notice of what you have done, because you can't interfere with the police in the performance of their duty like that, and so you will find out.

But the doctor never heard any more about it because the policeman never did find out about the orange-peel and it was another case of crime going undetected. And Mr. Hunnybee's leg soon got mended and he and the doctor went to see the final of the Cup-tie together and he cheered as loudly as anybody when goals were kicked and didn't care who kicked them. A. M.

WHAT OUGHT TO BE.

Bill and Joan have gone away,
For Easter, to the sea,
They took their golf-clubs with them—
How I wish they'd taken me!
But Bill is quite grown up and he
Has married Joan, and so
He doesn't have to wait for Dad
And Mum to say we'll go.
Dad and Mum think Easter
Is a silly time to roam,
Hotels and trains are crowded so
It's best to stay at home.
But not all parents think like that;
I know Jim's don't, and why?
Because Jim's gone up with them
For a walking-tour in Skye.
Yes, Jim's in Skye and I'm just here;
It doesn't seem quite fair,
But every night when I'm in bed
I make believe I'm *there*.
We clamber up the Coolins and
We watch the sea-birds fly,
And sometimes I get foot-sore
On the jolly roads of Skye.
So then I fly to Bill and Joan
And paddle in the sea
And have a round of golf with them,
Just Bill and Joan and me.
I drive the ball as far as Bill
And do a hole in one,
Then back to Skye for supper at
Our inn, at set of sun.
You ought to see the things I see,
The sporting things I do;
I love my game of make-believe—
But oh, *that it were true!*

A Conservative Bibful.

"It is hoped that Mr. Baldwin will also speak at Hull, Southampton, and in the Midlands. He hopes to speak about a fortnight."—*Midland Paper.*

The Penalty of Gate-crashing?

"Notice.

No Cows will be Entertained at Pasture House or Sunniesido, ——, after 27th March, 1931."—*Hexham Paper.*

"Close personal friends occasionally call at the house to inquire how Mr. Snowden is progressing. Two nurses are always in attendance to see that the Chancellor does not overtax his strength."—*Daily Paper.*

Mr. Punch sincerely hopes for a joint immunity from this danger.



Chorus of Adorers (hanging on to every utterance of the Lion of the moment who, having a cold, has sneezed). "Oh, darling, aren't you *wonderful!*"



MANNERS AND MODES.
THE TWO ALTERNATIVES.

OLD FRUIT.

"CAN we have some fruit for tea?" said Edith, coming on to the verandah. "Ask the boy to bring some bananas in, please."

I was very busy occupying a long chair on the verandah of our Malayan bungalow in a position admirably adapted to watching the ceiling, where a diminutive lizard was stalking a mantis as big as himself. With an effort I shouted, "Boy, pisang!" Ah Quee came along with the bananas. I like the Malay language. No unnecessary verbiage about it. My wife, however, has only been out a few weeks and has not yet mastered its austere beauties.

"I wish," she said, "I could impress upon Amah that she must not spend all her time squatting about outside chattering to the other Chinese servants. She wastes the time when she might be working for me, and also interrupts the boy and the cook in their jobs too."

"Ah, that's serious."

"Which is serious?" she took me up.

"All of it, dear," I parried hastily. It was too hot to argue. "Do you want me to speak to her?"

"It would be much better if I could tell her myself. She'll think she can do what she likes when you are out if you give her all the orders. If only I could talk Malay! It makes me ashamed to hear these Chinese all talking it so fluently."

"Well, they've been at it longer than you have," I answered, adding helpfully, "There's a colloquial phrase-book over on the table there."

"I know; I've wrestled with it. But I can never find the things I want. When Cookie comes to ask me what to buy at the cold storage I can only find what to tell him when he asks for an advance of wages; and that isn't the question."

"No, he keeps that one for me," I interjected sadly. "It's so hard to refuse and harder still for him to refund.

"What do you want to tell the woman?" I asked. "I know quite a lot of strong words, and it won't sully your pretty lips to use them since you don't know what they mean."

"The chief trouble is that she's always talking. I never met such a chatterbox in my life. Whether she's inside or out, her tongue rattles on the whole time, and I don't find her voice at all soothing when I want a nap or to read quietly."

"The Malay for 'chattering' is 'bising.'" I began.

"But I thought that's what you said to the boy just now when you wanted fruit."

"No, no; that's 'pisang,' quite a different word," I explained patiently, and then went on to give a short lesson in the more polite Malay invective. As I finished the amah's high-powered talking-engine sprang into noisy life somewhere outside. She was firing on all cylinders, and the effect was wonderful. Edith put her fingers to her ears and then marched out with determination in every movement.

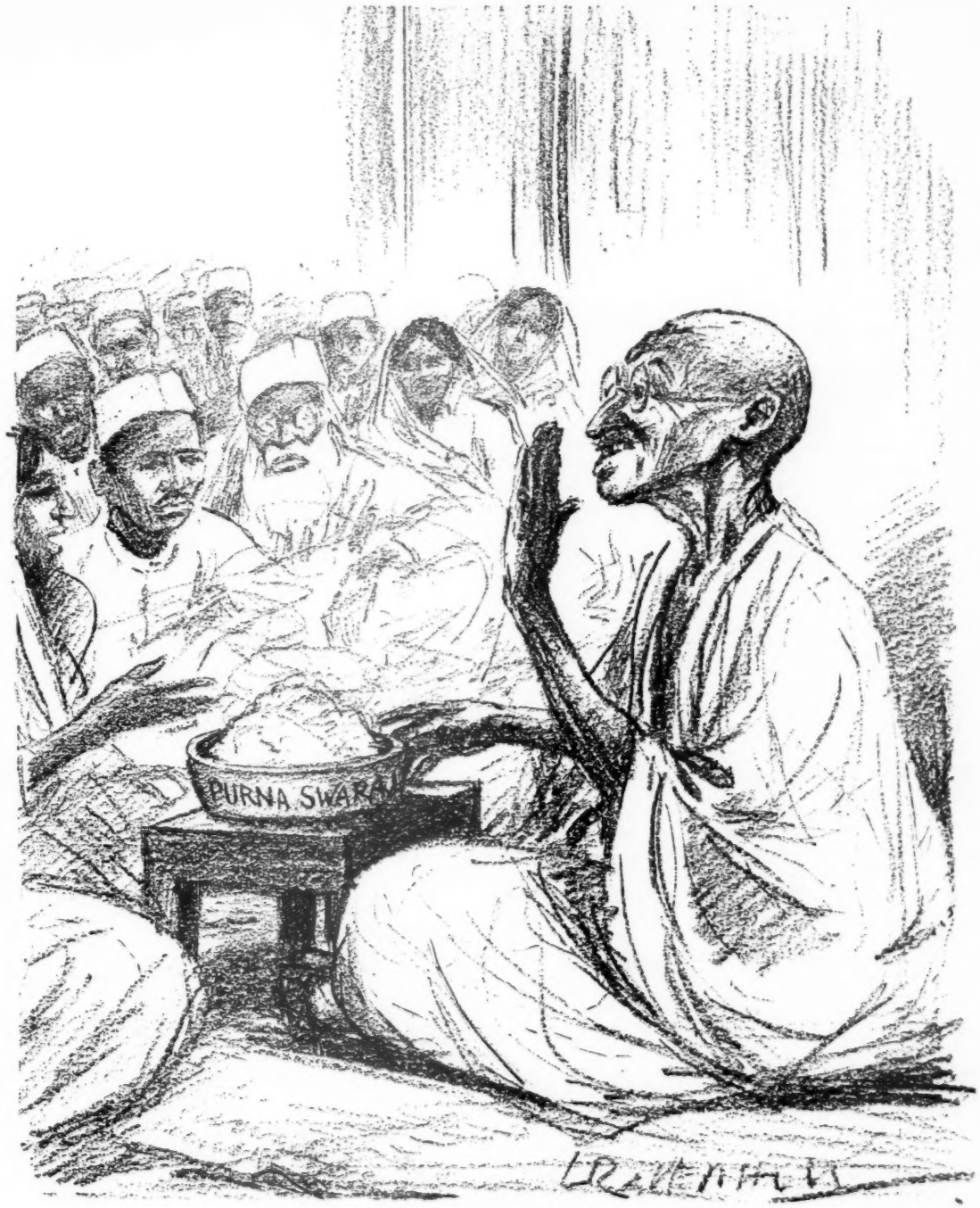
Her voice broke sharply into the harsh rattle of Chinese, and then the East became suddenly silent. My wife returned triumphantly to the verandah.

"Why, what are you grinning at?" she asked.

"Well, my dear, you began by calling her a rotten banana. . . ."

"I don't care. It's stopped her."

And so it had.



A CONTROVERSIAL CURRY.

CHORUS OF FOLLOWERS. "HAVE YOU MADE IT HOT ENOUGH?"

MR. GANDHI. "BELIEVE ME, QUITE WARM ENOUGH FOR YOU, AND PERHAPS A LITTLE HOTTER THAN INDIA WANTS AS A WHOLE."

[Although Mr. GANDHI induced his followers to accept the Delhi pact by an overwhelming majority at the Karachi Congress he went on to define their ultimate aim as complete national independence.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 30th.—It fell to Dr. SHIELS, in the absence of Mr. BENN, to explain to Earl WINTERTON and Mr. WARDLAW-MILNE that "feeling is getting better" in Cawnpore, no case of arson or murder having occurred in the night. The totally or partially massacred, he added, numbered, according to the civil hospital register, one hundred-and-forty-one and three hundred and eighty-six respectively. Earl WINTERTON announced that he would raise the matter on the adjournment. To what end was not too clear, unless it is to remind Mr. GANDHI and his friends that Mr. BALDWIN is watching Cawnpore.

There is something rather childlike as well as bland in the FOREIGN SECRETARY'S method of handling Questions about Russia. Once more the question of Soviet timber-camps arose, Sir A. KNOX and other Conservative Members asking why, since M. MOLOTOV, Chairman of the Council of People's Commissars, had publicly stated that foreign representatives were free to visit the timber-forests and ascertain conditions for themselves, he did not instruct the British Ambassador at Moscow to avail himself of this privilege. Mr. HENDERSON'S reply was to the effect that "only an investigation by fully qualified experts would be effective." This suggestion that it takes a fully qualified expert to discover whether or not, as alleged, Russian timber-workers are being driven to their work by armed guards, shot if they try to escape and flogged and starved if they do not perform their allotted tasks, would be funny if it were not so painfully British.

Dr. ADDISON swelled with pride as he informed Captain MARGESSON that the census of National Mark eggs for February showed an increase of fifty-nine per cent over the corresponding figure for last year. Whatever may be the manœuvres of Cobdenites and Protectionists there is no faltering on the hen front.

The note of optimism thus struck was echoed by Mr. GILLETT, who in reply to Mr. HANNON declared that the British Empire Trades Exhibition had been universally pronounced to be "the most arresting event that Buenos Aires has ever witnessed." A number of orders, it seems, have already been arrested as they were on the point of leaving for the United States.



The Terrier (exhuming his bone). "ISN'T THIS DELICIOUS? WHY, IT'S ALMOST AS FRESH AS IT WAS LAST MAY!"
MR. W. GRAHAM.

In sharp contrast to the long but nebulous breathings of Mr. DALTON and Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN on the subject last week, Mr. HENDERSON'S statement on the proposed Austro-German economic agreement was lucidity itself. The gist of it was that while the Powers in question had chosen an unfortunate moment and an unfortunate way in which to spring their scheme, they had denied all intention of confronting Europe with a *fait accompli*. Both Austria and Germany maintained that the projected Customs Union was within their rights, but appeared to agree that its legal as opposed to its political aspects should be considered by the Council of the League of Nations. Mr. HENDERSON would raise the question at Geneva in due course, and until then the British attitude on the points in dispute would be "one of complete reserve." Mr. HENDERSON urged the House in passing to "direct its particular attention to the inestimable benefit that the existence of the League of Nations confers on members confronted with a situation which in other circumstances might have continued to generate hotter feelings and harder words." A pregnant observation, even if it does suggest the florid magniloquence of a patent-medicine advertisement.



POURING OIL ON TROUBLED CRANKS.
MR. HENDERSON GREASES THE ENGINE WITH GENEVA.

Then it was Mr. THOMAS'S turn to catch the grounds of suspicion in the silky mesh of suavity. Replying to Mr. BALDWIN, he read a communication from the Australian High Commissioner to the effect that the Commonwealth was liable to pay and *would* pay the interest on the loans in respect of which the Government of New South Wales had declared its intention to default.

The information paved the way as it were to the PRIME MINISTER'S announcement that Mr. SNOWDEN would present his Budget proposals in person on April 28th. Cheers indicated the House's satisfaction that the CHANCELLOR would soon be restored to its midst. That happy event will easily outweigh any little unpleasantness that he may feel compelled to cause as soon as he gets back.

When the Consumers' Council made its début last Session neither the House nor the Standing Committee to which it was sent was consumed with admiration. To-night the débutante was presented for the second time, not quite so painted and powdered (Sir HERBERT

SAMUEL'S Liberal austerity requiring to be considered), but otherwise as pretty a picture of Bureaucracy in Our Time as ever stepped from Whitehall.

Mr. GRAHAM explained the Bill in much the same terms that he used on the previous occasion, that is to say with much smooth evasion of the realities of the matter and some insistence on the Bill's theoretical attributes. There was an undue "lag," he said, in the way in which a reduction in retail prices followed the decline in wholesale prices, and the consumer lost the benefit of the latter that he was entitled to enjoy. The Bill differed from its initial shape, Mr. GRAHAM explained, by the addition of a clause providing that the Council's power to recommend the fixing of retail prices should only apply where "conditions existed that restricted the free play of competition"—one of those charmingly nebulous phrases clever bureaucrats habitually employ in order to befuddle unprehensile legislators.

Sir PHILIP CUNLIFFE-LISTER set about the Bill with an agreeable vigour. Abandoning a marked tendency towards the tediously prolix, the Right Hon. Member for Hendon has lately developed a pungent and penetrating method much more to the House's taste. This, he declared, was a Trades Persecution Bill. In the Coal Mines Act the Government had gone out of its way to restrict competition How did it reconcile that with this new-found mania for unfettered competition? And what about interference with the free play of competition by Trade Union restrictions and by price-rings under foreign control?

The Bill was a particularly cowardly interference with trade, because the Government took no responsibility if its price-fixings involved retailers in loss. If, on the other hand, it fixed them liberally, the fixed maximum prices would immediately become the minimum prices and competition to that extent, instead of being unfettered, would cease.

Sir HERBERT SAMUEL gave the Bill a very qualified blessing. He could not persuade himself that it really aimed at the suppression of monopolies and not at a mere bureaucratic inquisition into the affairs of harassed traders. However, he preferred to try to make something of the Bill in Committee rather than knock it out now. Visions of the honourable men whose daggers had stabbed the Trade Disputes Bill must have haunted the MINISTER'S eyes at this new threat of a Liberal conscience triumphant over political zeal.

The bogey of the profiteer is seldom long absent from the Labour Members' thoughts, and several expressed their innocent faith in the Bill as a sort of legislative song against wicked grocers and others. It remained for Mr. CHATER to hope that the Bill would not result in any persecution of small shopkeepers. Perhaps the grocer in his parts *does* occasionally

> ". . . . treat housemaids to his teas,
> Or crack a bottle of fish sauce, or stand a man a cheese."



PICKING UP THE GAUNTLET.

MR. PETHICK LAWRENCE MEETS THE CHALLENGE THAT THE PRESENT GOVERNMENT HAS INJURED THE COUNTRY'S TRADE.

Tuesday, March 31st.—As an earnest of happy events to come, now that the BEAVERBROOKS have ceased from babbling and the ROTHERMERES are (temporarily) at rest, the arrival of Mr. L. THOMPSON, the new Unionist Member for Sunderland, with a Labour scalp dangling from his belt, was loudly acclaimed by the Conservative cohorts.

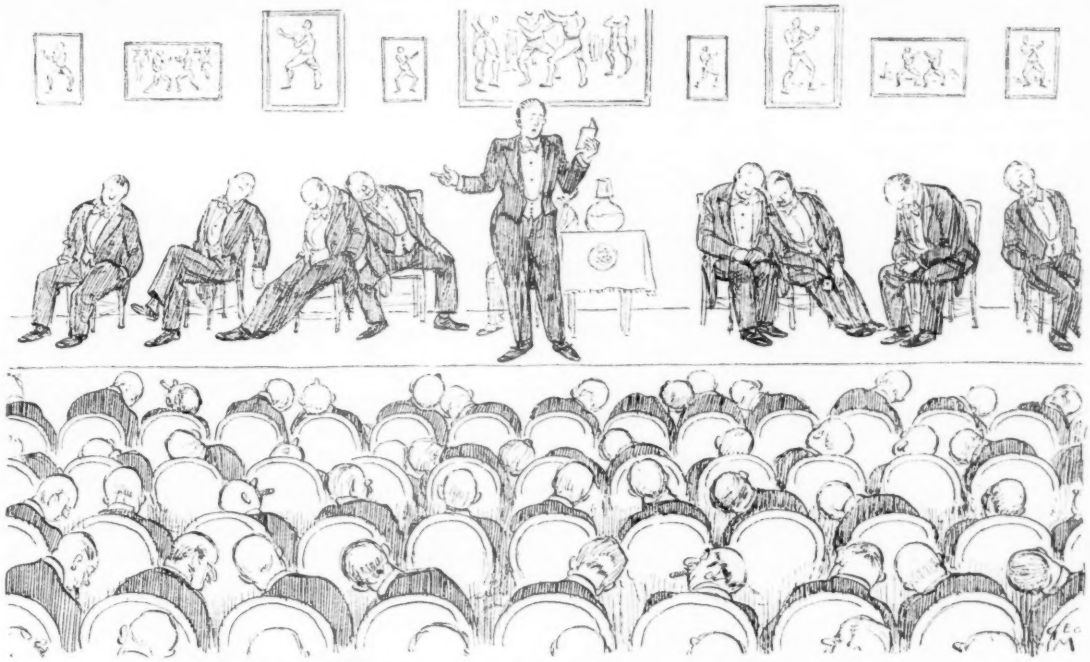
They had gathered in some strength to support Captain GUNSTON'S economy motion (in Committee on Civil Estimates). Somehow or other economy seems to leave Conservatives cold—it is only a very brazen pot that really enjoys denigrating the kettle—but it was at least clear that the lamentable fiasco of last Session, when a Conservative economy debate collapsed because the House was counted out, was not to be repeated. The speeches followed the usual lines, Mr. O'CONNOR and Sir HILTON YOUNG supporting the motion and Mr. PETHICK LAWRENCE putting up a sturdy if somewhat statistical defence. He found no fault with what had been said as a mere plea for economy; as an attack on the Government he discovered nothing in it.

A livelier contribution to the gaiety of Houses of Commons came when the Vote for Expenditure on the Houses of Parliament buildings was reached. It was furnished by Miss ELLEN WILKINSON, who has been cultivating elsewhere a robuster humour than we are accustomed to look for among the champions of the depressed masses. Miss WILKINSON, bending her burning gaze on the obviously scandalized FIRST COMMISSIONER, invited him to consider the advantageous stimulus imparted to the Zoo monkeys by the installation of ultra-violet rays. Why could not the House have ultra-violet rays? Mr. LANSBURY was obviously at a loss for a suitable reply. To argue that there was no similarity between the two cases was to tread on obviously dangerous ground. He was content to explain that the air of the House was "bacteriologically pure." He did not want to spend money, but he would see what could be done to make it more invigorating.

TIM HEALY.

The news of the death of Mr. TIM HEALY was received with general and genuine regret at Westminster, for even in his most truculent days in the 'eighties and 'nineties he was a great Parliamentary figure. The House always filled when he was "up," whether to exasperate or entertain his hearers. Much was forgiven him—and there was much to forgive—for his wit; but the memories of his bitter tongue have long been merged in cordial recognition of the dignity and moderation with which he discharged his duties as the first Governor-General of the Free State. It seemed a great experiment, but Mr. Punch can congratulate himself on the foresight which prompted him, in the cartoon of December 13, 1922, to invest the ex-stormy petrel with the angelic attributes of a peacemaker and mediator.

Mr. Punch wishes to express his sincere regret that in his last issue an observation on the Tariff Truce made by Mr. A. M. SAMUEL was erroneously attributed to Sir HERBERT SAMUEL.



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

Ex-Champion describes his last fight in vers libre at the National Sporting Club.

THE PROPOSAL.

[During the recent by-election in London, Mr. Duff Cooper wrote in the Press: "If I were Chancellor I would make bachelors pay and give spinsters pensions." The following is a warning to swains of what they may be up against in future springs (the season, the writer understands, in which they get busy) when the Conservatives return to power.]

As through the clouds the April sun encouragingly broke, I
Proposed to Sylvia amid the daffodils and croci;
I whispered softly in her ear, "I want to ask you whether
You think that you and I perhaps might hit it off together."

She said, "It's very nice of you; you put it too so sweetly—
In words that might convince a less discerning maid completely;
But can it be on wedded bliss with me that you reflect, or
On easier relations with your local tax-collector?"

"A bachelor's position," I rejoined, "regarding taxes,
When he becomes a married man, as you imply, relaxes;
That this should be my motive, though, I swear that the suggestion
Is quite without foundation." And again I popped the question.

"If quite apart from dues that you would save and extra oof hold,
A single man, you wish to turn with my assistance twofold,
I see your point of view," she said, "nor do I wish to mock it;
But how would such a change of state affect my spinster's pocket?

"There was a time when it was rare for any maid to falter
When opportunity arose to grace the nuptial altar;
A girl would muse upon the day that she would choose the trousseau—
But then, you see, she wasn't paid a pension not to do so.

"To-day, while you are charged for leave to keep your single status,
If we elect to do the same the laws remunerate us—
A summary of facts to which we may append the rider
That, though we are unmarried, still you act as my provider.

"And so with thanks I will decline; it may appease your sorrow
To some extent to know that I would marry you to-morrow,
By civil registration or in chapel, church or minster,
Were you to discontinue my allowance as a spinster."

As she withdrew from me, my heart, in spite of being broken,
Was warm with admiration at the way that she had spoken;
And sadly to the daffodils and crocuses I muttered,
"How well the maiden knows the side on which her bread is buttered!

"And how," I sighed, "from day to day it would have raised my pecker
To know that in the noddle that controlled the home exchequer
So keen an economical acumen was embodied!"
The crocuses did not respond; the daffs demurely nodded.

C. B.

The Water-Gipsy goes Visiting.

". . . members of the Sussex Motor Yacht Club, Brighton, were able to congratulate themselves last night on the fact that the English hope [at Buenos Aires], 'Miss England II.,' will be carrying the bargee of the Club."—*Sussex Paper.*

It is to be hoped that the thought of the nation's honour will outweigh the irritations of a warm climate.

"Football foursomes were contested in the afternoon, when the two Easterbrooks defeated Whitcombe and Realff by one hole."
Sunday Paper.

This method is clearly such an advance on the old game that the advent of the steel-shafted leg may be expected.

AT THE PICTURES.

"MOROCCO" (CARLTON).

To the film-critic of *The Daily Telegraph* I owe, and gratefully acknowledge, the information that there is at Hollywood a Vamping-Machine. The effect of a new vamp upon a selected



Publicity Merchant (*quoting his posters of film*). "AT LAST THE TALKING SCREEN HAS FOUND ITS VOICE OF LOVE!"

Fan. "THEN WHAT HAVE THEY BEEN DOING UP TO NOW? JUST MUCKING ABOUT?"

public is ascertained by means of instruments at the try-out of a new show. The instruments register blood-pressure, pulse-beats and gland and salivary reactions. Nor do all vamps fall into the same category. There are baby-vamps and super-vamps. Probably the super-vamp gives you more pulse-strokes to the minute, while the baby-vamp supplies a steadier rhythm, not so jerky in style.

I did not, alas! have this machine with me at the Carlton, so that I cannot state mathematically what the close-ups of MARLENE DIETRICH were doing when they got in amongst my glands and all the rest of it, but I calculate from sensing my own emotions and those of the big stiffs and lulus around me that she was okey. I had seen her in *The Blue Angel*, and she got over good there as a heartless night-life queen. This time the course of true love ran smooth, or as smooth as it can in the Moroccan desert. I think true love always does amongst sand. There is something about sand that flies to the film-producer's head.

It is hardly necessary to state that *Morocco* deals with the Foreign Legion. The life of this fine corps may have been inadequately treated by story-writers in the past, but Hollywood has altered all that. To be a Foreign Legionary nowadays is practically synonymous with being flicked. None but the brave deserve the flare.

GARY COOPER, who made a perfect *Virginian* and was a no less admirable gold-digger in *The Spoilers*, is another complete success as *Private Tom Brown;* the more so, I think, since he may very well have been an American citizen before he cut loose from the world of civilisation and enlisted in the barbarous camera-life of the legion of the damned. There is nothing therefore incongruous in his more or less American speech. In *Hell's Angels*, so far as I can remember, it is remarked as a matter of surprise by one character that his friend, being a German, speaks English so well, and his friend replies, with a rich American intonation, that he has lived for a long time in England, and that is why. Incidents like this, if talkies survived for the benefit of posterity, would provide headaches for future philologists. And even in *Morocco* the English spectator is puzzled at times by the mixture of trans-Atlantic idioms with pieces of French and pieces of American spoken with the accent of France. The impression is conveyed that the Legion has been entirely recruited from hard eggs and dough-boys, but contains perhaps one non-commissioned officer and a colonel from Gaul. Obviously, however, in the case of a single soldier in so polyglot a regiment this doesn't matter. One



A BUNCH OF LANGUID LIDS.

Monsieur Le Bessière (MR. ADOLPHE MENJOU); *Mlle. Amy Jolly* (MISS MARLENE DIETRICH); *Legionnaire Tom Brown* (MR. GARY COOPER).

nationality is as good as another, and Mr. GARY COOPER's careless swaggering attractiveness is as clear immediately to the audience as to the heroine herself, when she first (as a male impersonator) espies him in the pit and flings him the rose which has been given to her by ADOLPHE MENJOU, resplendent in evening-dress. M. ADOLPHE MENJOU, in this film, is very *piano*. He is a mere patient lover with a good heart who, realising that MARLENE (I ought to say *Mlle. Amy Jolly*—what a name!) has fallen for the rough warrior, is content to hope and bide his time. He offers her



KIT FOR CAMP-FOLLOWERS.

AMY FOLLOWS THE TROOPS INTO THE DESERT.

everything—marriage, opulence and unlimited champagne. But when she says she must rush off to a desert hospital and find out whether her legionary is wounded, he takes her in his sumptuous motor-car. The legionary is not good; or not good in any Victorian sense of the word. We usually see him half-drunk, in debt, and with two or three local ladies with local morals hanging about his neck. He has been disillusioned by life, just as *Amy Jolly* has. When they meet, however, they both feel that right here is someone that they might have loved, and, though trying not to fall for each other, fall they do.

We seem to have reached an era of film-production very flattering to those gentlemen-rankers who, as Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING used to put it, were "damned from here to eternity." No sooner are they thoroughly lost in the rough barrack-life, soused with liquor and dead to any respect for womanhood, than along comes an honest-to-goodness super-vamp who has also been badly treated by the world and has taken to getting rather blotto and singing songs in ritzy cabarets, and, hey presto! we are rubbering the birth of spiritual love. It is good going for the down-and-outs.

MARLENE as *Amy Jolly* runs away



Huntsman, on the ground (to impetuous Whip). "CAN'T YOU STOP WHEN YOU HEAR ME CALLIN' 'WIRE'? I DON'T NEED TO BE KILLED TWICE."

from her betrothal-feast, at which a wholly delightful speech is being made with truly Latin oratory by a French colonel, scuttles through marble halls, past obsequious footmen, out into the night to see the Legion marching home.

Is her boy-friend there? Face after face she scans, pushing her way amongst the weary troops carrying back their wounded and clustered about by Moorish girls. She cannot find him. He is left out there. In hospital? Dying? Very probably. She returns to opulence, marble and champagne and says she must go to him.

"I will take you down to-morrow," says her *fiancé*.

"I am going now," says MARLENE.

Just that. Irresistible close-up.

Well, they take the motor-car and go. MARLENE searches the hospital. She cannot find him. He is not wounded; merely transferred to another company. She traces him to a low drinking-shop, where he sits with a dark lady on his knee. He says good-bye to her again. He is going to march out into the desert to-morrow. Will she come and see him off? She will. Once again the band, the sensational falling-in of the Foreign Legion, with its heavy accoutrements. MARLENE and her *fiancé* both shake hands with the legionary. Out through the archway the troops march into the illimitable and very blowy sand. After them go four or five women dragging goats. MARLENE looks and looks. Then she dashes from the motor-car, runs through the archway, cannot run, kicks off her apparently satin slippers, overtakes the women, helps them to drag their goats, is gone. All for love or a pair of shoes well lost in the sand. There was a little laughter, more applause. I reckon that MARLENE DIETRICH is the bee's knee as a super-vamp with a heart of gold.

The production was marvellously clever in light effects, street scenes and the bravura of the Legion's band, the voice transmission very variable indeed.

Emerging into an east wind, I should imagine that my blood-pressure was hitting it in all six cylinders for several moments after I left the Carlton Theatre.

EVOE.

THE TWO S'S.

["Science and sentiment are best sellers."—*A Book Review.*

"Science is becoming increasingly important in detection."—*A Recent Comment.*]

THE readers of the present day,
Though laudably addicted
To literature's flowery way,
Are, in their choice, restricted.

Their favoured themes are poles apart;
Either they place reliance
On Sentiment to melt the heart,
Or cool the brain on Science.

The fiction fans neglect the lore
That so beguiles their brothers
Who, from a sterner height, ignore
The throb that charms the others.

I am a modest man, and shrink
From posing as adviser,
Yet, if they copied me, I think
They would perhaps be wiser,

Who, holding an eclectic mind
One of our chiefest glories,
Improve myself with both combined,
And read detective stories.

DUM-DUM.

AT THE PLAY.

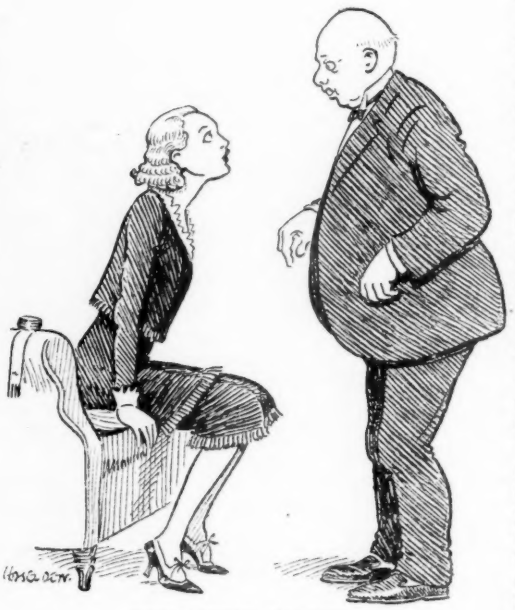
"AFTER ALL" (CRITERION).

IF explanatory sub-titles were now in fashion I suppose Mr. JOHN VAN DRUTEN would have called his play *After All; or, Why Have Children?* Not with cynicism or flippancy, but with a charming seriousness our author approaches the problem of the difficult relations between parent and child. Very properly he takes no sides, surveying the matter from a detached viewpoint. It is a sound, sincere and moving piece of work.

The parents are not tyrants. The children, *Ralph* and *Phyl*, are not mere heartless young pleasure-seekers. It is an affectionate family. There is nothing to prevent the two generations being friends except the barrier of their intimate impossible relationship. When *Ralph* asks permission to live away from the home the father is desperately hurt, but forces himself to a grudging assent; nor does he express too emphatically his disappointment that *Ralph's* heart is not in the business which his father has built up with such courage and hard work. And what is happening to *Phyl*? She is moody, secretive; always dining out, always away for the week-end. Challenged affectionately as to what is the matter, she answers "Nothing"—meaning nothing that you can tell a father about; still less, in this family, a mother, who is a kind, affectionate, stupid woman unable to understand anything. But, to her brother, *Phyl* shyly and a little proudly confesses her love—for a married man tied to an invalid wife. Divorce for that reason impossible. One must simply grin and bear it and go on hatefully deceiving. *Ralph*, just a little shocked that *his* sister should be in such a situation, summons up his reserves of sympathy and understanding.

And later the distracted girl, begging her father's leave to live away from home, blurts out the full truth. Poor *Mr. Thomas* stops his ears. This is not the sort of thing a father can hear from his daughter. But his pained, not angry, reproaches are stopped by the girl's utter misery. He may not be able to give understanding, but the clumsily expressed tenderness of a deep love almost, yet not quite, crosses the deep barrier between them. *Phyl* goes her ways almost carrying her father's blessing.

Time passes. *Mrs. Thomas* is now a widow. *Ralph* has come back to the dull Kensington house to look after her. It is not a great success. He is a rising young artist now. He must make useful friends and is seldom at home. *Phyl*, still unforgiven, is a very occasional visitor. The mother hugs her grief (and I think it just to say that perhaps here Mr. VAN DRUTEN a little overstresses the humours of bereavement).



SURPRISING FATHER.

Phyl . . . . MISS MADELEINE CARROLL.
Mr. Thomas . . MR. AUBREY MATHER.

Time also brings its anodyne. *Mrs. Thomas* finds comfort in bridge. Also the wife of her daughter's lover dies and to the mother's surprise and relief the position is to be regularised. The mother can now receive her prospective son-in-law, an obviously decent affectionate man, not at all like the seducer of *Mrs. Thomas's* stiff imagination. Life can be very puzzling!



COMFORTING MOTHER.

Mrs. Thomas . . MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE.
Ralph . . . . . MR. ROBERT DOUGLAS.

And before showing us a charming domestic interior in Regent's Park with *Phyl*, the mother of two girls and two twin boys in three years—I can't help thinking the twin business a slight error in tact—Mr. VAN DRUTEN gives us a little scene from *Ralph's* life-story. *Ralph*, essentially a correct young man, has fallen in love with and insisted on marrying a cabaret-dancer who is definitely not of the marrying sort. It is a disastrous affair. *Ralph*, attempting to play the resolute husband putting down his foot and forbidding his wife to return to her cabaret work, is frankly defied and given a succinct but adequate account of what his bourgeois ideas, home, relatives and pretensions amount to in the eyes of a really modern young woman. *Greta* goes back not merely to her cabaret but to her old free way of life. A divorce is pending and poor disillusioned *Ralph* creeps up to Regent's Park to be comforted by the blissfully happy and now conventionally ranged lovers—with what implications in the way of a moral we hardly like to guess!

One moral indeed is drawn by the proud and perceptive father of four: "We shall both be soon saying to our children, 'I'm only thinking of your happiness,' and making ourselves the judge of what their happiness is; and telling them that they only use the house as an hotel." How true! And what a dangerous social experiment was the abolition of the heavy Victorian father!

We all paid the author and his admirable interpreters the compliment of listening to his story with closely-sustained attention. Even the chocolateers forbore to munch and rustle.

Miss LILIAN BRAITHWAITE (not seriously "stretched" in a good BRAITHWAITE part) was the perfect, affectionate, bromidic mother. Miss MURIEL AKED, the kindly, cliché-loving but, withal, really tolerant and understanding old aunt of *Phyl* and *Ralph*, delighted us by her quiet effective method of making the author's excellent points. Here was a character not spoiled by exaggerated drawing by

either author or interpreter. Mr. AUBREY MATHER (*Mr. Thomas*) crowned a good performance by his little scene of strangled tenderness and puzzlement with his errant impenitent daughter. Miss MADELEINE CARROLL was brilliantly successful in indicating the difference between the hectic happiness of *Phyl* the lover and the quiet assured happiness of *Phyl* the wife, and played with great delicacy and sensitiveness of touch the charming scene of her confession to her brother—Mr. ROBERT DOUGLAS being no whit less effective in this moving passage. Mr. DOUGLAS showed us the young *Ralph's* changing moods and fortunes in a way that kept us continually interested, and in particular most capably conveyed the misery into which *Greta's* defection had plunged the poor boy. Mr. MARTIN LEWIS (as *Phyl's* lover) gave us a surely drawn pleasant portrait, and Miss JEANNE STUART did not lack fire or slinkiness as the naughty *Greta*. An excellent play, excellently presented.

T.

"THE WORLD OF LIGHT" (ROYALTY).

The compliments paid by Mr. ALDOUS HUXLEY to the actors of his new play were well deserved. He had tried them severely and they passed the test with honours. This tragi-comedy so cleverly acted by them involved most of its characters in misfortunes that we either laughed at because Mr. HUXLEY writes wittily and intended we should, or else deprecated because so many of them seemed gratuitous rather than inevitable. It was not that we found the characters unsympathetic, but that they seemed so arbitrarily unhappy in themselves, each other and their circumstances; and one is apt to be alienated from people for whom one can do nothing more active than listen to their predetermined tales of woe.

Consider them. Old *Mr. Wenham* was an accountant with a zeal for spiritualism. *Hugo*, his eldest son, was a dusty pessimist whose chief activity was passive resistance to life. Coming home in one of the intervals between drawing the attention of reluctant undergraduates to the beauties of PLATO, *Hugo* found life on the doorstep, so to speak, waiting to pounce, in the person of *Enid Deckle*, who long had secretly loved him and whom as long he had kept at arm's-length.

A few nervously-chosen words from his father showed *Hugo* the weak spots in his defences which life threatened to storm; in other words, that duty no less than honour demanded that he should propose to *Enid* and so settle an outstanding account. Thus, as he explained later under the influence of whisky, conscience blackmailed him into popping a question the answer to which inclination no less than dismay now heartily deplored. But *Bill Hamblin*, a Cambridge crony and simpler-lifer, who was off to Honolulu in the morning, forced him to evade his obligations to *Enid* by sharing with him the cockpit of the hydroplane chartered for the adventure.

Thenceforward our chief concern was with those left behind and with the dubious consolations they sought when the rumour reached them that the plane had crashed and *Hugo* was drowned. Here entered the spiritualist medium, a character drawn and acted with amusing malice, whose success at the impromptu séances held in the drawing-room was equalled only by that with which he soon consoled the hitherto frantic *Enid*.

The arrangement of these séances and the stage-management of their phenomena beguiled us without provoking our prejudices. Lights danced, a phosphorescent bird-cage cruised the air, and a concertina played *Hugo's* favourite passages from MOZART to such purpose that *Hugo's* father was inspired to write a best-seller on the evidences of human survival after death, and everyone, particularly his publisher, was reconciled to the tragedy.

So far so good. But at the last sitting, when everything seemed to be going even better than usual—save the relations of poor *Enid* and her medium-lover—up went the lights and in walked *Hugo*, bronzed and fit and dismayingly objective, leading by the hand his accidentally but totally blinded friend. And with all the fat in the fire, down came the penultimate curtain.



Polite Pedestrian. "IT REALLY DOESN'T MATTER A BIT, SIR; I HAD LUMBAGO BEFORE YOU GOT ME."

We had long ceased to take these happenings seriously, recognising them for the shifts they were, mere texts for the talk that proceeded from Mr. HUXLEY'S resourceful head rather than from his characters' hearts. The explanations given to the indubitable phenomena of the séances—that they were telepathic, clairvoyant, anything but visitations from the dead—were among the means chosen by the dramatist to close the thematic gaps which his tentative technique had created. And the pairing-off of *Enid* and the blind friend, like *Hugo's* return to oblivion, aided and abetted by the publisher, seemed old theatrical tricks rather than acts of artistic grace.

Nevertheless we were entertained by the wit, interested in much of the talk and delighted by the acting. Miss FABIA DRAKE and Mr. DENYS BLAKELOCK, as *Enid* and *Hugo*, were admirably tense and sensitive; and Mr. SEBASTIAN SHAW, as the blinded eagle, was a vehement puppet. Three of the other characters stood out, however, because of some humaner streak in their composition and imposed themselves more intimately on our concern. Mr. AUBREY MATHER'S *Father* had a persuasive truth and tenderness; Mr. MARCUS BARRON'S *Publisher* a spiteful verisimilitude; and Mr. PHILIP BRANDON'S medium a malicious virtuosity that advanced them from the puppet class nearer the ranks of life. The play is long, loquacious and somewhat dilatory in action; but the quality of its wit no less than the actors' art makes it one to be visited without fear of boredom or discontent. H.

A DOMESTIC FLOTATION.

Maria and I have been seeking a home on one of London's northern eminences. Not the sort of Home that you might think, but some small shelter (with own hall door) to protect our newly-married heads.

The house-agents, clean-humoured simple-minded fellows that they are, have been having quite a bit of fun with us. The first one we visited took one look at Maria's minksquash (Sales) and grasped our requirements rather sooner than we could detail them. He pressed a bell, introduced us to a sweet-spoken youth, and told him to lead us away to No. 21, The Snookeries, the only property on his books which he could confidently recommend to *us*.

It turned out to be an upper compartment in one of those vast human dovecots which are springing up all over London like concrete mushrooms; and it had its points. Only one of the two bathrooms had a green marble bath, but, as the young man explained, we could easily civilise the other at a trifling cost. The lighting was in the best modern tradition of inaccessibility, so hidden away as to be almost a secret; it percolated in a discreet glimmer through frosted slabs in the walls, floors, doors and ceilings. Neat chromium knobs in the hall controlled invisible heating, cooling and wireless, and in all there were not more than half-a-dozen bedrooms. In fact, as the sweet-spoken young man assured us, it was a real sitter at a thousand. We detached ourselves from him with a disparaging reference to the squalor of the second bathroom.

The next agent, who was not the sort of man to whom you would mention money, led us himself to what was described on the board outside as "This Desirable Gentleman's Architectural Residence, Recently Completed."

It had only one bathroom, but a nice bit of landing outside where one could dry oneself without the danger of elbowing a window. It had also a tinned-salmon roof, a one-way hall passage and wonderfully sound-conducting walls. When Maria succumbed to the Trade Wind which blew under the back-door, and sneezed, the hall-door flew open and all the lights went on. Very funny it was too, and even the agent laughed heartily; but there are some jokes in which you can't live.

After that, in the wake of a third agent, we scoured the district. We inspected—

(1) A maisonnette over a fish-shop at three-hundred-and-fifty a year and a small premium of five hundred for the misfittings and some noughts-and-crosses linoleum.

(2) An attic flat with a fine uninterrupted view over a slaughter-yard, and the bath nice and handy in the kitchen. £300 p.a.

(3) A chauffeur's cottage with four rooms and a dustbin. Also the kind of gas-lighting (Up-to-date Incandescent) which is constantly spelling out anonymous messages in Morse Code. A premium of three hundred was asked, chiefly, we gathered, because the last tenant had once driven a Royal Prince.

We investigated a number of other properties (Desirable but Indescribable) and went back to our hotel to split a bottle of sherry; and after that I sat down and wrote the following brief but compelling note to Mr. LANSBURY:—

DEAR MR. FIRST COMMISSIONER,—We, Maria and I, are a young married pair whom you would be bound to like. We lack a Nest. We are not fastidious, but it appears that the Amenities are beyond the reach of even our combined overdrafts. We have observed that under your jurisdiction there is a sheet of water called the Serpentine, which at present is inhabited only by indigenous fauna. Would you mind awfully if Maria and I had a Houseboat on it, for which we would be willing to pay a reasonable water-rent? No one else seems to want to live there. We would promise not to bathe together except during the proper mixed hours, and to respect the Three-Mile Limit, Ancient Lights and the Royal Sticklebacks. And we would guarantee to have artificial geraniums on the poop all the year round, which would add such a welcome touch of colour to the Park. We *would* look nice! *Please*, Mr. LANSBURY!

We have not yet had his reply, but Mr. LANSBURY looks so kind in his photographs that we are full of hope.

ERIC.

THE STUFF TO GIVE THEM.

[When asked a question about tea, the Chief Constable of Chester is reported to have answered, "I don't know. I don't drink that stuff."]

IN Merrie England, long ago,
The people quaffed, I think,
Long draughts from crystal springs a-flow
And other things to make them glow,
But tea they did not drink.

In those remote and golden days
When men were men indeed,
And danger lurked in all the ways,
The warriors won a meed of praise
And sang a praise of mead.

And still in Chester's storied hold
The good old way prevails,
And men are like the men of old,
Stout-hearted, knightly, thirsty, bold,
Upon the road to Wales.

For in veracious print we see
The "Chief" in accents gruff,
When asked his views on taking tea,
Said, "What's the use of asking me?
I do not drink the stuff."

The Westminster Shambles.

"However important the business in the House Sir Bertram Falle never fails to give the animal an affectionate pat and a lump of sugar before entering the carnage."
Indian Paper.

"PUBLIC SALE, Household Furniture, Wireless Sets (Bilingual), etc."
Advt. in South African Paper.

Ours is still a little atmospheric with its Russian.

"The 'News-Chronicle' will be published in Scotland only on Good Friday."
Daily Paper.

The Scots cannot realise what they are missing all the rest of the year.



DIALLING TONES.

PRImrose.

When I dial P-R-I,
Winter in a breath goes by:
Spring from her unsparing Mint
Flings us gold of every tint,
Scattering o'er fields and spinneys
Wantonly her fragile guineas;
Glossy gold that winks and shines
On the varnished celandines,
And the deeper hue that lies
In the jonquils' orange eyes;
Green-gold catkins, and the bold
Burning flame of crocus-gold;
Best of all—the rarest metal
Ever fashioned into petal—
Wafer-thin and honey-pale
Gold of primrose in the dale.
In a breath goes Winter by
When I dial P-R-I.



SAUCE FOR THE GANDER.

THE CONTAGIOUS NEW HAT-ANGLE.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I AM pretty sure it is not the local patriot in me that prefers Professor H. W. GARROD's lectures at Oxford (Eng.) to those he gave at Cambridge (Mass.). His *Profession of Poetry*, issued from the Chair of Poetry here, was altogether a more full-dress affair than the little volume that proceeds from a parallel eminence at Harvard. Yet there is a pleasing unity, a graceful appositeness about *Poetry and the Criticism of Life* (OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, 7/6); and I am not sure that the lecturer is ploughing so lonely a furrow as he imagines in still maintaining the immortal link between poetry and the conduct of life. Another great Oxonian, C. E. MONTAGUE, might have penned his description of the modern literary critic's flight from virtue—like most flights, a thing slightly ludicrous. For MONTAGUE noted the fact himself as "a lively little epidemic of inverted priggishness," and this too in an essay on MATTHEW ARNOLD, who occupies, as critic and poet, three out of the eight lectures here. It is time perhaps for EMERSON to take on a new lease of life; and to see him as a successor to the English metaphysical poets is to see him, I think, propitiously. As for CLOUGH, he was the first Oxford Fellow to lecture (without remuneration) at Cambridge (Mass.); but he wears worse than ARNOLD or EMERSON, and Professor GARROD has scant sympathy with his doubts. We are on more congenial ground with the late Laureate, ROBERT BRIDGES, whose *Testament of Beauty* admirably reinforces the lecturer's basic contention that poetry must in the end "come home to magnificence of mind."

I gather from internal evidence that the author of *A Journey in England* (SCHOLARTIS PRESS, 7/6) is a lecturer at the University of Bonn, and that his journey was primarily undertaken to provide matter for the delectation of his students. Its by-product is the record here, a record apparently modelled as regards method and style on the more florid itineraries of the seventeenth century. Mr. FRANK BENDER might take for his title-page the following tag from old BURTON: "Like a ranging spaniell that barks at every bird he sees, leaving his game, I have followed all." But not the Anatomist himself is so blindly at the mercy of his phrase as Mr. BENDER. Of Eton he writes that she is "content with the cumber of credos," and of a garrulous fellow-traveller: "I bade the prate-pump a benediction of good-byes." The reader who can not only persevere through but appreciate these tropes will discover a certain stimulation in their inventor's attitude towards England; even when, like his style, the attitude deliberately revives an ancient foible—such as the preference for parkland to nature. His itinerary ranges from Harwich to Oxford, *viâ* Peterborough, Sheffield, Liverpool, Chester, Leamington, Stratford and Warwick. And at Oxford he takes to the river-bank and shows himself, from Iffley to Windsor, a pretty pedestrian and memorable observer. I dislike his habit of accepting men's confidences and decrying the expansiveness of the confider. But his portrait of

the Reading commercial traveller who "let his heart run on flowers" shows how gracefully a simple and objective narrative becomes him.

Honeymoon Hate relates the wistful
Tale of an heiress, rather a fistful,
Whose millions of dollars, we 're told, have come
From her father's corner in chewing-gum.

Left to dazzle the world alone
She aims at raising the family tone,
Dashes abroad with this end in view
And, after drawing a blank or two,
Accepts an Italian of princely rank
With a palace and nothing at all in the bank.

To the girl the job is a business deal,
But not to the prince, who, if down at heel,
Is patrician-born and patrician-bred
And knows he can win the shrew he's wed,
Just as *Petruchio* did in the play,
Though he goes to work in a different way.

The wife settles down to a placid hate,
When something or other—she thinks it's fate,
But he knows better—upsets the cart
And before she knows it she's lost her heart.

To learn how it happens you 'll have to call
With 7/6 on CHAPMAN AND HALL;
And nothing I 've lately read by Mrs. C. N. WILLIAMSON's better than this is.

Many of London's inhabitants, says Mr. PERCY A. HARRIS, made the burning of the City in 1666 an occasion for moving away from the centre to build Queen Anne and Georgian houses in the country villages. In the last chapter of his *London and its Government* (DENT, 7/6) he himself also takes a "dip into the future," and one hopes that his fairly cheerful prophecies are as well-founded as the intelligent anticipations of his Stuart fellow-citizens. Mr. HARRIS has wrestled most valiantly with the intricacies of the organisation of this country within a country, centred in a city within a city, and if at times one gets the impression that he would prefer to make Bethnal Green, say, the pivot of the whole, he is not the first legislator to deplore the dominance of Fleet Street and the Bank. Yet he has a strong sense of historic values, and whether it is a question of the formation of the Guild of Pepperers, or the granting to London of special control over Southwark, that resort of thieves and malefactors, or the elimination of the seven Paving Boards that once controlled the surface of the Strand, or the examination of taxi-drivers in modern Metropolitan geography, he is able to explain and partly to forgive the tangled present by reference to the fascinating past. Any particular interest in the manifold and very wonderful ways in which he is governed and looked after is still very far from the average Londoner. Here in compact and readable form is the whole story.



Old Lady (describing burglars). "I'M AFRAID I CANNOT DESCRIBE THEM VERY WELL, BUT THEY WERE MASKED AND ONE OF THEM SMELT OF TOBACCO."

In his latest novel Mr. MICHAEL ARLEN describes so many anatomically deranged specimens of womanhood that it is easier to believe in the truth of the title, *Men Dislike Women* (HEINEMANN, 7/6), than in its irony. It is difficult to be attracted by "straight-limbed young American girls with legs up to their shoulder-blades," by a heroine whose "grey eyes fluttered" and whose brows "had a way of playing a laughing game when her face was most serious."

On one occasion as this young girl walked "her head fell from side to side as though the absurd thing was too heavy for her." Another time "the tears just tumbled ever so fast from between her closed eyelids, and her lips were ever so tightly caught between her teeth." Then there is another woman, of whom the author writes: "She was so utterly devoid of expression that it was delightful merely to sit and look at her and dream of better things." Luckily Mr. ARLEN can also write of them, for his book, in spite of an incongruous mingling of slick epigrams with high-falutin' romanticism, does tell a story and does give a convincing account of life in New York as it is now lived by bootleggers, adventurers and American hostesses, the last of whom fill each "unforgiving minute" with at least sixty seconds'-worth of JACK DEMPSEY, GRETA GARBO, EDNA FERBER, JOHN DRINKWATER, THOMAS EDISON and the FRATELLINI Brothers.

The name of MARJORIE BOWEN has appeared of late with less than its wonted frequency in the fiction lists. She has been leaving the field of historical romance clear for Mr. GEORGE PREEDY and giving her talents to history unalloyed. Her books on Dutch WILLIAM and his times command the respect of scholars; but now, having acquired the lore of an interesting and troublous period, she has put it to admirable use in a return to her original *genre*. In *Brave Employments* (COLLINS, 8/6) the disastrous story of the invasion of Ireland by the deposed JAMES and his French exploiters is most skilfully unrolled. Newtown Butler and Boyne Water, Limerick and Aughrim are its points of emphasis, and its hero is the gallant PATRICK SARSFIELD, Jacobite Earl of Lucan, one of those desperate idealists whom the STUARTS were always able to rally to a cause which was hardly worthy of them. Perhaps in Miss BOWEN's pages he is an idealist idealised, an almost impossible paragon of loyalty and patriotism. There are chapters where we feel that we are reading of no character in history but of some such mythic hero as Naisi, son of Usna, and the disinherited daughter of Hibernian kings, who in spite of a cold wedding-ring is his one true love, might have been named Deirdre of the Sorrows. Yet the book is rich in actuality, full of convincing portraiture. Miss BOWEN has a sense of history and a sense of romance in a combination which has rarely been equalled since MAURICE HEWLETT was at his best.



Chatty Driver. "D' YOU KNOW, SIR, EVERY TIME I COMES DOWN 'ERE I THINKS TO MYSELF, 'IF ANYTHING 'APPENED TO THE OLD BUS THAT 'S JUST WHERE I'D LIKE TO BE BURIED.'"

If our novelists continue in their craze for time-compression it seems inevitable that soon we shall be given an introspective drama of a cold bath and an analysis in three volumes of sixty seconds on a first tee. With great moderation Mr. GERARD HOPKINS has compromised and spread a whole novel of nearly three hundred pages over the reactions and interactions of three men and two women at a dinner-party. Rather in the manner of *Strange Interlude* the business is conducted mainly through the medium of his characters' thoughts, and straight conversation is used only to couple-up the thought-trains. *An Angel in the Room* (MUNDANUS, 3/-) is divided into the eight divisions of the dinner, with two concluding chapters in which to speed the guests; and we dine with our host's intended mistress, her military hanger-on, and an old but unflickering flame of our hostess. The situation is a tricky one. Our host is torn between a permanent affection for his wife and a sneaking desire to hold the other lady's hand under the table; the retired suitor endeavours (more sentimentally as the dinner goes on) to recapture the high lights of the past; and the military gentleman is content to drop an occasional "g" and to dive pretty deeply into the Chambertin. Our hostess, who is easily the best-drawn character, does her best to hold together an ill-assorted party. With the decanter we circulate round the minds of the five, and their thoughts are laid bare in a manner which at times I found almost embarrassing. Mr. HOPKINS maintains a high standard of writing, but in order to overcome the monotony of the intensive psychology on which the book depends he might, I think, have imbued one or two of his characters with a greater capacity for wit.

A Celtic Hurly-Burly (BLACKWOOD, 7/6) is a pleasant and very well-told yarn; but those who have, to their loss, been born without any love for boats and without any desire to sail in them are not advised to engage in it. For here we have an enthusiast relating in detail but with unfailing humour the difficulties he encountered when, with limited means, he endeavoured to build a boat that would do him and his delightful crew honour in the Fastnet race. *Maitenes II.* is the heroine of this human and intimate story. We see her developing from a vague idea to the day when she, "with her fifty feet of lovely length, twelve feet of sturdy beam, and eight feet of staunch grip in the water, stirred, woke from a long slumber, rocked indolently and floated at last, endowed with life and impulse." It is Mr. L. LUARD'S good fortune to be able to communicate the love that he felt for *Maitenes II.* so freely to his readers that they cannot but follow her career with unflagging zest.

The band of seekers after adventure, whom readers of *Sea Loot* will not have forgotten, make a welcome reappearance in *Graveyard Watch* (METHUEN, 7/6). But on this occasion, although such impediments as laws do not hinder their activities, they are engaged on service that is essentially true and laudable. In fact, when they hear that a plot is on foot to promote a widespread native rising in Africa they start at once to track down and hamper those who are trying to foment the trouble. Mr. A. D. DIVINE is more in his element on the sea than on land, and the pursuit of the gun-running *Bevendam* by *Vanity* is a supremely exciting and ably conducted chase.

CHARIVARIA.

In order to keep abreast of our far-sighted contemporaries we have no hesitation in announcing that early in the summer a General Election either will or will not take place.

***

Lord Beaverbrook notifies Empire Crusaders that they have hitched their wagon to a fixed star. This would seem to be the explanation of what retards the movement.

***

The Independent Labour Party Conference at Scarborough seems to have broken up without deciding to whom they should give the world.

***

A magistrate has pointed out that Holloway Prison is more comfortable than the best hotels. Yet there is an unaccountable preference for the best hotels.

***

An artist claims to be the only bearded man who bathes in the Serpentine all the year round. In Chelsea the inclination is to concede him this singularity.

***

Correspondents of a morning paper suggest that a dog's recognition of objects in a painting is evidence of the animal's intelligence. In modernist art circles, on the other hand, it is regarded as proof of the unintelligence of the painter.

***

Among historical spectacles which its readers would like to see re-enacted if the past could be brought to life, a popular Sunday paper mentions that of Drake spreading his cloak for Queen Elizabeth. It would finally dispose of the Raleigh legend.

***

It seems that Lieut.-Commander Glen Kidston, who has flown to the Cape in record time, is so rich that he may be described as a millionairman.

***

A *Daily Mail* correspondent reports that may is out in the country lanes near Epping. It will now be interesting to see if any reader of *The Daily Express* casts a clout.

***

A well-known professor states that the earth's crust is continually moving. Others have made this statement and the next morning been fined ten shillings plus the doctor's fee.

"I can never back a horse and win," says a well-known racing-man, "unless I am wearing an old blue suit." If there's anything in this superstition quite a number of us ought to win nowadays.

***

A scientist tells us that every beam of the sun that falls upon the earth has its aim and end. So far as this country is concerned there is little doubt the sun has been on its beam ends for a long time past.

***

We are rather sorry for the American jazz-band player who, owing to careless manipulation of his chewing-gum, had to be taken to hospital to have his saxophone removed.

***

Near Lincoln a man with a gun was attacked by a peregrine falcon, a rare bird in this country, and shot it in self-defence. The rash bird can't have realised its own rarity.

***

A wedding-party has listened to a gramophone record of a kiss of an absent relative. Little elaboration of this idea would be necessary to enable those who yearn for affection to turn on the loud-kisser.

***

A cheese which normally takes two years to ripen can be matured by a new electrical process in twenty-four hours. A device for the instantaneous electrocution of some cheeses should follow.



THE FUTURIST'S WEDDING-CAKE.

Some African natives fish in a prone position, we are told. In this country most anglers lie standing-up with the arms outstretched.

***

Watchmakers are inclined to be irritable owing to the strain of their work. Naturally. They are faced with spring-cleaning all the year round.

***

On reading that to feed the anaconda, or King Cobra, costs the Zoo about four pounds a meal we have practically decided to keep silkworms.

***

Red Howlers, it seems, are monkeys of a nearly extinct species. They are understood to be quite distinct from any group of Labour extremists.

***

"Morning-coats," says a tailoring expert, "are to be worn longer." We had already decided to wear ours as long as possible.

***

Peterborough has a building of several thousand stories. It is known as the Peterborough Public Library.

***

We learn that the continued criticism of the Civil Service is causing many Whitehall officials to spend sleepless days.

***

A scientist says that vegetables have feelings and emotions. We wonder if there is such a thing as a Gloomy Bean?

***

Dresses that button up the back are said to be returning to fashion and it is expected that husbands will be in demand once again.

***

If ever we get ambitious and start out to break a record it will be the one our neighbour plays about eleven P.M.

***

Cold-water coffee is recommended as an easily-made summer beverage. In our own kitchen it is habitually made as a winter beverage.

The Velvet Boot.

"Battersea further increased their lead through Symonds, who picked up a pass and scored with a felt-footed drive."
Croydon Paper.

"As that phenomenal milch cow, the State, gets more and more paternal . . ."
Morning Paper.

In fact very nearly a bull.

INJUSTICE AT EPPING.

A MAN, an old man, has been turned out of a tree. In calling attention to a piece of bureaucratic tyranny almost without precedent in the history of our island race, I do not wish to lay the blame on underlings who may have been stupidly following a prescribed routine. I want to strike at the principals, at the system responsible for the outrage. By what right was expropriation made? Let us consider briefly the facts of the case.

I learn them (anyhow, I learn some of them) from *The Daily Express*.

This old man lived in this tree. He had been resident there for two years. He had built an ordinary bird's-nest (or squirrel's drey) of boughs and wool and maybe moss and hair. He was not only old but an invalid. His doctor had practically ordered him to live in a tree. "It is either that," he was informed by the specialist (a well-known Harley Street specialist)—"it is either that or a nursing-home." Naturally he chose the tree. He selected a beech. He selected it in Epping Forest, not a fashionable quarter, but one with a quiet arboreal life of its own. And now the forest rangers have evicted him and scattered his belongings—books, I suppose, a few domestic utensils, articles of virtu and the like—to the ground. They have done this too at a moment when the Budget is just setting in and the expense of finding a new tree to reside in bears most hardly on a wretched suburban drey-holder.

I am the more sympathetic in this affair because I have always wanted (against the advice of my relatives) to live in a tree. I could never look up at one from the earth without longing to climb it, nor down at one from a high block of flats without desiring to jump into the top branches. In one of Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON'S best books a man did live and live gloriously in a tree. Our earliest ancestors were tree-lemurs, and many of us look like it now, or worse. It is a kind of atavistic patriotism to want to be a tree-man, and I doubt if we have advanced at all in wisdom, as I am sure we have not in morals, since the golden tree-lemur age.

Trees are agreeable. The upper boughs wave pleasantly in the wind. There are few other noises, no post and no telephone. There is freedom from occasional callers, advertisers of vacuum-cleaners and mice. Where better than in a tree could one live? There have been stranger residences. DIOGENES, the great Greek philosopher, dwelt in a barrel and even spoke from it to ALEXANDER THE GREAT; yet he was never commanded by the Macedonian police to roll on. One might urge that this Epping beech-tree was not the old man's own beech-tree. It was public property. Or it may have been lent to the public by the Crown. But nobody else was living in it. Nor can I ascertain that anyone else was anxious for the lease. Very possibly the forest-keepers were affected by some local by-law about the damaging or climbing of trees. "Look 'ere," one of them may have argued, using the language dear to hide-bound officialdom the whole world over—"wot abart it?" In the same stilted phraseology he may have gone on to say, "You 'aven't no call to be living up in that there tree. You come orf out of it." He may even have pointed out with plausible forensic skill that "if everyone wot wanted to was to take to living up trees a nice state of things it would be, and no error."

Yet I can but think that he was wrong. It is a mere assumption that trees in our public parks and forest lands are not meant to be lived in, but merely to be sat under by those in love. Far from being damaged a tree may be improved in appearance by artistically planned nidification. It should be held no doubt upon a repairing lease and the tenant should be responsible for the removal of débris and litter, for the erection of a lightning-conductor and for insecticide. But in any case nothing can excuse the arbitrary action of the authorities in breaking up a British tree-man's home without compensation and without inquiry. Not improbably their victim had a constitutional hatred of houses. He may have been a hereditary œcophobe. Many dendrophilists are. I once knew a charcoal-burner who was just like that. The only time in his life that he had ever spent under a roof was when he was on active service during the Great War. (So at least he informed me, adding that for this reason he had not liked the Great War.)

One is tempted to ask whether any action would be taken if a Society woman were to nest in a bird-sanctuary or elsewhere. One is prompted to inquire whether there is not in this matter one law for the rich and another for the poor. Would there be any persecution of Mr. J. H. THOMAS, for instance, or of a duke, if either of them were to nest in St. James's Park? Let us imagine that Lord BEAVERBROOK or Lord ROTHERMERE had determined to nest in oaks on Hampstead Heath. Would not wires be pulled to prevent the L.C.C. rangers from disturbing them in their roosts? Urge if you will that a well-to-do man would be more likely to nest, not on common-land but on his own estate. Nevertheless there is no saying how far the motive of publicity might actuate at the present time a millionaire who had the nest-urge in his blood. I strongly suspect that any financier, any film-star who built a drey on one of the trees on Parliament Hill would be allowed to nestle there in peace.

A question should be asked in the House of Commons, and asked right speedily, about this nest-man and this tree. Did not the eviction, the spoliation occur within the constituency which Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL represents? What has Mr. CLYNES to answer? I can remember very well the days when the Dartmoor shepherd was hotly defended by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE with all his amazing powers of oratory. I shall have more confidence in my country's sense of justice and her belief in the rights of minorities when I learn that the Epping tree-man has been re-domiciled in his own *pied sur l'arbre* or at least provided with another perch.

EVOE.

GOOSANDER AND THE SMEW.

["Well within London a naturalist was amazed to come upon no fewer than seven goosander—a rare and marvellous sight—as well as a number of smews."—*Spectator*.]

I SIMPLY love to wander
Through London streets — don't you?—
Seeking, like ALEXANDER,
For something strange and new;
So it has raised my dander
To think I've missed goosander
And never met a smew.

If I were a bystander
And saw a timid smew,
Or else a scared goosander
A-getting in a stew
Because the throng unmanned her,
Across the street I'd hand her
And gallantly I'd land her
Wherever she was due.

I'd try to understand her—
That is, if I but knew
If she'd cackle like a gander,
Or bark or squeak or mew.
Oh, nothing could be grander
Than to chat with a goosander—
To gossip with a smew!

* * * * *

(I hope it isn't slander,
But what *is* a goosander?
Whatever *is* a smew?)

Tired Trotters.

"There came a whimper from the speaker's feet."—*From a Novel.*

"Dr. J. N. ——, head waster of the school, was among the spectators. . . ."
School Sports reported in Coventry Paper.

He was very lucky to sneak out of detention like that.



IN DARKEST POLITICS.

AN EPISODE OF THE WESTMINSTER WILDERNESS.

SIR OSWALD MOSLEY. "DAVID LIVINGSTONE, I PRESUME?"
MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "SIR OSWALD STANLEY, I FEAR."

[The recent repudiation of Sir OSWALD MOSLEY by the Independent Labour Party places him, like Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, in the jungle between the Government and the Opposition.]



PREPARING FOR THE BUDGET.

HOW A PAIR OF SCISSORS ENABLED LAST YEAR'S COAT TO ACHIEVE THIS YEAR'S LINES.

ROME *v.* TUSCANS.

(*A Classical Broadcast, following the lines of "The Lays of Ancient Rome."*)

GOOD afternoon, everybody! Here we are in our box which is situated just opposite the Rome entrance to the bridge. It is a very fine day; the sun is shining on the Tiber, which is flowing from our right towards our left—that is to say, from east to west. I think that the weather conditions should be ideal this afternoon—don't you? (*Yes, it certainly is very fine at present.*)

There is a tremendous crowd here. In fact, Mr. Aside and myself had some difficulty in getting through to our box—didn't we? (*Yes, we did.*) Perhaps you can hear the shouting. Well, as I said before, it is a very fine day and the sun is shining as it usually does on fine days of—er—this sort of a fine day.

Hello! The Senate have just come out. They are holding a council just in front of our box, by the river gate. (*The Senate are examining the pitch in verse* 19.) Hello! Here is a messenger—at least I think it is a messenger. (*Yes, it's a messenger.*) I expect that means that the Tuscans have arrived. Yes, there they are. I can just see them through my glasses. I can see Cilnius; he's coming this way on a fleet roan (*Verse* 23). There's Tolumnius. (*Still verse* 23—*I believe that's* Astur *as a matter of fact.*) Yes, I beg your pardon, that is Astur. Perhaps I'd better repeat that. Astur has just come onto the field—not Tolumnius. He is carrying a fourfold shield. I can see Verbenna. Hello! Who's that rolling up in an ivory car? (*Just inside verse* 24? *That must be* Lars Porsena *himself.*) Yes, so it is. Lars Porsena has just come on; Mamilius is there; Sextus . . . (*Would that be the "false* Sextus?" Yes, the one that wrought the deed of shame.)

There is a great deal of excitement among the crowd now that they have recognised Sextus. I am afraid that he is not very popular with the Roman crowds. There is a good deal of hissing from the ladies on the roof-tops (*verse* 25); some of them are spitting. I shouldn't think as a matter of fact that they have a very good chance of hitting him at that distance—should you? (*No, the wind's wrong for that sort of thing to-day.*)

I think that I have said before that there is a tremendous crowd here. I'll just ask the Consul how many he thinks there are here. Excuse me just one moment.

The Consul says that he doesn't care. His brow is sad and his speech was rather unnecessarily low. Perhaps you heard that cheering. It means that Horatius has just appeared. The bookmakers are laying fearful odds, as usual. Horatius is in the centre. Spurius Lartius on his right (Lartius *plays for the Ramnians*); Herminius left (*Verse* 30). It must be nearly time to start now. They are tightening their harness on their backs. We shan't be long now. The Tuscans are just getting ready to blow four hundred trumpets. There they go. They're off!

There seems to be a good deal of amusement among the Tuscans. (*Yes, they are very much amused about something.*) The Tuscans are attacking (*Verse* 36). Aunus is tackled by Lartius. Seius is going on—he's through!—no, Herminius has clove—cleft, sorry—him to the chin—a very smart piece of cleavage that—they're going on—Picus is stopped by Horatius—a very exciting attack.

The Tuscans are coming on again—Ocnus, Lausulus, Aruns are well in front. Oh, magnificent tackle, Sir!—Herminius brought down Aruns just when he looked certain to get through. By Jove! Did you see that? (*Yes, I*

saw that—verse 39). You may have heard a sound of falling tinware—that was Lartius bringing Ocnus down. The Tuscans are attacking very strongly, but Horatius is very safe; Lausulus never looked like getting through there—Horatius is playing a magnificent game (*Yes, a great game*).

Hello! What's up now? The crowd are all shouting "Astur." Astur is coming on now—he's almost over—he's through—no—Horatius goes to tackle him—Horatius is hurt—he's leaning on Herminius—he seems to be all right now. Oh, well done, Sir! Horatius has just stopped Astur—really remarkable it was—he sprang at his face and got him with his sword right through his head. From where we are we can just see the sword standing out behind Astur's head—about a hand-breadth, I should say (*Yes, about a hand-breadth. Verse* 45).

Ha—ha—ha! That really was most comic. Rather an amusing incident has just occurred on the Tuscan side. They are in rather a clumsy formation, and just when the people in front were falling back before a Roman attack, the people behind were trying to press forward. (*Those behind cried "Forward!" and those before cried "Back!" Verse* 50).

Sextus is well in the front now. He hasn't been very prominent so far. He's not playing his usual game by any means. What on earth is he trying to do? Sextus has just gone backwards and forwards three times. He has made no ground at all. I think that perhaps the unfortunate reception of the crowd may have put him off a bit (*Verse* 52).

The Consul is leading an attack on the blind side of the bridge (*Verse* 53). We have seen a very even game so far, and I think that, although the Tuscans have perhaps done more pressing, if the Consul can break through the bridge Rome should be able to save the game at any rate. He's done it! Herminius is falling back—Lartius joins him—Horatius is badly out of position, his first mistake this afternoon (*Verse* 54, *just inside the Tuscan half*). Horatius is handing off Sextus. He's broken away—he's in—he's in! The Tuscans can't win now. Horatius is just swimming back. Time!

Well, it has been a wonderful struggle. Horatius has had a great day and without exaggeration I think we may say that he has saved Rome. The Tuscans looked very dangerous, but Horatius always managed to be there when he was wanted. I ought perhaps to mention Herminius and Lartius, who supported him very well indeed. I should say that their work will be remembered for a very long time to come.



Highly-æsthetic House-Painter. "THANK YOU, NO. WHEN I AM PURSUING A MOTIF IN AMBER-AND-WHITE THERE IS ONLY ONE DRINK I ALLOW MYSELF—AND THAT OBVIOUSLY IS NOT COCOA."

Well, we cannot spare any more time now. That concludes our commentary on Rome *versus* the Tuscans, which ended in a victory for Rome, the Consul managing to break through in the last minutes. Now we shall switch you over to the Studio. Good afternoon, everybody—good afternoon! (*'Noon*).

Titles Which Mislead.

"Mr. Arthur ——, Penal Lecturer to the London County Council, lectured on 'Chaucer and his Times.'"—*Midland Paper.*

How India Looks at Obesity.

"Fare per passenger. RS. A. P. Ordinary, 0 1 0. Bulky, 0 2 0."

Indian Railway Guide.

THE REACTIONARY.

[A sow has lately broken the world's record by giving birth to twenty-six piglets.]

MATERNAL pride her porcine heart must fill
When round her swarms the family at play,
Untroubled by this thought, "Whatever will
The anti-litter people have to say?"

W. K. H.

Diocesan Information.

"BISHOP.—Regular Kidney shape, yellow flesh, very shallow eyes and on the point of the tuber. Not a large cropper, but splendid for show purposes. . . ."

From a Catalogue.

MODERN METHODS.

"INDUSTRIAL psychology," intoned Miss Murfin, "has solved the problem of industrial fatigue."

"Surely that was solved long ago?" I protested.

"Indeed," said Miss Murfin with grudging interest; "and what was the solution?"

"Technically it was known as a clip over the ear."

"How obsolete!" she commented.

"But effective."

"Nowadays," she continued in her Extension Lecture manner, "we remove the cause of fatigue. For instance, one restaurant complained that a high percentage of their breakages occurred daily round about two P.M. Why did these breakages occur at that particular moment?"

She paused for a reply, made a clicking noise just as if she were signalling to the lanternist for the next picture and continued: "Our trained investigators discovered that orders were shouted through the serving-hatch, thus causing nervous tension in the kitchen staff, which reached breaking-point at the end of the luncheon-hour. We suggested a system of signals in place of the shouting of orders. What was the result?"

"The gentleman in the corner who had ordered sausage-and-mash received a helping of potato-pie."

"Nonsense. The breakages practically ceased."

"Splendid!" I exclaimed.

"That is nothing," she smiled. "Our greatest success is in helping the younger generation to choose the right career—to prevent square pegs getting into round holes—to weed out the unfit. We do that by a few simple mechanical tests. Care to see some?"

I said I should be delighted.

So she rushed me along in her car to the Institute, where the apparatus was displayed.

"You had nothing like this in your day," she gloated.

"We had phrenology," I retorted.

"What was that?" she asked.

"The science of forecasting a boy's future by his bruises. Only our bruises used to change week by week, and this made the Professor's task a little difficult."

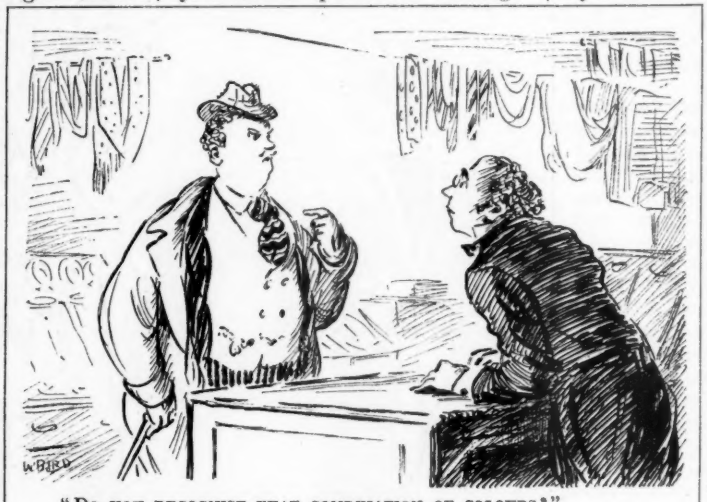
"Our methods are scientific," she intoned, pausing before a miniature weaving-machine. "Five minutes on that will convince us whether the child has the quick fine movements necessary for the work. Care to try it? You merely thread this needle through the small rings of the loom—like this."

"I don't mind having a stab at it," I replied.

I made several ineffectual stabs and Miss Murfin made her clicking noise again.

"In another minute," I insisted, "I shall win a packet of cigarettes."

"I'm afraid," decided Miss Murfin, "you have no aptitude for weaving."



"DO YOU RECOGNISE THAT COMBINATION OF COLOURS?"
"NO, SIR, I CAN'T SAY THAT I DO."
"IT ISN'T ETON, OR LEANDER, OR OLD SARUM, OR BLACKHEATH, OR SHEFFIELD UNITED OR THE—THE OLD BLOWSHIRE MILITIA?"
"NO, SIR."
"THANK YOU. THEN I'LL CONTINUE TO WEAR IT."

"No," I sighed; "but the weaving industry is in a bad way, isn't it? I mean, it's not likely to support me in the style to which I have been accustomed? Then we'll let it go."

"This," she explained, bustling along to the next exhibit, "is the Embroiderer's Test. You have to transfer the thimbles from this row of pegs to the further row of pegs as deftly as possible."

I dropped the first thimble. "It came away in my hand," I explained; "but that was only a trial ball to get my length. We will now start in earnest."

I placed three thimbles successfully.

"I've seen this sort of thing done on race-courses. If any lady or gentleman here——"

"Go on," commanded Miss Murfin.

I miscued badly. My trained investigator made her clicking noise and turned away.

"This is where I get the basket," I hazarded, "and stumble out into the night?"

"It is," she agreed. "You have no aptitude for work which requires deftness and precision."

"Don't I get another chance?" I pleaded. "It is hard to be thrown on the labour-market like this. Let me tackle this one."

"You won't want to try the Dressmaking Tests," she decided.

"I have a very good eye for a mannequin," I hinted.

"Our tests are more prosaic," she retorted coldly, "and wouldn't appeal to you at all. But I can offer you a test which should not be beyond your powers. We call it the Monotony Test and we reserve it for our duller lads."

"Let us assume for the moment that I am one of your duller lads. Lead me to it."

"It is simple mechanical repetition," she explained. "You just pick up these balls and place them in the wooden box. The machine will record the speed at which you do this. The idea is to work swiftly and rhythmically."

I worked away busily, pitching them well up and gradually working up my pace. Then I bowled a wide and one ball went to the boundary for four byes. Something told me that a change in the bowling was coming.

"Cricket," I complained, "appeals to me more. After six balls I am allowed to slack off at mid-on."

"There is too much slackness in industry," she said severely.

"I'm sorry," I apologised, "but could I have the afternoon off to go to Chelsea? My grandmother——"

"All right," she sighed. "It's useless to go on. You've no aptitude at all for any kind of labour. How you were ever placed in the world was a mystery. We will go."

"Yes, Miss Murfin," I replied meekly, following her down the stairs. "Then you think I ought to give up the idea of work?"

"Any work requiring intelligence," she said crisply, slamming the door of the car and pressing the starter. "Possibly you might be able to run errands."

She continued to run down the battery.

"Blow!" she exclaimed. "The magneto again. Do take the distributor off and see what you can do. Men seem to have a knack——"

"Sorry," I interrupted, "but I have just been certified as unfit for mechanical labour of any kind. But I can run errands. I will just slip round the corner and telephone to a garage. A pity, because I expect you'll be stung."

"I've a good mind," declared Miss Murfin, "to box your ears."

W. E. R.

"There were many narrow escapes after that. Lambert, Jack and Hulme all ad shots from close range in one very lively alf minute."—*Daily Paper.*

It was specially ard luck on Ulme.

"The top hat and frock coat as the sign of our calling are gone for ever; the saloon car has made the umbrella almost a rarity, the ubimtuitous spat is largely giving way to plus fours."—*Article on Commercial Travellers in Portsmouth Paper.*

Plus fours round the ankles would also look pretty ubimtuitous.

COLOUR SCHEMES.

(*The latest fashions, as recently reported.*)

"Why do you paint your toe-nails pink,
Lady, lady?
Why do you paint your toe-nails pink,
Dressed for an evening show?"
"Sandals now are the thing for night,
And toe-nails aren't an engaging sight,
So I paint mine pink, though I thought of white;
Thanks, kind gentleman;
Anything else you'd like to know?"

"Why do you rouge the lobes of your ears,
Lady, lady?
Why do you rouge the lobes of your ears,
You at the cocktail crush?"
"Ears must now be improved by art,
And mauve I found was a trifle tart,
But rouge is handy and always smart;
Thanks, kind gentleman;
This is our latest aural blush."

"Why are your eyelashes dyed bright blue,
Lady, lady?
Why are your eyelashes dyed bright blue,
Out in the sun-warmed Park?"
"Green would do equally well for me,
But blue, they say, is the *dernier cri*,
So blue, bright blue, it has got to be;
Thanks, kind gentleman;
Always happy to cause remark."

"What sort of game are you up to now,
Ladies, ladies?
What sort of game are you up to now,
Monkeying round like this?
If it's intended to charm and please,
Tricks with a paint-pot such as these
Might give a bevy of chimpanzees
Feminine dreams of bliss.
Why not follow the thing right through,
Colour yourselves with a coat of blue
As your far-off mothers were wont to do,"
("*Gentlemen! gentlemen!*")
"Gild your noses, tattoo your cheeks;
Work out something the next few weeks—
And try for a billet as circus-freaks;
You'll be of some use then."

Dum-Dum.



"How's the new chauffeur getting on?"

"The sweetest thing, my dear! He wants to go to Paris for a week, and I asked him which car he wanted—the Saloon or the Sports, and he said *either* would do."

THE BRIGHTER BOOKSHOP.

I SUBSCRIBE heartily to the pronouncement made recently to the effect that the buying of books in an ordinary bookshop is a very dull business, especially for women. It has often struck me that bookshop-assistants have a way of standing about like detectives at a wedding-reception: so long as you do not look as though you were trying to steal something you are of no particular interest to them. Can it be that booksellers, like sailors, simply don't care?

One can understand how galling this attitude of stately indifference must be to women-shoppers accustomed to nods and becks and wreathéd smiles and the delight of being seduced into buying something they had sternly resolved not so much as to look at. I think a bookshop would be brighter from a feminine point of view if it had someone like William in it.

William sells gadget things at exhibitions, and unless you give his stall a wide berth or crawl rapidly past it on your hands and knees you are pretty dead certain to come away with one or more of William's firm's gadgets.

"That book you've just been glancing at, Madam," William would say, putting down his not-too-opulent cigar—for it is these little old-fashioned courtesies that endear William to the modern feminine heart—"is about the best on the market. (Miss Smith, a cup of coffee for this lady, please.) It's a steady selling book, and you couldn't have a better testimonial than a good steady sale. Take that easy-chair and just hold the book in your hand for a moment. Notice the general lightness and pleasing appearance of the book, the perfect balance, the easy way it opens and the nice clear print. A book for the man and woman of culture and refinement, a book that asks to be read. If you'll drink your coffee while it's hot, Madam, I'll just give you a bit of the opening chapter. . . .

"You'll admit that's an excellent opening, Madam. Quick, easy starting and away into its stride in a few sentences. What you might call the latest literary model. The author's put the best modern technique into that book, and every chapter's a joy to read. Now, Madam, listen to this bit where *Molyneaux* and his wife are together after the trial. . . .

"First-class drama, isn't it? You can picture it gripping human hearts all over the world. Certainly, Madam, glance at the last page by all means. Now, you don't want to have to wait your turn at the library for a book like this. Seven-and-six cash and it's yours to take away and read right now. Seven-and-six for the book that made a Cabinet Minister sit up all night with tears in his eyes. Only seven-and—— Thank you, Madam. Now if you or any member of your family is interested in Biography. . . ."

Writers like Mr. EDGAR WALLACE might brighten book-selling a good deal if they would be persuaded to tour the bookshops of the country and give demonstrations of their methods of writing their books. Winsome women-novelists might preside over bookshop teas and give away signed photographs to every purchaser. Delightful shop-window tableaux, depicting Mr. BERNARD SHAW dealing with an interviewer or Mr. MICHAEL ARLEN in the act of correcting proofs, would block the pavement far more effectively than the average bookseller's conventional and unimaginative style of window-dressing. Authors are far too satisfied to write a book and have done with it; they must be persuaded to go out and push the selling side of the business instead of lounging about on the Riviera or making easy money out of the Press.

Though I doubt whether any of them would do as well as William. I am convinced that William could sell an omnibus volume of the works of ETHEL M. DELL to Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN and persuade him to buy an extra copy as a present for Mr. MAXTON. D. C.

"NO ARMOUR AGAINST FATE."

ONE of the most pathetic Personal Column advertisements that I can remember caught my eye in *The Times* the other week:—

"Can Anyone please tell me how to Avoid Severe Colds in the Head?—Write Box, &c."

I wonder what kind of replies the advertiser received, and if she—for I seem to see this sufferer as a plaintive lady—will publish them. For they are the world's desire.

But it is no use to publish them unless they are new. The old ones have all been found out. If, for instance, anyone has told her about starting the day by submerging the nose in sea-water or water heavily salted I can tell her at once that it is no good.

Nor does it really serve to gargle with anything; nor to carry an amulet of camphor; nor to inhale continually any of the preparations of eucalyptus that chemists lay out on their counters apparently as temptations to kleptomaniacs.

As for hardening oneself, the colds caught during that process are the worst of all and the most weakening. There may be some virtue in having been brought up from earliest childhood among open windows and wearing no hat; but it is all too much in the past tense. In middle age, if I may be so ungallant as to suggest that time of life, it is late to begin the experiment, and moreover this regimen cuts both ways, for there are occasions when deference to the wishes of the majority, as, for instance, in railway carriages, necessitates all windows being closed, and then one contracts a cold in the head from the unaccustomed stuffiness. One also sacrifices any chances of popularity, since mankind at large prefers the windows shut, and the open-window champion is doomed to a career of conflict, abuse and hatred. There may, however, be some reward, but I should feel more sure of it if I had not heard so many sea-captains, motor-cyclists and aviators sneeze.

It might be expected—by the simple—that the medical profession would take this thing in hand. But no. If you could die from a cold in the head they would have got to work long since and written books about it, but since it is merely an inconvenience they have not troubled. As though a cold in the head were not far more uncomfortable and humiliating than delicious death.

No, there is no preventive, either of the cold that you catch yourself or that the fellow next to you gives you; no armour against Fate. Only three persons in the world's history, so far as my reading goes, have been immune: the Headless Horseman, St. Denis and St. Gengulphus, the two holy men only if they carried their heads properly wrapped up. E. V. L.

Stern Remedies for Australia.

"The Conference is still sitting, but hitherto there has been no sign of that firm resolution on the part of the Australian Government to cut their throats according to the cloth, which alone can restore public confidence."—*Australian Paper.*

"Now, I hear, the game to play is backgammon, which, after having swept America like a prairie fire, is now converging on these shores. Lady —— is one of the latest concerts to this pastime."—*Clitheroe Paper.*

We should make her conduct the score.

"At St. Albans Open Mouse Show on Saturday there were 306 entries in 17 classes."
Daily Paper.

Our trap has also had a killing number of entries this week.

"Conceding tarts in all the events but the 100 yards and long jump, London Athletic Club were beaten in the match by Worksop College on Saturday by 6 events to 2."
Daily Paper.

It must have been jam for Worksop College.



FLOWERS OF SPEECH.

Hostess. "YOU *ARE* A ONE, MISS SMITH!"
Miss Smith. "I 'AS TO BE, MRS. JONES."

POINT-TO-POINT.

Now is the time when the fox-hunting people chase
Fame in a last rally over the rails;
This is the nearest they'll get to a steeplechase,
Most being welters when weighed in the scales.

Now is the time when the greybeard can go for 'em,
Now when the tyro can tackle the crack,
Now when no sluggard is ever too slow for 'em,
Now when the racehorse must race with the hack.

Here is pure joy and the poorest can savour it,
Trainer's expenses and jockey-boys barred;
Here may the farmer's lad saddle the favourite,
Here may the hireling get home by a yard.

Now for the fences and now for the flags on 'em;
Now for the half-breds in mud to the hocks;
Now for the riders with jolly red rags on 'em
Out of respect to old Reynard the Fox.

Now for the crowd where the county is gathering;
Now for the walking away to the start;
Now for the line-up, the lash-out and lathering;
Now for the "Off!" with its tug at the heart.

Here's the last round and the ring for deciding it;
Ready the stage is; our friends are in front;
Stiff is the course, but there's glory in riding it,
Steel against steel, with the stars of the Hunt. W.H.O.

MONKEYING WITH "THE HOUSE."

MISS ELLEN WILKINSON'S contention that, in the matter of artificial sunlight, the House of Commons should have equal rights with the monkey-house at the Zoo, possesses a boldness characteristic of the modern progressive woman. I can scarcely conceive even GLADSTONE daring to say such a thing in 1882, when the Zoological Gardens were, if anything, less popular than they are to-day.

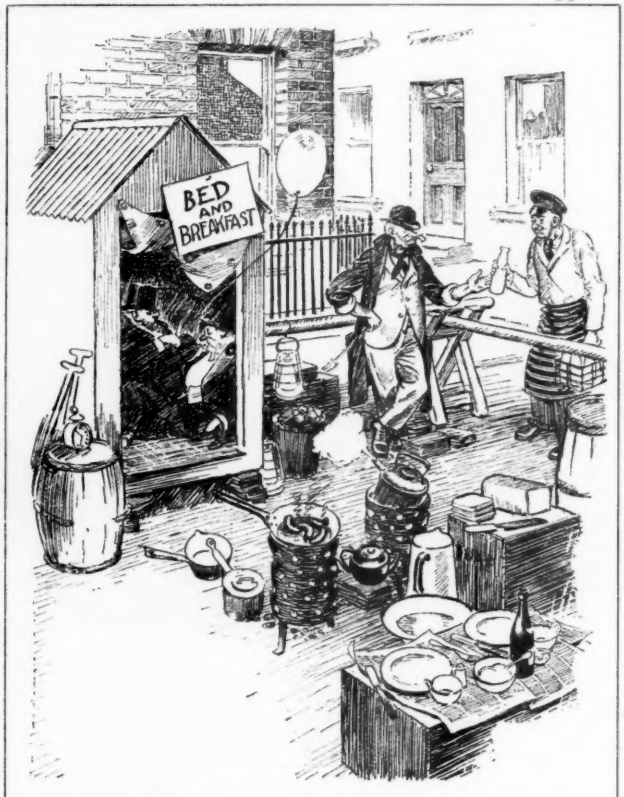
I feel sure that in calmer moments Miss WILKINSON would be the first to admit that certain points of similarity common to two separate institutions need not necessarily justify an assumption of equality. It must be borne in mind, firstly, that the monkey-house can claim to possess an educational value, and, secondly, that the majority of the monkeys therein have been obtained at the cost of considerable risk and trouble. Members of Parliament must not overlook their imperfections.

At the same time we must recognise that Miss WILKINSON has also the public interest in view, and if raising the House of Commons to a higher and zoological status is likely to do it any good let us not be niggardly.

It would be interesting to observe the result of flooding the House with tropical sunlight such as not even Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has seen gilding the mountain-tops of his most optimistic imagery; in fact the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer's reactions to a radiant House would alone be worth witnessing. Furthermore, by giving a Mappin Terrace formation and character to the Galleries, those same mountain-tops might be made something of an actuality.

The floor of the House, transformed into a warm-scented jungle, with Members rising to order out of the long grass or peering through screens of bright blossoming creepers to catch the SPEAKER'S eye, would shed its present sombre and slightly depressing influence and become a scene of beauty and vitality. On a verdant and rocky eminence, graced by plashing waterfalls, the SPEAKER, brown and muscular in semi-nakedness, would loll in lordly watchfulness, like a veritable Tarzan ready to uphold with tooth and sinew the jungle law. Over all the unclouded vitalising sunshine for which Miss WILKINSON yearns, brightening the face of Mr. BALDWIN, pouring vitamins and things into Mr. SNOWDEN, mellowing Mr. MAXTON, and making everything lovely and joyous and primitive and all that.

By all means make the House of Commons a place for sun-bathers to live in. It would at least provide a change from so much "moonshine." D. C.



ENTERPRISING NIGHT-WATCHMAN CATERS FOR STRANDED REVELLERS.

QUERULOUS NOTES FROM A COUNTRY GARDEN.

APRIL, 1931.

FINCHES, encouraged by the success which attended their vigil in connection with a couple of rows of early peas, have been eagerly awaiting the arrival of shoots in two further rows, but in this instance have been anticipated by field-mice and other underground feeders, somewhat to the chagrin of William, my gardener, who as an innovation had taken the precaution of using pea-guards.

Having been afforded ample opportunities for studying the subject I have lately come to the definite conclusion that official figures relative to the reproductive capacity of the aphis fly, which are mildly suggestive of a modern Budget, are by no means over-estimated.

Early in the month, Michael, my young Irish terrier, having taken exception to the arrangement of tail feathers favoured by one of Farmer Porrett's hens busy among my cabbages, removed the source of offence, and this morning, in a further act of disapproval, he dealt in a similar way with the head of another inquisitive bird.

Before my interview with the bereaved owner, who unfortunately witnessed the latter occurrence, I had no conception of the discrepancy which exists between the values of a pullet alive and dead.

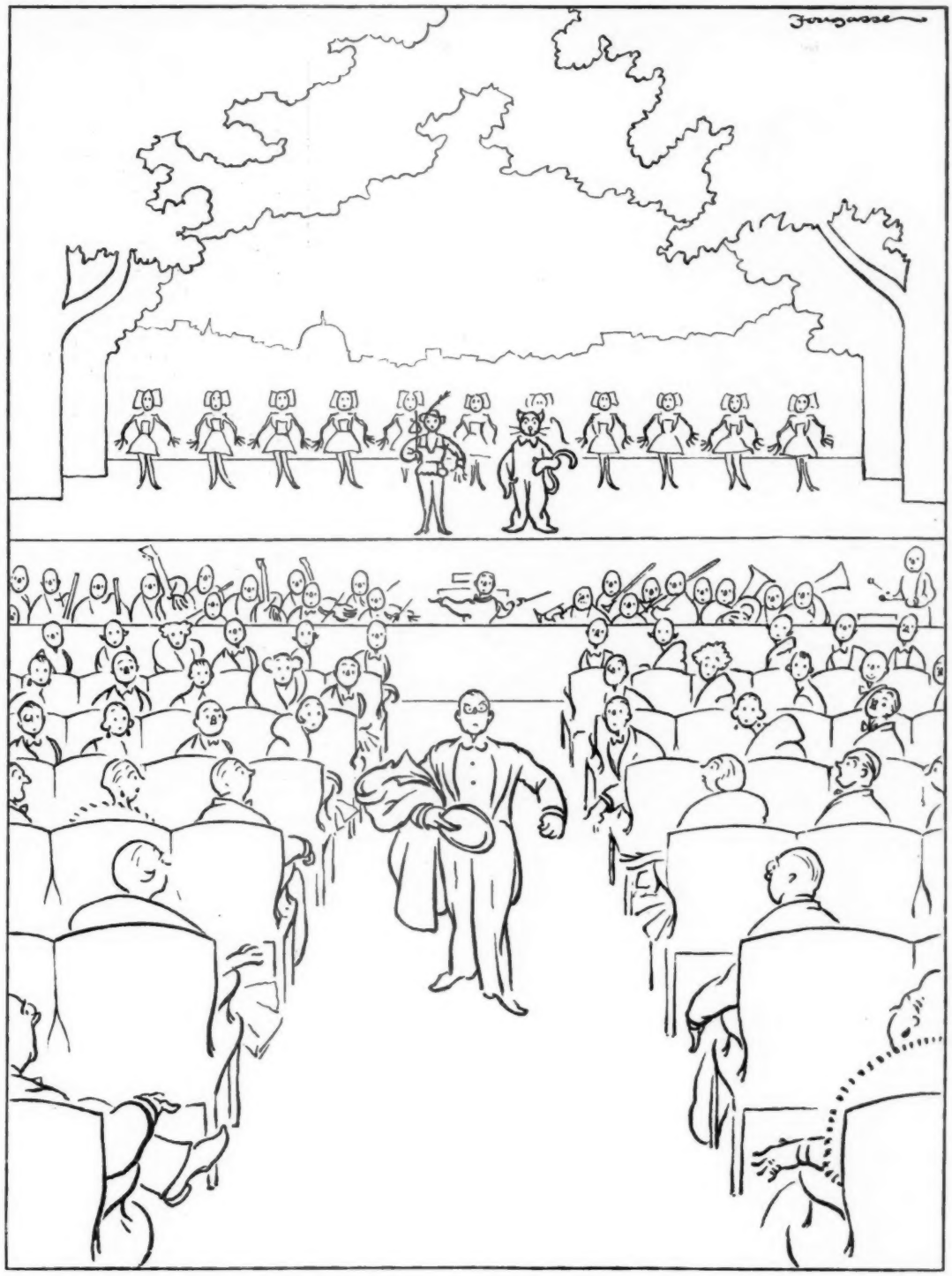
A mole, which has amused itself by ejecting baby carrots from their bed, is now enjoying a new form of diversion by bringing to the surface of the soil a spring-trap which William hopefully sets each day for its undoing.

Shortly after dawn thrushes awaken me with loud songs of thanksgiving occasioned by early breakfasts of slugs, which are now plump and succulent, thanks to the nourishing properties of lettuce-leaves, broad bean tops and tender shoots of delphiniums.

A local apiarist who attends to my hives (for I do not suffer from rheumatism and therefore do not require to be stung) informs me that a large contingent of bees, which lived at my expense during the winter months, carelessly allowed themselves to be overtaken and annihilated by a blizzard while attempting to return home after fertilizing the plum-blossom in Farmer Porrett's orchard, an operation which was not necessary in the case of my own trees owing to the voracity of tom and other tits earlier in the season.

Peter, my Jack Russell terrier, whose ancestors for generations were trained to hunt the badger, has recently altogether disproved the theory that one of his hereditary foes resided under a tulip-bed.

"SCOTTISH POTATOES AMAZING JUMP."
A sauté, we suppose. *Daily Paper.*



THE SHORT-SIGHTED GENTLEMAN WHO KEPT HIS PLEDGE TO LEAVE THE THEATRE WHENEVER PERFORMING ANIMALS APPEARED.



"I HAVEN'T GOT A BEAN AND I DON'T KNOW ANYONE I CAN ASK FOR A LOAN."
"GOOD! I WAS AFRAID AT FIRST YOU MIGHT HAVE THOUGHT OF ME."

THE MAKEE-LEARN.

FAIR, fluffy and fragrant, an omelette poised itself fairy-like upon two perfectly cooked rashers of bacon. A delectable aroma of freshly-made coffee scented the morning air. Clad in spotless white, Ah Fook, that paragon among "boys," stood at attention behind my chair. It was Saturday in China and all was well with the world.

Beside my plate lay an envelope of a delicate shade of pink tastefully adorned with a monogram in silver.

"Cook have write you a letter," explained Ah Fook in his careful English.

With a chill sense of foreboding I tore open the dainty missive:—

DEAR MISTRESS (it ran, in a fair round hand on a pale pink sheet edged with silver),—I regret to tell you that I receive a letter from my country yesterday stating that my old mother's house was burnt down by the Communism and she wishes me to return to Canton to rebuild it again. I must therefore beg that you will give me a twenty-one days' leave. The successor is Fung Ming, my eldest son, who can substitute my job and everything you may hand to him. He has been my makee-learn for two years, and I assure him honour and diligence.

I am, in truth, dear Mistress,
Your obedient COOK.

My appetite for breakfast melted like a dream. "Tell the cook to come and see me," I said, looking up gloomily.

"Cook have go," replied Ah Fook apologetically. "He cook your breakfast and have go. Fung Ming cook now."

"Well, tell Fung Ming to come then," I commanded, making a brave endeavour to maintain the *moral* of the British Raj in the face of crashing calamity.

Fung Ming, an engaging youngster who looked fourteen and was probably eighteen, smilingly expressed his entire confidence in his ability to fill his father's place, and incidentally to draw his father's wages, until such time as that worthy should return from his pious pilgrimage. He was plenty good scholar too, he assured me, proudly displaying a menu for the day that proved beyond all question that his was the hand that had penned his own testimonial.

With a sinking heart I bowed to the inevitable.

Alas! it was all too soon apparent that the Young Cook, as he was familiarly known to the household, had grossly over-estimated his own capabilities. Though a scholar he was no cook. Only the prospect of the speedy return of that inestimable treasure, his father, supported a suffering family through a succession of raw joints and burnt puddings, even though these uniformly depressing dishes appeared on the menu under a variety of such tempting titles as "English Roast Old Beef" or "Surprised Omelette."

At last the long-looked-for day drew near, dawned and faded, but no cook came with it. Next morning a scented sky-blue envelope lay on the stricken breakfast-table. (Fung Ming chose his stationery in assorted boxes from the Moon Company's Cheap Sale Stores.)

DEAR MRS.,—I regret to say that my father return to Canton-more-far for this long time, but there are no letter sent out from him. I am afraid that the junk was ceased by pirates, and perhaps he happened any incident or caught a sick. But I hope him safe.

Your true Young Cook.

Three more weeks passed.

Secure in the sympathy aroused by his touching anxiety, Fung Ming continued to wreck my home-life, my temper and my digestion with unabated

industry and zest. Then one night, after a more than usually uneatable dinner, culminating in a sticky shapeless mass gaily described on the menu as "White Mould," the ultimatum was issued.

"Tell the Young Cook I cannot stand this any longer. Next week he must go away and I will get a proper cook."

Fung Ming took the blow with his customary good-humour.

Dear Mrs. (he wrote on the mauve of mitigated mourning),—Hearing that you change another cook next week, I am sorry to say that I have always bad cooking and make you dislike. If you are really hire another cook, I must beg you to write me a few good words, and then I thank you ever so much,

And remain, dear Mrs.,

Your true Young Cook.

p.s. U.O.I. ten cents for soup meat and five cents for fish for cat.

Twelve hours passed.

Fair, fluffy and fragrant, an omelette poised itself fairy-like upon two perfectly-cooked rashers of bacon. A delectable aroma of freshly-made coffee scented the morning air.

"Cook have come back," announced a smiling Ah Fook. Ah Fook had felt keenly the reflection cast on the honour of the house by Fung Ming's cooking.

"Cook come back!" I cried incredulously. "I thought he was in Canton-more-far, sick, seized by pirates and what not?"

Ah Fook shook his head. "He never go Canton. He go to cook for Mount Hotel."

The Mount Hotel is a world-renowned hostelry that lies within a hundred yards of my front-door.

"Do you tell me that old ruffian has been at the Mount Hotel all this time?" I gasped as soon as I had breath to gasp with. "What is the meaning of all this nonsense?"

"He wanchee catch plenty money," replied Ah Fook, lapsing nervously into the pidgin English of the "old-style" China of his youth. "He catchee wages from hotel and he catchee Fung Ming's wages also. Two piecee wages makee he rich man bimeby.

"He tell a lie to you," added Ah Fook in a kindly explanatory voice, lest all should not yet be clear to the limited British intelligence.

"And what does he mean by daring to come back here now?" I demanded fiercely.

"He think so more better he stay this side all the time and Fung Ming go Mount Hotel," said Ah Fook smoothly.

Ah Fook and I exchanged a long look. Not an eyelid fluttered. An intoxicating odour of omelette-and-bacon rose to my nostrils. I took a sip of coffee that tasted like nectar.

"I think so more better," I agreed with more-than-Oriental gravity.



Niece. "Gee! but I do feel like a cocktail."
Aunt. "Yes, and what *you* want is a jolly good shaking."

The Oasis in the Talking-Shop.

"Taunton Corporation Bill for the construction of water-works, etc., is to be opposed when it comes before the Silent Committee of the House of Commons after Easter."—*West-Country Paper.*

"Photographs just taken of the tiny planet Eros reveal that it has a strange colour which has mustified the Astronomer-Royal."—*Indian Paper.*

The Government should stand him a dry-clean at once.

Why People are Liberals.

"Sir John Simon said that Liberals meant to exercise an unfettered judgment and to deal with each question as it arose on its merits without any sort of understanding."
Daily Paper.

"An outbreak of fire occurred at Avondale, on the High Road, ——, yesterday forenoon, but fortunately the flames were subdued before the Brigade arrived."—*Scots Paper.*

Otherwise Heaven knows what might have occurred.

"Not everyone is a born friend. So many people reluctantly admit that making friends readily is not their meteor."
Bristol Paper.

Such an ability, in fact, is not in their stars.



THE FLOOD-LIGHT CRAZE SPREADS TO LITTLE PUDDLETON.

LINES

ON THE LOST SPLENDOURS OF EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY VERSE, MORE ESPECIALLY IN ITS METHOD OF DEALING WITH THE SEASON OF SPRING.

In April when, I think, the buds unfold
And Spring reanimates the frosty mould,
I envy poets of an elder day
Who scarcely knew the blackthorn from the may,
But sang their songs in so refined a way
That when with oaten pipe in hand they stood
It seemed they must be doing something good,
And no one asked of them to render clear
The actual process of the vernal year.

But now I walk amid the painted grove
And other places where a bard may rove
Acutely conscious that the grass is pied
With things that have been long identified,
Demanding from the poet's sense of shame
Precise description and appropriate name.
The woods are simply full of bits of stuff
That every child has heard of. This is tough.
Mark how the feathered tribe resume their lays
In various tones of modulated praise,
But not discreetly as they did before
We mugged up all this beastly nature lore;
One has to know each member of the corps.
Exactitude has reared its awful head,
Vagueness despairs and Phantasy lies dead.
Thrice happy they for whom the enamelled field
A constant wealth of madrigals would yield
Without minute insistence upon what
Enamelling had been employed, or not,
Who deemed it immaterial if the shine
Was due to cowslip or to celandine,
For whom the siskin was a name unknown,
His migratory ways they left alone,
The chiff-chaff and the twite they bade conspire
Amongst the unenumerated quire,
Nor asked what roots the labouring farmer strewed
To fend starvation from his woolly brood.
The nameless verdure of the bosky dell
Enshrouding nothing much save Philomel
O'erhung the fountain where the finny kind
Swam all incognito and undefined,
Or else, deluded by the angler's lure,
Gleamed on the mossy marge, yet stayed obscure.

Ill, ill the day when birds and trees and flowers
Forsook the decent shade, the rural bowers
To be the type of thing that now they are,
Made known in each remote particular.
The smiling champaign and the shaggy hill
Renounce their modesty and leave me chill;
The fruitful vale has almost ceased to be
Through popular encyclopædiæ;
There is no circumstance about the lark
That is not commonplace in Finsbury Park;
I cannot see the ploughshare lift the sod
Without ejaculating "Ichabod!"
In tones that make the rounded welkin ring.

But ah, how nice it must have been to sing
When no one knew the facts about the Spring! EVOE.



AUSTRALIA SEES IT THROUGH.

AUSTRALIA. "IT'S GOING TO BE A TOUGH JOB, BUT I MEAN TO FACE IT."

A PRESS FOR PLAIN PEOPLE.

If you pick up any paper to-day you will find that after the news, politics and sport have been dealt with, the rest of the journal is practically filled with the reported views on a variety of topics of prominent people who get into the news on the slightest of pretexts. That they do this has always seemed to me to be very unfair—not on the people who have to read their pronouncements, but on all those people who are *not* prominent but who often have just as sound views and generally far better pretexts for airing them.

To show you what I mean:—

A playwright whose latest play has just been very well received does nothing more original than stepping on a banana-skin in the street and coming down a whistling crack. Yet next day in the paper you see:—

FAMOUS DRAMATIST IN STREET ACCIDENT.

SUGGESTIONS FOR IMPROVED TRAFFIC CONTROL.

THEATRE OF TO-DAY IN DUMPS.

Mr. J. Floate-Batten, the well-known playwright, was to-day involved in a street accident which might well have been a very serious one had not the consequences luckily been slight. Mr. Floate-Batten had just stepped off the kerb of Blatherwell Street, not far from his flat, and was about to cross over to the Countess Theatre (where his new play, *Main Drains*, is under rehearsal for its forthcoming production on the 7th) when a cyclist, coming swiftly along this dangerous traffic artery, caused Mr. Floate-Batten to step hastily back again. Though by his presence of mind he thus avoided an accident to the unheeding cyclist, he unfortunately, on his return to the pavement, placed his foot upon a disused banana-skin and was thrown heavily to the ground. The ambulance was speedily summoned, but the famous dramatist arose smiling and made light of the accident. To a *Daily Wail* representative, who was soon on the spot, he expressed himself forcibly on the subject of the traffic conditions in Blatherwell Street.

"There should most certainly be a traffic policeman at this point," he said. "There should also," he added with his well-known twinkle, "be better arrangements for clearing the pavement of rubbish, such as banana-skins." Asked what he thought of the chances of the drama successfully competing against talking films, he added characteristically, "The stage of to-day is in the dumps. Whether the talkies will continue to progress at the expense of the drama remains to be seen. If they do, I'm afraid the drama will suffer; if, on the other hand, the stage regains the support of those temporarily alienated by the novelty of the new entertainment, it will once more come into its own. At the moment, however, the stage is in the dumps."

But what happens when poor Mr. Leonidas Smythe, of Hendon, who possesses one of the best rockeries in outer London and definitely knows a lot about Alpine plants, has a really bad accident and breaks a leg and an arm under a No. 16 bus? This is all he gets—in small print too:—

OTHER FOG CASUALTIES.

. . . while further out at Hendon it was very thick in the morning, and a No. 16 bus collided with a lamp-standard in Bump Road. The passengers were uninjured, but a passer-by, Mr. L. Smyle, was removed to hospital suffering from a fractured leg. At Clapham a tram collided with . . .

He never gets a chance, you see, to talk about rock-gardens or Alpine plants, though he is quite an authority on them. Even if the No. 16 bus had broken both his legs and both his arms, probably all that he would achieve would be:—

A Mr. L. Smykie, of Hendon, was involved in a bus collision in Bump Road, Hendon, yesterday and seriously injured. Mr. Smykie owns one of the best-known rookeries in Hendon.

Why, I ask in a spirit of passionate fairness, should it not have been—

SERIOUS ACCIDENT TO WELL-KNOWN HENDON RESIDENT.

ROCK GARDEN EXPERT IN HOSPITAL.

HINTS FOR ALPINE PLANT LOVERS.

SOW SAXIFRAGE NOW—

and then a column of mixed description and gardening notes?

It is just the same with poor little Mr. Quill, of Kew, whose first novel was reviewed by *The Chimes* as under:

The Box-Room Murder, by MALTRAVERS QUILL (7¾ by 5¼), 255 pp. Page and Galley, 7*s.* 6*d.* n. An exceptionally poor detective story.

What can he do about it? Nothing. He tells all his friends—those of course who have seen it and clipped it out and brought it to him in case he'd be interested, as friends will do—that the reviewer can't really have read it, and that he's definitely going to write and complain to the Editor; but there the matter ends. The only sort of revenge he can possibly get is the not very satisfactory one of having the review quoted in his advertisements as "READ *The Box-Room Murder*, by MALTRAVERS QUILL. An exceptional . . . detective story."—*The Chimes*.

But let us suppose *The Chimes* adversely reviews the famous Abel Penholder's latest "Epic of London." The first thing that happens is that reporters (headed naturally by *The Chimes*' man), bearing copies of the review, surge round to Penholder's house and get his views on it, revised and expurgated versions of which they print



The retiring Gardeners (to each other). "ANYHOW, I'VE DONE MY BEST."

[Mr. MAXTON has resigned the chairmanship of the Independent Labour Party, and Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN that of the Central Conservative Office.]

under some such heading as "FAMOUS AUTHOR HITS OUT AT CRITICS." They then add his opinions on, say, the literature of the day, which they also extract fairly easily—for he is of course in form that morning—and subsequently they run it under "Not Enough Good Novels Published! Best Selling Trash!" As the last contains a scarcely veiled attack on Cyrus Inkhorne, with whom Penholder, as everyone knows, is not on speaking terms owing to Inkhorne's last public lecture on "Books and Men," the reporters rush off the following day to Inkhorne and get a column out of him under "Well-known Novelist Retorts! Best Sellers *are* Best," and the pair go at it hammer and tongs for the next week till they have got it out of their systems, to the vast improvement of their circulations.

Lucky men! To be thus able to conduct their quarrels by means of considered and written rejoinder, with the daily Press holding the ring! Unfortunate Snooks and Bindweed of Surbiton, for instance, whose quarrel about the lawn-mower is still being carried on by their wives in such a violent battle of averted heads and open cuts in Acacia Road that no one really knows the rights of it! I would so like to see, in the name of justice, the establishment of a paper for these plain ordinary people—a paper which would relegate to obscurity the sayings and doings of people like Floate-Batten and Penholder and Inkhorne, and would only carry this sort of thing:—

SURBITON LAWN-MOWER DISPUTE.
MR. SNOOKS HITS OUT.

BORROWED MACHINE DAMAGED *BEFORE* LOAN.

Interviewed at No. 14, Acacia Road, to-day, Mr. Snooks told our representative that Mr. Bindweed's remarks of last Wednesday about "a certain person's entire lack of moral sense in the treatment of borrowed property" had been brought to his notice. "I can only say," he stated, "that I examined the machine in the presence of my wife as soon as I had effected the loan, and pointed out to her that the screw-thread on the upper right-hand bolt for adjusting the knives was already so worn as to be useless . . . .," etc.

And next day:—

FRESH TURN IN MOWER CONTROVERSY.

BOMBSHELL FOR BINDWEED.

And so on. I'm sure it is a thoroughly sound idea and would most fairly fill a long-felt want. But, alas! I fear that, like most of the sound ideas I have, it will come to nothing. A. A.

THE BLUE BULB.

NOTES DURING JANUARY.

BOUGHT purple cushions for drawing-room. Charming.

Aunt Julia to tea. Says "blue the inevitable apex and keystone to drawing-room colour-structure"; "purple cushions a jangling colour-discord in tone harmony." Rot!

Aunt Julia has sent blue hyacinth bulb. Have planted it in red bowl and am keeping it in kitchen.

FEBRUARY.

Blue bulb showing green tip. Must be kept warm, I suppose, so have put it on mantelpiece over stove.

Blue bulb's green tip rather yellow this afternoon. Too dry on mantelpiece perhaps. Have watered it thoroughly and moved it to sunshine on window-sill. Looks better.

Sun went in. Bulb not so well this morning owing to thorough watering and frost. Have moved it to warm corner by copper in scullery.

Blue bulb rather discouraged owing to mice in scullery. Have moved it back to mantelpiece. Cook has promised to keep an eye on it.

Cook's eye not beneficial to blue bulb. She explained that she thought it looked dry and gave it a little water, but blue bulb not amphibious and looks sickly.

Have moved it to dining-room. Red bowl very ugly with magenta curtains.

MARCH.

Afraid blue bulb quite dead. Yellowish-green tip very brown to-day. Am trying it on sunny table in drawing-room, but red bowl is "colour discord" with purple cushions.

Blue bulb much better! Yellowish-green shoot with brown tip grown half-an-inch. Have re-covered purple cushions to suit bowl.

Shoot grown another half-inch and bud almost showing.

Drawing-room seems to suit blue bulb. New orange cushions will look lovely against blue flowers, but perhaps red bowl is a bit crude.

Blue bulb's bud much fatter and leaves a better green. Out by next week!

Dropped blue bulb in moving it from little table to window-sill in sunshine. Have replanted it in browny-orange bowl which will harmonise with orange cushions and contrast with blue flowers. Bud very fat and healthy. Turning colour.

Still turning.

April 1st.—Blue bud turned and in full bloom. Pink.



THE REACTIONARY.

"In his journey to Capetown the airman flew over rivers inhabited by crocodiles and mountains."—*Commander* GLEN KIDSTON'S *flight reported in Daily Paper.*

What airmen in the Tropics dread most is a forced landing amongst a herd of montapotami.

"SHAKESPEARE KNEW.

The fiancé of a girl athletic says he first fell in love with her when he saw her running in a race. In the sprint a young man's fancy. . . ."—*Sunday Paper.*

When SHAKESPEARE wrote *Locksley Hall* things were presumably different.

From Pamela's School Composition book:—

On a Rainy Day.

"It began to rain cats and dogs and soon the road was full of poodles."

On Musical Appreciation.

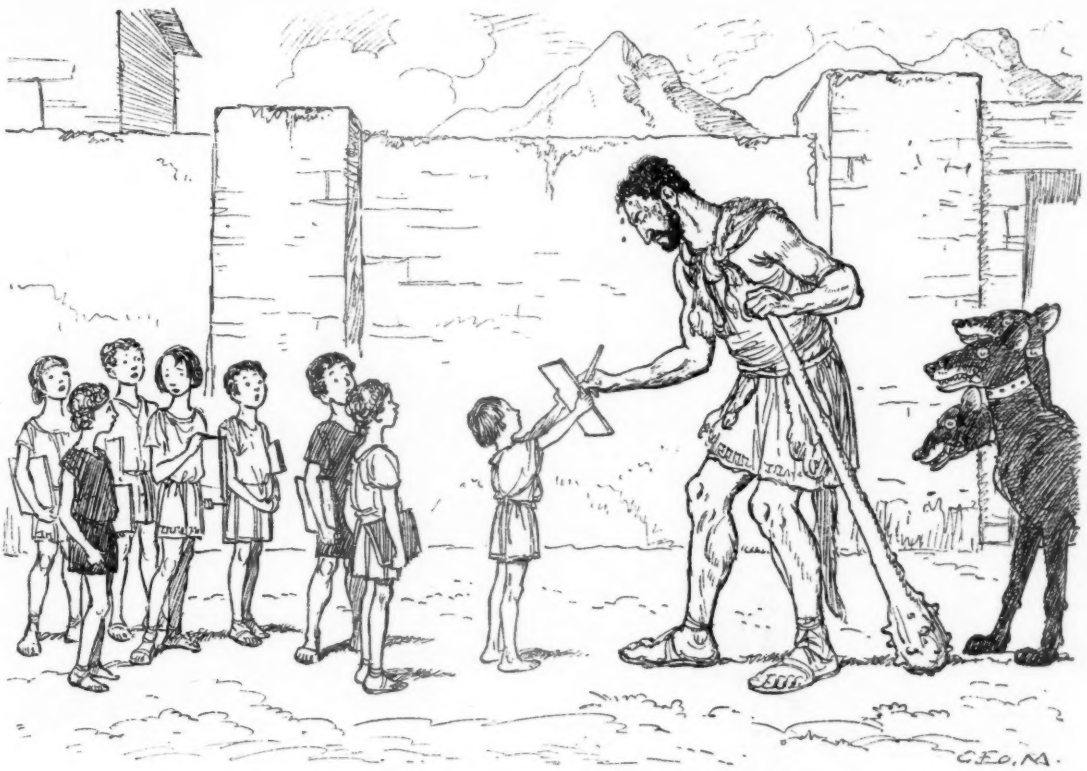
"Instruments that you hit, like drums and triangles, are called persecution."

"Closing-time . . . was the last, for a business romance that began 115 years ago had come to an end.

The 'scalesmen' and 'egg-boys' served their last customers with heavy hearts."

Indian Paper.

Not the stuff of which light omelettes are made.



HERCULES PERFORMS AN EXTRA LABOUR.

TO A WOW-WOW.

("Wow-wow. *n. Hylobates leuciscus,* the gibbon of Sumatra"). *Dictionary.*

WHEREFORE, O Wow-wow, should thy name so thrill me?
No creature surely is more dread than thou;
No werewolf with such great affright could fill me,
Much less a wombat or a wirrycow;
I shudder when I think how thou wouldst kill me,
Dropping upon me with thy double wow—
Wow-wow.

Plunging upon me from thy jungle bough-wough,
Dragging me through the forests of the East
To some wild conclave where a Wow-wow pow-wow
Settles the details of the approaching feast,
Apportions legs and arms, discusses how-wow
To make the most of this poor human beast—
Wow-wow.

Perhaps my fear has magnified thee, native
Of dark Sumatran groves. Thou mayst be meek
And tiny as that miserable caitiff
That comes with a street-organ once a week;
The bark of which thy name is imitative
May be less loud than that of Pom or Peke—
Wuff-wuff.

But still I tremble when the rising wind is
How-wowling round the chimney-cans and cowls,
And think I hear the hylobatic shindies
Of low-browed gibbons whose unearthly growls
Create such terror through the Dutch East Indies
That all the populace joins in and howls—
"Wow-wow."

And in the stillness after I've gone bedward
The thought of thee can conjure up such fears
That I no longer read that GIBBON (EDWARD),
My soporific for a score of years,
Because his name suggests at once that dread word
That would all night be wowling at my ears—
Wow-wow.

J. B. N.

Tennis In Our Time.

"*Lawn Tennis.*

MISS CLARKE BEATEN BY MISS NUTHALL.
HARD HITTING IN THE WIND AT PADDINGTON."
Daily Paper.

It sounds to us as though Miss NUTHALL should have been waist-faulted.

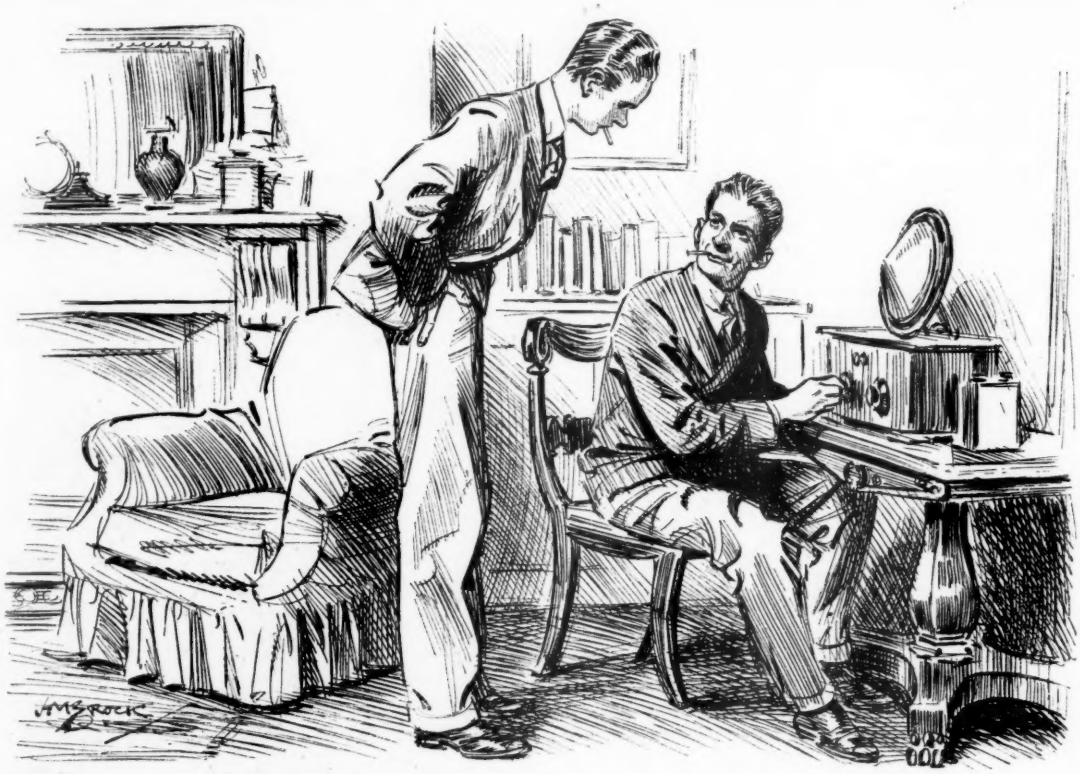
"Enrico, Junior, son of the incomparable Caruso, is studying voice development in Lost Angeles."—*Evening Paper.*

We always thought that this burg needed a little publicity to keep it before the public eye.

"BILLIARDS.
AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP.

The result of the first half of the game may suggest that the play was one-sided, but Smith's form was so promising that it left an impression of distinct promise. . . ."—*Daily Paper.*

Reading between the lines we might almost hazard the conjecture that Smith could not fairly be said to lack promise.



First Wireless Fan. "I GOT SOUTH AMERICA LAST NIGHT."
Second Ditto. "SOMETHING ABOUT THE PRINCES' TOUR?"
First Ditto. "WELL, I COULDN'T QUITE MAKE IT ALL OUT, BUT I THINK IT WAS A REGATTA ON THE AMAZON."

WILFRED PASSES BY.

"I've got a letter from Cousin Erica," said Margery, helping me to kedgeree. "She writes from Bloemfontein, where she and her husband are living in a boarding-house. I don't think they've got very much money, but they keep a car and seem to be terribly happy."

"Cousin Erica! Let's see. That's the ugly one, isn't it? Keen on natural history and married a Locust Officer in the Orange Free State?"

"Not so much of your 'ugly.' None of the cousins on your side of the family are exactly oil-paintings, if it comes to that. Anyway, it's most exciting; Erica's sending me a present. She won't tell me what it is, but she says it's alive and quite tame."

I rose from the breakfast-table and threw down my napkin. "Understand me once and for all, Margery," I said firmly, "the moment a python enters this house I leave it. Nor will I give shelter beneath my roof to a wildebeest, an elephant or a hippopotamus. African fauna are well enough in their place, but I will not have the drawing-room turned into a big-game reserve."

"Oh, I don't suppose it's anything very large," said Margery. "Erica knows we've only a tiny flat. I expect it's a puppy."

"Bearing in mind the profession of her husband," I said, "I think it's much more likely to be a swarm of locusts. What do locusts live on?"

"Wild honey," said Margery without a blush.

* * * * *

The mysterious gift arrived a week later. It was brought to the flat by a friend of Erica's, a South African holidaying in England; and when I reached home that evening Margery met me at the door with an air of suppressed excitement.

"It's come," she said, "and you'll never guess what it is."

"A lion cub?" I suggested.

"Wrong."

"A barrel of oysters?"

"Guess again."

"A Zulu impi?"

"Don't be ridiculous. Come and look." Margery led the way into the drawing-room and proudly indicated a small glass-covered box on the writing-table. I peered into it.

"I can see nothing but a heap of dry sticks and dead leaves," I said.

"Nonsense! You aren't looking in the right place. There—can't you see it now?"

"Why," I said, "it's a lizard; just an ordinary, common, nasty lizard! Really, I think your cousin——"

"But it isn't a lizard," cried Margery triumphantly. "It's a chameleon. And it changes colour—takes on the colour of its surroundings. Look—it's hunting insects. Isn't it sweet?"

"I don't like it," I grumbled. "It gives me the Willies. And what's more, it's putting out its tongue at me."

"The children will just love it," said Margery. "I shall call it Wilfred."

It was in this manner that the reign of terror began. The children, as their mother had prophesied, took to Wilfred immediately and were for ever carrying him about the flat on the end of a twig. The abominable reptile was everywhere—in the hall among the hats and umbrellas, crawling lethargically along the top of the looking-glass in my dressing-room or hunting imaginary flies

among the sponges in the bathroom. I have a scarlet silk dressing-gown, the gift of an eccentric aunt, and upon this as it hung behind my bedroom door I found Wilfred perching in his impudent way when I went to my bath one morning. The creature had the grace to blush on being discovered, but this may merely have been "taking on the colour of his surroundings," and he made no attempt to move. I brushed him lightly off with my towel and strode into the bathroom, only to find him clinging desperately to the tassel of my pyjamas.

The climax came during lunch the same day, when Wilfred fell with a splash into a jug of lemonade and had to be rescued with a salad-spoon.

"This," I said, "is the last straw. Wilfred must go."

And Wilfred went that very afternoon, though the manner of his going remains to this day a mystery to Margery and the children. I think they are convinced that I had something to do with it, though I have repeatedly protested my innocence, and a dark cloud of suspicion and doubt hangs over our once happy home. Aunt Caroline, the donor of the scarlet dressing-gown, came to call, and as she sat in our best armchair lecturing Margery on the horrors of vivisection, her latest fad, I observed Wilfred laboriously ascending the chintz chair-cover, whose frill trailed on the carpet. On the arm of the chair Aunt Caroline's handbag gaped invitingly, and the old lady was just reaching the close of her peroration when Wilfred swung himself over the crest and disappeared into the bag in search of hidden mysteries.

Aunt Caroline rose almost immediately, shut the bag with a snap, and with a valedictory "Well, my dear, I must fly; I've a meeting at five o'clock," swept out of the flat, taking Wilfred out of our lives, I hope, for ever. The abduction took place unobserved by anybody but myself, and I saw no reason why I should mention it to Margery.

There has been no word from Aunt Caroline since her visit, and I should like to hear fuller details of a distressing affair reported in the papers the next day, when alarm and despondency were created on the platform at an anti-vivisection meeting by a lady-member of the committee. It appears that she opened her handbag and released a live chameleon into the lap of the chairwoman, who fainted on the spot, and the meeting broke up in disorder.

Another Pearl of the Pellucid.

"Mr. H. A. ——, in seconding, said they must remember there was a lot of poverty in Exmouth, especially among the poorer class . . ."—*West-Country Paper.*



Maid (off for the evening). "IF I'M NOT IN BY ELEVEN, MUM, DON'T WAIT UP."

ROUGH JUSTICE.

[A magistrate, recently sentencing an offender for stealing money, dealt severely with the plea that he had a "mental kink."]

UNVERSED in the abundant store
Of modern psychologic lore
Our callous narrow-minded beaks
Have little sympathy with freaks;
No privilege, they hold, belongs
To prancing peers or kinkering Kongs;
The eye of Law can never wink
At the deplorable delinq-
uencies of those who pilfer chink.
Only besotted slaves of drink
Or scribes who sling envenomed ink
Or villains of the film—the Chink,
The spies who sinuously slink
And emulate the missing link,
To this degraded level sink.
O bright young persons, on the brink
Of painting Piccadilly pink
Or any high uproarious jink,
Pause for a moment—pause and think;
It will not keep you out of clink
To plead you have a mental kink.

Things which could have been Expressed Better.

"After years of slavish attendance, as secretary and trypist, on her widowed parent . . ."—*Book Review in Daily Paper.*

The widowed parent, we gather, was not much better than a best-seller.

"In the middle ages the great body of the labouring classes were in a state of surfdom. . . ."—*North-Country Paper.*

This statement conflicts with the idea that the Middle Ages were the era of the Great Unwashed.

AT THE PLAY.

"AUTUMN CROCUS" (LYRIC).

MISS C. L. ANTHONY has accomplished with much credit the notoriously difficult feat of handling a theme of romantic sentiment without letting it degenerate into a discomforting sentimentality and giving it a patterned background of humour which does not decline into mere easy caricature. The scene is laid in a pleasant little inn in the Austrian Tyrol. In it are gathered a worthy puzzled celibate Anglican clergyman (Mr. GEORGE ZUCCO) and his maiden sister (Miss MURIEL AKED), a vague absent-minded lady who persistently mislays her underclothes and loses her way; a devoted German couple (Mr. RANALOW and Miss MAY AGATE) conscientiously climbing to achieve an appetite for *Mittagsessen* and *Abendessen*; two young British things (Mr. JACK HAWKINS and Miss JESSICA TANDY), conducting with equal conscientiousness a companionate experiment and sedulous that no one shall mistake them for husband and wife.

The host (Mr. FRANCIS LEDERER) is a handsome friendly care-free peasant, a travelled man, with an imagination and easy manners unusual in the type. Two more guests arrive, school-marms on holiday from Eccles by Manchester, the elder an angular, resolutely virginal and unsentimental person (Miss MARTITA HUNT); the younger (Miss FAY COMPTON), a timid, pretty and apparently colourless young woman whose looks, when she has shed her spectacles and her ill-fitting tweeds, belie the entry (age: thirty-two) which she makes with reluctance in the hotel form—an understatement, as appears later.

And while the two young moderns are babbling and bickering, and the stout warm-hearted German gentleman is putting away lager or obliging the company with "*Im wunderschönen Monat Mai*," and the clergyman is apprehensively studying, in the interests of his parishioners, the *Kraft-Ebbings* and *Freuds* lent him by the young moderns, and his sister is describing with a vague engaging frankness, set free by beer and brandy on an empty stomach, her adventures, the crawling up the mountain-side on her knees and the sliding down on—"well, you know how it is," and the angular spinster is bridling and being very reserved and British—you can see that the little school-teacher has completely lost her heart to the mountains and the stars and the flowers and the spirit of the place—and most of all to the gallant young smiling bare-kneed innkeeper; and that he with less consciousness and suddenness is coming under the spell of the quiet wistful little Englishwoman.



TYROL IS SO BRACING.

The gentleman in gay braces . MR. FRANCIS LEDERER.
The lady with the Baedeker . . MISS MARTITA HUNT.
The lady in spectacles . . . . . MISS FAY COMPTON.

In a charmingly-written and tenderly-played scene before a shrine on the mountain-side which was happily not spoilt by the giggles or guffaws of the witless—a hazard which such scenes must always run—the girl betrays her secret, and a careless reference by the young man to his wife shows her that she has misunderstood the young man's attentions and intentions. He, on his part, touched by her innocent ardours and her pathetic dismay, catches fire and gently extorts her promise to take the obvious way of escape from her drab life, a modulation achieved with great tact and convincingness. A sure tact also persuades the author to choose the less obviously happy of the two possible unhappy endings. Little *Miss Gray*, persuaded by the sensible pleadings of her now alarmed companion, and also by her own heart, which shows her the one way to keep her romance unspoiled, withdraws her promise to stay with her new-found friend and sadly proceeds to Eccles, *viâ* Venice, leaving a very stricken young man sitting in his bureau staring into vacancy. A refreshing and unusual piece of work.



THE HOTEL GUEST WHO, BEING MR. FREDERICK RANALOW, HAPPENED TO HAVE A QUITE NICE SINGING VOICE.

Miss FAY COMPTON has not lost her particular gift of conveying the quality of wistfulness (and the impression of perpetual youth); Mr. FRANCIS LEDERER shows that he has depth below his charming surface brilliance. The rest of the clever company supported these players admirably. T.

"THE KING'S MESSENGER" (ROYALTY).

The King's Messenger is a play that simply defies any attempt to put it into a category. Is it Realism, Symbolism, Tragedy, Melodrama, Morality, Burlesque, Propaganda?

Who is this *King's Messenger* (Sir JOHN MARTIN HARVEY) apparently a Spanish Fascist, all black and bold and bullying, booted and spurred, who holds up the Madrid—Paris Express, extracts from it its nine passengers (it is happily the off season), brings them under guard to the lonely inn, threatens them with death, severally and generally, if he doesn't find a Document which he knows infallibly to be on one of them and who in the course of his rigorous inquisition of them one by one pokes his finger into their private lives in a thoroughly irrelevant (and unsporting) manner? I should not omit to say that the Document was of such a nature that if it left the country there would immediately be a War bigger and bloodier than the last.

Let us examine the *King's Messenger's* bag: a *Very Rich Old Man* (American) who, so the *K.M.*, who knows everything, explains, is a great gun in the Drug Traffic; his young *Doctor*, whom the *K.M.* sternly reproves for giving up private practice and the service of humanity to attend to this worthless old scoundrel; the *Very Rich Man's* pretty *Daughter*; an English *Diplomat* whose wife has betrayed him (and no wonder); the *Wife*; a famous *Singer*, the wife's *Lover*; a little *Secretary* obviously anxious about a littler sister who will be left unchaperoned in Paris, and you know what Paris is; a mild *Priest*; an elderly *Harlot* with a long cigarette-holder (the life and soul of the naturally rather dispirited party).

The *King's Messenger* loses no time in setting to work. Everybody is stripped to the skin—in an adjoining room *bien entendu*. Net result: a Paper from the *Singer's* pocket-book: "Be careful, he suspects." Just the sort of Paper you put into your pocket-book whether it refers (as the *K.M.* inevitably assumes) to a DOCUMENT or, as we guess, to your intrigue with your neighbour's wife. The embarrassed *Singer*, reluctant to be shot for a little mistake like that, explains. "Is this your wife's handwriting?" says the *King's Messenger* to the *Diplomat*. "No," says the *Diplomat*, lying hard and obviously.

"Why did you say 'No'?" says the *Wife* in a desperate aside.

"Well," says the *Diplomat*, a man of acute logical powers and more ruthless than he looks, "don't you see? It means either that the *Singer's* a spy or that you have betrayed me." "Yes, but——?" "Well, I hoped he'd be shot!" Our own hopes were beginning to be much more comprehensive than that. However . . .

The King's Messenger thus foiled begins to be seriously annoyed. The unhappy nine are given to understand that the guilty party has only to say "Please, Sir. It's me" and he, or she, shall be shot out of hand (yes, and "at dawn."), the rest reprieved. He draws another blank. An unsporting lot!

Very well. He will leave the room for his prisoners to take counsel together and find and surrender the Guilty Party. Naturally in loud voices they concoct plans of escape; draw lots to decide who shall make the frontier. The lot falls upon the *Doctor*, who, assuming the *K.M.'s* black sombrero and cloak and hoping that his bright brown trousers and absence of spurs will not be noticed, moves to the door and is promptly shot by the *King's Messenger*. And then there were eight.

However the medico is only winged, we discover in the next Act. But the *King's Messenger* (among others) is fast losing patience. It is the dawn: execution time. The *Priest* goes first. Volley OFF. Then the *Doctor*; a second volley. Then a motor-bike is heard pooping up the road. More Papers. "The Missing Document is in the pretty lady's cigarette-holder." Hard luck on the *Priest* and the *Doctor*. Not at all. They are alive and well. It was only the *King's Messenger's* bluff. . . . All ends, happily.



The King's Messenger (*Sir* JOHN MARTIN HARVEY) *to The Doctor* (*Mr.* ROBERT GINNS). "EXCUSE ME—MY HAT AND CLOAK!"

And we still haven't the very slightest clue to the meaning of those hints of an august spiritual mission behind the more obvious and absurd business of Document-finding or as to who the *Messenger's King* was and why.

And there were many other unsolved mysteries about this rather dismaying affair. T.

"GOOD AFTERNOON" (LITTLE).

All children who have not a previous engagement with mumps or German measles should insist on being taken to see this pleasing variety show which Miss JOAN LUXTON and the Children's Theatre Company are presenting for an Easter season of three weeks.

Because of the ingenuity of its setting and because it seemed to me to be exactly the kind of turn which should predominate in a children's show, I award Mr. Punch's special bun to the *Tin Gee-Cee*, a brief but fascinating glimpse of a triangle drama in a toy-shop. A heavy dragoon, marked 1/9, was sighing for the love of a doll (priceless), but she, the mercenary little vamp, turned her flapping lashes in the direction of an infantryman marked 2/3. A soft-hearted customer changed the tickets, and we rejoiced with the heavy dragoon, who had the kinder face. In the manner of the photographer's baths on Brighton Pier, only the actors' heads showed above a painted screen, and the illusion, as it too often is on Brighton Pier, was perfect.

Of the longer pieces the *Green Dragon*, an Oriental princess-winning opera, was good, though not perhaps sufficiently arresting as a curtain-raiser. I was disappointed, as I think the other children were, that the dragon was not a more exciting beast. It emitted neither flame nor smoke, looked rather like a green dachshund, and indeed seemed hardly worth killing.

Pedro the Toreador, and *Bolsters*, two little plays by Miss MARGARET CARTER, went down deservedly well. The first gave Mr. BREMBER WILLS full scope as the aged bull-fighter who took care to be on good terms with the village bull, and the second was a dumb charade of connubial deceit, with a most effective setting by Mr. EUSTACE ST. LO. The other items showed a good standard of acting and reflected creditably on the production of Mr. GEOFFREY WINCOTT.

If there is one criticism which I should like to make of this programme it is that it showed a tendency to concentrate too much on æsthetics and not enough on providing the children with a good laugh. I would plead for better bangs, less Celtic twilight and a little more custard-pie.

In view of the appalling difficulty (except at Christmas) of selecting anything to which it is possible to take a child, it would be the greatest pity if this admirable venture were to fail through lack of support. ERIC.

CAPE HORN DAYS.

II.—FIRST VOYAGE.

THE barque lay in the Sou'-West Dock, her cargo all aboard;
Up came a young apprentice just as smart as any lord;
His cheeks were round and rosy and his buttons shone like gold,
His uniform and cap-badge were a picture to behold;
As proud as twenty Admirals, as perky as you please,
The little first voyager joined the *Southern Seas*.

The mate he was a Bluenose and as hard as pickled pork;
Says he: "Mind what I say, my lad, you've come to sea to *work*;
This hooker ain't a dancing-class nor yet a ladies' school,
When I say 'Jump' you've got to jump, for discipline's my rule;
So sharp now, spit upon your fists, unship that brassbound rig,"
And the little first voyager he cleaned out the pig.

There was fog in the Channel and a fine cold rain,
The ship crawled through it wailing like a thing that was in pain;
The crowd had got their shore heads still, they couldn't raise a stave,
And everyone on board her was as cheerful as the grave.
The decks were running wet and his bunk was chill and clammy,
And the little first voyager cried for his mammy.

Clear from the Channel chops and rolling down the Bay
The big seas from the westward came plunging cold and grey;
The Old Man kept her moving under everything she'd carry,
She stood it like a good 'un, but she rolled like Old Harry,
She rolled both rails under with a heavy cargo in her,
And the little first voyager said "No" to his dinner.

But all things have an end in time, and 'twasn't very long
Till she picked her North-East Trade up, blowing steadily and strong,
Royals, skysails, flying jib—all were set and filling,
Every sheave-block chirruping, every backstay thrilling,
Thrilling like a fiddle-string, humming like a hive,
And the little first voyager was glad he was alive.

The barque she was a hungry ship, as hungry as could be,
You couldn't find her like for it in all that sailed the sea;
There was sawdust in the coffee, there were weevils in the bread,
If you couldn't chew the junk you carved it into ships instead;
He scoffed his whack of crackerhash, it wasn't half enough,
So the little first voyager he swiped the cabin duff.

Running down the tropics in a whole-sail breeze,
She curvetted and sidled to the dancing glancing seas,
She fretted at her bridle like a mare brought in from grass,
Till "Easy" said the helmsman—"easy now, my bonny lass!"
Her weight upon the tiller was a thing a man could feel,
And the little first voyager he took the lee wheel.

In the high south latitudes it blew both cold and hard,
The spray froze on men's faces as the sails froze on the yard;
"Aloft and furl them topsails," came the mate's bull-throated roar,
"And jump, ye sons of sodgers, if you never jumped afore!"
You couldn't hear the next man shout, the gale it screamed so loud,
And the little first voyager was furling with the crowd.

The skipper taught him some things and the mate he taught him more,
And Old Stiff he taught him several that he hadn't known before;
He learned a lot from bo'sun and he learned a lot from Chips,
The way to make square sennet and the way to bottle ships;
They said they'd make a seaman of him yet afore they quit,
And the little first voyager began to know a bit.

* * * * * * *

Romping up the Channel with Dungeness in sight,
"We'll burn our pay," the foc'sle said, "in Sailortown to-night;
We 'aven't seen old England's shores for three-'n'-quarter years,"
Then sent their pannikins afloat and gave the tug three cheers;
She'd sailed the wide world all around to end where she began—
And the little first voyager came home a sailorman.

C. F. S.

A. N. OTHER PROTESTS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—It is rarely indeed that I tear asunder the veil that obscures my personality, even to the extent of writing to the Press, but my feelings have been so lacerated by a newspaper report of the recent Halford–Hewitt Cup Contest that I appeal to you, Sir, to open your columns to me and afford due publicity to the true facts so painfully misrepresented in the statement that one Old Boys' team (no, may they rot in their anonymity!) consisted of nine no doubt worthy Old Malodourians and —"A. N. Other, absent"! You will readily agree that they richly merited their overwhelming defeat, and, while I at no time take a hiding to heart any more than I exult at victory, I do protest most strongly at the stigma thus cast upon me. I have in my time appeared simultaneously at many forms of sport and in many far-flung places, but never, never, never have I perpetrated the foulest deed of which a sportsman (which, of course, he cannot be) is capable by failing to turn out.

I fully appreciate the tender though misguided motives which prompted them to hide the true name of the defaulter; but in justice to myself I must appeal to you, Sir, to allow me to proclaim that while I am still prepared, if it be their wish, to don the colours, even in a golfer's "wind-jammer," of the Old Malodourians, and that at the shortest of short notices, it is a sheer impossibility for me to be absent. With me to appear is to be; to be absent is not to exist. Therefore I must now record with all solemnity that at no time was I invited to appear in the match in question.

But I bear no ill-will, and to avoid a recurrence of so grievous a mishap may I suggest that the cause of the trouble was the fact that the secretary, in his ignorance of the etiquette of anonymity, probably addressed his last-minute S.O.S. to the elder Enthman? But all secretaries who know their job realise that it is only for eleven-a-side matches, and then only when two players are required, that one can call upon the twin brothers T. and E. le V. Enthman. I am, Sir, Your obedient Servant,

A. N. OTHER.

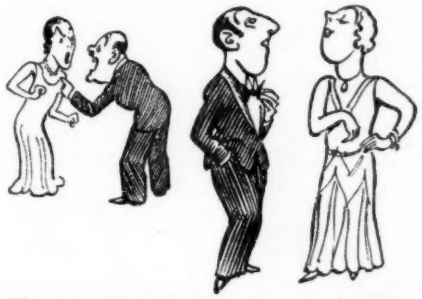
"England beat Scotland in the Amateur International match at Stamford Bridge. It was the fourth contest of the kind between the two countries, and England have now won twice to Scotland's thrice."—*Daily Paper.*

It's wonderful how Scotland brings it off time after time.

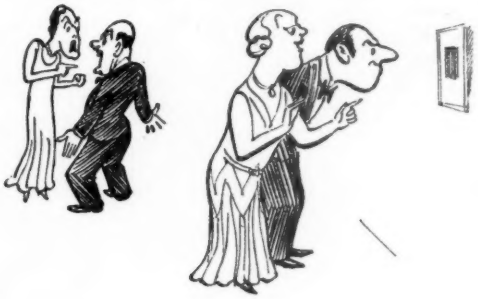
A MATTER OF POLICY.



How very painful it is to be present when one's host and hostess become involved in a serious altercation.



What is the best thing to do? Affect to notice nothing?



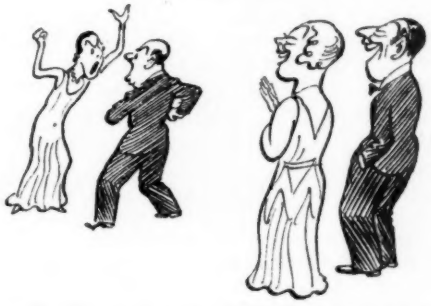
Or become absorbed in the surrounding objects of art?



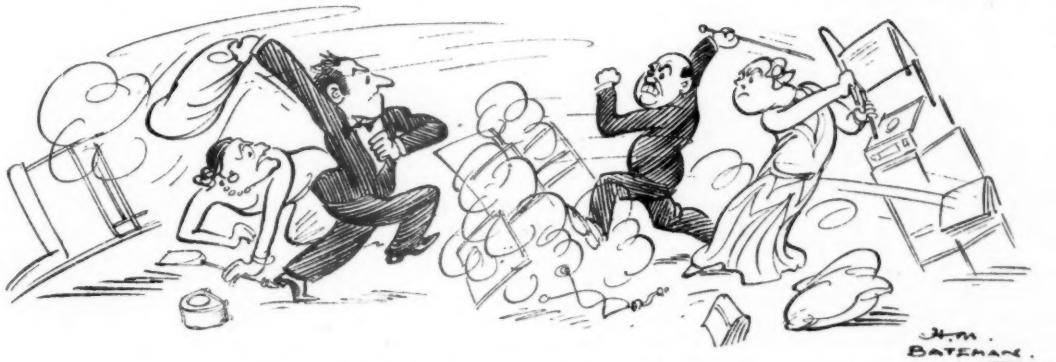
Perhaps dropping something to create a diversion?



Or should one switch on their wireless?



Or treat it as a joke and laugh heartily?



Or should one take sides and try to settle the dispute finally?



Erica (who has been reading the careers of great men, to Bishop). "AND HOW DID YOU START? WHEN YOU WERE A BOY DID YOU RUN AWAY TO BE A CURATE?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I AM afraid Miss SYLVIA THOMPSON'S notion of comedy is not my notion, and that a lighter, more debonair touch than hers is needed if a novel mainly devoted to possibilities of misconduct between middle-aged people is to provide entertainment for the discerning. Here we have *Maurice Vernon*, a country doctor who has forgone distinction in research for the sake of matrimony, but has agreed with his *Caroline* that, with careful living and a family limited to one, he may be able in time to renounce his practice. This arrangement leaves *Caroline* at a loose end; and when *Peter Stanley*, author and philanderer, camps out in her Cotswold village she is obviously alert for an intrigue. *Peter* is already (platonically) provided for by *Jane Trebbs*, an American millionairess who boasts an English country-home, an absentee husband and a sort of stud-farm of her own (mainly illegitimate) children. Still *Caroline* perseveres, and on a jaunt to Paris succeeds in arousing enough of *Peter's* passion to justify a confession to her husband. *Maurice*, however, is an old friend of *Peter's*. He appears rather bored than annoyed, and refuses to make a scene or to flee with his wife (and from his practice) elsewhere. The issue I will leave you to discover, only pointing out that *Caroline's* gastronomic mother gives ample warrant of Miss THOMPSON'S acquaintance with the Comic Muse when encountered on propitious ground. In the plot of *Winter Comedy* (HEINEMANN, 7/6) as a whole I cannot discover any comic possibilities whatever, though the elements of farce and tragedy undoubtedly abound.

If Miss NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH had written *The Delicate Situation* in the nick of its actual time—the 'sixties—and had she found a publisher to do for her then what Messrs. GOLLANCZ do now (at 7/6), she would with her indeed "delicate" and delightful book have created a sensation, a seller and at the same moment a mild scandal. In fact the story of beautiful *Mary Paradise* might well have been a rather daring "three-decker," so excellently has the author adopted the style and atmosphere of her period, so naturally do her characters fit the tale, from the naughty but oh! so handsome young duke down to our betrayed heroine, who dies of heartbreak and consumption in the best *May Queen* manner. *Mary Paradise* is the orphan niece of *Miss Lena Quibell*, a youngish lady who upon inheriting a competence gives up governessing the county families and joins her friend, *Miss Martin*, in the bookshop of a quiet country town. Thither comes an absolute darling, the schoolgirl *Mary*, to make her home with her aunt and *Miss Martin*. And here, in Queen's Beaton, *Mary* meets *James Towyn*, heir to the *Duke of Merioneth*. *James* does the aristocratic thing almost at once, and poor *Mary* presently comes home again to create "the delicate situation" and to die just as the chestnuts are in flower and the bells ringing for the accession of His Grace and a marriage to a millionairess. In spite of an unoriginal plot this is a book of rather real beauty. It is charmingly written, its many characters are

well drawn, it is spacious and gracious, and it leaves with you when you lay it down that "scent of old-world roses" which Mr. Kipling has attributed to its prototype. It has a jolly jacket too.

Here's a scholarly tale that's told
  And spritely to reveal—
The history of the hands we hold,
  The pack we cut and deal;
Here's *Playing Cards*, that Messrs. Ward,
  Lock and, of course, a Co.,
Will sell you since you can afford
  To twelve-and-six to go.

Here not to Diamonds, Spades and Hearts
  Or Clubs we learn to play,
But here's their pageant and it starts
  From that auspicious day
When good St. Bernard first did claim
  That cards were of the Deuce,
And cards, because of it, became
  In fashionable use.

This book's a masterpiece of sage
  Research and quaint review,
Wherein, to page and blazoned page,
  The kingdom *Alice* knew
Comes from the coloured cardboard land,
  And I with grateful pen am
Thanking the man who called it, and
  He's W. Gurney Benham.

Into the focus of that whirl of feckless diplomacy that circled about the rulers of Greece in the early days of the Salonika occupation, some spirit of sheer farcical perversity thrust an English lover of the Classics, a writer with affections attuned to leisurely pursuit of perfect words, and set him there to track down German spies. In the "embrangled muddle" that was Athens in 1915, against a background of the "pine trees of Cithaeron" Mr. Compton Mackenzie built up from amateur beginnings an organisation for *contre-espionage*, and by all the evidence he did it well. In his *First Athenian Memories* (Cassell, 7/6), successor to his *Gallipoli Memories*, the Compton Mackenzie one knows looks back with amazement at *Mr. Z.* of the Secret Intelligence, and only with the utmost difficulty prevents himself, by the recollection of occasional ill-meant bullets, from treating the whole affair—midnight assignations, counter-signs, enemy agents, secret dossiers—in a vein of simple comic-opera. Page by page he is drawn aside from descriptions of his actual activities to subtly-studied portraits of his colleagues or of the wild outlandish characters he met, and perpetually he is back in Oxford or losing touch with the days of Tino and Venizelos in watching a "silver train of Oreads that danced along the bright snows of Parnassus." Books with an atmosphere, or with little else but atmosphere, are familiar enough, but here is a story of actual stirring events overlaid by atmospheres at least three deep—spy-fever, classic Greece and Compton Mackenzie.



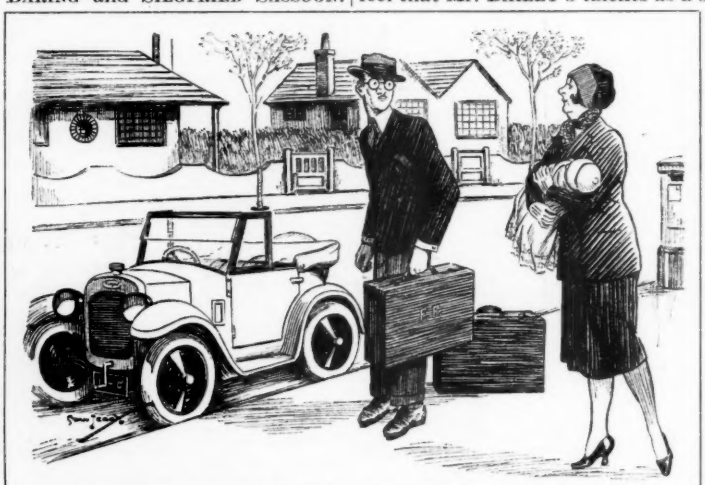
SOLVED.

"I tell you, the problem in India is just this. If Gandhi 'adn't 'ad such a comic dial 'e'd never 'ave bin 'eard of."

The Perfect Hostess (Methuen, 7/6) is like every other great philosopher in at least one respect—the more she knows the more she knows she knows nothing. So I feel pretty safe in urging on both the perfect and the imperfect hostess the charming little book which Mrs. Rose Henniker Heaton has consecrated to the former; for if the latter wishes to mend her ways here is a friend at need. Food looms so largely on the hostess's horizon that a menu never comes amiss. And here you have menus for every occasion, from the electioneering rush meal of a Prime Minister to the leisurely and impressive high tea of the Women's Institute. More intimate occasions—even "Aunt Jane's Tray after a Visit to the Dentist"—are provided for; and in the matter of "Little Miss Pig-Tails'" parties (and her brother's) Mrs. Henniker Heaton excels herself. The strategic handling of the domestic staff receives attention with Mr. Punch and other experts assisting at G.H.Q.; also Letter-Writing, polite and impolite, of which the gem is the authoress's own rhymed "Collins." Wedding-presents are suggested for the difficult sex and gifts for "Miss

Moppy-top," aged four, to find in her Christmas-stocking—the last list so lyrical that I feel it should have gone to swell the tale of a score of other charming *vers-de-société*. Finally, there are, as there should be, enchanting head-pieces and tail-pieces and incidental decorations by Mr. ALFRED TAYLOR, all entirely in the spirit of an unusually complete and friendly little gift-book.

The late Sir EDMUND GOSSE was not a remarkably old man when he died barely three years ago, but he had, it seemed, known every figure in the world of letters for more than sixty years. SWINBURNE and BROWNING were two of his earlier gods; before both he burned his incense, and did not go wholly unrewarded. WALT WHITMAN he visited when lecturing in the United States; an intimate friend of R. L. STEVENSON, he gave him on many occasions the most excellent advice. But even to the end he kept extraordinarily young in mind. He may have known these giants of the past, but he was still ready to listen to the confidences of such members of the younger generation as SQUIRE and MAURICE BARING and SIEGFRIED SASSOON. The fact was that GOSSE was always interested in writers—more perhaps in their personalities than in their works. He had recognised early that if he was to write readably of his contemporaries it would be well to know them socially. And this explains his ever-present desire to meet everyone of importance—everyone who was at the top of the tree, no matter what sort of tree it was—his pleasure at being appointed librarian of the House of Lords or at being elected a member of the Marlborough Club. This was not snobbery; it was merely, as I read it, the natural reaction against the remarkably rigid fashion in which he had been brought up. Those who have read *Father and Son* will find this *Life and Letters of Sir Edmund Gosse* (HEINEMANN, 25/-) doubly interesting. The letters in themselves are, like everything GOSSE wrote, admirably expressed; the all too few comments by Mr. EVAN CHARTERIS fill out the portrait of the man and bring him back to life. An excellent book that should be read by all young Men of Letters.



Film Fan (to wife). "SAY, BABY, PUT THE BABE IN THE BABY."

The Empire may totter to its tariff walls, Consolidated Lards defer their dividend, and our whole outlook become undeniably scaly, but can it matter very much when Mr. P. G. WODEHOUSE remains staunch in the face of adversity and dishes up yet another course of his perennial feast? For myself, I think not. If *Big Money* (JENKINS, 7/6) is not Mr. WODEHOUSE at his very drollest, at any rate it circulates round a plot of more substance than those with which he usually concerns himself; and the situations towards the end of the book are worked out with all the dexterity which long ago we came to expect. I was disappointed, as I suppose thousands will be, that this time *Jeeves* is not with us; but we cannot fairly blame young *Bertram Wooster* for refusing to lend the Napoleon of the dressing-room to an entirely strange set of characters, who are most of them only too well able to look after themselves. *Godfrey, Lord Biskerton* is "a young man with red hair and what looked like a preliminary scenario for a moustache of the same striking hue," and amply endowed with that ingenuous appeal by which members of the Drones Club stand out from commoner men; and *Berry Conway*, his boyhood's chum, has both charm and a nerve of steel. The *Earl of Hoddesdon*, *Lady Vera* and *T. Paterson Frisby* have personalities all their own. And then there is *Ann*. But naturally you will want to read about her for yourself.

Mr. H. C. BAILEY'S high-spirited stories have often carried me into a world of adventure and high endeavour, but *Mr. Cardonnel* (WARD, LOCK, 7/6) lacks the dash and enterprise that I had hoped and expected to find. To some extent Mr. BAILEY has handicapped himself in choosing a period that was almost destitute of drama. The last months of CROMWELL'S life, however important from an historical point of view, were as full of intrigue as they were devoid of thrill, and in a maze of plots and devices I feel that Mr. BAILEY'S talents as a story-teller are too completely concealed. *Cardonnel*, who suffered from an everlasting attack of *morbleus*, was certainly a man of high ideals, but as a hero I found him rather a dull fellow. Let me add that Mr. BAILEY is an impartial observer both of the period and of the people who lived in it, and impartiality in an historical novel is a virtue that calls for praise.

I have read several of J. E. BUCKROSE'S stories with appreciation, but none of them is equal to *Silhouette of Mary Ann* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) in interest and dignity of style. This is frankly "a novel about GEORGE ELIOT," a theme that might be far from welcome were it not handled with sound taste and discretion. Of late years it has been the fashion to disparage her novels and even to charge with dulness the creator of the immortal *Mrs. Poyser*. The scope of this story justifies the reminder that "No right estimate of her, whether as a woman, an artist or a philosopher, can be formed without a steady recollection of her infinite capacity for mental suffering and her need of human support." J. E. BUCKROSE, without stressing these facts, has never lost sight of them, and the result is a tale that gives us a well-balanced portrait of a distinguished Victorian, and incidentally, a true picture of certain phases of the Victorian age.

Sir CHARLES BRIGHT, in *Let's Help!* (ROUTLEDGE, 4/6), draws attention to some fifty organisations whose main work lies in relieving the distress and in promoting the happiness of our world of to-day. His book, which will be of permanent value for reference, is contrived a double debt to pay. For it not only gives precise information to those who wish to assist these organisations but will also prove of service to anyone in need of assistance from them. H.R.H. The PRINCE OF WALES has accepted the dedication of this most happily-inspired volume.

CHARIVARIA.

ONE-hundred-and-twenty pounds was paid for four stamps in Old Bond Street last week. The prices charged at post-offices are of course much more reasonable.

* * *

Crime films are reported to be losing their appeal in America. Audiences prefer something different from the incidents of every-day life.

* * *

A talkie film of the life of Sir WALTER RALEIGH is to be made at Hollywood. We shall refuse to believe that when he spread his cloak he turned to QUEEN ELIZABETH and said, "Step on it, Kid."

* * *

A gossip-writer notes the fact that Miss LLOYD GEORGE taps off the ash of her cigarettes with her finger. And not with her elbow, as you might think.

* * *

A statistician has estimated that if all the Census forms were placed flat on the ground in a straight line everyone would have a good look at his neighbour's.

* * *

"A mosquito," says an expert, "cannot rest on a smooth perpendicular surface." The capacity of this insect for waiting until you are horizontal is, however, amazing.

* * *

A Scotsman who lost sixpence the other night reported the matter to the police. He thinks it is the work of one of those gangs of railway thieves.

* * *

In connection with the Sunday Performances Bill a contemporary thinks actors should make themselves heard against it. Then they must speak louder than they do on the stage.

* * *

Women bowls-players are said to be finding it difficult to overcome a certain amount of male prejudice. A curious impression prevails that bowls is a man's game.

* * *

On reading of an artist who shaves the top of his head in curious patterns, we feel impelled to express the opinion that artists in general might do more with their heads.

* * *

With reference to the acceptance of a Russian tender for soap by the Hull Baths Committee, local anti-Bolshevists declare that they wouldn't dirty their hands with it.

* * *

We understand that, following the precedent set by the Road Traffic Act, it will shortly be made compulsory for married couples to take out an insurance policy against Third Party Risk.

* * *

Professor ECONOMO, manager of a museum in Vienna, appeals to leading intellectuals to enrich his collection of brains. It is believed, however, that most of them are using theirs at present.

* * *

A political writer on the BEAVERBROOK Press thinks that the Tory Front Bench without Mr. CHURCHILL would be like plum-duff without the plums. He does not attempt to visualise them as DUFF without COOPER.

* * *

A paragraphist mentions that in the vaults of the Royal Academy there is a collection of pictures which the public has never seen. In advanced art circles there is a strong feeling that this idea might have been extended.

* * *

A poultry-farmer relates that the needle used for testing the sex of eggs gave the correct indications when he playfully held it over the heads of his wife and son. This proves beyond doubt that poultry-farmers have their playful moments.

* * *

We have been unable to obtain confirmation of the rumour that Lord ROTHERMERE's "Lessons from Lisbon" and other admonitory articles are to be published collectively under the title of "Thumps from Thanet."

* * *

It is confidently expected in many quarters that this year's Nobel Peace Prize will be awarded to the Madeira revolution.

* * *

Statistics of street accidents issued by the Home Office show that not a single street accident was recorded at Lerwick, in the Orkneys. It seems an ideal spot for a pedestrians' sanctuary.

* * *

The recent earth-tremors and rumblings in North Wales were attributed to the volcanic nature of the region. Locally there is some disinclination to believe in the virtual extinction of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

* * *

It appears from a trade journal that more plum-and-apple jam was made last year than in the previous four years. Yet people continue their talk about the limitation of armaments.

* * *

In a short description of the Barber-Surgeons' Hall, Aldersgate, a weekly paper reminds us that formerly these two vocations were practised by the same person. We ourselves have been bled by a barber.

* * *

So little has been heard of the cuckoo this year that we are wondering if our papers are really trying.

* * *

A speaker at the opening of the Drapery Exhibition said that women were so well-dressed to-day that men did not know their domestic servants from their own wives when they met them in the streets. They can, however, generally be distinguished by the fact that a man's wife stays with him a bit longer.

* * *

A paragraphist says that EPSTEIN never attends private art views, even his own. He knows only too well the sort of thing one is liable to see there.



"MY FATHER OFFERED ME FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS NOT TO BECOME AN ARTIST."

"AND WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THE MONEY?"

Things We Should Not Dare To Say.

"SPRING FASHIONS.

Very few evening dresses show a back worth mentioning."—*Indian Paper.*

ITALY REVIEWED.

AN AMENDE HONORABLE.

ON Italy's soil for years I had not chased
The joys of mental recreation,
Having indulged a natural distaste
For risks of rude incarceration
Because of things my pen had done
Unsuited to the Fascist sense of fun.

Upon the Black Shirts' black list I
Pictured myself as darkly noted;
In jail with local traitors I should lie,
With vats of castor-oil be bloated,
And—for I heard they sometimes slay 'em—
Perhaps be shot to bits at early A.M.

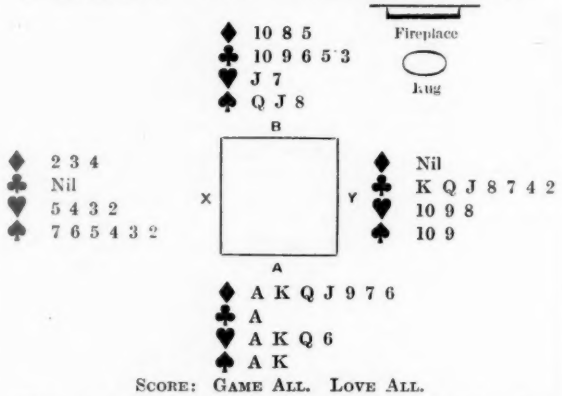
Justice demands that I at once correct
This estimate of promised terrors;
Some grace, beyond what I could dare expect,
Seems to have overlooked my errors;
Anyhow, I record the fact
That I've emerged with all my limbs intact.

I moved among Rapallo's wooded ways
Freely as any contadino;
Freely I shipped across those shining bays
To fascinating Portofino;
And never, though my sins were rank,
Was I invited to parade the plank.

Round Santa Margherita's floral cars
The guardians' swords remained unrattled
While I, along with several British tars,
In fierce confetti warfare battled;
Impressed upon a vacant wall,
The DUCE's face made no rebuke at all.

Yet in my heart one bitter memory stirs,
Touching a place that advertises
Facilities for golf where none occurs.
Once more the old suspicion rises
Of Fascist faith. Must I still doubt it?
I think BENITO should be told about it. O. S.

A PROBLEM FROM "THE HAWTHORNS."



SCORE: GAME ALL. LOVE ALL.

This curious and rather interesting problem has been sent up to me for my criticism by a correspondent. It happens that it actually took place in the final of "The Hawthorns'" Bridge Tournament.

A, a new member, dealt and immediately called three no trumps, X, B and Y all passing.

X lead off with a spade, A taking it with the King. A then went for the diamonds: believing in keeping his Aces to the end he led off with the K, followed by Q J.

Things went well with A until he had remaining only the Ace of Diamonds, Ace of Clubs, Ace King of Hearts and Ace of Spades; he then noticed that Y had only three cards left. Closing up his hand he leant back in his chair and remarked, "This takes a bit of thinking out." After a moment's pause he took out a cigarette, lit it and threw the still burning match short of the fireplace on to the rug, a fluffy black wool affair and somewhat inflammable, at the same time crying out, "Oh, I'm awfully sorry, would someone mind stamping on that match, please?" While everyone was watching B grinding the match into the rug with his foot A threw the Ace of Diamonds under Y's chair. After thanking B, A proceeded to play on, Y discovering on the last trick that he could not follow as he was a card short. Eventually the Ace of Diamonds was found under Y's chair. A, having commiserated with Y, pointed out that he had revoked six times and that he (A) must of necessity claim above the line 600 for revokes, 250 for rubber, 100 for grand slam and 30 for Aces.

He now writes to me to say that owing to the fact that he had thrown his Ace of Diamonds he was unable to claim a hundred for Aces, but on the other hand, if he had thrown his King of Hearts, he could not have claimed the six revokes in Diamonds. Naturally, he says, if he had discovered the position earlier he could have thrown something else.

Of course it is easy to be wise after the event, and in the circumstances I think A showed great presence of mind and saved from disaster a hand one gets once only in a lifetime, but in order to have obtained the maximum possible points in the circumstances he should, while the match was being extinguished, have placed the King of Hearts in his pocket or somewhere out of sight and taken a small Diamond from the second trick and thrown that, later on placing the King of Hearts amongst the tricks. Of course there is a certain element of risk in this; someone, for instance, might ask who had the King of Hearts; but in the confusion of looking for Y's card and the consequent inevitable discussion on Y's revokes I consider the risk would be negligible.

A most interesting hand.

THE SEASONS' DIFFERENCE.

WE've three kinds of 'buses coming out our way,
A red 'bus, a yellow 'bus and one blue-grey.
People take the first 'bus; they don't seem to care;
The seats are all alike, they say, and so's the fare.

But when the snow is falling and cold blows the storm,
I ride in the red 'bus; it looks so warm.
When the road is dusty and heat-waves brew,
I feel much cooler travelling in the blue.

And with the hint of springtime, when each little lane
Glows with early primrose under sunlit rain,
When the woodlands waken and snow leaves the hills
I want the 'bus that's painted like the daffodils.

Fun Near Lossiemouth.

"The Premier headed another family golfing party yesterday to Spey Bay, where he was partnered by Miss Ishbel and his two sons in a foursome."—*Scots Paper.*

Surely an eightsome reel, or were they opposed by the MacBogie himself?

"The only way in which unemployment can be solved is by a reabsorption of the unemployed into industry."—*Financial Paper.*

Quite independently we had arrived at the same conclusion.



ANOTHER LAST STRAW.

CAMEL. "DON'T WORRY ABOUT WHERE YOU'RE GOING TO PUT THAT STRAW; I'VE GOT A BROKEN BACK ALREADY."

MR. SNOWDEN (*shifting the responsibility*). "AS I KEEP ON TELLING YOU, THAT'S NOT MY FAULT: YOU BROUGHT IT WITH YOU FROM THE LAST PLACE."



Kind old Lady (to Chimney-Sweep). "I THOUGHT PERHAPS YOU WOULD LIKE A CUP OF TEA—THROUGH A STRAW."

CONVERSATION AT THE "KING'S ARMS"

ON THE OBSERVANCE OF THE LORD'S DAY.

"IF the true aim of the State is to send people to church," said Charles, "why don't they forbid the use of petrol on Sunday?"

"You might go to church in a charabanc," I said.

"You might," agreed Charles, "and you might go to Ilfracombe on a white rhinoceros. But you don't."

"Anyhow, it would be gross tyranny," I said. "A man may be a Jew, in which case he keeps the Jewish Sabbath, or a Parsee, in which case he prays whenever he sees a fire-engine, or he may be a mere Pagan like yourself, who only goes to church when he is born or married or has the decency to die. Why should petrol be forbidden to such a man on the first day of the week?"

"Exactly so," said Charles. "And if petrol, why billiards? Why mayn't I play billiards in the 'King's Arms' on the first day of the week?"

"You play pretty badly, you know," I began, trying to collect my ideas.

"Anyhow, I beat you last time."

"Only by potting my ball at the end."

"We are drifting," said Charles, "from the main point. Why mayn't I play billiards in the 'King's Arms" on the Sabbath Day?"

"The regulation is really due to MOSES," I suggested. "Partly to him and partly to the EMPEROR CONSTANTINE. Sunday is a day of rest."

"I should use the rest," said Charles.

"Of religious rest," I amplified. "Surely you know the phrase 'A Sabbath day's journey'? A man who miscues as often as you do would probably walk more than three miles round the table in making a hundred up. Besides, there is the marker. If the marker wasn't there you might steal the balls. Most likely you would."

"Well, why shouldn't the marker be there?"

"Because he may want to go to church. Along with the blacksmith, you know—

> 'He goes on Sunday to the church
> And sits among his boys;
> He hears the parson pray and preach,
> He hears his daughter's voice
> Singing in the village choir,
> And it makes his heart rejoice.'"

"This one doesn't," said Charles. "He is asleep in the billiard-room at the present moment. I can hear him snore."

"Well, there you are at once," I argued. "Sunday is a day of rest."

"But not," objected Charles, "for the lad who winds a petrol-pump. Do you seriously mean to argue that MOSES would have preferred seeing a fellow work a petrol-pump all Sunday to seeing a fellow mark a game of billiards?"

I said I thought the Pentateuch was silent on both points.

"Anyhow," continued Charles, "where do I get off on MOSES, anyway? Sunday is a feast-day of the Church, isn't it? Why can't I play a happy game of billiards on a feast-day when there is no service going on?"

"You didn't go to any service."

"No, but I had an enormous lunch."

"Obviously," I said, "in England the two ideas have been happily fused. In the first place you have an enormous lunch, with or without attendance at church. Afterwards you keep the Sabbath by going to sleep, like the marker, until tea."

"And what about golf?" inquired Charles. "I have seen men so stricken after playing thirty-six holes and

swearing at every other stroke that they have hardly been fit to begin work on Monday. Would you call that keeping a Church festival or keeping a day of rest? And what about motoring on a by-pass road in the summer? And what about gardening all day, which was the curse of Adam after the Fall? Or walking about the lanes with a couple of mangy dogs and wishing it were Monday again?"

"Fresh air," I said, "fresh air. We are all sun-worshippers nowadays."

Charles looked out of the window. It was raining like sin.

"After all," I went on, "there are lots of other things you are not allowed to do on Sunday because it is the Sabbath Day, or for some similar cause. The pubs, for instance, have to keep different hours."

"Yes," said Charles. "And why? Is it a relic of religious intolerance in a free land? You don't argue that the landlord of the 'King's Arms' wants to go to church and hear the barmaid singing amongst the choir?"

"I think he ought to," I said. "And I think when the service is over that the whole congregation ought to go and drink a glass of ale at the 'King's Arms.' But you could never get that done. It is a mere dream of mine. Anyhow, a lot of privation occurs on the Sabbath Day. You can't buy toothpaste on Sunday, though you can buy fruit and chocolates and tobacco and newspapers and flowers. And I don't think you can get shaved on Sunday unless you are on a ship at sea or in a large hotel, which hundreds of thousands of people scarcely ever are when they want to be shaved. All the ordinary shops have to be closed. If the boiler were to burst in your house on Sunday and the whole house was flooded, you could float about reading the Sunday newspaper and eating chocolate éclairs, but you couldn't get the leak mended for money or love."

"If it happened in the 'King's Arms,'" said Charles, "I suppose the barber and I could float about round the billiard-table while he was shaving me, so long as we didn't touch the cues."

"I suppose so," said I. "But the thing that people want most to do at present seems to be to go to the cinema, and turn the Day of Rest into a Day of Movietones."

"I don't want to go to the cinema on Sunday," said Charles. "I'd sooner look at the rain. Besides, there isn't one here."

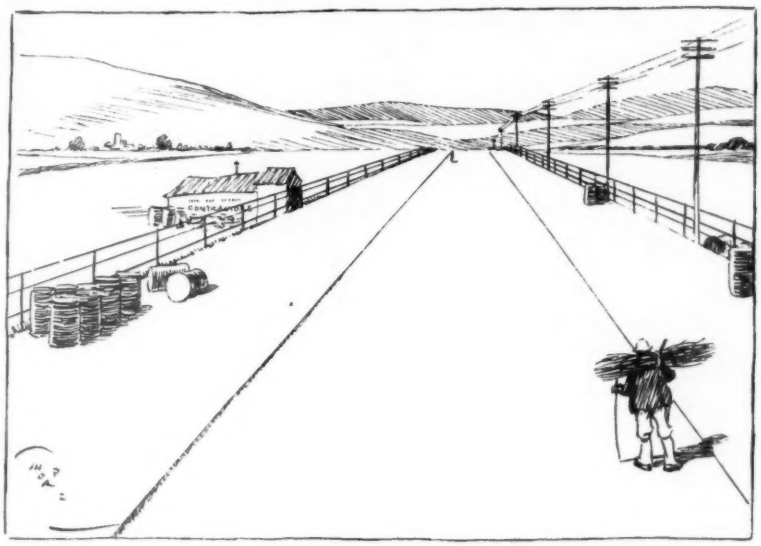
"No, but you're a monomaniac. It appears to me that the Socialistic State of the future will very likely make Sabbath-day cinemas compulsory, just as it used to make attendance at church. The Government would then have the comfortable feeling that the whole community was seeing and listening to the same thing at the same moment, not planning revolution at secret meetings elsewhere. Topical propaganda films about paying your income-tax and eating more of everything could be inserted between *Desert Desire* and *The Cannibal Girl*. On the other hand the theatres are strictly sabbatarian. They don't want the cinemas to be open on Sundays, and they don't want to be open themselves. They are the last stand-by of the Ten Commandments and the Mosaic Law. You cannot overcome the obstinate Puritanism of the English stage."

"How bright you are!" said Charles. "You've explained almost everything. But I still don't see why I can't play billiards at the 'King's Arms' on Sunday afternoon."

Evoe.



Although the improvement has actually made our road only one-and-a-half inches wider—



it has given us two broad footpaths for pedestrians.

Another Golf Record.

"He played a fine chip shot to the hole-side at the seventeenth to win the match by 4 and 3."—*Daily Paper.*

LEST SCORERS BE UNTROUBLED.

ON receipt of the alarming news that the willow-trees of Essex and Suffolk, from which cricket-bats are made, are suffering and dying from the inroads of a mysterious bacterium which defies science, a special meeting was convened at Lords to decide upon what steps should be taken to meet the situation.

The Chair was taken by Mr. H. D. G. LEVESON-GOWER, who, having outlined the calamity which had brought so many representative cricketers together in a very natural state of consternation, invited practical suggestions.

Mr. P. F. WARNER said that the first thing to do was to take a census of the bats now in the makers' stores and also in private hands and strictly ration them. "One man, one bat" was the ideal rule; but, if there were not enough bats to go round, preference must be given to the batsmen who were most worthy of them. It would be very serious, for instance, if HENDREN didn't have one.

Lord HAWKE said that he trusted that there would be a bat for SUTCLIFFE, no matter who went without.

Lord HARRIS said that it would be a public shame if WOOLLEY were not properly provided for.

Mr. R. E. S. WYATT said that Mr. WARNER'S rationing scheme might meet immediate needs, but should not an inquiry at once be instituted into alternative woods?

Mr. R. C. N. PALAIRET said that the best Woods came from Somerset. (Loud cheers.)

Lord TENNYSON said that the game of cricket being so essentially British he would like the claims of oak to be tested. British oak! One ought, he added, to be able to give a ball a very useful smack with a blade made of that noble tree, the monarch, if he might say so, of the forest. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. E. C. DAWSON asked if it would be possible with oak bats to recover the ashes. (Cries of "Order.")

Mr. ASHLEY COOPER said that there was no need to despair. Cricket had been flourishing for many years before willow was used. The great early heroes of the game, such as BELDHAM and LAMBERT and Mr. WARD and Squire OSBALDESTON and Lord FREDERICK BEAUCLERK and ALFRED MYNN made their runs with bats all of a piece, constructed of some hard wood, probably ash. American baseball clubs were made of ash and were very tough.

Mr. J. C. WHITE said that they must be very careful in their choice between ash and oak on account of their effect on the weather. Although he was concerned in agricultural pursuits—(Cheers)—he had never been clear in his mind as to which of the two it was, but if one was out before the other the summer was wet.

Lord HARRIS said that it was the ash that must not be out first.

Lord HAWKE said that it was the oak.



Decorator. "IS THE MISTRESS ANYWHERE ABOUT?"
Maid. "NO. SHE'S GONE OUT."
Decorator. "WHAT A BEASTLY NUISANCE! SHE'S BEEN TO INSPECT THE WORK AND GONE AWAY WITH OUR LUMP O' PUTTY ON 'ER SHOE."

Sir HOME GORDON said that in his own case it wouldn't matter which wood his bat was made of, as he was always out first. (Tears.)

Mr. WALTER HAMMOND said that while the disease that had attacked the willows was to be deplored he hoped that a few more bats would be made of the wood, even though defective. He was sure that cricketers everywhere whose innings were on the brief side would welcome the opportunity of blaming the bacterium. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. DUCKWORTH asked, "What price yew?" (Cries of "Who? Who?")

Mr. DUCKWORTH said, "No, not you, yew. Y-E-W, not Y-O-U. (Cries of "Oh, Oh!") Yew: the stuff the bows used to be made of. Wouldn't that make good bats?"

Mr. MAURICE TATE said it wouldn't matter to him whether he hit a six with a willow blade, an ash blade, a yew blade or an oak blade. The six was the thing. (Applause.)

Mr. A. W. CARR said that he hoped that it would not be found necessary to supersede the willow. He fancied that ash and oak and yew would all be heavy and thus a serious handicap to the flashing dexterity of, say, DULEEPSINHJI—(Cheers)—and that would be a national calamity. (Renewed cheers.)

The CHAIRMAN said that before a substitute wood was adopted he hoped that cricketers who had retired from the game and still retained their old bats as mementoes could be persuaded to let them return to active service. He personally could not do so at the moment as he was due to make a hundred at Scarborough next September. (Loud doubts.)

Mr. HOBBS asked if the first-class game might not borrow a hint from village clubs, where very often there were only two bats among the whole side. He personally, at the end of his innings, would be ready to hand his bat to the incoming player. (Cheers.) He would prefer to sell him a new one—(Laughter)—but in moments of national stress self-interest must be sacrificed.

Mr. SANDHAM said that as he usually went in first with HOBBS he would need a bat of his own to start with. But once out he would readily surrender it. (Applause.)

The Hon. ROBERT LYTTELTON pointed out that, if it came to the pinch, a single bat would of course suffice. Time would be lost in the process of exchange, but cricket was a leisurely game anyway. The non-batsman would carry a stick to touch the crease with.

Mr. A. P. F. CHAPMAN said that, having nothing to suggest, he would, if the company approved, sing "Willow, Tit Willow" from *The Mikado*.

At this point the meeting broke up in confusion. E. V. L.

"Week-ends at sea for people who have never seen the ocean or depressed business men are expected to prove popular with Americans."—*Daily Paper.*

People who *have* seen depressed business men need something more than a week-end at sea to correct the impression.

THE VALUE OF REHEARSALS.

[Mr. Aldous Huxley stated recently in the Press that a company of competent actors enables an author to discover during rehearsals what can be brought out and what is out of place in a play.]

I looked on it as clever;
You may elect to differ;
For me I know that never
Was undertaking stiffer;
I wrote a play, and certain friends whose stock-in-trade embraces
A gift for Thespian art agreed to put it through its paces.

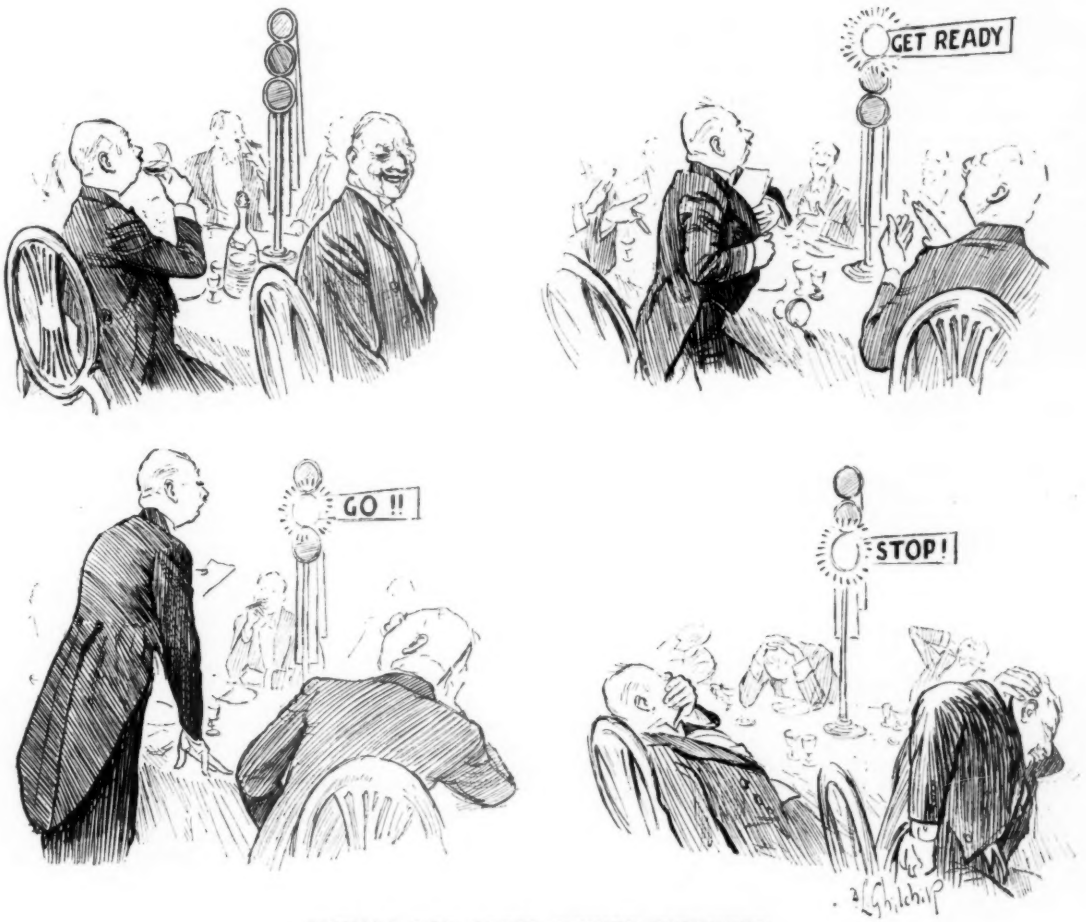
I thought, "Act I.'s a good one;
It's sure to be a winner;
One wouldn't think it, would one,
The work of a beginner?"
But acting it we realised that, though inspired and witty,
It needed, like some other Acts, redrafting in Committee.

I felt a virtuoso
In drama would have reckoned
The merit only so-so,
Perhaps, of Act the Second;
But by it as a novice I had been distinctly smitten;
We played it and decided, though, that it should be re-written.

Act III. was very happy;
On paper it was certain
The dialogue was snappy
And apposite the curtain;
But when we had rehearsed it we were moved (*nem. con.*) to carry
A vote to scrap the play complete and try a Milne or Barrie.

How cogent is the maxim—
Where was it that I read it?—
That, if the cast that backs him
Performs its work with credit,
When in rehearsals' troubled seas together they are plunging,
A dramatist can recognise the parts that need expunging.

C. B.



SIGNALS FOR AFTER-DINNER SPEAKERS.

Why not extend the usefulness of the latest in traffic control?

DITCHWATER.

I LAID down my pen, tired of this everlasting striving after brightness. Why mightn't I be dull for once, as Nature so obviously intended? I longed to surrender myself to dullness, to sink luxuriously into its depths till it closed above my head, a placid oily surface, without a ripple. To be as dull as ditchwater, how sensuously alluring! By the way, why is ditchwater always considered dull?

Suddenly I made up my mind to write an article on ditchwater.

I put on my stoutest boots and oldest clothes and sallied out to explore my subject. The first ditch was just across the road. I lay down and peered into its water.

"Tell me your secret, little ditch; why is your water dull?"

Ours is a main road, curving sharply opposite our house, which has no immediate neighbours. It is on the side of a steep hill highly provocative of noise in motor-cycles wanting to go quickly up it. I am an author, needing quiet. Coming down, the motor-cycles like to take a sporting chance of getting round the corner without reducing speed. I object to having my telephone used for summoning the ambulance, and have sometimes thought of putting out a notice: "Beware of the carriage drive!" but I can't really afford to make a carriage drive to fit the notice.

The noise made by the brakes on the motor-lorry gave me no chance to catch the ditch's answer. It drew up well in the middle of the road. The driver got down and I got up.

"What d'you think you're doing of?"

I explained mildly that I was talking to my favourite ditch.

"Well, you ain't got no business to go lying at the side of the road looking like a corpse. I thought you was one."

"No, I am still one stage off; I am a pedestrian."

"Nice kind of pedestrian you are! A pedestrian ain't got no right to lie in the middle of the road."

He seemed excited, so I said soothingly—

"A pedestrian has the right to pass and repass. I was engaged in——"

I suppose the owner of the limousine did blow his horn—he said he did—but the lorry-driver and I were too interested in our conversation. We heard nothing till we heard the brakes. The brakes were not put on quite soon enough. Without waiting to disentangle the two vehicles the owner of the limousine got out to join us. He piped a weak tenor to the lorry-driver's vibrant bass.

"This is absolutely disgraceful! I shall inform the police; I shall——"

"Ain't my fault," said the lorry-driver. "I thought he was a corpse, I did."

We couldn't help hearing the motor-cyclist, and we just jumped clear. But he never even attempted to put his brakes on. And there wasn't room to get round that corner, even for a motor-cyclist. His machine curvetted on the greensward for a dozen yards or so, then lay down. The world was quiet for a few seconds. Then the motor-cyclist roused himself from his reverie and came and joined us. He was a husky baritone.

"I thought you was a corpse, I did," boomed the bass. His mind seemed to run in a morbid groove.

"Standing all across the road like dumb images," remarked the baritone.

"My good fellow," piped the tenor, "you ought to have pulled up when you saw there was an accident ahead."

"Accident! There weren't no accident. He done it on purpose, pretending to be a corpse." The lorry-driver indicated me.

I have no sympathy with people who are always in a hurry. The driver of the Ford car coming down the hill at that moment was in a ridiculous hurry. So was the owner of the tri-car going up it. The road opposite our house began to present the appearance of a traffic-block singularly in need of regulation. As more people joined our little study-circle I had to begin all over again my lecture on a pedestrian's rights.

Presently it dawned upon me that these people were prejudiced against pedestrians.

"For two-twos I'd punch your nose," said the baritone.

"Better chuck him into his old ditch," growled the bass.

"No, no, no!" piped the tenor. "No violence, please. I'm going to ring up the police. I expect there's a telephone in there."

"I happen," I said, "to know that the owner of that house is an eccentric person who doesn't like his telephone being used by strangers."

But the tenor brushed away my kindly warning.

"We'll see about that," he piped. He then trotted importantly up what would have been my carriage-drive had I been able to afford one. I would have followed him, but growing unpopularity barred my way.

"You stay where you are!" the chorus said. They would have hissed it had there been sufficient s's.

I waited patiently, counting the motor-vehicles in the traffic-block. The number increased by about two every three minutes. It was a quarter-of-an-hour before the policeman came.

"What's all this here?"

"This is a traffic-block," I explained mildly.

The chorus, replete with prejudice, told him who had caused it and how.

"And what were you a-doing of, lying in the road?"

I told him. Then, as a fellow-pedestrian, he ought to have shown me sympathy.

"Wilfully obstructing traffic. I want your name and address, *if* you please."

A week later I returned from Court the lighter in my pocket by a ten-shilling fine and £1 15*s.* 6*d.* costs. Before turning in at what would have been my carriage-drive had I been able to afford it I paused to address the ditch.

"It's all your fault. Calling yourself dull, indeed!"

I bent a reproachful eye upon the ditch. The rains had temporarily ceased and there was only a very little water in it. But—

CAN WATER WINK?

That must be the subject of my next essay.

THE EXPLANATION.

[Statistics show that crime is most prevalent in spring, and least so in August and September. The reason for the decrease in these months is stated to be unknown.]

WHEN the earth in vernal splendour
Decks herself for April's wooing
The habitual offender
Itches to be up and doing;
When he sees the lambkins dance he
Feels no urge to love or rhyme;
His utilitarian fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of crime.

But he is not half so zealous
On from Lammas-day to Michael's
(Crime, the statisticians tell us,
Regularly goes in cycles);
And I think I know the reason,
Hid from dull official eyes,
Why his calling at this season
So infrequently he plies.

Wearied by his arduous labours
While our heads were on our pillows,
He in August, like his neighbours,
Seeks refreshment by the billows;
And I fancy from the faces
I recall beside the brine
That his taste in watering-places
Mostly coincides with mine.

"Republics have been proclaimed in Spain. Republics has been proclaimed in Spain."
Yorkshire Paper.

First thoughts are best.



Infuriated Customer. "GOOD HEAVENS! YOU'VE CUT IT TOO SHORT."
Nervous Assistant. "SORRY, SIR. SHALL I CUT IT AGAIN?"

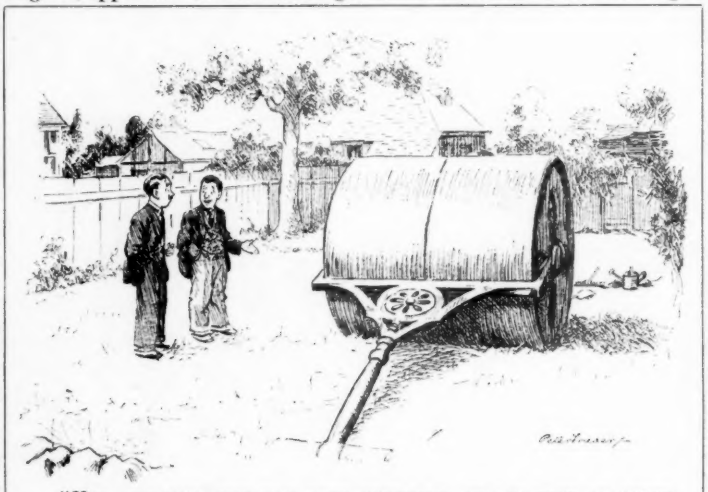
BAD LUCK WITH PIPES.

THERE is something about Apple which makes people give him pipes on his birthday. And there is something about these pipes—or maybe about Apple, again—which decrees that he shall never have any luck in smoking them. It seems that he just has Bad Luck with Pipes, in spite of the fact that by now he probably has been given every kind of pipe that exists. Apple, hard smoker that he is, has had pipes made of porcelain, meerschaum, metal, clay, gourd, corn-cob, and of course wood of all kinds from briar to, maybe, teak. Apple has had long pipes, short pipes, curly pipes and sculptured pipes of high architectural value. The old chap has even been given—a long while ago, by a friend who hasn't now been a friend for a long while—a hookah or, one should say, a *huqqa*. To be precise it was a home-made one, holding about a quart-and-a-half of water; but Apple's bad luck persisted even with that. It exploded for some reason never correctly fathomed by the Apple brain when it was still being smoked for the first time. Probably one of the hydraulic valves or something got blocked and too much atmospheric pressure was worked up in trying to clear away the obstruction. Anyway, Apple had just stopped for breath when a jet of water blew back at him down the mouthpiece and hit him a blow on the uvula like that from a battering-ram.

And, as stated, the machine held a quart-and-a-half of water, which was more than Apple conveniently could. So he put it aside, and now every spring it is used for growing crocus-bulbs.

Another peculiar pipe one birthday

brought along was a German one. It came direct from Bavaria, packed in a box that looked like a baby's coffin. For all Apple knows to this day it may really have been a baby's coffin. The pipe was all in pieces and Apple was supposed to put it together, but he never really got around to it. Too complicated for the simple old soul. There was an enormous porcelain bowl painted with a woodland scene showing a stout Bavarian gentleman in boy-scout uniform about to massacre a rabbit. There was a long wooden stem and a mouthpiece like something from a gas-fitter's bag of spare parts. There were various carved wooden joints and attachments for connecting up the stem and the bowl; and there was a sort of drainage sump, designed, apparently, by a skilled plumber, for it even had an inspection manhole. The whole instrument was tied round with a multitude of coloured cords and flowing tassels which put one in mind of a Bessarabian bandmaster's uniform. The bowl, one should add, had a lid on it like that on a beer-pot; and if only it had had a handle as well Apple would cheerfully have plugged up the subterranean aqueduct and used it for a beer-pot. As it was, he never really managed to assemble it properly. So it was put aside with the hookah and increased the annual show of crocuses.



"YES, OLD MAN, YOU MAY LOOK SURPRISED, FOR IT COST AN AWFUL LOT, BUT I WAS DETERMINED TO GET *ONE* GARDEN IMPLEMENT THAT COULDN'T BE BORROWED."

Apple had a little better luck with another long pipe. This one was English—rough, insular and quite unillustrated. It was merely a cross-section of bored-out cherry-tree trunk with a straight bough about eighteen inches long for a stem. At the end of this stem and connecting it to the actual mouthpiece was a little bit of limp tube, and the reason for this, the donor said, was to ensure flexibility in the otherwise rigid stem. Were the tube not there, an accidental knock on the bowl would with a pipe of that length produce such a powerful leverage up at the mouthpiece end as to distribute most of one's teeth over the surrounding scenery.

Unfortunately the mere thought of this disaster frightened poor old Apple so much that he approached his first smoke with extreme nervousness, and his trepidation was communicated to the pipe, with the result that the flexible mouthpiece quivered and danced like a flower in a breeze. It took nearly five minutes' snapping like a dog at a blue-bottle before Apple could trap it between his teeth, and once clamped on to it the old fellow didn't dare let go. So he never really enjoyed smoking that pipe. For another thing, he was so far, so to speak, from the scene of the fire that he could seldom persuade himself that it was really Apple who was smoking it, and not somebody else at the other end of the room. Moreover, after a week it began to make such odd uncouth noises that the sensitive Apple ear simply couldn't stand it and it had to be put aside in the woodshed. It was either that or boring a succession of holes down the stem, tin-whistle fashion, in order to get the sound under some sort of harmonious control and so combine music and tobacco in a kind of single-handed smoking-concert.

It was one birthday about four years ago that Smoker Apple achieved a very fine meerschaum pipe. He was told that skilful work on his part would in time bring it to a most beautiful colour—an enterprise to which an Apple uncle once devoted most of his three years at the university. But that pipe was never really coloured well, chiefly because after the third smoking the thoughtless Apple inadvertently followed his usual custom of tapping his pipe out on the fire-bars. Whereupon the thing promptly broke with a loud crack and a conchoidal fracture into two halves, for ever doomed to pallidity.

Similarly the corn-cob pipe—from a friend in America—would have been a great success had the stem not been lost early on and the cob a little later. And there was a very wonderful and highly-polished machine which was so skilfully fitted up with internal apparatus to prevent nicotine and moisture reaching the lips that one could never persuade any smoke along to the lips either, unless it was started up from cold with petrol. There was too a Japanese pipe with a long cane stem and a small metal bowl which grew red-hot after ten minutes. Apple thinks it must have been used for opium before he got it, as the poor old piece could never smoke it without dreaming he was lying on rose-leaves, being fanned by eleven houris and waking up with a mouth like a grate.

The only gift-pipe, indeed, Apple smoked at all with any satisfaction was a tiny affair about taree inches long and holding about half-a-scruple of tobacco. He smoked five pipes in six minutes, including reloading, and it was not till the end of the week he discovered that it was really only a cigarette-holder made in the form of a miniature pipe.

But the tragedy of Apple's life was a beautiful churchwarden pipe, twenty inches in length, presented somewhat inconsiderately at a party given by some medical students. Miraculously surviving a certain subsequent liveliness, during which it was knocked on the floor and remained unbroken, it was carried by Apple in a hushed silence to a taxi, which at once ran into a lamppost. The lamppost and quite a lot of the taxi was smashed, but the pipe came through. After this Apple took a bus as being safer, and, finding it full inside, actually carried the pipe unharmed to the top of the swaying vehicle. Enduring buffeting and adverse comment—if you have ever tried to go home on a bus at midnight with an opera-hat and a twenty-inch clay pipe, you'll understand his feelings—Apple at last got it home and embarked upon a ceremonial smoke. He had filled it carefully and, sitting in an armchair, was just applying a careful match when without warning the thing fell into three pieces in his hands!

But then Apple just has Bad Luck with Pipes. A. A.

Good News for Shinglers.

"Customers shaved at the back during alterations."—*Barber's Notice at Stamford.*



The modiste said, "Modom in black looks divine."



Modom's maid said, "Modom looks perfect in black."



Modom's husband was quite nice about it.



Modom herself said, "Black suits me."



And then Modom found that, by a curious coincidence, black suits everybody else.

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE LATCHKEY.

Mr. Semolina always used to say that he didn't think the young people of to-day were half so bad as they were made out to be, but when his daughter Irene asked him for a latchkey he said he had never heard of such a thing and if one of Irene's aunts had asked her father for a latchkey he thought he would have had a fit.

And Irene said well he couldn't have been much more gaga than he was anyhow, and my aunts wouldn't have known what to do with a latchkey except to put it down their backs when they had hiccups, still if you don't mind sitting up for me when I want to be out late perhaps I can do without a latchkey, let's have a cocktail, I feel rather wuzzy through being obliged to get up so early.

And Mr. Semolina was more shocked than ever and he said why you didn't get up till lunch-time and I shall be carried out of this house feet foremost before I allow cocktails in it, you ought to be ashamed of yourself.

And she said perhaps I ought but I'm not. Well goodbye old bunch of rhubarb, I'm going for a hum with Charlie Porricker in his two-seater and we are going to have dinner at Brighton and when we come back I daresay we shall look in at a few night clubs and have breakfast at a coffee-stall, so you needn't sit up for me, if I come back before the milk I can throw a pebble up at your window.

Well Mr. Semolina was so shocked at this that he nearly had a fit himself, and as Irene had only come back from school the day before he didn't know what to do about it and he called in Mrs. Semolina to advise him. And Irene sat down in an arm-chair showing more of her legs than he had seen since she had been a baby, and she lit a cigarette which he had never seen her do before and hadn't said she might, and she said well I've got a few minutes to spare and I should like to hear you and Ma have a scrap, but I don't think you'll get much change out of her, you don't generally.

Well Mrs. Semolina believed in girls having a good time, which she hadn't had herself as she had had to go out as a nursery-governess when she was seventeen and she had married Mr. Semolina for his money so as to get out of it, but she had been a good wife to him and put up with his snoring, and nobody would have known of it if they hadn't been told. And when she came into the room Irene said to her well Ma here's the old grampus wanting to spoil sport as usual, I just asked him for a latchkey so as not to wake up the whole house if I come in late and anybody would think I had tried to pinch his watch by the way he has been going on.

And Mrs. Semolina said oh give the girl a latchkey Josiah, we are not living in the times of KING NEBUCHADNEZZAR, she won't do any harm with it. And Mr. Semolina was so upset by this that he could only make noises in his throat,



"SO THEN THEY THOUGHT THEY HAD BETTER STAY THERE."

and she said it's no good your gobbling at me like a turkey, I have given in to you all these years and been trampled on just as if I was so much garbage, surely I can speak my mind for once. So Mr. Semolina handed over his latchkey and he said I shall never get over this, I have been wounded in my tenderest place.

And Mrs. Semolina said your tenderest place is where your waistcoat ends, and if you get three good meals a day you can leave the rest to me. You can do anything with me if you treat me properly, I am like that, but I won't be bullied or treated like dirt beneath your great flat feet, and now your daughter has come home do for goodness' sake learn to behave yourself and let her have a good opinion of you, I am tired of trying to keep your end up with her.

And Irene said well ta-ta children, be good and don't go out on the razzle-dazzle, you can leave all that to me now. And just then Charlie Porricker's car was heard outside and she went out and got into it.

Well Mrs. Semolina went on talking at Mr. Semolina for some time after Irene had gone and he could only sit and groan and wish he hadn't married her, but it was too late for him to divorce her now and marry somebody else, and when she was nice to him he didn't want to, because he had got used to her. And when she had finished saying all she could think of to him she was suddenly quite amiable in her manners and said she had a nice piece of salmon for dinner and she thought he was looking rather tired so he had better get out a bottle of champagne.

Well Irene and Charlie Porricker had a nice drive to Brighton and they had dinner there, but it wasn't a very good one as he found he only had enough money to pay for a cut off the joint for both of them which included cheese and biscuits, and they only drank water which neither of them minded because they really liked it better than wine or cocktails, and they didn't go to any night clubs when they came back because they didn't know where they were, and besides Charlie Porricker only had ninepence left, so it was only about twelve o'clock when they came back to where Irene lived. And as she was getting out of the car Charlie Porricker asked her if she would mind him kissing her. And she said yes I should, because I don't go in for that sort of thing, but you can kiss the back of your hand very loud if you like so that if Pa happens to be awake he will think you are kissing me. But he didn't care about doing that, so she said well good-night old turnip, just wait until I have opened the door and turned up the light inside.

So he waited, and she fumbled about and said why good gracious I have lost the latchkey.

Well what had happened was that she had dropped the latchkey while she was getting into the car and some burglars had picked it up, and they were in the house at that very minute burgling it. But of course Irene didn't know that, and she said the only thing



"Cedric, what became of that other raisin?"

to do is to throw one of your spanners in at Pa's window.

So she did that, and the spanner broke one of the panes of glass, and Mr. Semolina came to the window and said don't wake your Ma, I will come down and let you in.

So he came down on tiptoe and let Irene in, and she said to Charlie Porricker well good-bye old haricot, I should like to ask you in for a cocktail but you have had so many that it might make you blotto. And Mr. Semolina was shocked to the bottom of his soul. But just then he saw a light underneath the dining-room door, which didn't fit very well, and he said what's that? And Irene said oh I expect it is burglars who have found my latchkey, what a lark, you go and telephone for the police and leave me to tackle them.

So Mr. Semolina went into a little room at the back of the hall and telephoned for the police and Irene got her hockey-stick out of the umbrella-stand and waited. And soon afterwards two burglars came rushing out of the dining-room and made for the front-door, but Irene tripped them both up with her hockey-stick and said if they tried to get up she would hit them on the head with it. And she did hit one of them on the head who thought she might be joking or something and tried to get up, so then they thought they had better stay there, and the police soon came and took them away.

So it ended by Mr. Semolina being rather pleased with Irene, and after they had all had a nice holiday at Ramsgate she went into an office to learn type-writing, and Mr. Semolina gave her another latchkey, and he soon got used to her going out with it and said that he didn't think the young people of to-day were half so bad as they were made out to be. A. M.

Crustacean Fruit on the Tree of Metaphor.

"The time will come when all this 'tosh' about the sun's rays will be consigned to the limbo of the past, and one crab to Kenya as a 'White Man's Country' will be exploded for ever."—*East African Paper.*

"Mixed Bathing at Heywood?

The Baths Committee reported that the secretary of the Grundy Swimming Club had written urging that mixed bathing be allowed."—*Manchester Paper.*

The Grundy family appears at last to have cut loose from the old lady.

"Senorita d'Alvarez has announced her intention of playing this season in the new 'trouser skirt.' I hardly think even she will have the timidity to introduce the fashion to the courts at Wimbledon."—*Belfast Paper.*

One hopes that the skirt itself is not given to shrinking.

CAPE HORN DAYS.

III.—Tower of Babel.

Annabel Lee
Is the name on the label,
Reckon it oughter be
Tower o' Babel,

For there ain't a lingo
That's spoke or swore in
From San Domingo
To Tuti-*cor*-in,

From the Pole or near it
To Pernambuker
But what you'll 'ear it
On board this 'ooker.

And I give you my word, in our port watch
There's English and Irish and Welsh and Scotch,
A Finn, a Swede and a Portuguee,
A Frenchy, a Bim* and a heathen Chinee,
And a son of a Dutch, son of a Greek,
Son of a nigger from Martinique.

C. F. S.

Eulogy or Libel?

"The Prime Minister and three of his colleagues called on Mr. Snowden on Sunday. It is now expected that the Budget deficiency will be in the neighbourhood of £25,000,000."
Somerset Paper.

*A native of Barbados.



MANNERS AND MODES ON THE CÔTE D'AZUR.

GREETING THE BENISON OF THE SUN AT CANNES: A SKETCH ON LA CROISETTE.

THE SLEEPER AWAKENED.

DIGGING of late, for reasons of their own,
Deep in the earth men found a chunk of stone,
A solid chunk and hefty, all unlined
With crack or cranny of the smallest kind.
Urged by that Power which those whose minds are low
Call "Accident," and a fat lot they know,
They split the rock, and in the heart thereof—
Pause, doubter, ere you give the sceptic cough
(Sceptic, not septic)—found, serenely stowed,
A large and wholly unexpected toad.

How he'd arrived at that peculiar spot
I do not know, and it concerns me not;
For what unnumbered ages he'd been there,
I, as a fact, am wholly unaware;
His long divorce from food and light and drink
Affords a problem too from which I shrink;
Thinking I always hold a needless strain;
You get no further and it tires the brain.
Though one might like to learn his point of view
On this old world which now he sees anew;
For instance, where he left the hairy ape
He now finds man, a questionable shape,
And in the place of giant lizards' toes
Great heavy boots to squish him as he goes,
Which, as a detail, one would soothly say,
Comes to the same thing in a different way;
Though beyond doubt there must be lots of change
To draw his notice in his daily range.
At all such questionings I draw the line;
They are his business; they are not mine.

But here we have a toad, above whose head
Unnumbered æons quietly have sped,
Whose life in its sequestered calm has been
Composed, retired, unspeakably serene—
No risk, no weather, no degrading fuss
At hunting food (toads are carnivorous)—
Dug from his slumbers and obscenely hurled
Out on a clumsy and relentless world;
Instead of rest, immune from cold and heat,
He must go snooping round for things to eat
(He being, as I think I said before,
A humble but undoubted carnivore);
Instead of pleasing safety, he must feel
Terror of being squished by foot or wheel;
And, mind you, till his new existence ends,
In all the toad world he will find no friends,
But will be doomed to walk his lonely road
A ghostly and anachronistic toad.
Ah, when I muse upon his former state
And how he's feeling at this present date,
I'd give a bit to learn his views about
Those men, those callous men, who had him out.

DUM-DUM.



HISTORY REVISES ITSELF.

MESSENGER. "A SPANISH SAIL IN SIGHT!"

JOHN BULL. "IF IT'S KING ALFONSO, LET HIM COME, AND WELCOME."

[Without pretending to forecast the political future, Mr. Punch here attempts to reflect the affectionate welcome that awaits KING ALFONSO if he ultimately decides to make England his home.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, April 14th.—It was apparent that the House had reassembled in a subdued state of mind. A relatively non-contentious measure, the Town-Planning Bill, a Vote of Censure whose result is not really in doubt, and after that the Budget, offered a prospect in which the most resilient optimist could hardly detect occasion for mirth.

The House pricked up its ears when Sir HERBERT SAMUEL asked Mr. GRAHAM for a kind word about the Oslo Fiscal Convention. Mr. GRAHAM explained that Britain was not among the signatories of the Convention, and the House's ears lay down again. From that position neither the fears of Mr. DAY that Army bands were undercutting trade union musicians, nor Mr. FRANK OWEN'S comforting suggestion that Argentine tinned beef purchased for the Army is really Hereford beef that has felt the broadening influences of travel, could arouse them.

Civil Estimates in Committee gave Mr. GREENWOOD an opportunity of defending the Government's housing policy, and the House an opportunity of taking Mr. GREENWOOD down a peg, which it embraced with a good deal of unanimity. Apart from the gratifying news that the cost of a non-parlour house had fallen from £362 in 1928 to £340 in 1930, and that the occupants of casual wards can only be required to break stones with the approval of the Ministry of Health, the MINISTER'S account of his stewardship was a rather colourless affair.

Sir KINGSLEY WOOD began by congratulating—not the MINISTER, but the Scots, who, it appeared, were better off in the matter of National Health Insurance finance because they drank less medicine. It doesn't take a bottle a day to keep the doctor away from a Scotsman—at any rate, not that sort of bottle. Turning to the question of housing, Sir KINGSLEY pointed out that, while unemployment in the building trades had soared from 67,742 in the Conservative Government's last year of office to 207,738 in February, 1931, nevertheless the Government had allowed the figure of new houses to drop to 161,000—two-thirds of the number built in 1927, and barely enough to cover replacement needs.

After Sir KINGSLEY WOOD had shot his bolt other Members from all sides arose and discharged the arrows of criticism into the devoted MINISTER, who, if the shafts had been visible to the eye, must have emerged from the debate in a condition recalling the martyred ST. SEBASTIAN or the traditionally fretful porcupine. It



ST. SEBASTIAN
FINDS HIMSELF ASSAILED FROM BEHIND AS WELL AS FROM BEFORE.
THE MINISTER OF HEALTH.

is just possible that Mr. GREENWOOD'S own Ministerial fretfulness attracted some of the shafts. Anyway, there was Mr. E. D. SIMON asking what had become of the fifteen-year programme of the Wheatley Act Financial Memorandum; Mr. QUIBELL of Brigg—no harmless brig, but a veritable Q-boat—opening fire on his own Party's Minister for not standing up to the local authorities when they turned down housing schemes; and Mr. OLDFIELD, whose description of his visit to a "training centre," where he found a "man who in ordinary life put slates on roofs," a carman and a house-breaker being taught to shave one another, did not cause the consternation that might have been expected.

Wednesday, April 15th.—After his painful experience as a target for the slings and arrows of outrageous criticism in the matter of housing, Mr. GREENWOOD must have been comparatively gratified to find himself piloting a measure—the Town and Country Planning Bill—that appeared to meet with general approval. Anyway, it met with Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN'S approval and wrung a measure of rather patronising welcome from Mr. E. D. SIMON. Nevertheless this wholesale attempt to keep this blessed spot, this earth, this realm, this England, untarnished by the all-pervading loathsomeness of ribbon development, gas-works, jerry-builders, and other sores on the body architectural—had its opponents, of whom Lord HARTINGTON may without undue flattery be said to have been the cream. The Bill in his view was pale-pink half-baked Socialism. It was calling in the local authorities, the worst tree-felling, rubbish-dump-creating and petrol-pump-erecting fiends in the country, to keep England beautiful. It was—but why pursue the evil theme?

> "Farewell, happy fields,
> Where joy for ever dwells: hail, horrors, hail!"

Mr. NOEL BAKER had quoted this couplet as epitomising the ocular blight of industrialism. The Noble Marquis agreed that the horrors were imminent. He declined to believe that the Bill would do anything to divert them. He was not alone. That astute Liberal, Mr. HORE-BELISHA, had some thorns under his tongue for a measure which, he said, professed to consolidate, but did not explain what was consolidated. As far as he was concerned, the Bill seemed chiefly intended to enable not merely Ministers but local authorities to override Parliament. "The hon. lady, the PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY," said Mr. HORE-BELISHA bitterly, "becomes a sort of sylvan nymph under these provisions, and every tree under which



"A LITTLE BIT OF SUGAR FOR THE BIRD."
JIMMY THOMAS DOES HIS DAY'S GOOD DEED.

she gambols is to be scheduled and nobody is to knock it down." The Government, he added, "was seeking to build up that most impossible of all civilizations, a statutory civilization."

That really summed up the arguments against the Bill; for the rest, Miss LAWRENCE had ample justification for thanking Members for their reception of it. Thereafter the House deferred its adjournment long enough to allow the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR DOMINION AFFAIRS to explain the arrangements made for the postponement of the payment of interest on Australia's war indebtedness.

Thursday, April 16th.—By way of giving a cheery start to a big day—for was not this the day set down for Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's periodical salvation of the Labour Party?—Miss BONDFIELD informed a number of questioners that the Unemployment Fund Debt was now £76,940,000, and the limit of borrowing now set at £90,000,000 would be reached in thirteen weeks.

This information might have been expected to sharpen the edge of what purported to be a debate on unemployment, but the last thing the debate was in fact expected to reveal was some new and really useful unemployment scheme. It was staged in order to ascertain how many Liberals were willing to help Mr. LLOYD GEORGE keep the Government in office. The division indicated that thirty-seven were prepared to do so, while ten were equally ready and willing to turn them out, an odd five being apparently eager to do nothing about it.

Even that expected result did not require a more or less aimless debate to demonstrate it. There could be no question of turning the Government out eleven days before the Budget, and the fight was accordingly a sham one in every respect. Even at that it was not particularly convincing. Mr. BALDWIN marshalled the Government's sins of omission adequately enough. He has done it so often now that the recital has become almost a litany. It is needless to add that he cast his speech in that vein of admirable and incisive banter of which he is a past-master. His description of Sir OSWALD MOSLEY as "a realist with his feet planted firmly on the ground and sometimes, acrobatic as it may sound, his ear too" was charming. Briefly, if the purpose of the debate was to demonstrate the Government's roseate promises to relieve unemployment made at election-time, and its complete failure to cope with unemployment in office, the case was complete when Mr. BALDWIN sat down.

The House, always uneasily aware that the old hands occupy far too much of its limelight, is always glad to see one of the youngsters getting a chance, and in being put up to defend the Government's unemployment policy in a



THURSDAY'S STAR TURN.
THE LORD PRIVY SEAL DEXTEROUSLY SUPPORTS THE GOVERNMENT'S EIGHT POINTS.

full-dress debate Mr. TOM JOHNSTON, the new Lord Privy Seal, was given his first chance of a top-line performance. His tactics were admirable. Ignoring the "selected oratorical efforts" of his colleagues with which



A COAT OF MANY COLOURS.
DAVID FOLLOWS THE FASHION OF JOSEPH.

[Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, on the Vote of Censure, described himself as "a humble disciple of Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN."]

the LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION had made such play, he settled down soberly to itemising the Government's virtues of commission, obviously hoping that the House, impressed with this admirable catalogue of legislative effort, would overlook the fact that its total effect on employment had been *nil*. The House listened patiently, all of it that is to say except Lady ASTOR, who had to be threatened with expulsion by the SPEAKER before her anxiety to share the floor with the MINISTER could be quelled. As for the future, it was hard to detect in the MINISTER'S speech any trace of the Government's reputed determination to set up wheat quotas. Mr. JOHNSTON rather gave the impression that the under-paid agricultural labourer was to be solaced with a new house at a nominal rent.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was cast to make the speech of the evening, but, needless to say, it had nothing to do with unemployment." "I have risen," he told the House, "to explain the position of the Members who are acting with me." He did that succinctly enough. Their position, it appeared, was that they were not going to turn the ineffectual Mr. MACDONALD out in order to put the food-taxing Mr. BALDWIN in. Or was he a food-taxer? He had never explained, and it was dishonest of him to bring forward this motion of censure when he had never explained to the House what his own unemployment policy was. As for himself, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE defended his support of the Government on the ground that the Motion of Censure was not one which he would have himself felt justified in bringing forward.

Sir ROBERT HORNE told Mr. LLOYD GEORGE in blunt terms that he was really supporting the Government to defer his Party's impending extinction at the polls.

Mr. MACDONALD found the Censure Motion "odd," and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN thought that a Government which, when our industries were being ruined, had no remedy to offer but fertilizers for allotments, bigger and better cemeteries, increased taxation and a Royal Commission on Unemployment Insurance, did not deserve the confidence of the House. Mr. MORRISON accused the Opposition of sneering at the British Trade Exhibition in Buenos Ayres, with the result that the debate ended, not on a trumpet note of perfervid oratory, but with shouting and noise.

"The bride wore a long dress of ivory georgette with inlets of silver lace and a veil of organ blossoms."—*Welsh Paper.*

A spray of open diapasons makes a good *dernier cri*.



Dealer (after hounds have killed on far side of formidable stream). "Did you try the brook with him?"
American Patron. "No, *Sir.* Old horse looked round and said, 'I'm not jumping the Hudson River to-day, Wilbur,' and I said, 'Okay, horse.'"

A DIE-HARD INDEED.

[All motor-transport has been prohibited by Mathiba, Paramount Chief of the Batawana tribe in Bechuanaland, because it is destroying his people's only industry, which is ox-wagon transport.]

The Chief of Bechuanaland—
A monarch of the ancient brand,
A type whom I can understand—
  Refuses any licence
To motor-cars, no matter what,
Or any transport which is not
Propelled about from spot to spot
  By buffaloes or bisons.

Resister of new-fangled ways,
I strike for him the harp of praise,
Mathiba with the wrathful gaze,
  Prohibitor of dumping!
He clings to the ancestral ox,
And when he sees a petrol-box
He goes for it and gives it socks
  And sends it backwards bumping.

Whatever may occur in Spain
(Where modern notions now obtain)
To Bechuanaland in vain
  Men bring their motor-lorries,
Mathiba orders them to quit,
Mathiba on his throne is "it,"
Mathiba hands the frozen mitt
  To Messrs. Ford and Morris.

Protector of his native craft,
With cattle fore and cattle aft,
Mathiba does not feel the draught
  Of foreign competition;
And all along the splendid roads
Of Bechuanaland the loads,
Led on by lads with whips and goads,
  Maintain their proud position.

I do not like to travel now,
For everywhere I notice how
The splendid and historic cow
  Is giving way to motors;
But, when I do, my steps I trace
To countries where the bovine race
Preserve their dignity and grace
  As my portmanteau-toters.

To Bechuanaland will I
When all the Tuscan oxen die,
When Asia trembles to the cry
  Of engines and of tooting;
When gasoline and grease are tinned
In Patagonia and Ind
My nose shall snuff the Afric wind,
  Which still defies polluting.

When buses roll along the Strand
With people bound for Samarcand
I'll book to Bechuanaland,
  Mathiba I will visit;
And all my heavy trunks shall go
From point to point by buffalo,
In Bechuanaland the slow:
  And, by the way, where is it?*

Evoe.

A Wonderfully Central District.

"A Lady leaving Town wishes to let well-furnished Flat nr. all theatres at once."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

Lamb into Halibut.

"If, for a change, the cook wishes to serve her cold joint up as a fried fish dish, she must be careful to protect it well before putting it into the frying pan or frying basket."
Stockport Paper.

"St. Mark's Hall: 8 p.m., Wimbledon Junior Imperial League present 'The Play Boy of the Western Front' (Synge)."
Suburban Paper.

We hope the Play Boy won't disturb the well-known "quiet" of this neighbourhood.

*To avoid correspondence, I have found out.

AT THE PICTURES.

"TOM SAWYER" (PLAZA).

IF ever I needed an inducement to go to the theatre, it would not be found in the circumstance that the play had been adapted for the stage from one of my favourite books. On the contrary, I should recoil and spend the evening in some other way. The recoil might be less violent if the play were purely one of action, such as the versions of STANLEY WEYMAN'S costume stories; but if it were a novel of character that the dramatist had seized upon—say, by DICKENS or JANE AUSTEN—neither wild horses nor the most powerful and well-organised motor-cars could draw me thither. I have the same reluctance, only stronger, to see my nearest and dearest friends in fiction put on the screen; not merely because the film-producing mind is so licentiously willing to sacrifice truth, but also because the odds are that *Mr. Micawber*, say, and *Mr. Woodhouse*, and *Becky Sharp*, and *Tom Brown*, and *Mrs. Nickleby* would turn out to be Americans.

Two of the immortal boys whom I hoped never to see on the films are *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*. But what's the use? The hungry screen now gobbles everything up, and



THE LOVE INTEREST.

Becky Thatcher . MISS MITZI GREEN.
Tom Sawyer . . MASTER JACKIE COOGAN.

there they are, at the Plaza, in a version of MARK TWAIN'S first story about them, which I am bound to say has been prepared with the utmost skill and reverence. This care and fidelity to the fact may be there because the producer, Mr. JOHN CROMWELL, was dealing with an American classic of a very special kind, primarily for American audiences who knew it well enough to check him off; but they may exist also because he is a more conscientious artist than most of his kind. Whatever



THE MAN WHO KEPT HIS WATCH AT THE RACES.

Thug. "IF THE PRODOOCER WOULD ONLY GIVE US THE CHARNST!"
Amos Purdie . . . MR. LESLIE HENSON.

the reason, the film is one of the best arranged and best acted that I have seen.

The two boys are not my *Tom*, not my *Huck*; but I am sure they satisfied most of the audience at the Plaza on the evening I was there; and that is the test. Isolated and rather exacting persons who happen to have been re-reading MARK TWAIN rather recently don't count. But if JACKIE COOGAN'S *Tom Sawyer* is too much on the dreamy side and lacks his fertility of resource, swift decisiveness and managerial impatience, and if JUNIOR DURKIN'S *Huck Finn* has a listlessness and want of the true nomadic devilry, there remains the *Sid* of a second JACKIE—JACKIE SEARL—with whom I can find no fault. This child should go far, but not in the romantic paths along which I seem to see the COOGAN youth advancing, ultimately to be something of a VALENTINO. No, JACKIE SEARL will end as the sardonic comedian that he now is, merely with ripeness added. Nor can I find much fault with MITZI GREEN'S *Becky Thatcher*. A very engaging performance hers, in both senses of the word. Never have I seen guileful and dangerous womanhood crystallized in one of such tender years. The film is worth seeing for *Becky* alone.

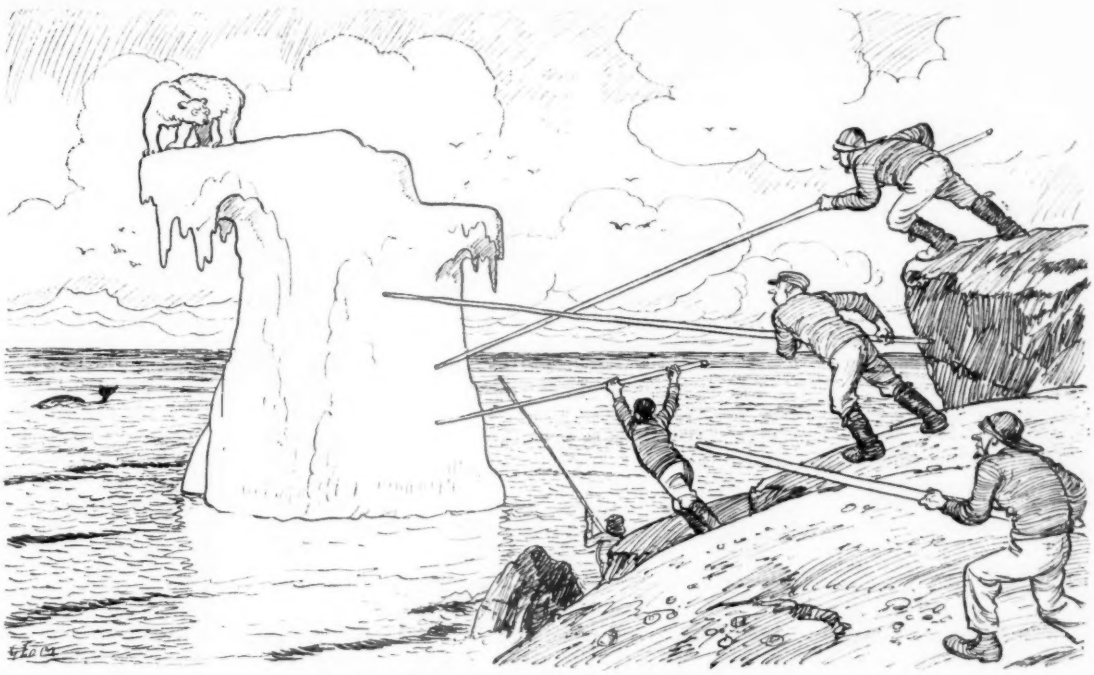
But as a whole it is good; it never wanders from the salient incidents of the story, comic or gruesome, and every one gets the most out of them, both the big-type members of the cast and the small-typers too. In fact, with what could not be called promising material, so much having to be extracted from the infantile and inexperienced, a most interesting hour-and-a-half has been evolved. And what a relief to be removed for so long from passion and the sophisticated criminal underworld! *Becky Thatcher*, it is true, would like to be kissed, and *Tom Sawyer* has the makings of a fond admirer; but their manifestations of emotion are the merest pecks. No producer, not even of the coarsest fibre, could cry "Hold that!"

A little of the CROMWELL touch would have been of great service when the British film, *The Sport of Kings*, at the Tivoli, was in the making; for even in a farce one likes to find something credible—to believe for a moment that such people might be; but no effort in that direction has been made. Mr. LESLIE HENSON is introduced as the bigoted but apparently genuine president of an anti-gambling league, a J.P. and responsible thrifty citizen, but after a few minutes' conversation with Mr. HUGH WAKEFIELD, a professional backer, he throws his convictions and public career overboard and begins to bet, and, with a little more



Mr. LESLIE HENSON. "THINGS ARE GOING A BIT FLAT; I'D BETTER PULL ANOTHER FACE."

persuasion from his butler (Mr. GORDON HARKER), forgets all his native miserliness and actually shouts the odds as a welshing bookmaker and decamps with the money of a hundred poorish people. Nor are we asked to look upon him as a mental case; this is all done deliberately. Meanwhile Mr. WAKE-



METEOROLOGICAL OFFICE ACTIVITIES.

Staving off a cold snap on the Cornish Coast.

FIELD, with punctual outbursts of the poultry-yard mirth that is now expected of him, is either making serious love to the J.P.'s typist or playing with her—no one can tell which. If the results of all this nonsense were funny, one would not perhaps mind, but with the best of wishes I failed to find them so. Whenever, beneath the make-up of the J.P., Mr. HENSON revealed the celebrated grotesque elasticity of his features and the inward rollings of his eyes, there were shouts of delight; but as the social reformer pure and simple, or impure and complex, he could do little for our well-being. The wonder is that, recognising the poverty of the plot and its total surrender to improbability, he did not pull faces all the time.

A prize is offered, to be won during the run of the picture, for a criticism of it in fifty words. Mr. EDGAR WALLACE, who, one would think, already has enough to do, is to make the decision, the happy winner then having the choice between ten pounds or a free trip to the Derby for two persons, including "luxurious transport," champagne for lunch and a pound on the Tote. Should any competitor feel that he needs a little help, he is at liberty to select his fifty words from the foregoing remarks. E. V. L.

ON THE DOLE.

THIS early-morning habit
Of scattering bread and meat
Where birds can land and grab it
Or perch awhile and eat
Is getting very serious
And threatens to produce
Conditions deleterious
To gardens and their use.

Continually tempted
By something on the shelf,
Bird-life will be exempted
From fending for itself;
The margin will grow narrow
'Twixt usage and abuse,
The tit grow like the sparrow,
The wren go to the deuce.

The thrush will cease from breaking
His snail upon the path,
The blackbird give up shaking
His feathers in the bath,
And while the worms lie turning
And twisting in their bed
The robin will be yearning
To have a bit of bread.

Imagine what disorder
Will thereupon ensue
In the herbaceous border
And kitchen-garden too:
Secure from interference
Vile insects will arise
And bring about a clearance
Of all the flowers we prize.

The caterpillar, prancing
Towards the lettuce-leaves,
Will meet the slugs advancing
And rolling up their sleeves,
And while the wire-worm safe is
Twined round the rose's roots,
The emerald-bodied aphis
Will grapple with the shoots.

Think too of all the quarrels
The birds will have at dawn
While waiting in the laurels
For breakfast on the lawn,
Thrushes accusing thrushes
Of blocking up the view,
And blackbirds making rushes
To try to break the queue.

So, if a robin comes up
And seems inclined to swear
Because we've swept the crumbs up
And left the table bare,
We'll suffer no compunction
But force him to confirm
Our theory that his function
Is to absorb a worm.

"POOR TRADE RETURNS."
Morning Paper Headline.

We didn't know it had gone away.

AT THE PLAY.

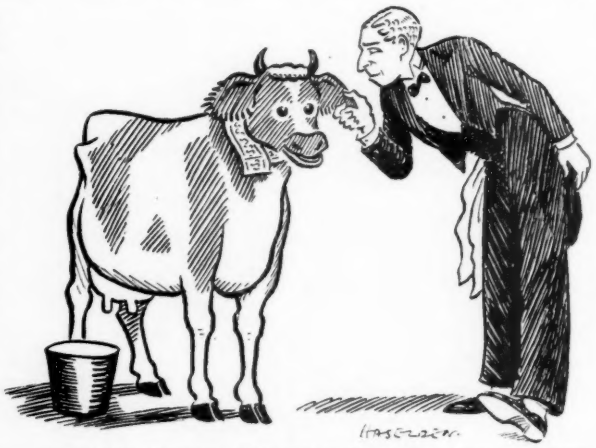
"WHITE HORSE INN" (COLISEUM).

YOU have no doubt recently, perhaps by this morning's post, received one of those sinister oblong mud-grey envelopes so sedulously circulated at this season by the revenue inquisitors. Put the unclean thing under a paper-weight and proceed with your family forthwith to the Coliseum.

You will find it *en fête*. The smart page-girls have, with their gay Tyrolean costumes, put on a new comeliness, of which they are, with a slightly abashed self-consciousness, pleasantly aware. Two four-storey châlets, annexes of the inn, cover the near-stage boxes. Gay medallions and festoons are hung along all the galleries. It is obviously an occasion. We are all agog with that queer excitement of the theatre which visits us so rarely. There are whispers that Sir OSWALD STOLL, who, we recollect with gratitude, has provided us with such excellent and varied entertainment in this house, has, after an adverse turn of fortune, played a bold hand and won. Let plain cataloguing of some of the brilliant and confused and confusing facts save us from a too ingenuous enthusiasm.

White Horse Inn is an adaptation for spectacle on an heroic scale of a comedy by HANS MUELLER. The adapter and producer of this astonishing affair, astonishing in scale, in jollity, in mechanism, in variety, is ERIK CHARELL, who has been hailed as a young man of genius, and it is for us, on the evidence, merely to endorse the verdict. The English book is by Captain HARRY GRAHAM, which means that it has a workmanlike distinction and pleasant wit. The story—slight, nonsensical, sentimental—matters no more than is usual in this kind of thing. But our English comedians, Mr. CLIFFORD MOLLISON, head-waiter at "The White Horse"; Mr. JACK BARTY, a manufacturer of underclothes, on holiday, and a rival underclothes-maker, Mr. GEORGE GEE, fit well into the picture, and we have no reason to be ashamed of them. Miss LEA SEIDL, now an established favourite among us, is the proprietress of "The White Horse Inn."

Herr ERNST STERN, also by now an established favourite with us, has devised the dresses and the scenes. It is something that our own native scene-painters, Messrs. ALICK JOHNSTONE and JOHN BRUNSKILL, our costumiers, Messrs. SIMMONDS, our electricians and stage carpenters, have been able to meet with credit the heavy demands made upon them.



Leopold (Mr. CLIFFORD MOLLISON) to Cow (anonymous). "A WORD IN YOUR EAR."

The music is almost swamped by the spectacle, but two songs in the second Act, the headwaiter's temporary farewell to his adored proprietress, which has a most fascinating pattern, and "You Too," a charming piece of sane sentimentality by ROBERT STOLZ, were particularly noteworthy.

Few apparently, besides the admirable Marquartsteiner Tyrolese Dancers, of a cast which must have numbered nearer two hundred than a hundred-and-fifty, are importations. And if this is the fact the producer must indeed possess an uncanny skill in the handling of his material and the material itself be eminently teachable, for there was achieved a plausible effect of authentically native foresters, goatherds, dairymaids, villagers and bourgeois—not mere stiff masquerading Britishers.

There stand out in my memory, almost hopelessly confused indeed by a surfeit of agreeable sensations and impressions, Herr STERN's brilliant opening scene of the inn on the lakeside among the high Alps, darkly wooded below, snow-capped above, and much happy nonsense by Mr. JACK BARTY with trunks and the cuckoo-clock-like appearance of his humorously indignant face at a high attic window; the arrival of the charabanc and (practicable) lake steamer with a bride and bridegroom giving occasion for mild ribaldry; the spirited dancing and mock fighting of the Tyrolese young men and the melodious yodelling of a sweet-voiced young woman; the gay crowded market scene; the public baths with their complement of athletic young maidens and men; the storm with its scudding clouds, thunder, lightning and (strictly localised) authentic rain; a charming mountain-side scene with goats and the local yodelry; the grand, jolly and absurd procession of school-children, firemen, foresters and notables, to welcome the *Emperor* (FRANCIS JOSEPH—set before us by Mr. FREDERICK LEISTER to the life, as we may guess at it); a little exchange between the *Emperor* and the hostess of the "White Horse," admirably done and genuinely moving; and the final scene, where the whole company is assembled, and the main scenes crowded with their appropriate occupants swing round in succession before us on the moving stage, which Sir OSWALD STOLL may well have felt was designed for this actual adventure at this actual hour.



THE AUTOGRAPH-HUNTRESS.

Josepha . . . . MISS LEA SEIDL.
The Emperor . . MR. FREDERICK LEISTER.

But, as I say (and have proved), the thing defies coherent and adequate description. The only thing is to go and see the astonishing spectacle for yourself. T.

"BLACK COFFEE" (ST. MARTIN'S).

This is a play in which, I warn you, you will have to keep your attention concentrated on the coffee-cups and the whiskies-and-sodas if you don't wish Mrs. CHRISTIE to put wool over your eyes. She plays the familiar conjurer's trick of distracted attention—twice, and gets away with it.

A rich, curmudgeonly and miserly old chemist, *Sir Claud Amory*, has discovered a formula for a new and devastating explosive. The formula, written on a half-sheet of notepaper, is missing from his safe. Trapping his household and guests into his library, and meanwhile telephoning for the celebrated *Hercule Poirot* (Mr. FRANCIS L. SULLIVAN), he makes the sporting offer that if, when the lights are turned out, the stolen envelope is restored to him no questions will be asked. The lights are turned up; the formula is there upon his table. Or at least the envelope is—the old man never thinks to examine it. And shortly afterwards, sipping his coffee triumphantly, he begins to nod drowsily and quietly passes out.

Who stole the formula? Who murdered the old man? We had indeed seen his beautiful daughter-in-law *Lucia* (Miss JANE MILLICAN), looking very handsome in a green gown of Neo-Borgian design, extract from the tin box which had been (for the convenience of Mrs. CHRISTIE) left on the top shelf of the bookcase since the War and contained enough poison to kill the whole household, some tablets of hyoscine, and slip them into a cup of coffee. That looked a little too easy, so in spite of or because of appearances, and further because when *Poirot* arrived she begged him to stay and investigate, we and he put her out of our calculations. There was her husband, *Richard*, of course, who was in debt and kept very short of money by his father. There was *Dr. Carelli* (an unpleasant-looking man—evidently, as the butler observed, "not one of us"), who had suddenly arrived that afternoon and was clearly known to *Lucia*, who was obviously afraid of him and in some way in his power. There was the mild-looking assistant of the old knight, the knight's vague sister, *Miss Caroline*, and the charming pert young *Barbara*, his niece.

Of course we have a few clues to play with. During the minute's darkness we heard, or were supposed to have heard, some mutterings, a light metallic click, the sound of silk being torn. We make little of this. It is for the relentless logic and suave ingratiating methods of *Poirot* to enlighten our darkness and force the murderer to bait his or her own trap and be caught in it—helped by a trivial matter of dust and the curious coincidence that two people had chosen that particular evening for putting poison from the fatal box into black coffee. Discretion forbids further hints or comments.



A HERCULEAN *SHERLOCK*.
(*WATSON* IN SUPPORT).

Captain Arthur Hastings . . . . MR. ROLAND CULVER.
Hercule Poirot . . . . . MR. FRANCIS L. SULLIVAN.
Lucia Amory . . . . . MISS JANE MILLICAN.

These stage versions of detective stories do not call for any special subtlety in the actors. The suspected characters capably went through the appropriate motions of looking hopelessly guilty when they were innocent or delightfully innocent when they were guilty, and the production, by Mr. D. A. CLARKE-SMITH, which in this kind of affair is an important factor of success, was adroitly managed.

Mr. FRANCIS L. SULLIVAN had of course more real opportunity. His portrait of the now well-known detective was of a kindlier, less formidable person than that presented by Mr. CHARLES LAUGHTON. I fancy it was more in accord with the author's original. At any rate it was a smooth and clever performance. Miss RENÉE GADD was delightful as a young realist who refused to pretend to be other than delighted at the death of her uncle, an unpleasant and vindictive old man, and promptly annexed the impressionable but shy *Captain Hastings*, *M. Poirot's* charming imbecile assistant—a part intelligently sketched in by Mr. ROLAND CULVER. And nobody could fail to admire the deathlike stillness of the corpse so long maintained by Mr. E. VIVIAN REYNOLDS, or the distressed beauty of Miss JANE MILLICAN. T.

On behalf of The Victoria Hospital for Children, there will be a Sale of Hats on Tuesday, May 5th (11 to 1 and 2.30 to 6), at 19 Belgrave Square. There will be hats from Paris and the leading Milliners, garden hats and children's hats. Mr. ERNEST THESIGER will auction some models.

THE FRACTIONAL FINAL.

[On the analogy of semi-final, the expression quarter-final seems now to be coming into vogue in the newspapers.]

EACH contest I contrived to win
My prowess knew no bounds,
While rabbits were extinguished in
Preliminary rounds,
So I was there, since not a man
To me had proved a stopper,
When thirty-two of us began
The competition proper.

It may have been the morning tea
Or bacon was to blame;
At any rate I proved to be
Completely off my game;
But, 'spite the shame that thus occurred,
A thrill went up my spinal
Chord when a tactful Press referred
To my one-sixteenth final.

The Power of the Press.

"On Pages Three and Four: The inner story of the ultimatum to Alfonso by the 'Evening Standard' Special Correspondent in Madrid; King Alfonso's farewell."
Evening Standard.

"BILLIARDS: INTERVAL SCORES.
S. Smith (in play) 1,865, W. Smith 569. Betting 2 to 1 agst. 4 to 1, 6 to 1."
Evening Paper.

Our money will remain in our top pocket.

THE WELL-TEMPERED TABLE.

[Being a free paraphrase, with embellishments, of the address on diet and the emotions, delivered last week by Dr. JOSIAH OLDFIELD, the eminent Fruitarian.]

O BLEST Eupepsia, salubrious maid,
How welcome is the homage lately paid
To thee, in furtherance of his lifelong aim,
By Doctor OLDFIELD of fruitarian fame!
'Tis true Pomona's faithful devotee,
Remembering Eden and the fatal tree,
Considers EVE's disastrous deal in fruit
The source of rifts in many a married lute,
Declaring that too many husbands' lives
Are shortened by the nagging of their wives;
But prospects of salvation he reveals
If grey mares will not always nag at meals.

"No temper," his first maxim runs, "at table";
For temper always raises Cain and Babel
And wrecks the peaceful equilibrium—
Neither unduly jocular nor glum—
Which calmly and convincingly conduces
To the free action of the gastric juices.
Unbridled passion, as I often notice,
Congests the uvula and epiglottis,
Retards the processes of deglutition
And absolutely nullifies nutrition.
Passion upsets the Adam's-apple cart,
Injures the vital chambers of the heart,
And even raises storms electrical
Upon the alimentary canal.
So *all* emotions that are harsh and rude
At meal-time should be carefully eschewed.
The bard was both veracious and keen-eyed
Who said that jealousy makes mortals green-eyed;
But worse than that, it can and does obstruct
And strain the delicate hepatic duct;
While hate at breakfast causes the medulla
To emulate the madness of the mullah.
But love, presiding at the humblest board,
Makes it a banquet worthy of a lord.
It glorifies the corporal machine,
It lends the hair a brighter, glossier sheen,
Confers immunity from psittacosis,
Neuritis and arteriosclerosis,
While in its stimulating neighbourhood
All drinks are nectar and all foods taste good.

ADMIT BEARER.

"Do you think I should go to this?" asked Phyllis with an air of importance. "As a matter of fact I believe I am engaged on that particular morning—the 15th, don't they say?"

She handed me a card on which "Admit Bearer" was printed. It was a permit for the annual meeting of a limited company, the name of which was unfamiliar to me, and sounded pleasantly speculative. I looked at it with surprise, as I thought I knew most of her investments.

"It is nice of them to ask me," Phyllis continued, "and I should like to accept. I don't want to seem rude."

"They ask you because you are a shareholder."

"Am I?"

"You must be," I said. "It is not usual to invite the presence of the outside public to gatherings of this sort. Didn't they send some paper or papers with this card?"

"There was this," she replied, handing me the usual directors' report and accounts. "I didn't look at that. I was too much excited at getting the invitation."

I glanced at the notice on the outside of the report and detected in the agenda of the meeting an omission to which we have become accustomed without becoming resigned. It was proposed to do a number of attractive things, such as appointing auditors and fixing their remuneration, but it was not proposed to declare a dividend.

"Do you think it will be amusing?" inquired Phyllis.

I studied the report itself before venturing an opinion. Among its graceful phrases the words "industrial depression" and "world competition" figured prominently. An examination of the balance-sheet decided my reply.

"I should think it might be," I said.

"I don't believe you are serious," she declared. "I know from the way you speak that the Company has done badly. In that case," she added with gloomy conviction, "there will be dead cats and rotten eggs flying about. That always happens when Companies lose money. I know."

"Then the supply of such objects must be exhausted," was my reply. "Still, if you can find a few cabbage-stalks—— By the way, what, or who, induced you to buy shares in a risky concern like this?"

"I can't remember," she said; "I wonder why I did. I suppose somebody told me it was a good thing."

"Well," I remarked, "it seems to have gone phut."

"Is 'phut' spelt with an 'f' or a 'ph'?" she asked, recovering her spirits at once.

"I'm not sure. But I tell you what. You might attend, and even if you don't throw things about you could make a speech. It would brighten things up if they seem to be dragging."

"Will there be speech-making?"

"There often is."

"What fun!" she said. "But I'm not good at speeches. Besides, I can't pretend to know much about the subject, can I? I didn't know that the Company had gone phut."

"You might mention that to the directors and ask if they know."

She meditated upon this suggestion. "I know," she said. "I got something from something the other day, a dividend or whatever you call it. I saw it in my bank-book, and I remember it surprised me."

"It might well do that," I said. "That's another point that might interest the meeting. But if you don't feel equal to a speech you might at any rate ask a few questions. The Chairman is pretty sure to say that he will be glad to reply to any questions before putting the accounts to the meeting. That will be your chance."

"What sort of questions?"

"Well, there's that one about the spelling of 'phut' which I couldn't answer."

"Would he like me to ask how his wife and family are?"

"Very likely," I said. "It sounds a friendly sort of inquiry, and he will probably welcome any symptoms of friendliness among the audience."

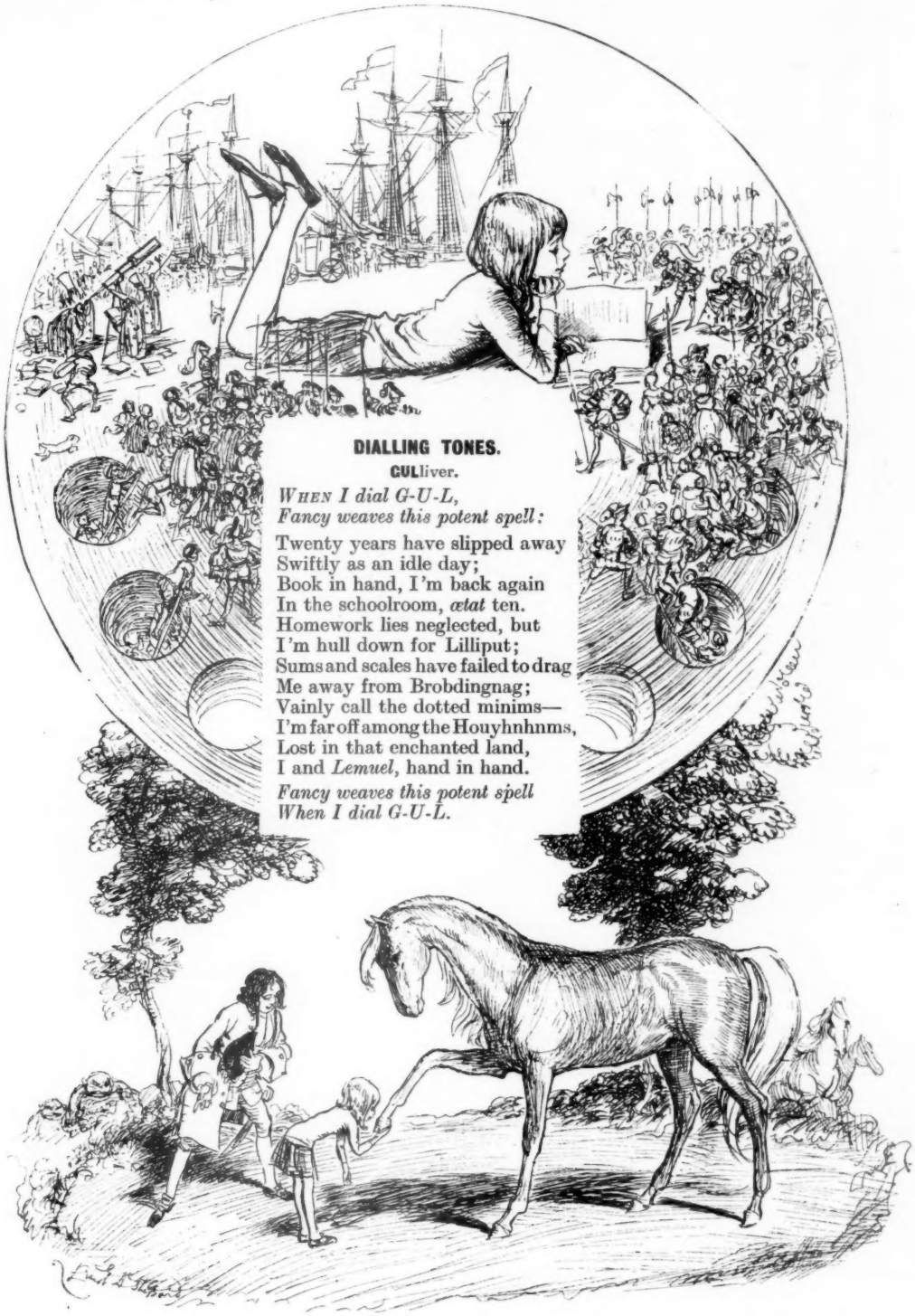
She looked at me uncertainly. "I wish I was sure you were not making fun of me," she said. "I wanted you to advise me."

"I wish I was sure myself," I replied. "After all, most shareholders' meetings in these days resolve themselves into efforts to shut the stable-door. Whether you bang it angrily or close it with gentle humour, the recovery of the absent horse is about equally doubtful."

She missed this piece of wisdom, for she was studying the card of admission again.

"I see," she remarked, "it says particularly that this invitation is confined to ordinary shareholders only. Would I be an ordinary shareholder?"

"I think not," I told her. "In fact you might be turned back at the door. I wouldn't risk it if I were you." A. C.



DIALLING TONES.

CULliver.

When I dial G-U-L,
Fancy weaves this potent spell:
Twenty years have slipped away
Swiftly as an idle day;
Book in hand, I'm back again
In the schoolroom, *ætat* ten.
Homework lies neglected, but
I'm hull down for Lilliput;
Sums and scales have failed to drag
Me away from Brobdingnag;
Vainly call the dotted minims—
I'm far off among the Houyhnhnms,
Lost in that enchanted land,
I and *Lemuel*, hand in hand.
Fancy weaves this potent spell
When I dial G-U-L.



New Parlourmaid. "THE MISTRESS SAYS I'M TO TAKE THESE TWO LITTLE BLIGHTERS FOR A WALK."
Butler. "'ERE, MISS PERT, WHEN YOU HALLUDE TO THEM DOGS BEFORE *ME* I'LL THANK YOU TO CALL THEM BY THEIR *NAMES*, NAMELY, *MASTER* POMFRET AND *MISS* FIFI."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

UNLIKE *On Board the Emma*, which saw DUMAS self-identified with the fortunes of the Italian liberators, Mr. R. S. GARNETT's new volume deals primarily with GARIBALDI, the exuberant ALEXANDRE acting principally as showman. In *The Memoirs of Garibaldi* (BENN, 21/-)—a treasure for amateurs of either hero—we have, translated for the first time, material that GARIBALDI originally gave the novelist, material subsequently lopped and twisted to suit the retrospective prejudices of its chief actor. This, eked out by twenty-one chapters embodying other information, is roughly divided between GARIBALDI's youth (with his South American campaigns) and the liberation of Italy. It winds up with DUMAS' fascinating account of the *cacciatori delle Alpi* and three pieces of Gallic invective addressed to the GARIBALDI of 1860. Neither DUMAS nor his hero was an historian; but this detracts little from so telling a narrative of personal vicissitudes as GARIBALDI's metamorphoses into sailor, soldier, bullock-drover, commercial traveller, professor of mathematics and dictator. To my mind the chief interest of this extraordinary farrago is its outstanding contribution to the study of the liberator's vocation—a vocation exhibited not only by GARIBALDI and his Italians from Rio to Buenos Ayres, from Palermo to the Alps, but by other nationals roused by the same wrongs. Such figures as the wealthy Englishman, GRIGGS, cut in two by case-shot off Uruguay, and his compatriot, Sir JOHN WILLIAM PEARD, noted sniper of Austrians, exhibit that sublimated temper of the French Revolution which the old European order, as perpetuated on both sides of the Atlantic, so tragically evoked and justified.

Half the battle with the story-teller who *is* a story-teller is to find a propitious puppet on whom to father his yarns—a *Prioresse* if he is CHAUCER, a *Bob Pretty* if he is W. W. JACOBS, and a *Joseph Jorkins* if he is Lord DUNSANY. *Jorkins*, I feel, is a genuine addition to the galaxy: a *raconteur* of the occult, kept going by an obscure little club on unlimited drinks and limited credulity. *Jorkins*, mind you, will admit his need of stimulants. What he won't admit is any slur on his veracity. So, when they ask him why he didn't photograph the strange fire-building animal he saw in the papyrus groves of Egypt, he has, of course, an answer ready—he would not be *Jorkins* if he hadn't—but he is extremely put out. Our author and the club, however, learn to handle *Jorkins* tactfully, and thus they distil, drop by drop for equivalent whiskies, a baker's dozen of his experiences. They hear how the African prince who played cricket for Cambridge extorted the boon from one of his native gods. They acquire the inner history of *Jorkins'* own somewhat Wellsian marriage to a mermaid. They extract the admirable *conte* of the man who was King of a mirage city and could never see eye to eye with the world. And they are told how *Jorkins* him-

self forfeited his otherworld outlook by eluding the English witch (with a distinctly Hibernian accent), the enchanting legend of whose blandishments brings *The Travel Tales of Mr. Joseph Jorkins* (Putnam, 7/6) to a close.

Miss Charlotte A. Simpson has been looking at our "coloured counties" with the eye of an explorer. In *Rediscovering England* (Benn, 21/-) she traces the influence of geological formations and distortions in the much-tormented fabric of our island in determining the flow of rivers, the character of plant life, the nature of local industries and finally the shapes and sizes of parishes. Here the glacial drift has left a mound of pebbles where a township could be established above a marsh, and here a ridge of wholesome chalk has provided through all history a natural highway of communication. Miss Simpson would have us look well about us before the motor-bus has completed its work of unification. If I have a fault to find with her advocacy it is that she is so anxious to vary her course with quotations from such brave old igneous outcrops as Defoe and Cobbett, or such recently laid-down formations as Mr. Belloc and Mr. Montague, that the stream of her narrative is apt to lose straightforward continuity, descending rather from the steep slopes of pure physical geography to meander in the fertile alluvials of picturesque description. And the Sheffield trades have been comically too many for her. Yet in spite of a superabundance of inverted commas and an occasional unassimilated overdose of local information the book is one to be warmly commended, especially to those lovers of the country who also love fascinating maps.



Matelot (fallen from grace). "Boy, you're showin' far too much shirt."

Many years ago, it seems, there was a famous early specimen of what we now call the Musical Comedy, called *The Black Crook*—old enough to have been seen and praised by Charles Dickens. He saw it, in fact, in 1867, and wrote home about it—to John Forster—for it was in New York that this Grand Magical Spectacular Drama, written by one Charles M. Barras, was so curiously popular. The ladies of the chorus wore tights; the preachers of the city thundered against the piece, and its success was enormous. Now Mr. Christopher Morley, the talented author of *Thunder on the Left*, who lately revived the play at his Hoboken theatre, has conceived the idea of retelling the story in prose (the original play was in a sort of blank verse) and calling it by the names of hero and heroine. *Rudolph and Amina* (Faber and Faber, 6/-) is the result; and Mr. Morley has done his part of the joke with urbanity and a pleasant wit, bringing the story up to date as well as he can by the introduction of so well-known a figure as Dr. Rosenbach as a sort of *deus ex machina*. In fact the dutiful reader feels as though he ought to be amused, which is something; the more critical may wonder why so engaging a writer should spend so much time on so elaborate a jest, and why too he should sometimes employ such remarkable phrases. I read on one page that somebody's legs "diluted with terror"—which looks almost as though the author had searched a dictionary for some synonym for "weakened." On the whole I cannot see many Englishmen disbursing six shillings for this ancient spectacular drama in its ultra-modern dress.

From among the many notable public men elbowing one another in the pages of the *Personal Papers of Lord Rendel* (Benn, 18/-) Mr. Gladstone stands out head and shoulders

above the rest. It is indeed the intimate and sympathetic sketch of the G.O.M. from the pen of the friend of his later years that gives this book its peculiar charm. At the same time I must confess to finding something a little tragic about this spectacle of an aged and ailing statesman indulging in the reminiscences so beloved of all old people, wishing that "he could have died some years back," and exclaiming sadly, "I look back with immeasurable yearning to the days when MELBOURNE and JOHN RUSSELL were the leaders of the Liberal Party, and PEEL and the Duke of WELLINGTON of the Tory. We have fallen miles since then." That was in 1896, and I am tempted to wonder what he would have said if he had been alive to-day. No two men could have afforded a greater contrast to one another than did GLADSTONE and DISRAELI. As the former characteristically told RENDEL, "he admired DISRAELI greatly, but he intensely disapproved of him." On the other hand, GLADSTONE was incapable of "DIZZY'S" matchless reply to Lady SEBRIGHT on being congratulated by her on his peerage: "Of what avail or value are dignities to me so long as Sir JOHN SEBRIGHT continues to exist?" Small wonder that QUEEN VICTORIA preferred DISRAELI as her Prime Minister to a man who (RENDEL declares the story to have been a Disraelian invention) talked to her as if she were a public meeting.

The father-in-law, for some reason, has never been so popular a part of the novelist's stock-in-trade as his feminine counterpart, and he certainly meets as a rule with much more kindly treatment. The defaulting parent who occupies as prominent a part in the *dramatis personæ* as in the title of Miss SUSAN GLASPELL'S *Ambrose Holt and Family* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6 net), is a case in point. Nobody could claim for him that he is a model citizen of the American small town in which his lot was originally cast, and to which he returns with such devastating consequences to the family which has almost forgotten him. But it is part of Miss GLASPELL'S artistry that she makes her readers believe, whatever their own reason may say, in this embarrassing relative's essential lovableness and sincerity, a sincerity which enables him, on the one hand, to see through his son *Lincoln's* elaborate humbug, and, on the other, to sympathise with his daughter-in-law's inner revolt against the arbitrary *rôle* implied in her pet name of "Blossom." Miss GLASPELL draws her characters firmly and shrewdly, and her style—though one is occasionally brought up short by such awkward turns of idiom as "her mother seemed to feel it somewhat unseemly she do the work of her garden herself"—is easy and lucid; while the closing scenes are marked by real beauty and restrained pathos.

Circus Nights and Circus Days (SAMPSON LOW, 12/6), written by Mr. A. H. KOBER and admirably translated from the German by Mr. CLAUD W. SYKES, is to those of us who cannot see a circus without a quickening of the pulses a thoroughly delightful and attractive volume. Literally there is nothing that Mr. KOBER does not know about the life which he describes, and he writes so vividly and well that his picture of the circus and of those who, in one way and another, assist in it is here for all of us to see and enjoy. Perhaps some of the glamour and romance of the circus has gone; instead of being a more or less happy-go-lucky travelling show, it now, as Mr. KOBER says, "rolls its way through the world in automobiles or special trains. It is a business undertaking on a large scale, subject to many legal restrictions and weighted down with divers taxes, tolls and dues." But if the circus has lost some of its romance it has gained so greatly in other respects that Mr. KOBER'S plea that it should be recognised as a show of national importance is thoroughly justified. My only complaint is that a book so informing and instructive deserves the dignity of an index.



Customer. "BUT I DON'T WANT A CAKE OF SOAP. I SAID STAMPS."

Village Storekeeper. "WELL, YOU'LL 'AVE TO 'AVE THE SOAP TOO. STAMPS BE STUCK TO UN."

Mr. FREEMAN WILLS CROFTS gives his readers a very fair chance to guess the name of the man who was responsible for the crimes that engaged the attention of our old friend, *Inspector French*, in *Mystery in the Channel* (COLLINS, 7/6). But, if Mr. CROFTS is confiding in some respects, he is exceedingly secretive in others. Quite certain though I was that a man, who may be called *Z*, had contrived and carried out these murders, I could not so much as begin to imagine by what means he had succeeded in covering up his tracks. Indeed, after reading Mr. CROFTS' story, my faith, already rather dim, in an alibi as a defence has irrevocably disappeared. But *Inspector French* has fewer mannerisms and more commonsense than the majority of sleuths in fiction, and any hunt of which he takes control will always have its followers.

Humour in our Contemporaries.

"Sir,—I deprecate and deplore the appearance of dissension in Conservative quarters."

Letter from Lord BEAVERBROOK to "The Morning Post."

"Councillor —— claimed to know as much about drainage and sewage as any person in ——, as it had been grafted in him since boyhood."—*North-Country Paper.*

All the best typhoid germ-carriers begin young.

CHARIVARIA.

THE building of castles in Spain is understood to be temporarily suspended.

* * *

Catalonia is described as the Lancashire of Spain. What Catalonia says to-day Spain will say *mañana*.

* * *

If the Bill to prohibit duelling should pass the Swiss Parliament it is anticipated that yodelling to a finish will become the national method of settling disputes.

* * *

Using the shilling-all-day facilities, a young Croydon resident recently travelled three-hundred-and-fifty-one-and-a-half miles in twenty-seven hours on the London tram-cars. This is believed to be the record non-Scot run of the kind.

* * *

In a recent speech a Member of Parliament stated that he had often caught a cold through being out late at night. It must have been a great comfort to him to reflect that it isn't illegal to catch a cold after 8.0 P.M.

* * *

A famous cricketer is quoted as saying that he is in no hurry to start playing again. The experience of spectators is that cricketers seldom are.

* * *

From an article on Ethiopia we learn that bribery and taxation compel the peasant to demand more for his hides and skins in Addis Ababa than they will fetch in Europe. This, of course, increases the Ethiopian's difficulty in changing his skin.

* * *

Mr. HUGH WALPOLE'S recollection that as a schoolboy he was told by Mr. "IAN HAY" that the most he could hope to become was the mayor of a very small town has created a painful impression among the mayors of very small towns.

* * *

On reading that a projected Museum of Cookery in Paris is to include plaster models, we have decided to offer a specimen of our cook's pastry.

* * *

An American author declares that, as the guest of a savage tribe, he practised cannibalism without qualms of conscience or digestion. Our experience of a certain type of American author renders this easily credible.

* * *

An American expert in Russia complains of being hampered by red tape. Well, what coloured tape did he expect in a Communist country? Puce?

* * *

One reason why many bookmakers are experiencing hard times, it is pointed out, is that a large number of small betters are taking sweepstakes tickets instead of backing horses. As yet Mr. CLYNES has not been asked to receive a deputation of bookmakers.

* * *

Dr. ALEKHINE has given a demonstration of playing chess and lawn-tennis simultaneously; but little credence is given to the rumour that he has expressed his readiness to accept a joint challenge from Señor CAPABLANCA and Señorita D'ALVAREZ.

* * *

The disagreeable odour of fine-art books has been overcome in America by the use of an aromatic chemical in the manufacture of the paper. Best-smellers are on the way.

* * *

A woman who was fined ten shillings for using bad language said she didn't mind paying as she had taken the money from her husband's pocket while he was asleep. We doubt whether there was any measurable reduction of the flow of bad language when the husband awoke to the facts.

* * *

It is now considered smart among fashionable ladies to be tattooed. The only difficulty is that when a stout lady starts to slim it is apt to throw the pictures out of alignment.

* * *

It is said that a number of men are losing faith in Mr. T. A. EDISON now that he has stated that hard work is the secret of health.

* * *

There is something to be said for the peevishness of the husband who had to wait for his dinner because his wife was at the Ideal Home Exhibition.

* * *

A gramophone-record of a jazz-band tune has been buried in the foundations of a new building in Liverpool. It is certainly a good idea.

* * *

We understand that the natives of Madeira are prepared to sell their revolution or would exchange for something useful.

* * *

A Madeira newspaper states that, instead of fighting, sailors have taken to fishing. That sort of thing is apt to spoil any war.

* * *

A Leicester man charged with stealing from a shop admitted that when he opened the stolen parcel he found it contained four pairs of plus-fours. We sincerely hope that this will prove a lesson to him.

* * *

Miss HELEN TWELVETREES, the film-actress, who recently married, has discovered that the divorce from her former husband was not made absolute, so she is to re-marry. This seems to be a case of marrying in haste and repeating at leisure.

* * *

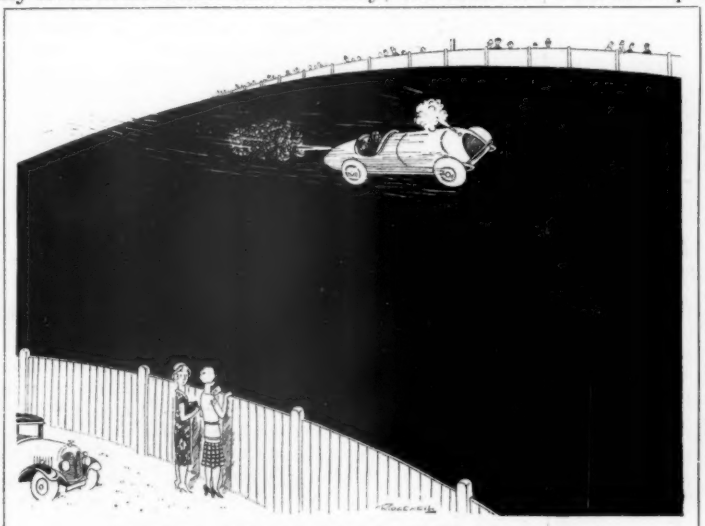
We are told that a musician may carry his 'cello free of charge on railways. This is much more convenient than the old method of slipping it into the pocket on the approach of the guard.

* * *

A pair of larks have built their nest in the fairway on a golf-course in Hertfordshire. Naturally they did not want to be disturbed whilst sitting.

* * *

The Pronunciation Committee of the B.B.C. cannot agree whether the "e" in pianoforte should be silent or not. Our view is that, if it is the pianoforte next-door, the whole of it should be silent.



"I WONDER IF I DARE ASK HIM FOR HIS AUTOGRAPH?"
"BETTER WAIT TILL HE STOPS."

INLAND REVENUE METHODS.

[These lines affect to represent a popular tradition and not the writer's own experience.]

DAILY we hear the piteous moans
Of hunted men who fume and fret
Against the gods that sit on thrones
Inside the House of Somerset;
In lieu of balm to heal your hurt
(Which one might well expect of Heaven) you
Get showers of notes, obscure and curt,
Rained by the Inland Revenue.

He that is robbed of labour's fruits,
For ends with which he can't agree,
Must kiss the Law's repulsive boots,
But, while he bends a slavish knee
To Justice (with a blinded eye
For the brute force that steals his purse), he
Clamours to have it tempered by
A modicum of Mercy.

Even a giant's *fee-fo-fum*,
Rendered in tones polite and bland,
May fascinate and leave us dumb
Beneath his huge prehensile hand;
But all these ogres who collect
The remnants of our hard-earned tanners
Have, as I hear, the gross defect
Of uncongenial manners.

Dentists—a type that 's full of tact—
When they condemn a hopeless fang
Disguise with gas their gruesome act
To spare our nerves the faintest pang;
The murderer, when his hour is due,
Ere in the noose they make his neck fast,
Has always been encouraged to
Consume a hearty breakfast.

The bandit of a better day,
Who by the crossways' gibbet-post
Offered an option to his prey—
"Give up your money or your ghost,"
Ranked as a gentleman of the road
And made it pleasant for his raidees
By the fine chivalry he showed
When lifting pearls from ladies.

Then let our taxermen revive
The courtesy of the blasted heath,
Rob us more tactfully, contrive
With nicer touch to draw our teeth,
Lest they be said to take their fill
Like vultures gnawing at our inners,
Or pass for "publicans" that still
Associate with "sinners." O. S.

"PERSONALITY THRO' A HAT.

Any intelligent milliner knows that a woman likes to have a hat to express her individual ego."—*Advt. in Local Paper.*

But not even the maddest of hatters would claim that women are the only egoists who express themselves through their hats.

DIPLOMATIC PORTRAIT.

(*With apologies to Mr. HAROLD NICOLSON.*)

LOOKING back at those tea-parties in the Palace of Nu Nosmos I realise that I was, in Asia Minor, always wholly abominable. Even now I blush deeply when I receive a postcard from Scutari. When I adjust my slightly-withered tie in Constantinople I feel even now a little uncomfortable as I gaze across the Bosphorus at that vanished Asian self of mine. "Why," I ask myself, "did I of all men eat buttered buns at that peculiarly ungainly angle?"

It must have been, I am sure, during one of my pseudo-vivacious periods. And, though I had at the time little or no real feeling for elegance, I do not now care to think that I was ever so gross and so unintelligent as even partially to attempt vivacity. I prefer indeed to believe that those insidious Bithynian breezes of Asia Minor induced in me at times a very odd, and, I hope, a very temporary, frame of mind.

I have no doubt at all that had I at that period been sent to Bucharest or Prague or even Belgrade I should not have thought of arranging tea-parties. I should not have thought of eating buttered buns. And if I had thought of these things I should have sternly suppressed my thought. "What," I should have said, "would Balliol think?"

Quite a number, I remember, of ambassadors and attachés and counsellors came to those tea-parties in the Palace of Nu Nosmos. There was little Tjom with his mid-day chuffh still trembling in his long moustaches as he recited TENNYSON to Paisham Pasha. There was Dikh with his hand resting on his scimitar and his russet eyes flashing with merriment at the Polish Ambassador's latest epigram. There was Lharri, who had served in every important massacre since Tuadil, quietly drinking vlach with the Armenian Chargé d'Affaires.

I had, I remember, been for a row on the Black Sea with ABDUL HAMID and Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL when I first learned with mingled feelings of anxiety and elation that His Excellency Mahmoud Muzdab próposed shortly to visit the Nu Nosmos Palace for the five-o'clock. Further, the Attaché conveyed, His Excellency would certainly expect to eat food prepared in the characteristic English fashion.

This, I feared, unless handled in a masterly fashion, would be a fiasco equal only to the recent regrettable palavers at Hrrhm. This, I said, would show Europe what British diplomacy was doing in the Near East. This, I knew, indicated that I was at last making myself felt.

The preparations for His Excellency's visit were, I remember, of an obstinate and painstaking nature. I recollect the sending of lengthy and expensive telegrams, to which were received curt and unsatisfactory replies. I recall the arrival, late one April evening, of a case containing a characteristic assortment of English tea-time foods, and the consternation and despair with which we perceived how much, how very much, too timeworn they were to be set before His Excellency Mahmoud Muzdab.

"Tiens," said Geordie Hurstleigh, "there is only one thing to be done. We must have those buns hot. And with butter. Very hot. And with lots and lots of butter."

It would be churlish of me to deny that Geordie Hurstleigh seemed on this one occasion to be exceedingly right. His Excellency came. People from all sorts of Legations came—and afterwards went. His Excellency stayed. He ate buttered buns. "He is, I am sure, enjoying himself," whispered Eustace Percy.

I saw the relations between Turkey and Great Britain advancing in unparalleled leaps. I saw my name written large and often in the despatches shortly to arrive at the Foreign Office. I saw immediate and extreme promotion. As the evening wore on I became more and more intolerably sportive. I asked M. VENIZELOS how his mother was. I called the Grand Duke Gueljmeff by his Christian name. Finally, I heard His Excellency Mahmoud Muzdab endeavouring to convince the Sicilian consul that the Treaty of Limerick was not in accordance with the Emtipol Sanctions. Advancing towards him, my bun in my hand, I addressed him in baroque Turkish.

"Excellency," I said, "speaking of Limericks, have you ever heard the—"

At that moment a great many things happened. The simple yet warm smile with which he had regarded my approach gave way to a look of intense hatred and dismay. The bun, with which I was pointing my remarks, tilted and spilled a large drop of its surplus butter roundly and fatally upon the sash which so nicely encircled His Excellency's middle.

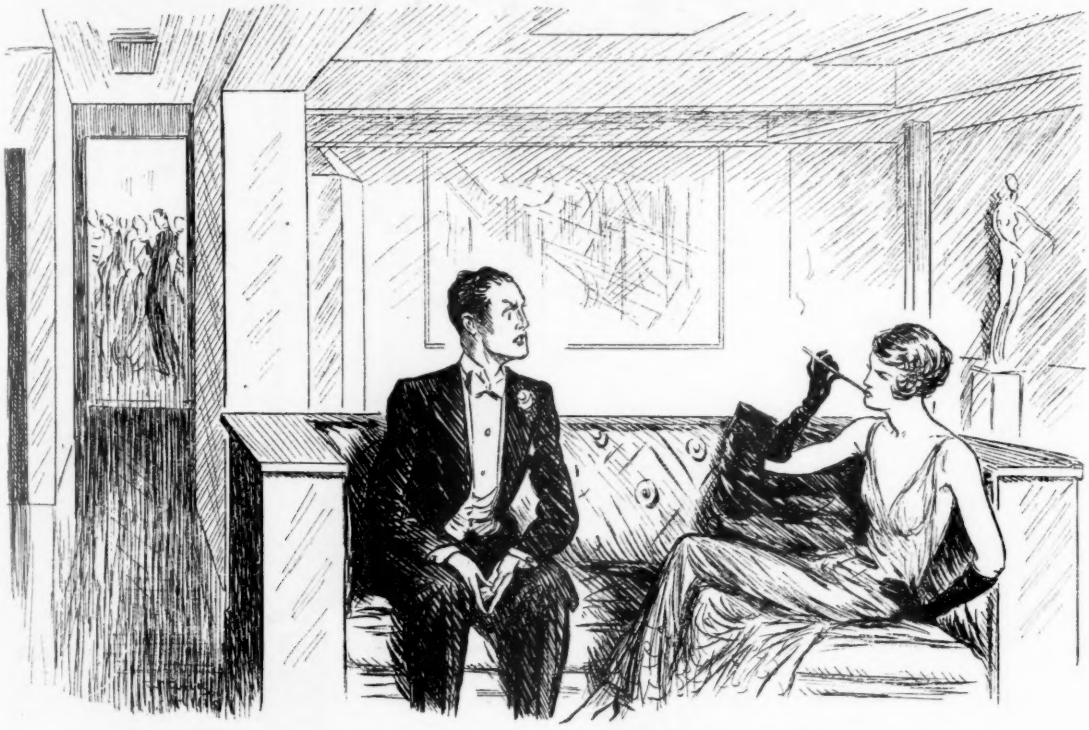
I do not know if His Excellency then spoke in Albanian, in Serbo-Sanskrit or in prepotent Greek. I only know that he went away talking loudly and angrily, and that I was not promoted.

"NEW VICEROY APPEALS TO INDIA."
Daily Paper Headline.

We felt sure they would like him.



OUR LITTLE SNOWBEAM.



Young Woman (with career). "MY DEAR, I'VE *COMPLETELY* FALLEN FOR YOU. ISN'T IT *TOO* FOUL?"

RADIO.

"THE most curious and in some ways the most tragic affair I have ever known was the case of Scowerby," said Ernest. "Believe me or not——"

"I probably shan't," I said, knowing Ernest.

"Believe me or not, Scowerby had a receiving-set inside him. I can't explain it, not being a scientist, but he had."

"Perhaps he'd swallowed a crystal in his youth."

"It's no laughing matter," said Ernest severely. "It came on quite suddenly. For some days he'd been vaguely conscious at times of faint music within him, but nothing more. He was dining out. They were discussing *Tantivy Towers* and hunting generally when suddenly from Scowerby came in a sepulchral voice—'The natives on the south side of the island are of a much more primitive type. They live in holes scooped out of the ground, wear no clothes . . .' It tailed away.

"Everyone turned and stared at Scowerby, whose face was scarlet. His host signalled to the butler, who was about to refill Scowerby's glass, not to do so.

"'*What* did you say?' asked someone.

"'I—I'm sorry. I—I must have been thinking of something else,' said Scowerby.

"They all thought he'd had a touch of the sun or had rather overdone the cocktails before he came, but they were good easy people, and it passed off fairly well. He left early, pleading fatigue, and there was no more radio from within him till he was nearly home, when a sudden gust of jazz-music astounded a policeman at the corner of the street.

"You see, it was intermittent; he never knew when it would break out. And another thing, he never knew which station he was going to pick up. After propaganda from Moscow had burst from him at the Trevor-Batterbys', he vowed he'd never go out again. But he had complete immunity for a fortnight, and then plucked up courage to go and see his aunt. 'After all,' he thought, 'if I do tune-in it may be an interesting lecture or some quite good music.'

"All went well until he was about to leave. And then—well, it was just bad luck that of all the stations he should have picked up the one across the Atlantic where Flip and Flop were doing a cross-talk turn. Not that they're really too vulgar, but Scowerby's aunt is a bit eighteen-ninety. 'Flop,' came from Scowerby in a nasal voice, 'have you heard this one? There was a young. . . .'

"'Really I think I must be going,' shouted Scowerby, in an attempt to drown Flip, and fled. But he fell over a chair, and Flip got out his story all right.

"That was the end of Scowerby, so far as civilisation was concerned. He retired to an island in the Pacific, where the natives thought he was a god. But it wasn't very comfortable even for a god on that island. He is there still, so far as I know."

"You have a pleasant fancy, Ernest," I said, after a pause.

"Fancy?" he cried. "A pleasant way of recounting fact, you mean."

"Have it so," I said. A. W. B.

A Regrettable Military Mishap.

"GENERAL
DROPS
IN JAM."

Notice in a window in Kennington.

"CONSERVATIVE PARTY IN BATH."

Morning Paper Headline.

Singing, we hope.

TRADE DEPRESSION.

Another Suggestion for a Cure.

[A Press-writer says: "Many an exiled homesick Londoner dreams continually of the buses shouldering one another along the Strand."]

To Central Africa I went
  Of late for lion shooting,
    And came across (between the shots)
    A couple of compatriots
Who came from Clapton (Orient),
  Respectively, and Tooting.

Where hippo snorts and croco snaps
You think it rather odd perhaps—
I did myself—to meet with chaps
  From Clapton and from Tooting.

"Our mission," they observed, "is trade—
  To try to get the natives,
    Who up to date, it seems, have gone
    Inadequately clothed, to don
Habiliments of fabrics made
  By British operatives."

You see what business might be done
With such a race if only one
Could dress it in the fabrics spun
  By British operatives?

"There's something to be said for that;
  The trouble though with us is
    Directing our attentions to
    The work that we are here to do;
From our arrival we have sat
  And dreamt of London buses."

When one is out for selling kit—
You cannot get away from it—
It's not the slightest use to sit
  And dream of London buses.

"Prospective customers the eyes
  Of traders should be fixed on;
    But what's the good when all they see
    Is dear old No. 83
Meandering from Hornsey Rise
  Through Camberwell to Brixton?"

It's clear that few their wares will sell
Whose thoughts irrelevantly dwell
Upon the route through Camberwell
  From Hornsey Rise to Brixton.

"The noises too," they said, "in these
  Outlying regions irk us,
    And all day long we hear above
    The local strains that natives love
The melody of 'Tickets, please!'
  'Hold tight!' and 'Oxford Circus'!"

Just fancy hearing on the top
Of, say, a native weekly pop,
Or negro lawyers talking shop,
  "Hold tight" and "Oxford Circus"!

"These sample *négligés* in chrome,
  And these," they said, "in prussic,
    Would doubtless have adorned ere this
    The form of many a nigger Miss
If we were less severely home-,
  Or rather London bus-, sick."

Though thus I've never chanced to feel,
I think it must impair the zeal
Of fellows for a business deal
  To be severely bus-sick.

No shirting of the stock in hand
  For local gents to try on,
    Nor coating, trousering nor vest
    Was sold, the pair was so depressed;
And that was how I left them and
  Went on in search of lion.

Few obstacles will baulk the aim
Of those that woo the bigger game,
And I, though sorry, all the same
  Went on in search of lion.

Now for the lesson—and the cure;
  Does not the Cockney race owe
    Its brother-traders far from town
    The moral debt to temper down
Its buses' shattering allure
  And beauty? I should say so.

Our buses we in London here
Forthwith of qualities must clear
That charm the eye, the touch, the ear
  (The nose? I shouldn't say so).

C. B.



Man on Tree. "Hi! That's not the way. Do as I told you—run in a circle!"
Man Running. "Well, you come down here and do it better yourself."

Another Musical Record.

"'Our tour has been a howling success,' said Captain Miller, the musical director of the Grenadier Guards band, which has just ended a most successful visit to South Africa. 'There has not been a single discordant note throughout the whole tour.'"—*Daily Paper.*

"Magnificent pure-bred Rhode Island Cook."—*Advt. in Ceylon Paper.*

Ours is only a Sniff Tootington.

CRISIS IN CHINA.

ALL through dinner Ah Fook had been shaking like a leaf. A dish dropped from his trembling hand; the tonic-water missed Master's glass by inches; the plates rattled together like castanets and Ah Fook's teeth rattled with them.

"The strike's coming," said Master to me as soon as we were alone. "Ah Fook's been intimidated all right."

We had been expecting it for days. Someone in China had decided to make our island unfit for "foreign devils" to live in, and this was the first move in the game.

Ah Fook returned with the coffee. His yellow face was a sickly green.

"Master and Missee," he jerked out through his chattering teeth, "I too muchee sorry, but all the staff must go on strike to-night. We too fear to stay any more."

"What are you afraid of, Ah Fook?" I asked curiously.

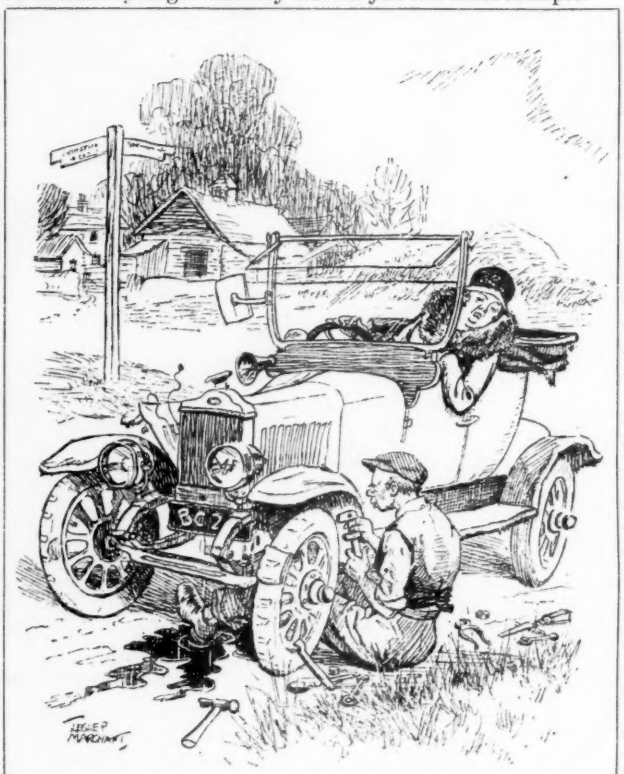
Ah Fook fumbled mysteriously under his long white coat and produced from some inner fastness a long, thin, very tired-looking radish.

"Look-see, Missee," he said impressively, "bad man have send this to me."

"It certainly is a poor present," I admitted, "but what is there so alarming about a radish?"

"Radish belong all the same bloody dagger, Missee," said Ah Fook solemnly. "It say, suppose I not strike, bad man he killum me."

What argument could avail against so dire a portent?



Husband. "MARIA, I LOOK UPON THIS CAR AS JUST FIFTY SHILLINGS CHUCKED AWAY."

Within ten minutes a melancholy little group of strikers huddled together in the hall—Ah Fook, cook, housecoolie, wash-amah, sew-amah and, vainly endeavouring to subdue a delighted grin into an imitation of the settled gloom of his elders, that ineffable small boy, the "makee-learn."

Spokesman as always for the household, Ah Fook had not finished with us yet.

"Please you lend us some money to go on strike," said he with grave politeness.

This was too much for Master's British weakness for seeing a game played decently and in order.

"You've got it all wrong," he exploded; "*I'm* not getting up this strike. Don't you know you're supposed to be shaking the foreigners' dust off your feet? You're making a fool of the whole thing," finished Master in a burst of virtuous indignation.

The look of pained astonishment that crept over Ah Fook's face was more than I could bear. Logic does not live long in China and mine was seven years dead.

"Here you are, Ah Fook," I said hastily, producing a tattered note. "If you get into any trouble you can share this between you, and now be off and get on with your strike."

The last tearful farewells were spoken and the mournful procession was filing silently out into the night when back darted Ah Fook to thrust into my reluctant hands a small packet neatly tied up with blue ribbon.

"Please you take care of my wrist-watch till strike finished," he whispered dramatically, and then he too was gone.

As the door shut behind him the telephone trilled through the hall.

"The volunteers are called out," said Master. "We've got to be on duty down in the town to-night in case of disturbances. Ah Fook had better get my uniform ready—er—that is, I mean, have you any idea where it's kept?"

The khaki drill tunic and shorts were found, the buttons were polished, the helmet was blanco-ed, the row of ribbons that in another clime had adorned a youthful major's breast was pinned upon that of a full private in the Ping-Pong Volunteers, and Master departed for the fray.

He returned with daylight, soaked to the skin, but unscathed except in temper.

"Well?" I asked.

"All quiet," he reported, mopping his streaming brow, "but I've been on guard outside the Fish Market all night, and you know how I feel about fish at the best of times. Never let me see any in *this* house again, that's all!"

* * * *

Six weeks of a tropical summer wore their weary length away. Master guarded the Fish Market by night, chopped wood and carried coal by day, and in the intervals of his military and domestic duties tried to doze in a clerkless office. Missie, clad in a bathing-suit, swept and dusted and polished with more ardour than art; Nannie produced food fit for the gods from a Chinese cooking-stove; Baby contrived with practised skill to be under everyone's feet simultaneously, and we all washed up for everlasting.

Then suddenly the end came.

"The strike's off," said Master, banging the front-door and tossing his topee in the direction of the spot where Ah Fook was wont to stand to catch it. "No more Fish Market for me to-night."

"Thank Heaven for that," I exclaimed piously, "but why particularly?"

"Oh, I don't know. Some big pot in Canton has changed sides in the war, or caught chicken-pox, or taken holy orders or something. Anyhow, everything's called off, and with any luck the servants ought to be back within the next few days."

"And I shan't be in such a hurry to take them back either," I said spitefully with the courage born of six weeks' successful brandishing of the bamboo broom.

But I reckoned without my Ah Fook.

* * * * *

Punctually at seven o'clock next morning a carefully-modulated knock heralded the entrance of a beaming Ah Fook—a thinner and browner Ah Fook, but an Ah Fook as immaculate as ever from the top of his sleeky pomaded head to the soles of his soft silken shoes.

"Good morning, Master; good morning, Missee," he smiled joyfully, setting down by my side a tray bearing a delectable dish of grape-fruit and a pot of fragrant China tea.

Sternly suppressing an overwhelming desire to hail him as an angel of light dropped from above, I sat up in bed and endeavoured to regard Ah Fook with the proper mixture of boredom and distaste.

"You needn't have been in such a hurry to come back," I growled, "we were getting on very well without you."

Ah Fook looked at me as if I were a serpent's tooth.

"Strike finish, we come back to you chop-chop, Missee," he said in a tone of gentle reproof. He padded silently across the floor to the bathroom and turned on a tap whence proceeded a cloud of steam proclaiming that the kitchen fire had been alight since half-past-five. I knew that kitchen fire by now, and my heartfelt sympathy went out to the "makee-learn."

Watching Ah Fook as he moved soft-footed about the room, deftly gathering up Master's scattered garments, my curiosity got the better of my pride.

"Where have you been all this time, Ah Fook?" I asked.

Ah Fook shook his head sorrowfully.

"Daytime we get a little work in the fields," he said. Then, brightening as at a more pleasant memory, "Night-time we sleep in Fish Market."

It was Master's turn to sit up in bed.

"Sleep where?" he thundered, bouncing up like a jack-in-the-box.

"Sleep in Fish Market," repeated Ah Fook with a seraphic smile. "We savvy, suppose Master outside, no bad man can come near. We all savvy Master very brave soldier," added Ah Fook, bowing politely towards the once more prostrate form of that member of the Distinguished Service Order.

A faint moaning sound was the only reply.

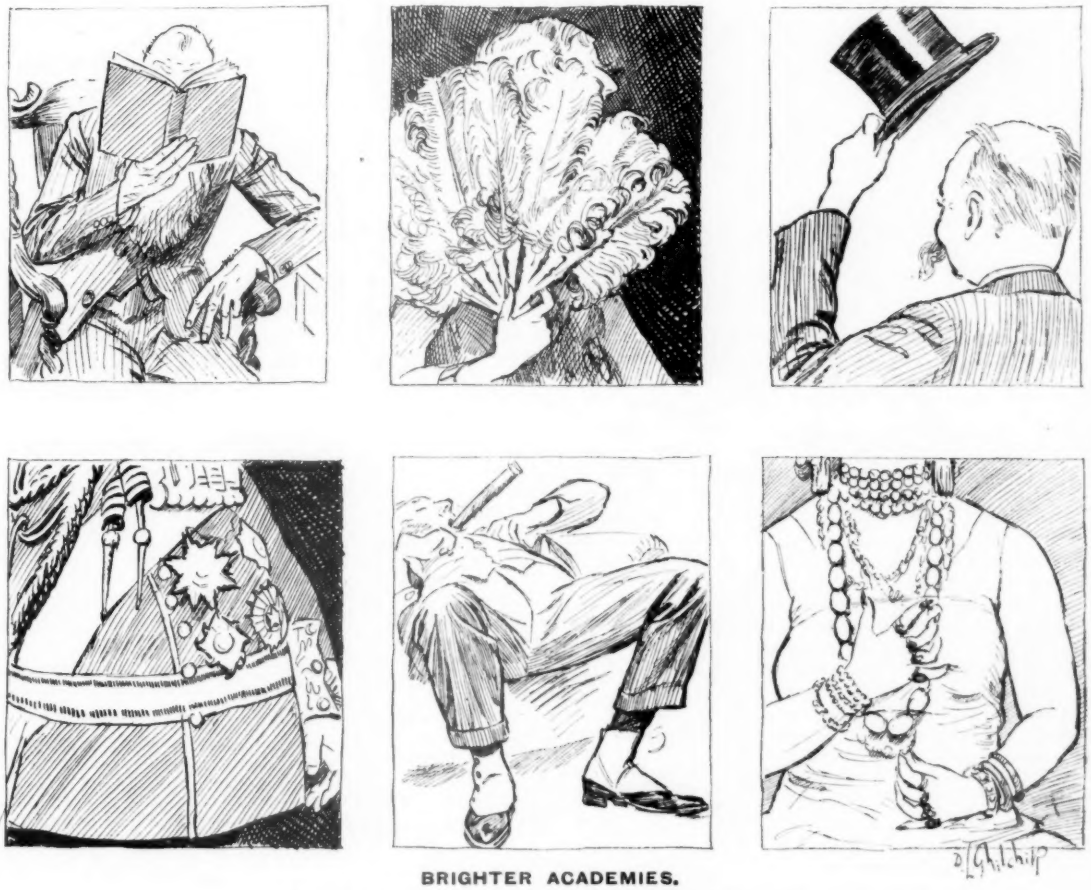
Ah Fook turned a puzzled face to me. "I never strike before, Missee," he said apologetically. "Next time can do more better."

"Before next time," I said severely, "I'm going to arrange for you to take a correspondence course with some reliable Trades Union at Home. It's no fun for us trying to play at strikes with people who don't know the first rules of the game."

"Very thank you, Missee," said Ah Fook gratefully.

"Lindrum at Rugby."
Birmingham Paper.

We doubt if he could do much without chalk on his boots.



BRIGHTER ACADEMIES.

Why not organise a "Spot-the-sitters" Competition?

A FORGOTTEN RHAPSODIST.

THE time has come, as I knew it would, when I must needs review the poems of JOSEPH SYKES. Every spring I feel that urge; and indeed oftener. But the Fates, Clotho, Lachesis and Atropos, have kept amending my resolution, as though it were a Government Land Bill sent up to the House of Lords.

It is exactly ten years since I first intended to review the poems of JOSEPH SYKES, so that the little book has been lying a long while upon my desk, even if it is there at all, which I gravely doubt after this last spring-cleaning.

Yes, as I feared, some careless hand has hidden it in a bookshelf, probably on the second shelf from the top in the large bookcase on the right. Anyhow, I know it was brown. . . . Ah! here he is:—

POEMS,
SELECTED AND REVISED.
First Series.
JOSEPH SYKES.

I would not have you think that SYKES was one of these modern post-War poets who neither rhyme nor scan, and yet despite these two aids to composition are very nearly unintelligible. Far from it. *Poems Selected and Revised* were printed, or rather they were reprinted, in 1887. They are flowers, autumnal blossoms, of the Victorian age.

Why then should I review them here and now? Because ten years ago I promised the friend who gave them to me that I would write about them, and I am not a man who, having laid his hand to the plough, looks back. Besides which I have found amongst our great literary critics a distressing ignorance about the poems of JOSEPH SYKES. The late Mr. EDMUND GOSSE had never heard of him. He told me so at the Savile Club. Mr. J. C. SQUIRE, when I questioned him, asserted that he must have read them, since he had read everything. But he was unable to quote from their pages a solitary line.

None the less they are very characteristic of their epoch, an epoch which has passed away never to return. I cannot better indicate this than by mentioning that on page 227 we find a flow'ret entitled—

BETTER WITHOUT.

IMPROMPTU, ON HEARING A LADY SAY, "WE WERE BETTER WITHOUT MY GREAT BOX."

It begins—I should rather say it commences—

"So many wishes dupe the heart,
As ancient moralists have told,
And fancied good but makes us smart,
In love or friendship, wine or gold,
That often man is better far
Without the prize of envy's scorn,
And frivolous excitement's jar,
Which leaves us languid and forlorn."

SYKES understood humanity. He knew the world. In writing of Geneva and Lake Leman, so many years before the League of Nations came into being or was thought of, he was able to say:—

"At last we've reached the ancient town
Whose quaint old streets in sunshine lie;
Now, towards the lake, its buildings grown,
Palatial structures meet the eye."

How true, we feel instinctively. And how far more true to-day!

The titles of other poems are—

The Lady's Companion.
The Earl; or, Nevermore.
An Autumn Day at Brighton.
Monte Carlo.
On Hearing Man's Nature described as a Ruin

and

La Fiancée.

SYKES lived at Brighton. It was from there that, when not in the South of France, he poured his irrepressible strains:—

"September's sun is bright and somewhat hot,
As Kate finds out, whose sunshade was forgot.
* * * * *
Yet most are happy, Youth sits smiling there,
And Hope beams radiant through the noontide air.

On pier and cliffs alike the eye may see
Ride, drive and walk a varied company;
Whilst others on the verge of ocean sit,
Some talk and laugh, whilst others muse a bit."

Rhymed couplets were in truth our poet's favourite medium for song. He took, as he says in his Preface, CRABBE for his model, and only "sought to vary and break the monotony of the rhymed couplets by the introduction of occasional lyrics." I think he did well, for I doubt whether lyrics were really his *forte*. Some hearts, perhaps, may be stirred by the following stanzas, which I cull from *A Rencontre*:—

XXVIII.

"And chance or Providence had willed
That these two men together came,
The Club-man with experience filled,
The Thinker with his glance of flame.

XXIX.

Cigars were lighted, ladies gone,
The conversation grew more loud,
And outlined forms that sat alone
Gleamed dimly through the murky cloud.
* * * * *

XLIX.

The stranger turned his steps to home,
And when, in after years, he thought
On life, that scene again would come
On wings of memory freshly brought.

L.

And how he blessed the day he met
That kind old man, so wise and good,
Whose mind, on noble purpose set,
All human weakness understood."

Still, it is by his rhymed couplets—I repeat it—that JOSEPH SYKES must stand or fall. In particular I feel that he must be judged by *The Fortune of Three Brothers: A Tale*. On this crash of melody *Poems Selected and Revised* are introduced to the world:—

"In rural town not far from busy rail,
Enclosed by hills, yet scenting ocean's gale,
[I take this to be Lewes]
Three brothers lived, comely, of even mind,
To bear vicissitudes of fate resigned;
Orphans from youth, their uncle dwelt in Town,
A wealthy merchant of world-wide renown.
* * * * *
And when the kindly man, life's journey o'er,
His bark had moored on Death's mysterious shore,
To each one hundred thousand pounds he left,
A legacy of all restraint bereft."

I can think at this present moment of no more dramatic opening in the history of narrative verse. The poem goes on to describe how each of the three brothers met this stroke of fate:—

"'What shall we do? What course will be the best
To utilise our relative's bequest?'"

The paths they trod were different—

"Alfred, the eldest, spoke: 'My tastes incline
To rural life. I neither seek to shine
'Midst public men, nor shall I tempt the wave
Wherein so many find a storm-girt grave.
In steady Three Per Cents my cash I leave.'" . . .

Not so Arthur—

"Arthur, the second, said: 'Dear brother, I
A course just opposite intend to try.
My active mind in industry must live,
And speculation's stimulus receive.
I join the firm of Blenkensop and Son,
Who have, by Cotton, half-a-million won.'"

(By Cotton, now a golfer's expletive, meant something quite different in those sweet far-off times.)

The third brother, of whom I need scarcely say our author approves, was a trimmer—

"Edward, the youngest, followed: 'Brothers dear,
Each of your plans with deference I hear.
Somewhat between the two is my resolve,
'Twixt industry and leisure to revolve.'"

This meant to Edward that he was going to divide his investments, instead of putting them all into one concern,



VARNISHING DAY.

First Artist (discussing Picture). "THERE'S SOMETHING IN IT."
Second Artist. "YES—A MISTAKE."

like the elder and more tempestuous pair—

"'Some [he explains to them] rest attached
to industry in Spain,
In British mines a portion will remain.
Some will I lend to Egypt's chief, whose hand
Will strive to fructify that ancient land.
Some I invest in railways of fair France,
And thus my thoughts o'er varied lands will glance.' "

Oh, happy days! Happy days!

EVOE.

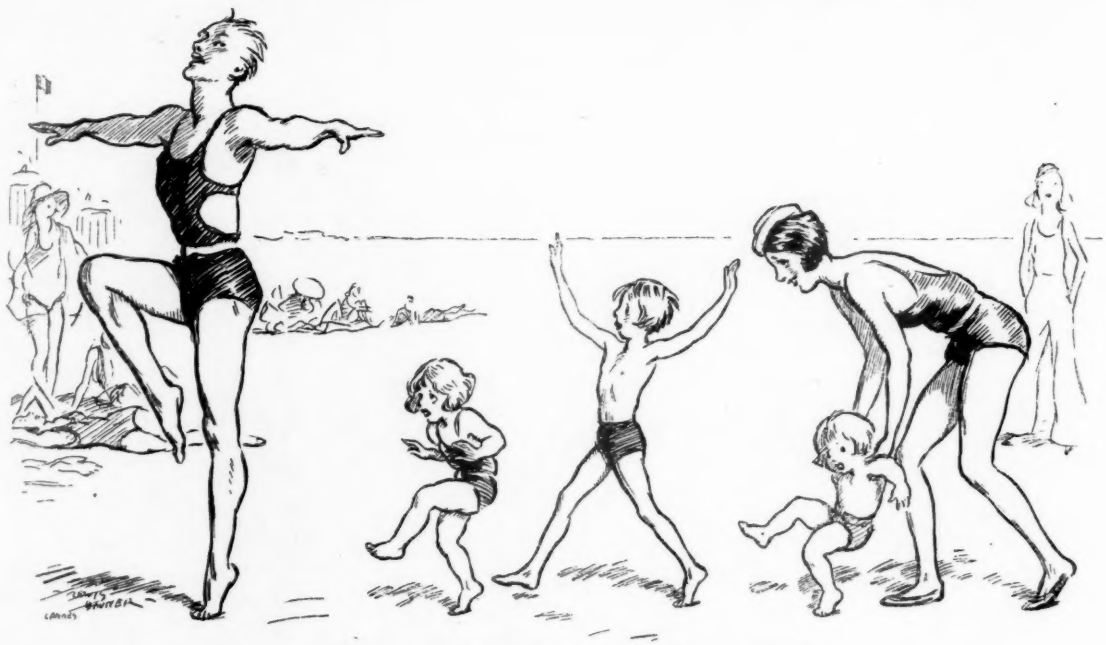
A Gross Libel.

"MR. HUGE WALPOLE."
Caption in Daily Paper.

NICE POT PLANTS.

A MONTH or so ago my Aunt Araminta, having to go abroad for a while ("Paris, my dear boy! Quite giddy!"), suddenly swooped down upon me and Frances and left upon our doorstep four very precious ferns in pots. Later I learnt from Frances that Aunt Araminta had some time ago manœuvred her into admitting that she wouldn't mind housing the infernal things for her if absolutely nobody else could be found. At the same time, however, I gathered from Aunt Araminta that Frances had simply clamoured to be allowed to look after them, and, being a favourite niece, was given first place in a seething mob competing for the honour. Anyway, Aunt Araminta went off to make herself giddy going round Paris and the ferns stayed with us.

We groomed and watered them carefully for the first few days, and even stood them in the dining-room window to get the sun and air and see life. Aunt Araminta had impressed upon us that they were "*not* aspidistras," nevertheless it is a fact that on the fifth day an old lady came to the door and inquired



MANNERS AND MODES ON THE CÔTE D'AZUR.

THE PROFESSOR AND THE NEOPHYTES.

if we had lodgings to let. So we took them out of the front-window and put them in a small study at the back of the house. Here we soon found they obscured the light and filled the room with such an unearthly green radiance that we never opened the door without expecting to find the Rhine-maidens counting over the Nibelung gold at the desk.

So we moved them again. . . .

* * * * *

A few evenings ago we got a note from Aunt Araminta saying she was coming down by car on Thursday, the 22nd, to fetch her ferns. At first we said, "What ferns?" then after a puzzled moment we remembered and went guiltily up to the box-room. There we found four pots containing four very parched and dusty ferns.

I sacrificed my bath to them that evening and they revelled in it all night. The following day, Wednesday, was luckily wet and so we stood them outside the front-door for the day. Which was where we made our mistake. For, in our anxiety that they should pick up a bit before Aunt Araminta arrived the following day, we rashly left them there while we went for a walk, it being also the maid's "half-day"; and when we returned they were gone.

This was pretty terrible. Ours is a fairly honest neighbourhood as far as money and valuables go, but it gardens very keenly. And you know what that means—padlocks on the mowing-machines and counting the sunflowers every night and so on. Even so, ferns seemed a bit out of the local line of country, unless they really *were* valuable; though our impression on first seeing them had been that Aunt Araminta's valuation had been sentimental rather than material.

Nevertheless, remembering that we had barely a day to get them back, we started at once on a round of highly casual visits to "see over" our neighbours' gardens—which must have surprised them almost as much as it bored us once we had failed to detect any concealed fernage and had to listen to long stories about the rockery having suffered from a bad attack of nepeta or coreopsis.

At last we got a clue. Old Miss Gumwhistle happened to mention that a man had been round with a barrow trying to sell ferns. Indeed she had bought one from him, which of course is just what one would expect of Miss Gumwhistle.

We saw the whole thing at once. An itinerant fern-fancier, selling ferns from house to house, had visited ours during our absence and had realised that, though he was unable to increase his sales, he was at least able to increase his stock. With one voice we asked to see the fern Miss Gumwhistle had bought, and she, pleasantly flattered, showed us. It might have been one of Aunt Araminta's—or again it might not. We began to question her closely as to the fern-merchant's movements, till Miss Gumwhistle got an idea that we were deathly eager to start up a fernery of our own and became too horticultural to follow. Finally Frances went off to "drop in on" other neighbours who might have bought ferns and I went to the police-station.

The sergeant was a little sceptical. What proof had I the man had stolen the ferns? I said that the ferns had been taken and that the man had visited our house when we were out. . . . Oh, did we *know* he had visited our house? asked the sergeant. Well, no, but we had an idea he might have done. Had anyone then seen the missing ferns on his barrow? I stood sheepishly on one foot and said "No." The sergeant blew out his cheeks. Evidently, he commented sternly, I didn't know the law. Evidently, I retorted, nettled, he didn't know my Aunt Araminta. Well, could I identify the missing ferns? There again I was at a loss. They were brown ferns, but the rain had probably made them green by now. Most ferns were green, pointed out this objectionable

man: had these particular ferns of mine—— As a matter of fact, I here explained, they were not really *my* ferns. At this the sergeant put away his pen with the air of one who has played with the kiddies long enough and it's now time for beddie-byes. I crept out of the station with the feeling that he considered I had stolen some ferns from my aunt and was trying to shuffle off the blame on to an innocent, or even non-existent, hawker. All very difficult.

Frances returned excitedly shortly before dinner. She had, she said, traced the fern-seller as far as the neighbouring town. So, she added simply, she had 'phoned the police there to arrest him. Gosh! And yet they say women can't go straight to essentials! I didn't sleep half the night for thinking of what I should say to our police-sergeant next day. I didn't sleep the other half for thinking of what I should say to Aunt Araminta next day.

Next day was, I realised at breakfast for the first time, Thursday the 23rd. The *23rd!* And Aunt Araminta had said she was coming on Thursday the *22nd*. She had done her usual "impossible date" trick on us again. Knowing that she always goes by the day of the week and is often a couple of days out on the month number, I hadn't considered the alternative, but for some reason she had this time been numerically right and cognominally wrong. As I realised this Frances handed me over a letter. In it Aunt Araminta said she had come down on the 22nd as she had written to say she would and had been sorry to find we were out. It was kind of us, however, to have put the ferns out ready for her. . . .

I spent a sticky half-hour explaining to our police-sergeant; and later the fern-man turned up, having apparently escaped arrest. While in the neighbouring town, he explained, an old lady to whom he had sold a fern the previous day had called to him from her car and told him it might be worth his while to push his barrow back and see us, as she understood we were in the market for ferns. So here he was, hoping it *would* be worth his while.

It had to be. We now have eight ferns—all our own too. Somehow I don't think they'll last very long, as they are all in the box-room. And it hasn't rained in our box-room since that very wet winter four years ago.

A. A.

Plump Business.

"No extra charge will be made for Ready-to-Wear Large-Size Gowns. This decision will be of particular interest as we have an extremely wide clientèle."

Advt. in Daily Paper.



Pilot. "What on earth is Mr. Jones doing up there at this time of night? Looping the loop?"

Mechanic. "Oh, I expect 'e's just seen the new moon, Sir, and 'e's turning 'is money over. Very superstitious, Mr. Jones!"

THE MANXMAN.

Of all the things that walk or fly,
For propagation of its race
The common cat should take a high,
If not an honoured, place.

There he may hold himself unique,
While those who dodge the pail at birth
Believe, though anything but meek,
That they possess the earth.

They poach, and never hold it sin;
There is no law to which they bow;
And there's a total stranger in
My pet delphiniums now.

Yet there's a cat of tailless charm,
Called, as I understand, the Manx,
Which gives the fancy some alarm
By its depleted ranks.

So urgent the demand has grown,
So high the prices that prevail,
That men give quite a lot to own
A cat without a tail.

Their taste is not the same as ours,
But, if they feel that way inclined,
The cure should be within the powers
Of an inventive mind.

What's more, unless he takes good care—
Give me my little chopper; thanks!—
My friend in the delphiniums there
May find himself a Manx.

Dum-Dum.



New Maid. "IF IT'S FOR ME AND 'E SAYS 'IS NAME'S BERT, WILL YOU TELL 'IM—'GLADYS SAYS GO AND FRY YER FACE'!"

NOT LOST BUT LEFT BEHIND.

AFTER debating for many months the claims of Abyssinia, the Outer Hebrides and Greenland as honeymoon resorts, Henry and Jane decided just to drive South towards the Mediterranean.

"Just vaguely," said Jane. "It'll be lovely not to know where we're going."

"A good big car," said Henry, glancing hopefully round the table; "one that'll stand up to the Alps if necessary." But naturally none of us was having any.

The next day he attended an auction in Great Portland Street, and returned to Tarcross on, rather than in, a grey contraption which looked and sounded as if it had come of some upstart rolling-stock of the pre-Ford era. Though it lacked both paint and distinction, in virtue of its Oriental generosity of line we christened it the Taj Mahal. Two days before the wedding Henry and the chauffeur contrived to reinstil life into its fourth cylinder.

* * * * *

In a moment of expansion after dinner, months after they got back, we extracted the whole story from Henry.

They had dallied a bit in Paris, he said, and in order to make up time the first day out they decided to take turns at the wheel until dusk. All through the heat of an August day the Taj rumbled ponderously on towards the South. About noon they stretched their legs and had an omelette, and I imagine (having walked with Henry through the unrestricted Continent) that they paused occasionally for a bock; but otherwise they sat up on the front throne of the Taj, acknowledging with dignity the cheers of the natives and praying that nothing would occur to impair the convalescence of the fourth cylinder.

Night overtook them, happy but very weary, at the little town of Tirer-la-Jambe, three hundred miles on the road. It was indescribably good, Henry said, to pull up in the main street before the lighted pavement of the Autre Jambe, and to see the fat smile of the proprietor as he ran out to meet them.

"Les bagages dans la chambre?" he asked.

"Let's have it all up," said Jane, "it's much safer."

"Toutes là-haut," Henry commanded comprehensively. I can see him doing it, with the Gallic sweep of the hand which he always adopts soon after Calais.

Then they went inside to a table. They were just steadying themselves for a long dive into their Picons Grenadines when the porter came back.

"Mais les bagages, Monsieur?" he demanded.

"Là-haut," said Henry, too weak to find a fresh formula, "toutes."

"Oui, Monsieur, mais où sont-elles?"

"Oh, lord," Henry groaned, "they all pretend they can't understand me. Tell him, darling—the whole blasted lot upstairs."

"I believe he means," said Jane, sitting suddenly bolt upright and speaking with fearful calm—"I believe he means he can't find them."

"Oh, rot!" snapped Henry. "I helped the fellow at the Crillon to strap them on. Derrière," he cried, "sur la carrière!"

The porter spread out his hands with infinite regret and shook his head.

"Rien, Monsieur," he said.

A moment later they saw that it was so. The massive iron luggage-grid of the Taj, after defying the elements for nearly a quarter of a century, had disappeared. Only two jagged rusty bars remained. Of the suitcases and Jane's little hanging trunk there was no sign. Even the straps were gone.

Then indeed was the whirlwind of inquiry let loose upon the *apéritifs* of perplexity. Sympathy and interrogation poured from Monsieur and Madame,

the waiters and the thirty-odd citizens who had been drinking before the Autre Jambe.

They hadn't in truth come all the way from Paris in one day? Presque cinq cent kilos, et dans ce vieux? And the bagages, during déjeuner, they had been there? They hadn't noticed? Une lune-de-miel, peut-être? Oui? Ah, c'était terrible. Mais cinq cent kilos—à peu près cinquante villages. Quoi faire?

Henry endeavoured, he said, to take control of the situation, but it was an impossible task for a tired man. He and Jane returned to their drinks and tried to comfort one another, waiting for the tumult to die down. There were the evening things, the real tortoise-shell set, the heavenly black costume, the only grey suit in Europe, and that tie which had been for so long the talk of Spitalfields, where it had been specially commissioned.

Their crooning was interrupted by a bowed old man, who stood before them in tears. He was the Mayor. He explained that everything possible was being done. The Deputy-mayor was already at the telephone, broadcasting the details of the tragedy (*cataclysme* was the word he used) to the Chefs-de-Police of all the districts through which they had passed.

Henry ordered up a magnum. It seemed the only thing to do. The Mayor, Monsieur and Madame joined them, while the rest of the town stood about in electric postures of conjecture. But no news came. . . .

As Henry and Jane made their way to the South, they were forced gradually to replace their essential losses. Jane found the French dresses rather to her liking, but it took Henry several weeks to accustom himself to a chintz shirt and a tie like a flower-show. He preferred, he said, to do without a hat.

The day before they got back they were driving through a village about forty miles south of Paris when Henry, who was doubtless confusing Jane with the road, put an end to a large black mongrel who could hardly have been expected to know who it was who was coming.

It took the village about ten seconds to parade. The owner of the body stormed and wept by turns. It had been his son, his brother, his aunt, it was the only dog of its sort in Europe.

Henry was just feeling for his notecase when he became suddenly aware of the only grey suit in Europe. Then, and it was like a dagger in his heart, he observed the Pride of Spitalfields sagging in a vulgar knot around the bereaved neck. At the same moment Jane started to make lunatic sawing movements with her hands, and he knew that not far away was the black costume.

The crowd began to look really nasty. Several large men of the broken-nosed variety edged up in a manner which was full of menace, and the sullen murmur of the throng was passing rapidly into a man-eating cacophony which recalled to him very vividly, Henry said, some of the fruitier legends of the Bastille. Had he been a braver man or, better still, covered by a couple of Lewis guns, he would have gone up to the master of the remains and said, "I wish it had bitten you before it died, and where the hell did you get that tie?" But, as it was, there were only Jane's nail-file and his notecase between them and a certain and insanitary end in a cobbled gutter. . . .

"How much did the brute cost you?" we asked.

"Five hundred perishing francs," Henry grunted as he made a long arm for the port.

ERIC.



Sympathetic Lady to Author. "OF COURSE I UNDERSTAND—YOU CANNOT WRITE DOWN TO THE PUBLIC. YOU DID SAY *down*, DIDN'T YOU?"

"NEW FEATURES FOR FARMERS."
Poster of Daily Paper.

Why should our mud-packed beauties have it all their own way?



Hotel Visitor (to kindred spirit). "I ALWAYS TRY TO GET ROOMS ON THE GROUND FLOOR. IT GETS OVER THAT IMPOSSIBLE SITUATION OF BEING ADDRESSED BY PEOPLE IN THE LIFT."

THE BATTLE OF THE CENSUS.

DOWN here at Chogworth Parva we are much concerned about the Census. We are a village-proud people, and we are particularly anxious that the neighbouring parish of Middle Wunton shall not beat us. Ten years ago it was a thrilling tie, one-hundred-and-eighty-six each. A baby born on the Saturday night rescued us precariously from defeat. There were extra warm congratulations for Thomas and Ellen Mullings, the parents, though they declined Miss Effray's ecstatic suggestion that the baby be baptized Census Victor, with a Thomas in front if they liked.

Rural depression being what it is, our population has gone down a bit since 1921. We knew exactly where we stood. All present, and reckoning on no last-moment recruitments by birth or discharges by death, we should muster one-hundred-and-seventy-two. The Middle Wunton folk were not giving any information away, but our belief was that their decrease had been about the same. On what may be called natural resources, therefore, it looked like being a tight finish again.

Of course no one was allowed to leave our parish for Census Night. We had some trouble with the Vicar. He is a rather new vicar, and Chogworth Parva is not yet rooted in his soul. He mentioned to Mr. Blatchley, the churchwarden, a few days ago that he proposed to be away for this week-end; said he had promised to preach for a friend in the North. Mr. Blatchley at once put a firm veto on that. The Vicar was obstinate at first, but Mr. Blatchley threatened him with an indignation meeting, whereupon he surrendered. We kept a watch on him, though. He still had a shifty look in his eyes.

Then there was Mrs. (widow) Perry. She had an only brother coming home from America and his ship was due in port on Census Night. She wanted to go and meet him. The parish decided it could not sanction this. On the decision being conveyed to Mrs. Perry she at once perceived where her primary duty lay. A cablegram of regret was sent to the brother at the expense of Mr. Lugg, of the "Royal Oak," and a few customers.

Moreover, while holding fast to our population from within, we did what we could in a quiet way to augment it from without. Everybody counts on Census Night, and Chogworth Parva evolved a simple little plan to utilise its spare beds.

Mr. Wilterson, the schoolmaster, originated the plan. He had a married pair of cousins coming to stay at the schoolhouse at the following week-end, and it occurred to him—why not get them innocently here a week earlier instead and thus rope them in for Census? He wrote to the cousins. They were agreeable. He then had a further inspiration and wrote again to suggest that the cousins might bring their twin progeny as well. A whiff of country air, he pointed out, would do the children good. "Delighted," replied the cousins. Four recruits for the asking!

The village adopted the plan with enthusiasm. Invitations to relatives and friends went forth from nearly every house which had accommodation to offer, also from some which really had not. I know for a fact that the young William Gerrishes slept in the living-room of their half-a-cottage (Mary on the sofa, William on the cokernut-matting) so that William's aunt and uncle from Bristol could have the bedroom. I myself asked a couple of ornithologist friends down for forty-eight hours to study the local birds at this very interesting season of the year.

So Chogworth Parva was a very full village on Census Night. It is calculated that we added as many as fifty to our normal population. We hope our total of two-hundred-and-twenty or so will be enough to defeat Middle Wunton, though we cannot be sure of success until we know what arrangements the Wuntonians, who may have had the same inspiration—for they are terribly artful—had made to down us.

"TENOR'S TREBLE SUCCESS."—*Irish Paper.*
Mr. Punch views these falsettos with disfavour.

"On cherche place dans un tombeau."
Advt. in Marseilles Paper.
Surely the *Marseillais* are not giving way to depression?



A CHIP OFF THE NEW BLOCK.

REPUBLICAN SPAIN (*to* BRITISH FOREIGN SECRETARY). "IT GIVES ME MUCH PLEASURE TO BE RECOGNISED BY YOU."

CATALAN. "WHAT ABOUT ME?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, April 20th.—Dr. ADDISON is aware of the grey squirrel. He is even arranging, he informed Viscount WOLMER, to call a conference to consider how to deal with the pest. "What is the use of conferences when the grey squirrels are breeding?" demanded Brigadier-General CLIFTON BROWN. Unconscious of impending doom, the little victims get on with it. They come from America.

De minimis non curat P.M.G. No appreciable amount of additional revenue, he told Rear-Admiral SUETER, was to be gained by the issue of air-mail stamps. Sir SAMUEL HOARE inquired in mild tones why, if there was no advantage to be gained, almost every other country in the world had air-mail stamps. There was no advantage to be gained, reiterated Major ATTLEE austerely. One could almost hear him asking, "What *is* a philatelist?"

Supply a non-political subject and call off the Whips and the House of Commons will always give a bright exhibition of emotional eloquence. It becomes as impressive as at normal times it is unconvincing, and generally manages to emerge from the welter of competitive oratory with a sound commonsense decision.

It was so to-night on the Second Reading of the Sunday Performances Bill. There was much to be said against the measure and it was all said at least once. There was even more to be said for it and that was said at least twice: once by Mr. CLYNES, with the detachment that the occasion demanded of a Minister who has bidden Members to gang their ain gait, and once more by Sir JOHN SIMON, with all his merciless logic and considerably more warmth than he is accustomed to display when he is merely trouncing the Government or nailing Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's hide on the barn-door.

Mr. MACPHERSON apologised for being the arch-antagonist of a measure that did not apply to Scotland, but it was not necessary. If a Highland Scot, and a Hell-fire Phairson at that, could not uphold the Sabbath, who should? The Member for Ross and Cromarty did his best, but would have done better if he had stuck to the Sabbath and not diverged into the Bill's apparent discrimination in favour of the cinema and against the stage. "Why should Hollywood get a preference over Stratford-on-Avon?" he asked, permitting himself to overlook the probability that Stratford-on-Avon will have a good deal to say on this subject in Committee.

Mr. LANG was more telling when he declared that what the nation needed most was a Sunday of quiet and rest; but the hit of the evening on the side of the "antis" was effected by Mr. W. MORRISON, Conservative Member for Cirencester, with what one might call his New Decalogue:—

> *"Honour thy father and thy mother, but thou needest not do so if the local authority excuses thee.*
>
> *Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's goods unless the Town Council says thou mayest.*

Among the supporters of the Bill Sir JOHN SIMON was the most annihilating—indeed the way he pulverised Mr. MACPHERSON with, as one might say, the jawbone of *The Times* was hardly what one expected from one golfing Liberal to another. His last sentence summed up a learned and humane lawyer's philosophy. Spending his Sundays as he did, he declared, he was not prepared to deny the facilities offered by the Bill to the poor of the land. More power to his putter!



A SCOT ENDEAVOURS TO PREVENT A BODY OF WAYWARD SASSENACHS FROM GOING TO PERDITION IN THEIR OWN COUNTRY ON THE SABBATH DAY.
MR. MACPHERSON, MR. CLYNES, SIR JOHN SIMON AND MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN.

The Bill found many other staunch advocates, and some of them had bright things to say.

It was Mr. LANSBURY, perhaps, who lifted the debate to its highest philosophical pinnacle by asking what was the difference between looking at a mummy in a museum and looking at a picture. It was certainly Mr. MARJORIBANKS who plumbed the depths of satire—if indeed it was satire—by advising the House to preserve the tradition of Merrie England. Shivering Members wondered idly what Eastbourne had to be merrie about.

Tuesday, April 21st.—The House of Lords came to life again, chiefly to receive with appropriate expressions of regret Lord PARMOOR's announcement that Lord DONOUGHMORE had written to say that reasons of health compelled him to resign his office of Lord Chairman, a position held by that veteran statesman since 1911. The tributes paid to Lord DONOUGHMORE'S wisdom and tact and devotion to the service of the House culminated in the unanimous desire that Lord PARMOOR should make a final effort to persuade him to reconsider his decision.

Nailing Mr. GRAHAM to the counter is no easy matter, but Mr. HACKING did wring from the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE the inferential admission that on a recent visit to Edinburgh the fact of his presence on his native heath had inspired him to an unjustifiable optimism in respect of the effect of the GANDHI-IRWIN agreement on the Lancashire cotton trade.

Mr. VIANT, the ASSISTANT POSTMASTER-GENERAL, gladdened the heart of Mr. FREEMAN by announcing that the P.O. was arranging for the experimental issue of five-shilling books of stamps. In Brecon and Radnor, where Mr. FREEMAN comes from, they like a book of stamps to *be* a book of stamps.

The Ten-minute Rule gave Mr. O. LOCKER-LAMPSON the opportunity of rubbing into the Socialists the manifest inconsistency of their enthusiasm for the Soviet exploiters of forced labour, but did not secure him permission to bring in a Bill prohibiting the importa-

tion into this country of forced-labour-produced goods and materials.

A Bill to extend in point of time the operation of the Housing (Rural Workers) Act, 1920, whereof Mr. ADAMSON moved the Second Reading, gave Sir KINGSLEY WOOD a charming opportunity to pull the leg of the MINISTER OF HEALTH, who had attacked the original measure as (among other things) "a rural landlords' out-relief Bill," and now proposed to give it another five years' lease of life. To all of which Mr. GREENWOOD replied with some spirit that the original Bill was indeed a "wretched little measure with poor paltry results," but there it was on the Statute Book and it was up to him to try to get some good out of it for the rural workers.



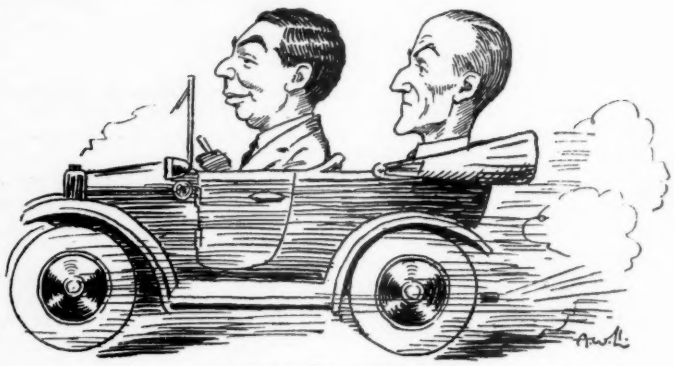
THE JACKDAW IN BORROWED PLUMES.

["In the circumstances it was not surprising that a Socialist Government should turn for help to a Conservative Act and ask the House to renew it for a further period of five years."—*Sir KINGSLEY WOOD.*]

MR. ADAMSON.

Much criticism arose on the P.M.G.'s Money Resolution fixing thirty-two million pounds as the sum to be expended on telephone improvement in the next three years. The "high charges and inferior service" of the Post-Office's telephone system is fair game, and Lord WOLMER potted it to some purpose. At the same time his comparison of the seventy-seven pounds' instalment cost per British telephone and the forty-seven pounds' cost in America might have been qualified. Has he ever seen the great American telephone poles sagging down the main street of the American small town and the American large suburb like a file of drunken sailors?

Wednesday, April 22nd.—Yesterday's unostentatious resumption of work by their Lordships was deceptive. To-day they got to work on the Land (Utilisation) Bill with an enthusiasm bordering on ferocity. One by one they knocked out its more extravagant clauses, notably the proposed million-pounds' Agricultural Land Corporation with which the MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE threatened to show the British farmer how to ranch on a large scale. Following a stern attack by Lords BANBURY and HASTINGS, Lord BUCKMASTER besought their Lordships "not to risk any more of the country's slender resources on a gambler's throw," and their Lordships responded by throwing out the offending clause by 121 votes to 101. Lord PARMOOR and Lord DE LA WARR (in charge of the Bill) could only bow before the storm, muttering darkly, like Bishop BERKELEY, "When the Commons see you then you won't *be* you." Midnight still found their Lordships untiringly macerating the offspring of Dr. ADDISON's agricultural brain, with Lord BANBURY as executioner-in-chief prancing, knife in hand, about the rapidly-diminishing corpse.



A RIDE TO THE POLL.

[In the Representation of the People Bill, which was jointly opposed by Mr. HORE-BELISHA and Sir SAMUEL HOARE, it is laid down that a motor-car may not be used to convey any elector other than the owner's family to the poll. Asked for a definition of family, a Ministerialist replied, "Anyone having the same name," and Mr Punch suggests that "more or less the same name" might do.]

MR. HORE-BELISHA AND SIR SAMUEL HOARE.

Is the NELSON touch being extracted from the Navy through the agency of German potatoes? Sir THOMAS INSKIP fears so, and Mr. AMMON declined to allay those very natural fears by promising that the Navy should only be permitted to batten on the home-grown spud.

The House in Committee discussed Clause 6 of the Representation of the People (No. 2) Bill, which regulates the use of motor-cars at Elections.

The clause, which in effect confines the use of a motor-car for polling purposes to the owner and his family, but permits him to place it at the disposal of the returning officer for the conveyance of far-flung voters, irrespective of party, came in for a great deal of well-justified ridicule, and Mr. CLYNES seemed amiably willing to exchange it in Committee for anything else that looked more workable; and apparently on that understanding it secured ample Liberal support on a division.

Thursday, April 23rd.—The Lords continued to operate on the Land (Utilisation) Bill, to the Bill's manifest betterment, the manipulative surgery of Lords LAUDERDALE, CRANWORTH and ASTOR being more in evidence on this occasion than Lord BANBURY's knife.

In the Commons recent references to the Press Bureau of Scotland Yard were mentioned and wrung from Mr. CLYNES the declaration that this organisation performs useful and necessary functions and does *not* give out information about the criminal records of accused persons.

A Doomed Vacancy.

"WANTED.

A Cook, Mug preferred, for the Officers' Mess (Catering)."—*Advt. in Indian Paper.*

OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE.

Over-Developed.

Ever since they acted in the film, *Babes in the Bush*, both Herbert the hippo and Constance the crocodile have been perfect nuisances to everyone along our river.

You may remember the important part played by Herbert in that film. It was he who came up to breathe just at the moment when the *Babes*, hotly pursued by the whole Bantu tribe, had reached the banks of the broad Mbamba river. Sizing up the situation in an instant, Herbert had reversed alongside, had arched an inviting back for the *Babes* to mount and had ferried them dryshod to safety.

Constance was also very prominent in the film. It was she with whom Herbert held a hurried conversation while swimming. She had then flashed back and, with the rough edge of her tail, cut through the grass ropes of all the dug-out canoes on the Bantus' bank, chuckling fiendishly. This forced those agile warriors to remain on dry land and indulge in round games. The catching of the expression they put into their toe-nails, particularly during Hunt-the-Slipper, was a real triumph of photography; but that is by the way.

Nowadays Constance spends much of her time cutting the painter of our motor-launch so that it drifts away. As fast as we fit a new one she saws it through, and until we can get an iron chain out from Home the launch has to be kept shut up in its shed. The natives have to pull their canoes right up on the bank. No mooring-rope's life is worth a moment's purchase with Constance about.

Constance is not really happy, though. She is dumb by nature, but since that film credited her with making noises she keeps on attempting voice-production; and it is quite painful to see her agonizing open-mouthed without being able to utter a cheep, her tears falling fast meanwhile.

Herbert, on his part, will keep butting in. If we go down in the evening to try for a mud-fish Herbert floats along and occupies all the water in sight, bobbing up and repeating this performance however much we dodge about trying to avoid him. In his eagerness to transport them over the river Herbert makes it very difficult for the natives to reach sufficient water to fill their jars. They can't even bring back their harvest from the fields on the other side in the usual way, thanks to Herbert. He elbows their canoes aside and proffers his back; but it is quite impossible to balance pumpkins, for instance, on his wet spine.



Boy. "Your kid's give me a penny to come an' take 'is castor-oil for 'im."

Herbert himself is looking rather haggard with it all. He is so afraid that he won't be on the spot in time to help somebody to escape that he doesn't take time to eat proper meals.

Life along our river will continue to be very difficult, I'm afraid, until another film is taken in which Herbert and Constance are given different *rôles* to fill. Constance must appear as a staid silent matron who leads a simple fish-wifely life, while Herbert should be cast as an aquatic gardener who passes his peaceful days in keeping the weeds down.

In the meantime, when we have business on the opposite bank, we use the road bridge. This spans the river some five miles above the spot where that get-away scene in *Babes in the Bush* was filmed.

"My Calf Loves.
By the New Girl Playwright."
Daily Paper Placard.

She will have to put her calf into a play.

"One Hundred Per Cent. genuine.—Smart man, with moderate capital, wanted, to join established Tattersall's bookmaker. Interested applicants seeking active occupation will not waste their time by making confidential inquiries."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

Thanks for the hint.



First Onlooker (as injured player is carried off the field). "PITY; 'E WAS JUST FINDING 'IS FORM."
Second Onlooker. "YES, 'E GOT STRETCHED OUT BEFORE 'E WAS PROPERLY EXTENDED."

ENORMOUS HOTELS.

WHEN I survey these vasty palaces
That rise in splendour on the blinking street
And know precisely what a bedroom is
In each per diem, and still more a suite,
How service and how light are both thrown in,
And water, water everywhere is shed,
Both hot and cold, by some mysterious djinn,
For basins and for baths, and nothing said;

And if some saintly man had made a vow
That neither food nor drink should pass his lips,
And dwelt there, shaving not his beard nor brow
For a full week, avoiding all the tips,
Merely to breathe in that immense domain
And watch the traffic far beneath him flow
In silent meditation and in pain,
Would set him back some fifteen quid or so;

But those of livelier sort, less filled with grace,
The earthlier type, and many such there are,
Whose custom seems to be to go the pace
With cocktails and fine wines and caviare,
And entertainments not too nicely mixed
And liveried servants in a large saloon,
Might burn about a monkey in betwixt
The waxing and the waning of the moon;

I think of lots of things, and chiefly where
The money comes from that can so begem
London with all these castles in the air,
And who the juice they get to live in them;
And, if they must be made so high, so vast,
Since Beauty by her own perfection swells,
Could not the nation's unemployed at last
Be all of them employed to build hotels?

And those huge sums the CHANCELLOR requires,
That make the middle-class so loudly groan,
Be drawn by heated pincers or by wires
Out of hotel-proprietors alone?
This much at least I know, a burdened slave,
Doing my best for SNOWDEN week by week,
It cheers my heart to think how much I save
By not residing in the *Magnifique*. EVOE.

Things We Should Never Have Thought of Saying.

"Then there is the serious trouble which has befallen Gamages owing to the appointment of Sir W. McLintock as receiver and manager of the West End subsidiary."—*Sunday Paper.*

A Machiavellian Mart.

"Mr. Lloyd George has succeeded in obtaining the consent of the leading figures of the Cabinet—with one exception—to his proposals for an alliance which, by the exercise of his vigorous personality, he might easily convert into a dictatorshop."—*Sunday Paper.*

"The most marked competitor of all will be J. E. Holland, who won the 100 Yards in the School sports in 10 sec. dead with three stop-watches on him."—*Daily Paper.*

Time sometimes hangs heavy, and we wonder what he could do without this handicap.

". . . to begin work immediately on road building. This involved the removal of huge bounders from the River Wear."
Yorkshire Paper.

In our youth we once assisted in removing a large bounder from his Nether Wear.

". . . the partial abolition of the use of hogs in the hunting of deer will be extended next year to cover the whole Province."
Canadian Paper.

In France they strike the happy mean (which is still hunted there) with the pig-dog.

A MEETING WITH BOGEY.

My partner having telephoned to the golf club to say that he was unable to turn up for the bogey competition, I went out on to the links to see if I could pick up an unpaired member to go round with me and mark my card.

As I approached the first tee I saw a solitary figure standing near the tee-box with his hands in his pockets, looking wistfully down the fairway. Although I did not remember having seen him before, something about him seemed familiar. He had a bony weatherbeaten face with sad grey eyes, hair a little thin on top and grizzled at the temples, and a lanky figure dressed in very wide plus-fours and a Fair-Isle pull-over. He looked a lonely and frustrated man. I felt vaguely sorry for him.

"Are you fixed up for the Bogey Competition?" I asked him.

He turned his tired eyes towards me. "I am always fixed up for the Bogey Competition," he replied. "You see, I *am* Bogey."

I gave a start of astonishment and pleasure.

"Really? I am delighted to meet you, Mr.—er—Bogey. I have played against you several times—I suppose that was why I felt certain that I had met you somewhere—but I have never had an earthly chance against you, even with my strokes. I have often wondered how you attained that maddeningly steady game of yours and why your play never seemed to vary by a hair's-breadth from the scratch level. I suppose you have played golf from your early childhood?"

"I seem to have played golf all my life," he answered. "I cannot remember a time when I did not. I have no recollection of an early childhood, as other men have; no charming memories of care-free happy hours with little playmates. For years I have wandered about the various golf-links of the world, a homeless and friendless man. My life has been one perpetual round of eighteen holes."

"Still," I pointed out to him, "it must be wonderful to be a natural golfer like you; never to make a mistake, never to slice or to pull, to drop your shoulder or press or take your eye off the ball. I suppose you've never taken more than two putts on the green in your life, or driven into that beastly pond at the eleventh?"

"Never," he replied, sighing heavily. "If only I could sometimes be off my game perhaps my life would not be so dreadfully monotonous. I have watched long-handicap men and women going out to golf and wondered why their faces were so lighted and hopeful, their expressions so eager and determined. As I followed them round I understood. They were never sure whether the next shot was going to be a ghastly fluff or a perfect peach. It was that element of uncertainty that gave life to the game. If they missed their drives the light died from their faces a moment, their shoulders drooped, pain and sorrow and a consciousness of the manifold frustrations of life crept into their bearing. If, on the other hand, one of them landed a fluky iron shot from a hundred-and-twenty yards over a line of bunkers dead on to the green within a foot of the pin, a glow of ecstasy rushed over his face, transforming a normally commonplace countenance into something unearthly in its beauty. For a moment he touched a happiness outside the range of his ordinary daily life, with its order and domesticity. For an instant he became



Dentist. "How long has the tooth been troubling you?"
McDougal. "Twenty yeer-r-rs."

one with the supermen, the poets, the visionaries, the mighty conquerors who march to the blare of trumpets.

"I tried to see if I too could not capture some of this elation, know some of these white and perfect moments. I tried to go off my game for a bit so that I could savour the delight of coming on it again. I footled about on the tee, cramped my swing, lifted my head, swayed my body, slackened my right knee, did all the things I have watched you rabbits—I beg your pardon, you fellow-golfers—doing over and over again. I tried hitting a few air shots when I was playing the secretary's wife, whose incessant chatter, as you know, generally adds seven or eight strokes to her opponent's score. It was no good. Round I went in the usual seventy-six. Never a topped drive, never a hooked mashie. If only I knew how you managed it! That peculiar shot of your own, for instance, a sort of wriggle at the top of the swing by which you come down across the ball and slice it so cleverly into a wood or a ditch or a clump of furze—I have practised it frequently, but I have never succeeded in getting hold of it."

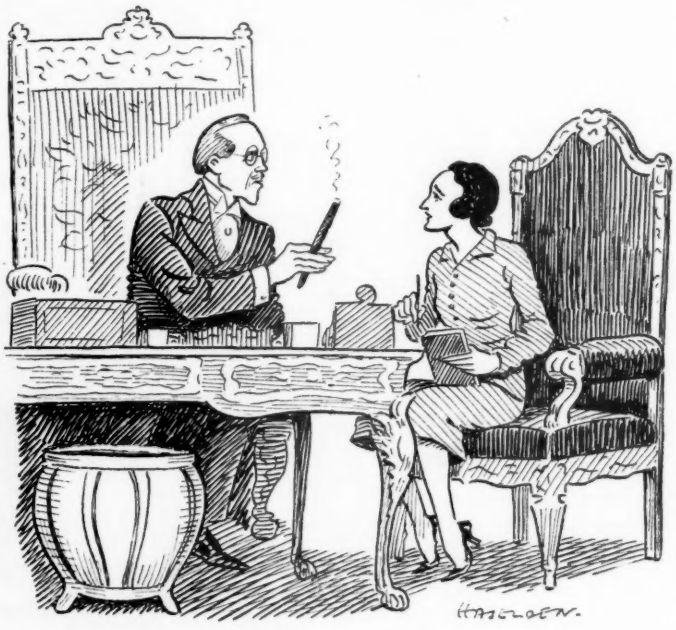
He stopped speaking and looked wistfully at a couple of twenty-fours who had come out of the club-house and were just approaching the tee. Their faces were lighted and hopeful, their expressions eager and determined.

"They want me for the Bogey Competition," he said sadly. "I'm afraid I've no earthly chance of losing. Good-bye."

AT THE PLAY.

"THE CHURCH MOUSE" (PLAYHOUSE).

COMEDIES from Vienna are expected to amuse rather than to edify, and this one, adapted by Mr. BENN W. LEVY, is true to form. It opens in a bank. Its *President* (Sir GERALD DU MAURIER) is one of those financial geniuses who direct world-wide operations through perfect private secretaries and the telephones, *cantoris* and *decani*, that flank their vast buhl escritoires. Fresh from a triumph in America, he snubs the welcoming staff and dictates to the new amanuensis, whose notebook and pencil are the least convincing weapons in her armoury. And we have long been thrilled by the fact that she is blonde beyond the dreams of gentlemen before he begins to realise that something about her cramps his style.



THE NEW SECRETARY.

Bank President (*Sir* GERALD DU MAURIER) *to* "*Church Mouse*" (*Miss* LEONORA BONDA). "ANYWAY, YOU'LL BE A CHANGE FROM MY LAST ONE, WHO WAS A PUSS."

Her perfume disputes the aroma of his cigar. Her eyes trouble the rhythm of his sentences. Her décolletage defies his commas. The sheen of her stockings sets him thinking. And by the time he has valued her clothes and diagnosed the girl inside them, dictation has come to a full stop. She is, and knows it, designed for pleasure rather than profit. Hence the pretty pout that led to her dismissal with six months' salary and the prospect of beguiling his leisure instead of holding up his business.

Miss SUNDAY WILSHIN, who was already a beauty and now promises to become a capable actress, plays these preliminaries in a manner that assures us we have not seen the last of her, and opens the way for the entrance of Miss LEONORA BONDA. This young Viennese has charm, accomplishment and the least trace of a foreign accent. Made desperate by hunger, she gains the presidential ear by strategy and gets the vacant post by irreproachable tactics. Her celerity in donning the disarmoury of the typist is equalled by the speed with which she takes down in shorthand the French, Italian and American test-letters dictated by Sir GERALD; and her exultant telephone-message to her mother, with its gargantuan order on the stores for supplies to replenish the home larder, establishes the basis of the plot.

Act II. shifts the *President's* headquarters to a Paris hotel for the negotiation of a new loan and the sorting out of his relations to his quondam and current secretaries. Big business is now conducted off-stage. The loan arranged and congratulatory pæans sung, pleasure succeeds affairs. The blonde, now pursuing her natural rather than a proper profession, occupies an apartment within night-calling distance of the *President's* own. Her successor the brunette, hunger assuaged and office duties done, gives to Paris and to love those virginal raptures that lack of food had discouraged in Vienna.

We know, of course, that the silvering temples of the *President* must find their match in the raven tresses of the "church mouse," whose brushes with the blonde bring out in her reassuring feline traits. But first that experience of life and love which has silvered those temples has to be discounted and the man of affairs brought to his knees.

The blonde, wafting her perfume through the *President's* apartment, awakens old memories and new scruples. But the natural graces of the brunette—revealed for the first time in a ravishing confection bought, she assures us, off the peg—and the attentions of an amorous old *Count*, who is so far behind

CAPE HORN DAYS.

IV.—PADRE.

'E don't go round glad-'andin' chaps
nor 'it them on their backs;
'E don't deal much in pious talk an'
distributin' tracks;
'E don't think decent seamen is a sort
of 'eathen blacks.

But 'e'll sing an' smoke an' crack 'is
joke an' use 'is fists as well;
An' the crimps along the water-front
they 'ate 'im worse'n 'ell,
For the 'ottest shop in 'Frisco ain't too
'ot for Padre Fell. C. F. S.

the times as to feel himself distinguished by being "a well-preserved man of sixty," turn the scale in the dark horse's favour. Thus, with wedding-bells drowning the tinkle of the type-writer and the *President* eager to dwindle into a husband, concludes an evening that is not so much well spent as agreeably squandered.

Sir Gerald du Maurier has produced the comedy and plays its hero delightfully. His performance is of that finished kind that makes it difficult to believe fine comedy-acting is less easy than it looks. The blonde beauty of Miss Wilshin and the raven good looks of Miss Bonda are so nicely backed by their acting that we sympathise with the presidential difficulties. Mr. H. R. Hignett, as an old factotum, is as loyal to his employer as to the art he so admirably practises.

The play proper is preceded by ten minutes or so of Mr. Gillie Potter, the mock Harrovian, whose patter is so refreshing that to be seated by eight-thirty instead of eight-fifty is to be doubly blessed. H.

"Five Farthings" (Haymarket).

"You owe me five farthings," say the bells of St. Martin's"—this is the text of Mr. A. R. Rawlinson's adaptation of a short story by G. B. Stern. *Mrs. Wickham* (Miss Marie Tempest), an active-minded cocktail-drinking unsentimental incurably optimistic and unbusinesslike middle-aged widow, owed a good deal more than that. She owed in fact five thousand lire to a faded spinster (Miss Margaret Watson), living in her pension, "Bella Vittoria," in Monte Vittoria; she owed the voluble *Signor Grasso* (Mr. E. Conforti) for the furniture in the pension; and to *Signor Pasquale* (Mr. Tony de Lungo), her excitable partner in the local casino, his share of the exiguous profits of that unlikely venture. These gentlemen press their claims with Latin fervour and clamour, and are with difficulty held off with promises and glib misrepresentation of facts by *Mrs. Wickham's* confidential manservant, *Jelf* (Mr. Graham Browne). Even the small sum required for the excess postage on a letter from England is borrowed from her incompetent manageress.

The letter is from her son *Bruce*, to say that, having made a sufficient fortune in Africa, he is retiring and coming to join her and cosset her for the rest of her life. He pictures her sitting in a pale-grey silk dress and swathed in lace, quietly knitting.

"Better humour him," says *Jelf*, whose diplomacy is constantly strained in fending off successive financial crises and who sees in the returned exile's homecoming the end of their troubles. So we find our *Mrs. Wickham* disguised as a faded patient mother awaiting the return of her son in another of her unsuccessful ventures, the Villa Glicini, for it would never do for *Bruce* to discover the queer goings-on at "Bella Vittoria."

Bruce (Mr. Cyril Raymond) arrives, a large sunburnt, highly moral and terribly hearty young man, with more than his share of the returned exile's sentimentality, punctuating his simple speech with loud "Ha-ha's." "Much like his poor father," we gather from *Mrs. Wickham*.

It is clearly only a matter of time, and our *Mrs. Wickham*, fumbling angrily with her knitting-needles, forswearing cocktails for tea and muffins, and cheery light oaths for correct and polite conversation, pursued by the evil news that the brokers are in the "Bella Vittoria," will give away her shameful secrets to an outraged son.

As moreover the first of her visitors happen to be two ladies to whom she has let a perfectly insanitary villa, exacting in advance six months' rent (already spent), and as the devout son falls head-over-heels in love with the younger and prettier, and as, further, this young woman, discovering that the mother is her dishonest landlady, assumes the son to be engaged in what looks like a common swindle, *Mrs. Wickham* nearly succeeds in wrecking her son's happiness.

Any experienced theatre-goer will see how well all (or most of) this is designed to play into Miss Marie Tempest's capable hands, and will not be surprised to hear that she entertained us both as the restless adventurer in business and in her assumed character of the sweet domesticated mother, with the inevitable incongruities and self-betrayals.

But we were to have a third *Mrs. Wickham* in the closing scenes, for which nothing had prepared us and which, it seemed to me, Miss Tempest, with a sense that something was wrong, played with a certain shamefacedness—a tender sentimentalist dissolved in tragic tears over the ruin of her son's romance. A few commonsensical words of explanation would have put all right. But the author took the less excellent way, and nobody, I imagine, was taken in by the third *Mrs. Wickham's* tears.

Mr. Graham Browne as the faithful diplomatic *Jelf* was a sound foil to his flighty mistress, and played an attractive part without tiresome exaggerations. Mr. Gilbert Davis gave us two very clever and admirably differentiated studies of a Scotch house-agent and a young American globe-trotter; and Mr. Cyril Raymond's ponderous "Mumsey"-worshipping hero was just in the right key. The little play was well received. T.



ETERNAL YOUTH.

The Butler (to his Mistress). "If I may say so, you're not looking old enough to be his mother."

Jelf . . . . . Mr. W. Graham Browne.
Bruce Wickham . . . . Mr. Cyril Raymond.
Mrs. Wickham . . . . . Miss Marie Tempest.

Darwinianism in our Time.

"Cow Saves a Life.
Hauls farmer by tail from blazing building."—*Daily Paper.*

"We have inherited far more than we deserve. What are we going to hand on to prosperity?"—*Parish Magazine.*

We leave the answer to posterity.

ISLES OF THE BLEST.

[Suggested by Sir BAMPFYLDE FULLER'S letter on "The Birthplace of Man" in a recent issue of *The Times*.]

EDEN, Sir BAMPFYLDE FULLER thinks,
In view of the needs of the missing links,
Must have been in a tropical isle,
With central heating laid on from the cone
Of a crater in the volcanic zone,
And a sky that was one long smile.

Our ancestors wore no clothes or boots
And lived exclusively on fruits,
Of meat they didn't dream;
And there they fried banana-fritters,
These amiable vegetarian critters,
On the banks of a lava stream.

Aeons elapse, but the island call
Still infects us, both great and small,
With its lotus-eating germ;
Witness the case of COMPTON MACKENZIE,
Flying from sinister streets and their frenzy
To become the hermit of Herm.

C. L. G.

SPARING THE CHILD.

ONCE upon a time, before Science had turned the microscope upon the nursery, when bacilli roamed care-free and a tantrum had not been promoted to a complex—in fact, long ago—a small female child nightly was led to the top of a high house by a large Irish nurse.

She was then soaped to gleaming-point and her hair brushed with great violence but considerable *bonhomie* by the trusty Kate. Then it was that the bedtime-story would begin.

These stories were sagas of pure horror. They contained more blood to the sentence, more goose-fleshly grue than anything since heard on stage or screen.

Kate had genius. To-day in all probability she would be touring America with the Irish Players, for in the realm of the macabre, or, as she preferred it, the "on-natchural," she was unique.

As she talked she selected strand after strand of the child's hair and twisted it up tightly in paper scraps after the strange fashion of the day, for while the locks of Edwardian boys Bubbled or Fauntleroyed over a velvet shoulder, their sisters were frequently cursed with "rats'-tails," a disgrace calling for drastic correction.

As the final screw was put on the last strand the story would reach its grisly dénouement on some such picturesque phrase as: "And so to this very day, Miss-Mary-me-dear, that tarrible head goes wallop, wallop down the great stair of Darg, bleedin' afresh at ivery shtep."

Here the candle was snuffed.

Since the child's hair was on end anyway, she never discovered if this was a tribute to Kate's *art de diseuse*, but the goose-flesh certainly was.

Kate's heavy footstep then retreated downstairs (or was it the Thing that went "wallop, wallop"?). The child was left alone to digest a full supper of horrors, with eyes twisted open by paper tourniquets, gazing into a horrific Celtic twilight of ghouls and "things that go bump in the night."

* * * * *

The pendulum swings.

The Georgian Mary must know nothing of these grim tragedies enacted in Edwardian attics. Her bedtime-stories are thistledown blessings which waft her to safe dreams with an almost fatuous smile on her lips, her "rats'-tails" streaming unashamed over the pillow.

Is it a fairy-tale to be read aloud, then an impromptu censorship comes into play, a feat which puts considerable strain upon the maternal presence of mind:—

"When the wolf entered the grandmother's cottage he gave one bound and—er——"

"Yes, Mum?"—eyes lighting up.

"And—er—shook the old lady warmly by the hand."

"But, Mum, the picture says it swallowed her up. Daddy told me."

The mother makes a mental note to lecture the father on disloyalty.

"Oh, well—yes, in a way I suppose the wolf did swallow the grandmother for the time being; but it all comes right in the end."

Sometimes Mary's mother fancies she detects a certain disappointment upon achieving a finale in which the wolf, at the command of Red Riding Hood's father, disgorges the grandparent as new and trots off into the forest, while the father gives his little daughter a rather superfluous warning against promiscuous vulpine friendships.

Mary's giants and ogres are never villains, but the victims of their ductless glands. Even GOLIATH has been made to sit up again after the little affair of the pebble, and, shaking young DAVID'S hand, has promised to live a different life.

The task is not easy, and lately a doubt has entered the mother's mind. Is she justified in taking the *frisson* out of Mary's young life? True, the child will know nothing of the buoyant properties of Black Desmond's bloodsome head, nor will the Green Lady of Claddagh pluck at her counterpane in the night-watches, but a recent conversation would go to prove that the best-intentioned parent must always be prepared for a set-back.

"Shall we stay at the farm again at Easter, Mummie?"

"Yes, Mary dear; and you shall see the tiny new lambs and the loveliest baby chicks."

Mary's eyes grow "sudden fair." She takes an eager breath.

"Ooh, I *do* hope they'll be killing another pig!"

"THIS FREEDOM."

I KNEW, Arabella, before we were wed
That your will was remarkably strong,
Still I harboured no doubts on the strength of my head
To keep you in order ere long;
But, alas! when your wifely resources I scanned
My valour soon melted away;
'Twas yours from the first, I confess, to command,
And mine to obey.

For years I've submitted without a demur,
Though always upon the alert
To seize any chance that might haply occur
My manlier self to assert;
Now therefore take note, Arabella, that I
Decline to obey you again;
My status henceforth has been registered by
A stroke of the pen.

The better the day is, the better the deed:
Last Sunday, ere midnight had pealed,
At last from my shackles I felt I was freed,
Your doom, Arabella, was sealed;
No more must you try the Dictator on me,
But act as a dutiful spouse,
For I've filled up the Form for the Census (col. B)
As "Head" of the house.

A. K.

"More than 1,000 American lawyers will travel to Europe this summer in a specially chartered diner to take a 'refresher course' in International law."—*Birmingham Paper.*

We trust that in this special wagon-restaurant they will have every opportunity to distinguish International law from such local statutes as the Prohibition Act.

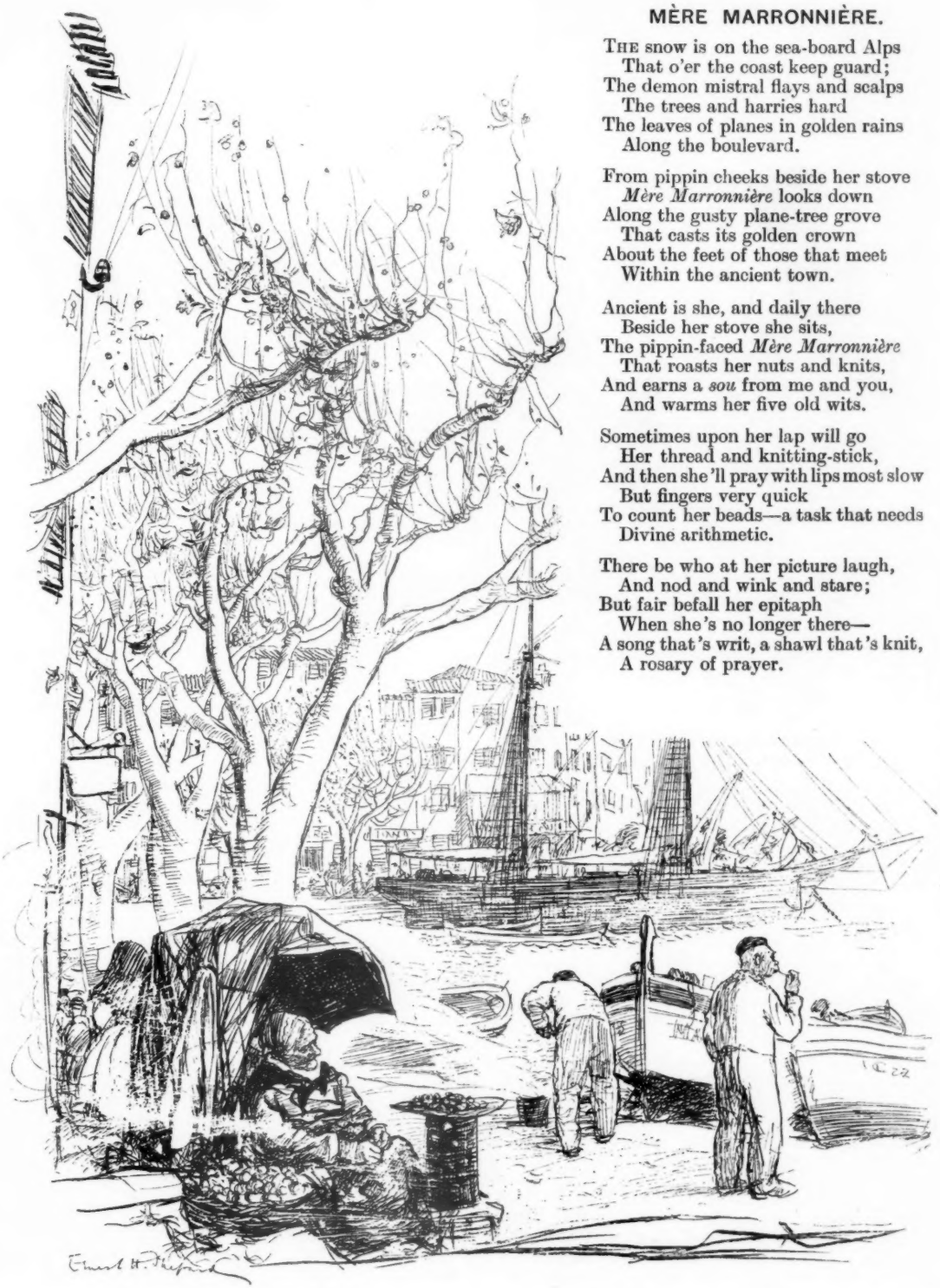
"The best testimonial the school could have was to see such a virulent association bringing the old boys together at such a function as that."—*Rochester Paper.*

And yet it often seems to.

"Lieut.-Colonel —— has known his bridge eight years."

Wedding Report in Sunday Paper.

But this sort of contract is probably new to him.



MÈRE MARRONNIÈRE.

The snow is on the sea-board Alps
That o'er the coast keep guard;
The demon mistral flays and scalps
The trees and harries hard
The leaves of planes in golden rains
Along the boulevard.

From pippin cheeks beside her stove
Mère Marronnière looks down
Along the gusty plane-tree grove
That casts its golden crown
About the feet of those that meet
Within the ancient town.

Ancient is she, and daily there
Beside her stove she sits,
The pippin-faced *Mère Marronnière*
That roasts her nuts and knits,
And earns a *sou* from me and you,
And warms her five old wits.

Sometimes upon her lap will go
Her thread and knitting-stick,
And then she 'll pray with lips most slow
But fingers very quick
To count her beads—a task that needs
Divine arithmetic.

There be who at her picture laugh,
And nod and wink and stare;
But fair befall her epitaph
When she 's no longer there—
A song that 's writ, a shawl that 's knit,
A rosary of prayer.



Parent. "I NEVER KEEP MY BOY AWAY FROM THE PICTURES. THEY BROADEN HIS MIND AND HELP HIS EDUCATION. DON'T THEY, WILLIE?"
Willie. "YEAH."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IF, being a mere European, you desire a cordial introduction to *New York* (HEINEMANN, 7/6), you cannot do better, I feel, than allow M. PAUL MORAND to effect the intimacy. He is in intention a modern: so modern that he commiserates Oxford for that "unkindly" innuendo about lost causes, on his way to congratulate Columbia—the most utilitarian of America's great universities—on being the home of winning ones. He has paid four visits to New York, escaping from Europe as from a debtor's prison to the only capital still rich enough to reward the arts. But he remains a Frenchman and an artist, happier in the Metropolitan Museum among the piously hoarded relics of the Old World than sharing the hilarities of Long Island—"that childish Gehenna"—or the abysmal squalor of New York's thirty-thousand speak-easies. He extols the impressiveness, chiefly nocturnal, of the skyscrapers with which his clever Spanish illustrator, Señor JOAQUIN VAQUERO, makes such effective play; and he takes you over Downtown, Midtown and Uptown, lending you spectacles slightly *couleur-de-rose*, perhaps, but wonderfully exhilarating to the vision. You learn why Ellis Island is no longer populous, why crime has forsaken the Bowery, why Wall Street has become the happy hunting-ground of the small gambler—all the latest developments of an unparalleled human kaleidoscope. And always at the back of a benevolent receptiveness to the best impressions, a pleasant reserve of malice, entirely Gallic, notes quietly such phenomena as the following: "In the head of Liberty, which is empty, philanthropic societies give banquets."

In *The German Submarine War, 1914–1918* (CONSTABLE, 36/-), Mr. R. H. GIBSON and Mr. MAURICE PRENDERGAST have told a thousand stories of that incredible conflict in which over eleven million tons of shipping were sunk, at a cost to the raiders of nearly two hundred "*Unterseebooten.*" Condensed almost to a single sentence because there are so many of them, but expanding with just a little imagination to marvellous romances of the seas, there are yarns in this book of submarines that stalked decoy-ships and that stalked one another, of submarines that shammed dead and of submarines that blew up on their own mines, or that fouled the ships they had sunk, or that perished with the magazine-ships they exploded, or that simply left port and never returned. And concurrently with the tale of the U-boats is the record of the far braver English seamen they fought against, who put to sea knowing they were defenceless against attack, and manned the sweepers trawling through eternities of North Sea weather for their deadly catches. Here, for instance, is a note of the little sloop, *Primula*, whose skipper, off Port Said, in February, 1916, when her bows had been blown clean off by a torpedo, put his engines full speed astern and tried to ram the steel shark that was destroying his craft by driving at him backwards. The writers give us the whole history, the exploits and the statistics, the attack and the constantly improving counter-attack, the catastrophically monotonous series of sinkings—and the final victory.

Now would you be wishing
The river to follow?
Here's *The Art of Fly-Fishing*,
By Colonel Keith Rollo;
A "Library" issue
("Sport" and "Pastime" the series),
Oh, the bone and the tissue
Of fly fishing here is!

Messrs. Witherby stock it
At half of a guinea—
A small out-of-pocket
Compared with the finny
Returns 'tis returning
To the tyro fly-caster,
Who could not be learning
Without any master.

And this book's the winner
As your apt *vade mecum*,
Be you boy and beginner
Or of age do you be come
Ere the trout you would gammon
With that counterfeit hollow,
The fly. And the salmon?
Nay, no word of salmon,
Fly-fishing for salmon,
Has said Colonel Rollo.

It is pleasant to find a perceptive critic discovering that Art, after all, has something to say to sound tradition, good workmanship and the artist's sublimated spiritual affinity with the common man. A finer figure for the embodiment of this doctrine than that of *Giuseppe Verdi* (Heinemann, 21/-) it would be difficult to imagine; for Verdi combined the excellences of the peasant and the man of genius and contrived almost wholly to elude the comparatively dull and complicated strata of mentality between. This salient fact, and the sensitive, unforced appreciation of it, lend a certain nobility to Mr. Francis Toye's life of the great composer—on its technical side a superb monument of discerning appreciation. It relates how the poor little seven-year-old who acquired a broken spinet in 1821 became the only mentionable rival of Wagner, an unrivalled representative of the musical energy of Italy and the conqueror of extraneous worlds usually relegated in this *fainéant* age to more scientific and less distinguished campaigners. A notable agriculturalist and a whole-hogging follower of Cavour, Verdi bred pedigree horses on his Parmese estate and sat in the first Italian parliament. Incidentally, he bought English rifles for Italian revolutionaries and had a sporting predilection for London, except, he admitted, on a Sunday. The second half of Mr. Toye's book analyses and illustrates Verdi's *opera*, operatic and other. This section is avowedly designed for the musician and for the student; but at least one reader with no plausible claim to these titles found its illuminating pages of interpretation every whit as enjoyable as their predecessors.



The Captain. "Nah, look 'ere, Ginger—no sloggin'. This is a real ball wot's got to last two inninses."

In *The Odyssey of an Out-of-Work* (Lane, 7/6) Mr. Terence Horsley has done an interesting and useful thing. He has given us the story told him by an honest, resolute and self-respecting Scottish electrician who tramped, with occasional lifts from kindly motorists (like the author), from Glasgow to London and again from London to Newcastle in search of work. The transcriber tells of the discomforts and hazards of "the road"; shows us the squalid interiors of "kips" or common lodging-houses; the chilling detail of even worthy charities dealing with an insoluble human problem; the bullies, spongers and outcasts who are to be met with, and the intolerable sense of hopelessness which the search for

work where there is no work inevitably gives. The matter indeed is excellent but the manner is unfortunate. Mr. HORSLEY has yielded to the temptation of extracting the utmost sensationalism out of his record and so very largely neutralised its effect on the perceptive. A pity, because he has missed an opportunity which rarely offers itself.

The old-fashioned Sussex which Miss ELEANOR FARJEON describes in the main portion of *Ladybrook* (COLLINS, 7/6) is like the countryside of a dream. There is a musical-comedy air about it: milk-pails clatter, a dairymaid sticks a hollyhock-flower under her white bonnet, and every now and then a village carrier croons verses of his own making, or farm-folk hold ceremonious feasts. It is all pretty enough, but personally I found it a little difficult to lose myself in the book, which is rather too crowded with quaint and picturesque distractions. Yet there is nothing in the very least suggestive of musical-comedy about Miss FARJEON'S plot nor anything garish about her writing. She begins her book with as exquisite a description of Downland scenery as I have ever read, and then she introduces us smoothly and easily to *Etheridge*, who is a writer and artist living by himself in Sussex. One wet evening he goes for shelter to the house of *Deborah Shaw*, and she begins to tell him her life-history. The story continues for many evenings, and in between we get snatches of *Etheridge's* own life, which is finally affected by the tale he has heard. Miss FARJEON has brought *Deborah* to life in so amazing a manner and has allowed her to tell her queer tale so well that it is impossible to be irritated by the constant shifting from past to present, for our knowledge of the woman helps our appreciation of the girl. The author has done a rare thing in creating so vital a character, but her story as a whole is rather too highly decorated.



Diminutive Householder. "HANDS UP—AND D-DON'T TURN ROUND!"

To the great mass of people the interest of Buckingham Palace begins and ends with the daily ceremony of Changing the Guard. Others have in memory moments when the gates are opened for a procession to the Houses of Parliament, or those rarer historic occasions when royal personages have appeared on the central balcony to acknowledge the loyal cheers of their subjects. These things are all concerned with the outside of a building which is less striking than many other palaces, royal and private, here and abroad. But the sealed book, which the interior is to most of us, has been unlocked—at least for those who can spare four guineas—in *Buckingham Palace* (COUNTRY LIFE). The author, Mr. H. CLIFFORD SMITH, takes us on a tour of inspection which reveals, with a wealth of illustrations, not merely the great rooms with many detailed examples of their furniture, but also the sovereigns whose taste was responsible for it and the prices paid to cabinet-makers and decorators. There are even such intimate glimpses into the past as GEORGE III.'s directions for assembling a watch and his own note of the "alta trombona" ("very bad") in his private collection of musical instruments.

By inviting only a small and very select team of writers to contribute to *The Game of Golf* (SEELEY, SERVICE, 15/-), the Editor of this ninth volume in the Lonsdale Library has succeeded in producing a book that is a model of cohesion and compactness. Vain repetitions have been avoided, and both in matter and manner the work of the contributors calls for praise. Mr. HORACE HUTCHINSON and Mr. BERNARD DARWIN write as attractively as ever; Mr. T. SIMPSON consolidates his position as the most ingenious and enlightened golf-architect of the day; and to read Miss JOYCE WETHERED on putting and Ladies' Golf, and Mr. ROGER WETHERED on iron shots, short approaches and bunker-play, is at once to recognise that not only on the links is their grace of style to be admired. Mr. WETHERED, I note, states emphatically that those of us who rejoice if we succeed in scrambling out of a bunker in one shot are lacking in enterprise. He would have us rate such shots as the easiest in the game and boldly attack from the hazard. It is counsel which, whatever the results, I intend audaciously to follow, and indeed so persuasively and clearly do he and his sister give their advice that it would be difficult to refrain from following. The last chapter is given up to the "Rules of Golf." It is the only part of this excellently-illustrated volume that even the keenest golfers will not be eager to read.

Mr. JOHN C. MOORE has such a real sense of beauty and is so earnestly in sympathy with country folk that *Dear Lovers* (DENT, 7/6) is a remarkable, though rather an exasperating, story. While applauding his youthful enthusiasm and respecting his prejudices I cannot help feeling that we should have been given even a more striking picture of the superbly beautiful part of Gloucestershire in which the scene of the tale is laid if it had not been marred by the figures of *Sir Herbert Parity* and his obnoxious wife. That such people exist and poison life for those who have to submit to their patronage and caprices I do not for a moment doubt, but it annoys me to think that Mr. MOORE, with his most exceptional gifts, should devote undue attention to them. Nevertheless this novel is an achievement of which its author may quite justifiably be proud.

CHARIVARIA.

A PARAGRAPHIST remarks that Mr. SNOWDEN has never asked for quarter. Payers of income-tax realise, however, that next January he means to ask for three-quarters.

* * *

In a report of the fight for the World's Lightweight Championship it was stated that BERG rushed CANZONERI to the ropes and tied him up. We had no idea that this was allowed.

* * *

The Chinese bandits who have demanded lawn-tennis racquets and balls in part payment of a ransom are considered to have imperilled their amateur status.

* * *

In a new beauty-treatment liquid jelly is applied to the face and allowed to set. We have seen faces that would have looked better in aspic.

* * *

A Scottish paper declares that bagpipes can be played under water. Then why aren't they?

* * *

A technical writer says that wireless waves that reach the moon are thrown back to earth again. Every planet to its taste.

* * *

A motor-cyclist says he retired from a trial run because his belt broke. He should wear braces as well.

* * *

As an experiment, a professor of psychology proposes to adopt a newly-born ape and have it brought up as a child of a well-to-do American family, with a nurse and governess. Our thoughts will be with the ape.

* * *

Sixty-six chefs are employed at a certain London hotel, we learn. Yet they don't seem to spoil the broth.

* * *

The dispute which is said to have arisen over the question of electing Mr. EPSTEIN an A.R.A. is of course due to divergence of opinion as to the efficacy of even this as a repressive measure.

* * *

A picture hung in the Academy is said to have been painted as a joke. More surprise is felt that certain others were painted in earnest.

Wool-manufacturers complain that a substance used in sheep-dip has the effect of permanently colouring the fleece a brilliant yellow. This throws a new light on the Jason episode.

* * *

"Castor-oil" is a much more dangerous drug than morphia," said a doctor in the course of an address on First Aid in the Home. Do Fascists realise this?

* * *

A well-known lady-novelist declares that she has lived for two thousand years. We hasten to assure her that we should never have guessed it.

* * *

According to the annual report of the National Physical Laboratory, the Tower of London is gradually slipping into the Thames. Visitors are requested not to give it a push.

* * *

A Tottenham man has been charged with attempting to break into a dairy. We disapprove of the alleged slogan "Pinch more milk."

* * *

There is a milliner in London who makes hats under the inspiration of music. Some of the hats we have seen seem to have been made under the influence of a jazz-band musician who wasn't feeling very well.

* * *

Competent observers are of opinion that the latest action of the Portuguese Government takes the Madeira.

* * *

A Chicago merchant has been shot at while on a visit to Detroit. It is possible the Detroit people wanted to make him feel at home.

* * *

It has been claimed that COLUMBUS was of French birth and not a Norseman or Spaniard, as some suppose. If this goes on, people will begin to think COLUMBUS was not so much a navigator as an epidemic.

* * *

What Bulgaria needs is a Government like ours, says a political writer. It seems a pretty drastic remedy.

* * *

An ornithologist reports that he saw a pair of hedge-sparrows chasing a cuckoo away from their nest. Does this mean that the smaller birds are going to put a stop to nest-crashing this year?

* * *

A reduction in the price of garden tools is announced. Our neighbour doesn't care.

* * *

"The ant," says an eminent authority, "has not the power of reason." And yet a fair-sized one generally knows enough to bite where it will do you the least good.

* * *

"A combination of onion-juice and rum is a tonic for falling hair," declares a "beauty" expert. But the question arises—would you rather keep your hair or your friends?

* * *

A man has been sent to prison for four months for breaking into a theatre. It is not a bit too severe; the plots of so many revues have been missing lately.

* * *

If straightened out, an ounce of spider-web would extend three-hundred-and-fifty miles, says a weekly paper. Most domestics, however, don't bother to do this, but simply leave the thing as they found it.

* * *

Mr. CHARLES CHAPLIN is said personally to attend to the smallest details of his pictures. We doubt, however, if he actually makes the custard for the pies.



FORCE OF HABIT, OR THE CURIOUS METHOD OF STUMPING ADOPTED BY THE BARMAN OF THE "BLUE BOAR."

"IVY LEAVES GIRLS' CLUB.
Improvement Reported."
Sunday Paper Headline.

Ivy does not seem to have been very popular.

AN OPTIMISTIC ALTRUIST.

TO MR. SNOWDEN ON THE PROSPECT OF HIS BEING IN OPPOSITION AT THE TIME WHEN THE INDUSTRIAL REVIVAL OCCURS TO WHICH HIS RESILIENT IMAGINATION ASSIGNS AN EARLY DATE.

WHEN you described with modest grace
Your Budget as a safety-miss,
A sort of temporary shift
To tide us over a nasty place,
Pending the day when clouds should lift
(And everyone agreed with this);

When you foresaw with sanguine eye
After the thin years something fat,
After a dismal spell of gloom
Aurora half-way up the sky,
Heralding markets on the boom
(And nobody agreed with that);

Doubtless you guessed, from Pisgah's height,
That, if your dream came true indeed
And Canaan's wealth was there to tap,
The milk-and-honey surplus might
Drop in another party's lap
(And here again we all agreed).

O. S.

THE TEN-POUND CAR.

SPRING is in the air and I have just bought a car for ten pounds. The garage from which I bought it being at the top of a hill, I drove it away myself.

It is quite a good car, and once you have tied the carburettor choke-lever back with string and reminded yourself to keep that part of the magneto-cable where the insulation has worn off away from any part of the vehicle and, more important, from any part of yourself, it really goes very well.

The trouble is though that things keep dropping off. On my very first run a floor-board suddenly disintegrated into three pieces and slid out of the bottom, leaving me poised perilously over naked pedals and bars of iron and a swiftly-moving road-surface. Before I could bring the machine to a standstill an empty petrol-can on the side, growing apparently weary of life, suddenly cast itself headlong overboard. Luckily a following lorry, endeavouring to avoid three simultaneous pieces of floorboard studded with nails, drove slap over the petrol-can and thus provided me with a substitute for the floor-board till I reached home.

The next thing to part company was a butterfly-nut from the wind-screen, which fell into the depths of the machinery. I haven't retrieved it yet, but now and then I hear it and feel it is nice to know it is not lost. I have temporarily replaced it with a nut from the back of the driver's seat, which has thus become a collapsible seat—a most convenient thing to have. The passenger's seat always was collapsible. When it is occupied it collapses backwards, but fortunately there is still the original floorboard on the rear part of the car. When it is vacant it collapses forward, striking the driver a shrewd and unexpected blow on the left elbow. The invariable result is a repercussion on the front right wing. This used to be awkward, but now that the valuable side-lamp on the wing has dropped off I don't mind so much, for once a wing is thoroughly crumpled fresh crumples don't show. I now call this wing the cauliflower ear.

The side-lamp, by the way, has finally been tied into the mouth of the horn. It fits beautifully and it is the only place where it will stay. For a while I tried it on the right wheel-hub, but it went round and round and made me look too like an occulting lighthouse that has moved inland for the summer. Even now it goes out for some reason every time I blow the horn on a right-hand corner.

Then there is a kind of tip-up tool-closet next the back-seat which suddenly falls down with a loud clatter and for no reason at all that I can discover. Probably it is mere temperament. Whenever it does this it cascades a jack, three spanners, an oil-can (empty after the fourth time) and two tyre-levers into the back with a noise like the delivering of a load of scrap-iron on a wooden roof. At first I used to pull up and go back along the road looking for what had dropped off. Indeed I once spent half-an-hour fitting somewhere into the car a piece of metal which I had found fifty yards back—only to discover next day that it had nothing to do with me or my car whatever, but belonged to somebody else's perambulator. It says a good bit for the car that I did fit it in, and that the works apparently went better after it.

But now I am no longer deceived by the tool-closet game, though other people, I fear, are not so accustomed to it. Only last week I had just drawn up to allow a racing-car to pass—I find this kinder—when off went my salvo of tools with a thunderous rattle. I was so busy re-stowing them that I did not notice for a little while that the racing-car had drawn up further on and the chauffeur was peering at his back-axle with a puzzled expression. Even then I did not understand what had happened, and went and helped him peer at it. I realised eventually; but I was not brave enough to tell him. He drove off sadly—and now he'll never know.

So far the only thing that hasn't fallen off in motion is a wheel. One did a week ago, but the car was standing still at the time. It was just after a dog had barked at it, but I think it must have been loose before that. Of course I am not counting the spare wheel which took a plunge at the top of a long straight hill leading down into a quiet village. I watched its progress with interest, but after what it did to that village I decided not to claim it. A pity, for it had been a good wheel in its day.

But I must not complain. I only paid ten pounds, and the man said I could re-sell it at the end of the season for the breaking-up price of five pounds. There, however, he was quite wrong; the ten pounds I paid for it was really the breaking-up price. For, at the present rate of disintegration, by the end of the season I estimate that there will be nothing left of the thing.

A. A.

EXHORTATION TO STARS.

["The screen life of a cinema actress grows shorter every year."—*Daily Press.*]

JOY was not meant to stay,
And mirth has the seed of sorrow;
Fair is the rose,
But a wise guy knows
How soon it must turn to clay,
And what is a wow to-day
Is a mere bum show to-morrow.

Sweet is the May-time, dears,
But how can a heart remember
The eyes of a vamp
Who was once a champ
When the close-up disappears
And gone are the glycerine tears
Of a faded-out December?

Study your fan-mail, pet,
Bursting the box, it may be;
You gonna be told
That hearts grow old,
For the pie-eyed stiffs forget;
And before next Fall, you bet,
You won't be a big noise, baby.

Life is a little flick,
And S.A. stands for money;
There are houses still
On Beverley Hill,
But hustle around for 'em quick
While your face goes over, chick;
Hustle around for 'em, honey!

Peaches are doomed to drop
And there is an end of beauty;
With every morn
Is a new star born
And an old one proves a flop;
There are dozens of dames in the shop,
So hustle around, my cutie!

EVOE.

Another Cricket Controversy?

"SCANDAL OF THE TOO HEAVY BAIL."
Evening Paper.



SCHOOL OF LLOYD GEORGE.

THE MASTER. "SPLENDID! THERE'S BEEN NOTHING LIKE IT SINCE THAT LITTLE THING I DID IN 1909."



Niece. "And how do you like my furniture and decorations?"
Aunt. "Well, my dear, I think it must be lovely to be young and have the stamina to live with it."

MEMORIES OF MY SPARTAN LIFE.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. Compton Mackenzie.)

No place can be readily imagined less like Magdalen Chapel than my little office in Euripides Street, Sparta. Its glaring white stuccoed walls gave it an air of garish blatancy which would not have deceived even a Cambridge man into thinking he had arrived in Oxford. Nevertheless it was from here that I carried on the "Gamma" work of the Mediterranean Secret Service; that is to say, the inspection and rejection of all applications from German spies to be allowed to visit the British G.H.Q. at Gallipoli.

In this dangerous work my right-hand man was an Anatolian Cypriot named Smith. Needless to say he was not known in the Secret Service as Smith. I christened him Metternich at once, because it struck me that a German-sounding name would have exceptional advantages. Metternich was a Magdalen man, with that air of conscious virtue which stamped him immediately as belonging to the decade just prior to the War when Magdalen's supremacy at chess was most marked. All Magdalen men of that time are the same. *Eheu fugaces!* (Alas! for past days!) Aerial travel and the emancipation of women have so changed the old place that, if one may judge from the films, one has now to go to the younger universities of America to get even a vague notion of what Oxford once was.

Metternich was no dullard. He used to write me notes containing the most astounding information about many people in high places of whom we were suspicious. Bismarck, a minor assistant, whose real name was Wimblespoon and who had been a fellow-chorister with me in the Oxford production of *The Frogs* in 1904, brought me a dirty envelope one day containing the following, written in a very wobbly hand:—

"Many pieces of coal advise the barber to wash his goat. The General seldom eats raw cabbage.

Love, Metternich."

Of course I knew at once that the Thracian Minister was up to one of his games and instructed the British Minister accordingly.

"Look here, Sir Felix," I said, "as one Oxford man to another, I think you ought to call on the Thracian Minister and tell him he mustn't interfere like this."

Sir Felix, who was a Magdalen man and whose son had been up at Magdalen just after my time, agreed without hesitation.

"Certainly, Captain Zeta, if you think so," he said. He looked out of the window across to the Town Hall whose white-washed façade reflected with appalling intensity the noonday Spartan sun. "I wonder what the old college is looking like now," he murmured. "Do you remember the old elm-tree on the lawn, Mac—Captain Zeta?" He was always correcting himself in the matter of my Secret Service name.

"Do I not?" I sighed.

On another occasion one of Metternich's messages sent me post-haste to Lambda, who was head of the "W" work or militant branch of the Secret Service in Sparta at that time. Lambda was a Cambridge man—the only Cambridge man I have ever mistaken for an Oxford man. He had that breeding and

breadth of view which I thought could point only to Magdalen. But for once I was wrong.

When I came upon him he was sitting in the dingy cabin of an evil-smelling tug in the harbour. He looked diabolically sinister sitting there with one side of his hawklike face illumined by a hurricane-lamp that sputtered olidly at every movement of the tug as she rode at anchor. A large sugar-basin and an empty coffee-cup stood before him. I greeted him and reached for a lump of sugar.

"Fond of sugar?" he grunted, glancing up from a greasy map.

"Yes," I answered. "It's been a weakness of mine ever since I was at Oxford. Have you read my novel, called *Canister Road*? I mention there an undergraduate with a passion for sugar. There's a lot of myself in that undergraduate. These are fine big lumps——"

"I know; but I shouldn't eat them if I were you."

"Why not?"

"They're bombs," he said quietly.

"Heavens!" I cried, and put back the lump gingerly into the basin. Luckily I am not clumsy and the bomb did not go off.

"Yes," went on Lambda, "we're going to blow up the residence of the Turkish Governor at Adalia to-night."

"By Jove! Bit risky, isn't it?"

"Not so risky as throwing brickbats at policemen in the streets of Cambridge," he replied reminiscently.

"Or Oxford?" I suggested.

"Or Oxford," he agreed.

I am not quite sure that those were his exact words at that time, or whether he said them at some other time. I am not even certain that it was he and not some other person who said them. But I shall always remember his weird appearance, if it really was he, as he sat that night in the cabin of the tug *Siegfried* looking like a cross between a Rembrandt and a Botticelli.

A well-known figure at Café Royal suppers before the War, when the Café Royal was really Bohemian, Archie, another of my assistants, was now a violinist at the "Hellenic Restaurant," a post which he found invaluable as a means of obtaining information. He too was a Magdalen man and the first to admit that Oxford had sharpened the keen edge of his mordant Irish wit. But the tale of how he bound and gagged a Turkish spy with the strings of his fiddle and the hairs of his bow must await my next volume.

Meanwhile I cannot close this chapter without a reference to Archie's predilection for fresh figs. It was his love for them that led him one moonlight night to the orchard of one Caradapoulos with felonious intent. The enraged owner, mistaking him for a fellow-Spartan against whom he had a grudge, peppered him with a shot-gun to such effect that he never went out again looking for figs under the fountainous stars of the sapphire Spartan sky.



AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

"OH, DARLING, YOU'VE JUST BEEN ROUND! *WHAT WERE YOUR REACTIONS?*"
"OH, DARLING, HOW *TOO* OUT-OF-DATE OF YOU!"

Glimpses of the Obvious.

"Tall boys are best suited, the authorities say, for jobs where height is an advantage."
Weekly Paper.

"SWINBURNE. — Ballads of the English Boarder."—*Bookseller's List.*

The theme had already appealed to many lyrists of the Halls.

OUR TUDOR COLONY.

A PECULIAR feature of our life is the construction and reconstruction which are perpetually in progress. The genuine Tudor houses ought by all natural laws to have fallen to the ground long ago; they are sustained only by a protracted treatment of underpinning, buttressing, grouting and shoring-up. The Reproductions (or Fakes) were built in a cranky way to begin with, affecting the graceful dodderingness of an age that was not theirs, so that they too need to be underpinned, buttressed, grouted and shored-up. These needs have rendered necessary the permanent residence of Mr. Nancarrow.

Mr. Nancarrow professes to be a native of Cornwall, but after an interview you are more likely to assess the place of his origin as Sheffield. He lives somewhere inside an enclosure which grows a fine crop of ladders, tiles, bricks and weeds in the spaces lying between the sheds dotted about the area. His abode can hardly be called a residence or even a house; it is more aptly described as premises. In order to summon Mr. Nancarrow you have only to enter these premises and emit a cough, annunciatory rather than bronchial in character, and the proprietor will appear.

He has erected a board: "H. Nancarrow, Builder and Decorator, Coldharbour and London," indicating that his interests are not only local but also metropolitan. He is, in fact, known to make occasional journeys to London for "fixtures," but these dates, it is noticed, synchronise with fixtures at Hurst Park or Sandown. Similarly when he visits Brighton in search of fixtures it is recognised that on those days some unlucky greyhound is weighted with Mr. Nancarrow's (formerly our) money.

But usually he sits within his fence like a great lean spider and inevitably his prey approach him and are caught. Sooner or later some worried Tudorite will be found to enter and inform Mr. Nancarrow that he is doubtful about some wall or beam, that some chimney smokes or that moisture is visible above the damp-course. From that point Mr. Nancarrow wins all along the line.

Next day he descends with his bricklayers and plasterers, his carpenters and his hodmen, yea and all the host of hewers of wood and drawers of water. Townsfolk often complain that they cannot get men in to do this and that. Our difficulty is to get Mr. Nancarrow out. For he is very thorough. If a wall is shaky he enunciates with unction the slogan of an unadventurous generation, "Safety First," and proceeds to perform on the wall the aforesaid operations, that is to say, he underpins, he buttresses, he grouts and he shores-up.

He next discovers a number of further weaknesses in the building and deals with them very faithfully. Before the house is, in his opinion, entirely safe, he has succeeded in holding with you a quantity of informal conversations. As the result of these you find that you are committed to some new construction, some wood-barn or potting-shed for which you have not the slightest use. Mr. Nancarrow takes a fresh lease of your property and begins a new series of conversations which may result in your erecting cottages for your staff, unless you can induce one of your neighbours to call him off by making a noise suggestive of an underpin.



Officer (from passing liner). "IT'S A FORTUNATE THING WE SAW YOUR SIGNALS OF DISTRESS."

Contented Castaway. "I REGRET TO HAVE MISLED YOU, BUT THIS MERELY HAPPENS TO BE MY WASHING-DAY."

The more active members of the colony attempt to keep him at bay by executing their own minor repairs. This, it must be admitted, they do very ineffectually, but excuse themselves on the ground than it is better than calling in Nancarrow. They will have to admit him in the end, but meanwhile they are staving off the evil day.

One of the chief sources of Mr. Nancarrow's income is the Tudor wooden latch. Purbank of "The Garth" started this thing and made it the vogue. Since then nobody has dared to own a Victorian latch with a revolving handle. Such a contrivance would be the epitome of bad form. The authentic Tudor fastening consists of a wooden latch-piece falling into a wooden slot; it is the kind familiarised by *Little Red Riding Hood*. On a celebrated occasion that clever child pulled the bobbin and the latch went up. In the Colony houses you usually pull the bobbin in jerks, the latch remaining unmoved, while at about the fifth jerk the thong breaks. You fall backwards to the floor with the bobbin left in your hand. You get up with an entirely fresh admiration for *Little R. R. H.*

If you are inside the room it is easy enough to open the door by leaning your weight upon it, at the same time pushing the latch upwards with your hands. But if you are outside the room you see nothing but a handle fixed to the door and a thong of leather, with bobbin attached, issuing from a hole in the wood.

So, when the thong is broken, if there is nobody inside, that room is closed for good. This indeed is always happening somewhere in the colony. If you see Poynter burgling one of his own windows with a sickle you know that somebody in his house has done the Tudor-latch trick. If you observe Fawcett mounting a ladder against his huge chimney and descending the latter inside from above you know exactly what domestic tragedy has occurred. Various techniques have been elaborated for exceptional rooms, but in most cases Mr. Nancarrow has to be called. If the windows of the closed room will not admit a human boy his method is to take out a pane of glass and through the orifice to poke at the latch with a long pole. If he is lucky and in good form he can make two more promising jobs by smashing the latch and damaging the plaster in the vicinity.

But apparently he overdid this, for lately he has restrained his ardour. Not that even now he sends you a bill merely saying—

	s.	d.
To lifting latch	1	6

It is more likely to read—

To raising and lowering ladders ..	2	6
To removing one pane glass, scraping old putty from same, replacing, cleaning and making good..	7	6
To lifting latch	1	6
	11	6

But here he rests content. Knowing Nancarrow as I do, I was long curious about his moderation.

So when my turn came my wits were on the alert. It was the bathroom-door this time, and I sent hurriedly for Nancarrow. He came in person and I saw him leave very shortly after. In a few days came in the usual bill for 11*s.* 6*d.*

I began to look into the matter. The window showed from inside no traces of pane-removal. I myself mounted my own ladder and examined the outside. There was no new putty visible—and yet the door had been opened.

Detective fiction has its uses. I approached the problem with a scientific spirit and a magnifying-glass and soon the dread secret of Nancarrow was revealed to me. At a suitable point in the door, just below the latch, a small hole had been pierced and afterwards filled with brown putty which was still fresh.

All that the rascal had done was to insert a piece of thick wire, having a head at its end, pull the door towards him by the fixed handle and at the same time turn his wire ever so slightly to lift the latch. The door opened with ease. Once I had wire of the suitable gauge I found I could do the trick over and over again. Examining the other doors, I found that they had all been bored and filled (evidently on Nancarrow's last visit) for just such an emergency.

"That was a very neat piece of work you did," said I to Mr. Nancarrow. "There wasn't a single trace left on the window. In fact it looked quite untouched. I had better settle your bill now."

So saying, I handed him one shilling and sixpence with the bill.

And then I saw the true greatness of the man. Without a tremor he took the money and then solemnly subscribed to the bill, "Paid in Full.—H. NANCARROW." E. P. W.

Slimming under Difficulties.

"Only dairy cows were able to retain their figures."—*Fat Stock Prices, as recently announced by the B.B.C.*

"The second symphony of Arnold Bax, whose 'Morning Heroes' was broadcast earlier in the Queen's Hall concert season, is also in the programme."—*Daily Paper.*

A case of ignorance without the BLISS.

"Sir Henry Wood began his Promenades a generation or more ago in a similar way, and justified it by success; the audience learned, much as children who play upon chocolates learn to work, as men, upon beef and mutton."
Sunday Paper.

You should hear our Gladys, aged nine, play a solo on the caramel. It is full of glutinous charm.



Country Telephone-Subscriber (new installation). "IS THAT POTTON 0 0?"
Immediate Answer. "YES."
C.T.S. "I SAY—NOT *really?*"

A SAFE DEDUCTION.

[It is now claimed that the character can be deduced from the lips more correctly than from any other feature.]

DEAR lady, whenever I gaze at your lips,
Now boomed as superior far
To all other features for giving us tips
On the manner of maiden you are,
Though I haven't the true analytical mind
That fathoms a puzzle's construction,
One characteristic it's easy to find
With even my skill at deduction.

You boast—it is clear to a casual look—
That bulldog endurance that won
(As you know if you've studied your history-book)
Our England her place in the sun;
That knowledge at least I am able to gain,
For, easy to read as a ticket
Imprinted in scarlet, each lip makes it plain
That your practice is always to "stick it."

"One must consider the practical aspect of bridesmaids' clothes, so that they shall be useful afterwards."—*Daily Paper.*

Even in Hampstead one cannot go shopping in a marigold chaplet.

A PROPER POT-MESS.

(An impression of "The Improper Duchess.")

ACT I.

Curtain rises on stage Diplomats and Oil Kings grouped round property map of Poldavia in the Embassy of that histrionic country at Washington.

Secretary of Embassy. Gentlemen, I am loath to interrupt our perfectly unintelligible dialogue because I know it is designed to get late-comers comfortably into their stalls, but the audience must appreciate that the King's Hunting Forest, coloured green on this map, is more valuable in oil than that part marked red which we are trying to palm off on you.

Ambassador (through his make-up). Why?

Secretary. Because the Third Act depends upon it.

Enter King *with his arm in a sling.*

King of Poldavia. Good morning, gentlemen. There's nothing wrong with my arm except Dramatic Technique. I've only come on to show the audience what a fool I am and to drink some beer.

[*He does both and exit. So do the* Oil Kings.

Naval Attaché. The Proprietor of the King's hotel is here.

Secretary. Show him in then.

Naval Attaché. Look here—I'd like to know what my job is. Just now the King sent me for his beer, and now you tell me to fetch this hotel proprietor. Am I a naval attaché or a footman?

Secretary. You might be anything in that uniform.

Enter Hotel Proprietor (*Italian*: see *play with shoulders and hands*) *and* Detective (*American*: see *play with jaws*).

Hotel Proprietor. I've got-ta the plot-ta of the play-a.

Secretary. Good; but why d' you talk like that?

H. P. Because I'm Italian. Well, the plot-ta is that the King-a was seen dancing-a the Black-a Bottom-a in front-a of a mirror-a in gold-a pyjamas-a in the Duchess's bedroom by a senator and a parson.

Secretary. Well?

H. P. Well, there's a law that if a man is seen in the bedroom of a woman who is not his wife they both have to leave the country.

Secretary. What a futile law! Who made it?

H. P. The author, of course. But we can use it to fill in the rest of this scene.

Secretary. How?

H. P. Why, you tell the Ambassador what I've just told you, then he can tell the King, and then we'll all tell Miss YVONNE ARNAUD. [*That is done.*

King. I really think the author might have chosen a slightly more up-to-date dance. I know I'm a fool, but there are limits.

Miss Arnaud. Still, it gives me a peg to hang my personality on. Let's have the curtain down while I think how to carry the play on my shoulders.

ACT I. SCENE 2.—*Embassy again.*

King (bored). What do we do in this scene?

Duchess. We sign a paper for the Senator, without protest, agreeing to leave Washington to-morrow.

King. All right. After all "the Play's the thing."

ACT II.

The Duchess's *bedroom at the hotel. Designed by the author, with two suits of armour.*

Duchess. How long has this Act been in progress?

Maid. Oh, about quarter-of-an-hour.

Duchess. Good heavens! You haven't been advancing the action of the play during my absence?

Maid. Of course not. I just did a solo turn. Then the Detective and I had a refined comedy duo, and then the Proprietor brought in those property roses for you. When are you going to start being improper?

Duchess. At once. I'll see the Proprietor and get some champagne out of him. It's quite unessential to the action, but there is something about champagne—especially in a bedroom.

Enter Proprietor *with champagne.*

Duchess. Thank you. Drink some with me.

H. P. No-a thank-a. I'm-a sub-acid-a. [*He goes.*

Duchess. Now I'll see the Senator and his parson friend.

Maid. How are you going to amuse the audience while I'm fetching them?

Duchess. With my face and these horn-rimmed spectacles.

[*She does so until* Senator *and* Parson *appear.*

Duchess. Good evening. The King and I signed a paper for you this morning. I want you to give it back to me and let us off.

Senator. No. (*A pause.*) Is that all?

Duchess. Yes. Good-night.

Senator (at door). Good-night. I must say that if I'd known that that was all that was going to happen I wouldn't have bothered to come on for this scene. [*He goes in umbrage.*

Duchess (to Maid). I'll undress now and get into bed. That ought to make the audience expectant.

[*As soon as she is in bed the telephone rings.*

Duchess. Oh, you! Yes, I'm all alone in bed. Do come up.

Re-enter Senator.

Senator. Look here—I was so dissatisfied with that last scene I simply had to come on again. Unless I do something absolutely irrational this play is likely to go on for ever, so I've decided to fall for your charms and give you back the document you signed this morning.

Duchess. How sweet of you! It will also help me to live up to the title of the play, about which I was getting a bit nervous.

[*Sound of* King *in wine* OFF.

Duchess. Good. Now we're moving. You get into this suit of armour.

Senator. I say, hasn't that been a bit overdone? I mean P. G. WODE——

Duchess. There's no time to be original, besides it will help me through this scene with the King. I can get a lot of easy laughs. Don't be a spoil-sport.

Senator. Oh, all right.

Enter King.

Duchess. Go away.

King. Oh, do let me stay and play with these pretty curtains. I haven't had much fun out of this play.

[*He presses a button and the curtains in front of her bed shut automatically.*

Duchess. If you don't go at once I shall do my well-known temperamental act.

King. Then for the sake of the audience I won't go.

[*She rushes round stage in a fury and jumps into bed. Exit* King.

Miss Arnaud (behind curtains). Ah, this is an opportunity for one of my giggling curtains.

[*She puts her head through the curtains and giggles invitingly at the* Senator *in the armour. The curtain quite rightly falls.*

ACT III.—*Embassy again.*

Duchess. Everything is settled. The Senator has let us off and taken your hunting forest for oil prospecting, and we owe it all to the Secretary.

King. Oh! all my embassies are suddenly vacant. Take your choice.

Secretary. London.

King. Right. I want some more beer.

Duchess. You must give the Senator an Order.

King. All right. You think of a title for one which will get a laugh out of the audience.

Duchess. The Good Companion.

Senator. I won't take it.

King. Don't then. [*Exit.*

Senator (to Duchess). When am I going to see you again?

Duchess. Every evening at 8.30 and Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.30.



First Lady. "I WOULDN'T GO OUT WITH THAT FELLOW ON THAT MOTOR-BIKE IF I WAS YOU. 'E'S SUCH A RECKLESS DRIVER."
Second Lady. "YES, I KNOW. BUT I ALWAYS 'OLDS ME 'AT ON."

Here's a present for you, but don't
open it till I'm off, because it's so dull.
She goes. Re-enter King.
Senator. What have you come on
for?
King. I really don't know.
Senator. Well, get off. This is my
curtain.
King. Sorry. [*He goes for good.*
Senator (*opening box and finding
gauntlet from armour*). How obvious!
[*Band plays American National
Anthem.*
Senator (*as curtain falls*). If I'd
known it was going to be such a feeble
curtain I'd have let the King take it.

PARENTAL ADVICE.

WHEN I was young, with shocks of
hair
And little wit beneath,
My parents said, with anxious care,
"Be sure to brush your teeth!

"Each morning scrub them with a
will
Before you dress," they said;
"And, what is more important still,
When you retire to bed."

Their wise advice I did not take,
Forgetful and self-willed;
My teeth at times would come to ache
And must be drilled and filled.

But now my locks are silver-white,
My parents passed away,
I recognise their rule as right
And carefully obey.

I cleanse my teeth at morning's blush
And then at night as well,
Using the very stiffest brush
That anyone will sell;

Till, pure as dew upon the lawn,
They shimmer pearly white
Each time I put them in at dawn
Or leave them out at night.

NEARER TO NATURE.

(An attempt to remove an unfortunate misunderstanding.)

I HAVE got myself into trouble about the man of Epping Forest who made a nest in a tree. I thought he was an old, old man, worn out by struggling against the difficult world, unhappy perhaps in his domestic life, bored by his relatives, disliking—as who does not?—the burden of ever-increasing taxation which weighs so heavily on the modern home. It appeared to me at the time of writing that he had adopted a sound policy in collecting a lot of wool and hair and twigs and things and going to live in a tree by himself.

I saw him, in fact, as a philosopher. I envied his cloistered calm. I grew indignant with those who wandered near his secret bower and tried to molest his solitary reign.

"Here," I said in effect, "is an old, old man, eating tinned pineapple or bloater-paste in a nest which he has made by his own efforts in a tree, albeit a public tree. And bureaucracy must needs interfere with his simple woodland domesticity and poke him down with a pole."

It seems that I was wrong. I have to offer an apology, and unreservedly I do so. It turns out that the specimen found in this Epping Forest tree was not an aged specimen, but a full-grown healthy male in the middle years. It turns out that he was not a specimen of the *Homo sapiens*, but of the *Homo ferox* or *crudelis* or *omnino horribilissimus*, as a scientific observer would say. He was what the ornithologist calls an *ovum durum*, or hard egg. He lurked in his nest to leap out and to destroy. He was a man of prey. Swooping from his eyrie not long ago he pecked and clawed with his talons a forester. Clearly the officials did well to remove him from his retreat. The amenities of rural neighbourhoods must be maintained, and those of us who nest in trees must remember that we are still citizens and in no way absolved from the responsibilities of the social code. Because a man chooses to make a lair in a swamp he has no business to behave like a wart-hog. No citizen who happens to be sleeping in an earth for his own amusement is at liberty for that reason to rob hen-roosts or to bark the whole night through.

I realise that there is an immense amount of Nature-worship going on just now, and that naked colonies of people run about wild in woods or bask beside ponds or perch upon house-tops or do mystical exercises on their front lawns. But there must be no violence. They must not bite or sting. The police, for instance, should be empowered to arrest sun-bathers if they begin to snap. And I put man-eating nesters in the same category.



Wife. "I WISH YOU WOULDN'T KEEP SHOUTING INSTRUCTIONS AT ME, CYRIL; I DON'T WANT EVERYONE TO KNOW I'M LEARNING TO DRIVE."

I have in mind not only the Epping Forest case, but that of a young man of my own acquaintance who was recently fired with an ambition to live the life of a smew. He made a neat little place for himself in some rushes by a mere and lived there quietly for a long time, eating roots and drinking slime until he was driven by hunger to forsake his usual diet and attacked a baker's van in a lonely lane. And there was that other case of the stockbroker who was found on the beach at Brighton pretending to be a prawn. . . .

It is quite probable that there ought to be large bird-reservations for tree-men or other nest-folk in our time. Sun-baskers and wind-bathers could be herded in amongst them and the whole area surrounded by palisades and barbed wire. However that may be, individual specimens of the tree-man or mud-man or rain-man which show ferocity and endanger the lives or property of ordinary hut-men or house-men should be taken and kept in captivity for a while. Not long ago I saw a portrait in one of the papers of a small child who had never worn any clothes, but had frisked in the garden the whole of its life and was said to be instinct with vivacity, suppleness and grace. It was also said to be a bright blue or purplish colour all over. I am not in the least surprised. I imagine that remarkable varieties of colouring might be obtained in the human species by living in ponds or perching in bushes or hibernating in burrows, if that is what we all want to do. Now that the rigours of summer have set in I expect to see a great outbreak of fauns and sylvans and tree-hoppers all over the English countryside, and I suggest that landowners who have large woods will be well advised to prepare nesting-boxes in order to receive them. The official figures of the Census will not be revealed for some time, but it is possible that a number of papers were made out in wallows or holts and other squatting-places in the beautiful English outdoors. But we live in a civilised age, and these persons must enjoy the damp and grit like peaceable men. They have no right to come out of the muck and bellow at us. I apologise once more to the foresters of Epping. The bad type of tree-man should most certainly be shooed and catapulted out of our public pleasure-grounds and his nesting-place scattered to the winds.

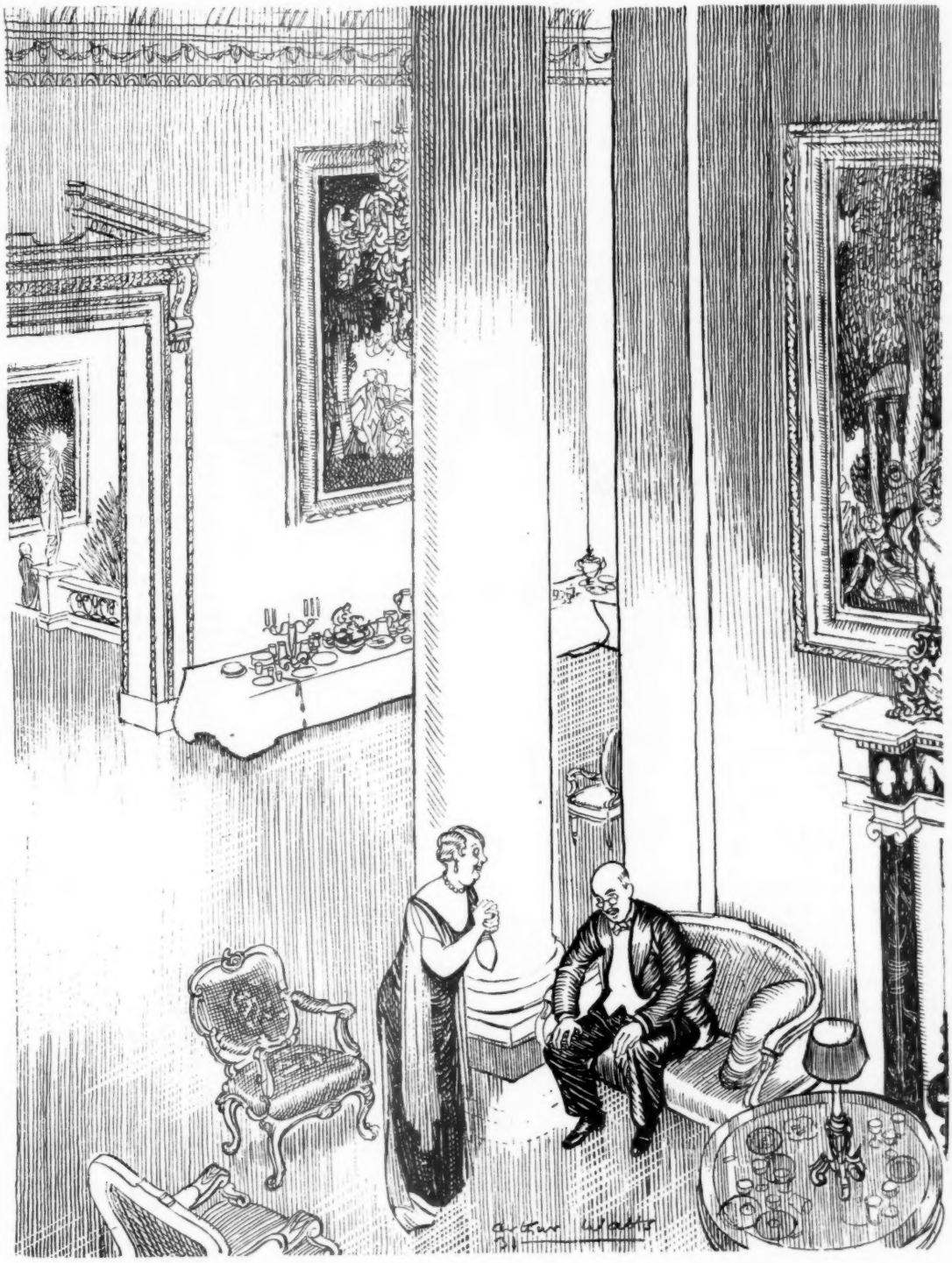
EVOE.

Mr. Punch's New A.R.A.

To GEORGE BELCHER, who has worked long and loyally in his service, Mr. Punch offers the most sincere compliments on the honour to which he has been elected by the Royal Academy.

"DO YOU KNOW THE AGE of your inner tubes? It is possibly time you replaced them."—*Advt. in Sunday Paper.*

In the early morning we are frequently certain that it is.



Ambitious Hostess. "MY DEAR, WE'VE ARRIVED! THERE WERE NO LESS THAN FOURTEEN GATE-CRASHERS HERE TO-NIGHT!"

SIMPLE STORIES.

The Invalid.

Once there was an old lady called Mrs. Patullifer whose husband had died just as she was getting tired of him and left her all his money, because he said that he had given away such a lot of it to charities while he was alive that he didn't see why he should leave them anything in his will. But he had only given a guinea a year to four charities and never put more than threepence in the bag when he went to church which wasn't often, and as Mrs. Patullifer didn't think she need do more than that out of respect to his memory she could afford to have a nice house with several servants and a motor-car, and take a niece with her to the Riviera when she wanted to go there for a change, because she hadn't any children of her own but she had plenty of nieces and nephews and she liked them to come and see her often and pay her a lot of attention, because they didn't know which of them she would leave her money to and she liked to keep them on tenterhooks.



"And she sent for Dr. Babylon."

Well Mrs. Patullifer had never had a day's illness in her life and anyone might think she would be pleased about that, but as she grew older she began to get rather jealous of other old ladies she knew who all had their favourite doctors and plenty of ailments to talk about when they went out to tea, and as she could quite well afford to pay a doctor to find an ailment for her and come and attend to it she asked her friend Lady Bilothoe to recommend her one. And Lady Bilothoe said well I have got rid of my last one because he said I only had a cold when what I really had was bronchial appendicitis with complications, and I might have died if I hadn't cured myself by gargling with salt water, but Mrs. Coney-Bugle has told me of a very good one she has found who is almost like a son to her, he is so anxious about her health, I think I shall call him in, as my liver has been giving me some trouble lately and I shouldn't wonder if I weren't in for an attack of encephalitis or something like that, what are your symptoms dear?

Well Mrs. Patullifer hadn't made up her symptoms yet, but Lady Bilothoe hadn't ever called her dear before and she knew she wouldn't be so interested in her if she said she hadn't got any, so she said well I think I have a slight touch of galloping consumption. And Lady Bilothoe said oh it will never do to neglect a thing like that, do go home and go to bed at once and send for Dr. Babylon, he is an Armenian, but Mrs. Coney-Bugle says he is *so* clever.

So Mrs. Patullifer went home and went to bed and she sent for Dr. Babylon, and she found him rather too much of an Armenian for her taste as he didn't talk English very nicely and had an olive-green complexion. But he told her that she had only just called him in in time and what she wanted was feeding up, and he would send her in a case of the champagne that he always recommended to his patients and some special *pâté* that came from Armenia and nobody could get it but him, and if she would send out for some tender asparagus and a nice sole and a quail and some early strawberries he would come and see her again in the afternoon and then they could talk about her diet.

Well Mrs. Patullifer was quite pleased with this but she said what about medicine? And Dr. Babylon said oh I believe in nature effecting her own cure and I don't give my patients medicine unless I think they are going to die anyhow and then it doesn't matter what I give them. Yours is a very delicate case and you must have suffered agonies without complaining, I don't think I have ever seen such a case of heroism before and I am quite determined to cure you, only you must promise me faithfully that you will take sustenance every two hours or I won't answer for the consequences, doctors can do a lot but it isn't any good unless their patients help them.

So Mrs. Patullifer promised to help him and she took a lot of sustenance and when one of her nieces came to see her that afternoon she wasn't feeling at all well and said she thought she must be dying.

Well her niece had never seen her in bed before and as she had always been as strong as a horse or even stronger she was frightened and without saying anything to her aunt she rushed out to get a doctor. And there was one just round the corner called Dr. Briggleby and he had just come in from his rounds and was having his tea, but as it was a matter of life and death he picked up his stethoscope and rushed out chewing some hot buttered toast and burst into Mrs. Patullifer's bedroom and said well old Mother Hubbard you needn't order your coffin yet put out your tongue.

So Mrs. Patullifer did that, because she was rather flattered at being made such a fuss of though she didn't much care about being called Mother Hubbard, and Dr. Briggleby said oh greedy, and she didn't like that either. Then he felt her pulse and listened to something inside her through his stethoscope and tapped her with his fingers and told her to say ninety-nine which she did, and then he sat down beside her and said well do you know what is the matter with you? And Dr. Babylon hadn't told her, so she was obliged to say she didn't. And he said well you have overeaten yourself and at your age you ought to be ashamed of it. If you hadn't got the constitution of a rhinoceros I wouldn't answer for the consequences, but with a good dose you ought to be all right to-morrow, and if you can curb your gluttony you ought to live to be a centurion, good-evening, I must go and finish my tea.

Well Mrs. Patullifer was simply furious, and she told her niece to go at once and fetch Dr. Babylon. And the niece was very anxious about her, she was so red in the face, so she rushed round to Dr. Babylon's house. And at first nobody answered the bell but at last a policeman came to the door and told her that Dr. Babylon had just been taken to prison as he wasn't a doctor at all but a hairdresser, and nobody knew

how many murders he had committed through treating patients wrong.

So the niece rushed back and got Dr. Briggleby again, and he thought he had been a little severe on Mrs. Patullifer, so he didn't mind going in to see her again, and directly he got into her room he said well Granny I didn't know you had been stung by that Dago or I shouldn't have been so hard on you, and he told her about Dr. Babylon and she was quite shocked, and she forgave Dr. Briggleby and quite enjoyed her little talk with him. And he told her about his struggles and said that he knew he was good at curing people of their diseases but somehow he couldn't keep his patients, and he said he was beginning to wonder whether there was something wrong with his bedside manner.

And Mrs. Patullifer said that there were a lot of silly old women who hadn't got anything the matter with them but were always talking about their ailments, and she had never had a day's illness in her life until Dr. Babylon had poisoned her with bad champagne, and she thought that was something to be proud of.

And Dr. Briggleby said he thought it was, and they got on so well together that Mrs. Patullifer asked him if he would like to attend her regularly, and he said he would, as he wanted some more patients through not making enough money.

So after that Mrs. Patullifer was able to boast to her friends about having a doctor who was more like a son to her than anything and kept her quite well. And she advised Dr. Briggleby about his bedside manner, and recommended him to a lot of old ladies who were very pleased with him when he had once learnt to humour them.

And Mrs. Patullifer lived to be a hundred-and-three, and as all her nieces and nephews were dead by that time she left her money to Dr. Briggleby. But he was pretty old himself by that time and didn't want it, so he gave it all to charities and was made a baronet.

A. M.

Gertrude Stein Joins the Staff.

"During a preliminary rehearsal at the Evans, the M.G.A. Aldershot Command. He Aldershot Tattoo at Aldershot to-day, a said: 'It gives me great pleasure to launch Roman galley was launched on the grassy the worthy ancestor of H.M.S. Centurion. I seas of Rushmore Arena by Maj. Gen. E. name her Ramasa, and the best of luck to all who sail the arena in her.'"

Evening Paper.

THE WEDDING AND THE GIFT.

(After LONGFELLOW.)

I HEARD one day of a happy pair
Who had pledged their troth, I know not where,
And conscience cried with a glad uplift,
"This is a case for a wedding-gift."

I shot a present on to the pair
When they were married in Chester Square;
A handsome thing, as they must admit,
Although they didn't acknowledge it.

Long, long afterwards, I'm afraid,
I found the bill for it still unpaid;
While the happy pair, as perhaps you know,
Parted company months ago. A. C.

A Welcome Immigrant.

"MAY FLY HOME FROM A FRENCH PORT."
Daily Paper.

So now we know where may flies go in the winter-time.

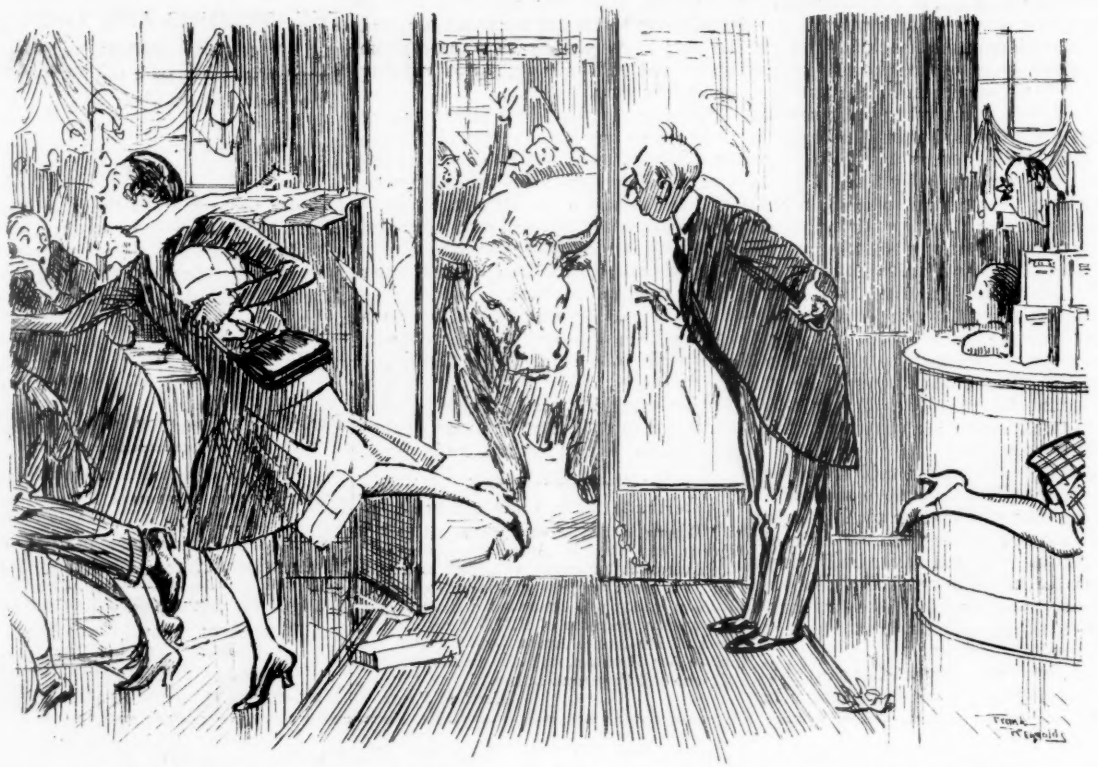
Fight for London Traffic Control.

"'BIG FIVE' BILL LEAVES VITAL PROBLEMS IN THE AIR."
Evening Paper Headline.

That ought to clear the streets.



Englishman (new to Riviera caddies). "I SAY, OLD MAN, OUGHN'T WE TO OFFER TO CARRY THE BAGS?"



Heroic Shopwalker (to bull about to enter provincial store). "CHINA AND GLASS DEPARTMENT—THIS WAY!"

DOING THE —DOO.

I KNOW a lively rooster whose enthusiastic song
Is wafted on the local breeze and goes it hot and strong,
But, though he crows as heartfully as ever rooster crew,
He gets across the *-doodle*, but is diddled by the *-doo*.

His voice, an operatic bass, is anything but weak;
His bearing has the promise of exceptional physique;
His critics (who are many) would declare they never knew
A happier equipment for accomplishing the *-doo*.

One might assume the mocking of his brothers in the roost
Would give his will to conquer this impediment a boost;
One might suppose his harem would be getting at him too
To bridge the gulf that separates the *-doodle* from the *-doo*.

But nothing seems to cause him the remotest shade of doubt;
He owns his limitations and the rest he goes without,
Apparently uplifted by the thought that there are few,
If any, who are like him in avoidance of the *-doo*.

I don't know how he got it; by a microbe in the blood
It may be, or perhaps his singing-master was a dud
Who didn't make him practise till he sang his phrases through
And learned to crown the *-doodle* with the culminating *-doo*.

But every blessed morning from the earliest ray of light
Till even he is muted by the soft approach of night,
Hour upon hour his maddening song is lifted to the blue
To drive an audience frantic by omission of the *-doo*.

O self-complacent rooster, I address you as a friend;
Your neighbours are a kindly lot, but patience has an end;
I hear them muttering darkly, and my best advice to you
Is: Take a breath at *-doodle* and go solid for the *-doo*.

DUM-DUM.

In a Good Cause.

THE "IMPLACABLE."

At a luncheon at Fishmongers' Hall last Thursday the DUKE OF YORK made an eloquent appeal for the Endowment Fund of £30,000 which still remains to be raised in order to save the *Implacable* from the shipbreakers and to provide for her permanent maintenance as a Holiday Training Ship for Boys. The preservation of this last survivor of Trafalgar afloat is a cause very near Mr. Punch's heart, and more than once he has asked his readers to help him in its achievement. The DUKE OF YORK'S sympathy and support must be Mr. Punch's excuse for begging them to assist in setting the seal on a labour in which they have already played a generous part. The Committee will be most grateful for any further kindness that may be shown in response to His Royal Highness's appeal. Gifts should be addressed to The Treasurer, *Implacable* Fund, Punch Office, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.4.

"Miss —— ——, the rising young British film star and actress, whose engagement to Mr. —— ——was announced exclusively in yesterday's 'Daily ——', first met her husband two years ago during a voyage to New York."—*Daily Paper.*

If ever her husband invites her to dissolve their marriage she can plead a subsequent engagement.



THE GENTLE TORTURER.

JOHN BULL. "THANK YOU SO MUCH; ONE OF THE MOST COMFORTABLE ORDEALS I'VE BEEN THROUGH FOR A LONG TIME. EVEN THE BOILING OIL WAS COOLER THAN I EXPECTED."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, April 27th.—Even black Mondays sometimes prove to be not so black as they are painted. It was so to-day. Budgets are a black business at the best of times. A SNOWDEN Budget might well prove to be all that and then some. Was it not the Journalist-King in *The Napoleon of Notting Hill* who, in his eye-witness account of the battle, "forgot to say that the night was swart"? The entire Press Gallery had its fountain-pen poised to declare that Mr. SNOWDEN'S Budget was swart—and it turned out to be nothing of the kind.

The attendance, as Budget-night attendances go, was thin. Members may have stayed away because they felt they could hardly bear it. But in any case the businesslike Mr. SNOWDEN cannot draw the big houses that Mr. CHURCHILL commands. A Budget speech by the Conservative ex-Chancellor is an entertainment. Mr. SNOWDEN'S is a managing-director's statement.

This afternoon it was not even that. Honourable Members on all sides of the House had some fear that the CHANCELLOR'S courage might outrun his strength, and were relieved to find that the financial review, a usual but not essential part of all Budget speeches, would be dispensed with. Mr. SNOWDEN mentioned that he had reviewed the national finances in a Blue Paper. To the perhaps imaginative eye the paper appeared to be of a slightly darker shade of blue than usual.

Even so the CHANCELLOR'S speech was surprisingly short and to the point. To those who remember the days of the political giants, when a Chancellor, fortified with sherry-and-egg, would spend five hours laboriously explaining that financial acumen and not innate rapacity had impelled him to scratch up another hundred-thousand or so from this source or that, it must have come as something of a shock to hear the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER saying in effect, "Oh, yes—taxes! Let me see. We need thirty-seven-and-a-half million pounds. Suppose we grab twenty million from that Exchange Account that is sitting there eating its head off? It is not exactly income, but it is real money. And petrol—I'll just put back that twopence the companies took off the other day and that will give me another seven-and-a-half millions. That leaves ten million pounds to be found; so, as this is no time for piling on more income-tax, we'll just collect three-quarters of next year's income-tax on January 1st instead of half, and that will bring ten million pounds of next year's money into this year's account. A bit Churchillian—what? But these are difficult times. Better let optimism rush in where the tax-collector fears to tread and hope that when next January comes a pervading atmosphere of returning prosperity will prevent that ten million from being missed."

Mr. SNOWDEN only spoke for an hour and nine minutes all told; a convalescent indeed, but clear of voice and looking, for an invalid, remarkably well; and the part of his speech devoted to the burning question of how the deficit should be made good was relatively small.

Its most important feature was the Land Tax. While Mr. LLOYD GEORGE beamed approval Mr. SNOWDEN expounded what he described as a "landmark on the road of social and economic progress and one further stage towards the emancipation of the people from the tyranny and injustice of private land monopoly."

Tuesday, April 28th.—It is not only Election promises that go up in smoke, but, as Lord PARMOOR explained to Lord MERSEY, if people will insist on having coal-fires, a good deal that goes up in smoke comes down again in soot and fog. Several noble Lords pronounced themselves enthusiastic smoke-abaters, but curiously enough no noble voice was raised in defence of the good old British fireside. Is it possible that American steam-heat has combined with American dollars in the corruption of a once Conservative Peerage?

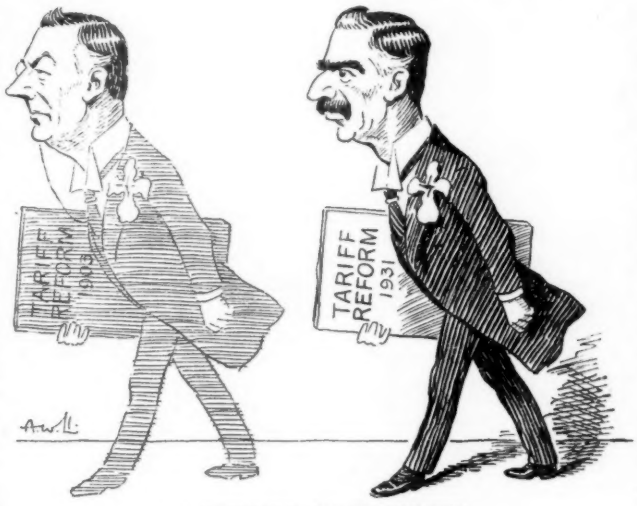
If the House so desired, the PRIME MINISTER informed Commander OLIVER LOCKER-LAMPSON, there could be a debate on the R101 Report. Would the Government's policy be announced before the debate? asked the Member for Central Hull. Of course it would, replied Mr. MACDONALD, otherwise the House would be debating nothing at all. "Not for the first time," murmured several Members *una*—or was it *sotto*?—*voce*.

Colonel HOWARD-BURY having drawn the attention of the FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO THE TREASURY to the fact that Customs Officers at Holyhead are promoting the "Come to Britain" movement by fossicking round in visitors' luggage for sweep-stake tickets, Mr. PETHICK-LAWRENCE might have conceived it his duty to adopt a soothing attitude instead of coldly calling the House's attention to Section 1 of the Revenue Act of 1898. As it was, the answer sounded a deal too much like the bureaucrat telling the politician to mind his own business, and Colonel HOWARD-BURY was quite justified in announcing that he would raise the matter on motion to adjourn.

In the absence of Mr. CHURCHILL, now ploughing his lonely furrow, Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN has become the Opposition's financial "strong man." Not only has he assumed with distinction the mantle of arch-Protectionist bequeathed by his sire, but from being a somewhat dry though pugnacious and pertinacious speaker he has developed a gift of elegant and forcible banter that greatly enhances his powers of debate.

Yesterday he had warmly congratulated Mr. SNOWDEN on his courage and fortitude in coming from his bed of sickness to make his Budget speech; to-day he informed the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER that the Budget itself was a makeshift mélange of bits and pieces mostly borrowed from his Conservative predecessor.

He admitted that the general feeling was one of relief, except in the case of the Independent Labour Party. "But who," demanded Mr. CHAMBERLAIN



A TRIUMPH OF HEREDITY.

THE LATE MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN AND MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN.

lightly, "cares about the Independent Labour Party?" As for the Jeremiahs, they had indeed been silenced, as Mr. SNOWDEN had said, but only by the spectacle of the CHANCELLOR swallowing his own brave words to the effect that he at any rate would not leave his successor to pay his bills.

After Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S assault the congratulations of Sir D. MACLEAN must have rung somewhat thinly on the CHANCELLOR'S ears, had he been there to hear them, and the observation of Mr. WISE, Labour Member for Leicester, E., that the CHANCELLOR had adopted in a very large degree the basic financial policy of the Opposition, more thinly still. Least comforting perhaps was the hateful suggestion of Colonel WEDGWOOD, that pelican in the Socialist wilderness, that in respect of the Land-Tax a Budget with glimmerings of intelligence had at last been produced after twenty-five years.

Wednesday, April 29th.—Amid appropriate reminders of the dignity and duties of his high office, Lord ONSLOW was selected to be Lord Chairman of Committees, in place of Lord DONOUGHMORE, a post held, as Lord BEAUCHAMP reminded him, not only by his own father but by a number of remoter and not less distinguished ancestors.

In the Commons it was Mr. CHURCHILL'S day. The right hon. Member for Epping shines as a Budget-maker; he was even more scintillant as the critic of Mr. SNOWDEN'S financial dispositions. The situation was rendered more piquant, if anything, by the fact that the official Conservative assault was entrusted on this occasion to the "prophetic magnanimity" of Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN. Political isolation subtracts nothing from Mr. CHURCHILL'S stature as a master of debate.

There was no ungenerous word in his speech. He had come to praise Mr. SNOWDEN, not to bury him. True, he twitted the CHANCELLOR with "stripping himself of every vestige of financial orthodoxy" and the CHANCELLOR'S followers with the prospect of "no Socialism in Mr. SNOWDEN'S time." One by one he had recognised the "familiar shades" of his own Budget devices and expedients. It was not a case of saying ditto to Mr. BURKE. Mr. BURKE had said ditto to him. "I need not add," said Mr. CHURCHILL, "that these spontaneous tributes are gratifying to me in my present loneliness."

Beneath the idle banter, Mr. CHURCHILL'S approval of Mr. SNOWDEN'S Budget measures was clearly indicated—naturally, since he claimed them for his own—and there was no mistaking the sincerity of his tone when he declared that Mr. SNOWDEN had had the courage and the public spirit to set aside his own convictions, to defy his Party's pressure and to do, "in the teeth of the whole doctrines of his life," what he deemed his duty to his country.



LABOUR'S CONTRARY AIRS.

Zephyr . . . . . COLONEL WEDGWOOD.
Boreas . . . . . MR. E. F. WISE.

After Mr. CHURCHILL'S lively utterances the weightier arraignment of the Budget proposals by Sir E. HILTON YOUNG and Sir ROBERT HORNE roused no great enthusiasm, and even Mr. HORE-BELISHA'S taunt that Mr. SNOWDEN had preferred a cold niche in the halls of the City of London to a warm place in the hearts of the masses left the Liberal benches cold. Mr. GRAHAM, replying for the Government, argued strenuously against tariffs, but his attempt to traverse the statement that the limit of direct taxation had been reached was almost perfunctory.

Thursday, April 30th.—A decent patriotism inspired Sir KINGSLEY WOOD to ask the MINISTER OF LABOUR if she had given certain Russian singers permission to perform in London next month, for we have had too many leather-lunged aliens coming here to take the song out of British vocalists' mouths. No exception could be taken to Miss BONDFIELD'S decision, since, as she explained, the conditions under which the Russians were permitted to perform involved the employment of thirty to forty British choristers and one-hundred-and-twenty British musicians.

We must perhaps qualify our artless belief that Britons never, never, never will be Slavs.

Mr. SNOWDEN had no great difficulty in persuading the House to agree to the imposition *in præsenti* of Land Taxes to be actually gathered in 1933, "notwithstanding anything in the established practice of the House to the contrary," Sir D. HERBERT magnanimously conceding that while the Government were undoubtedly a lot of highway robbers they were at least ready and willing to act as knights of the road and not as mere footpads. They had taken the right course in founding their proposals on a Ways and Means Resolution. That by doing so, instead of introducing a Valuation Bill first, the CHANCELLOR had neatly deprived the Upper Chamber of the opportunity of pronouncing effectively against a Land Valuation Tax, was not, however, lost on the House.



A KNOCKABOUT MIMIC; OR, GOING THE WHOLE HOD.

Mr. CHURCHILL. "VERY FLATTERING!"
THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

FASHION EXPERTS TRYING TO DECIDE ON THE NUMBER OF BUTTONS TO BE WORN ON DRESS-WAISTCOATS IN THE COMING SEASON.

TO "WHITAKER."

OF making books, 'tis said, there is no ending:
They range from sheer sublimity to swipes,
Some like a storm tempestuously descending,
While some recall the calm of CLAUDES and CUYPS;
And some are just waste-paper meet for rending
Into the spills wherewith we light our pipes—
Books that set out to move us to hilarity
And founder in the swamps of mere vulgarity.

Some books are dangerous, rightly banned as foes,
Others suggest the safety that is CHUBB'S,
Books that upon the reference shelves repose
In public libraries and private clubs—
Bradshaw, for instance, whose peculiar prose
Earned the encomiums of Bishop STUBBS;
And of these books that never let you down,
To you, O *Whitaker*, I award the crown.

You may not gladden Bloomsbury or Gath,
Charm the *élite* or gratify the crowd;
You stick serenely to the middle path
Untrodden by the high- or lowly-browed.
You are in fact a pocket polymath
Whose meaning no obscurities enshroud,
And, though you mayn't appeal to YEATS or KEYNES,
You satisfy the man of average brains.

I personally find *The Ency. Brit.*
(Fourteenth edition) all too Yankeefied
To justify its title or to fit
The yearnings of my patriotic pride;
But, following the bird that cries "Tu-whit,"
To *Whitaker* I turn, my friend and guide,
Who, though you range from China to Peru,
Retain your British outlook through and through.

In every walk of life your aid you lend;
The mists of legal process you disperse,
Instruction with vivacity you blend
In language that is admirably terse;
Your tact is perfect, yet you can unbend
And with the sweet amenities of verse
The normal rigour of your diction leaven
(Witness the poems on page four-nine-seven).

So, were I ever by a fate malign
Marooned upon a far Pacific isle,
Condemned my choice of reading to confine
And with one volume only to beguile
My solitude, I'd cheerfully resign
The masters of the high resounding style
And all the great romancers down to SCOTT,
And as for all the moderns, sack the lot—

But *Whitaker!* Ah, that's another story;
That priceless pemmican, so closely packed
With proofs that minister to England's glory,
Whether in paper bound or leather-backed,
Proclaiming every year, *a fortiori*,
The virtues of accumulated fact—
That priceless and incomparable tome
Would make the Devil's Isle a home from home! C. L. G.

AT THE PICTURES.

GEORGE BANCROFT VOCAL.

IN the old silent days GEORGE BANCROFT, deprived of speech, used to push men's faces in or lift people he didn't like bodily into the air by blows beneath the jaw. His progress was marked by fallen foes. Usually they were gunmen, whom on occasion he would



Editor (with reporter's copy). "MERE FILM STUFF; NO FAMOUS NAMES DRAGGED IN. GET ME A STORY—I WANT NOOS!"

Regan . . . . MR. REGIS TOOMEY.
Mark Flint . . MR. GEORGE BANCROFT.

shoot, although he preferred to hit, and we preferred it too. But in the talkies those dreaded fists are idle, that strong right arm deals out justice no more. GEORGE BANCROFT is still fraught with fate, he still walks towards us with terrible intensity; but there are no blows, no knock-outs. Let me, however, hasten to say, lest I seem to be too discouraging, that in his latest film, *Scandal Sheet*, the scene, a New York newspaper-office with a long sequence of rooms, lends itself so naturally to the famous purposeful advance that we do not go empty away. Uppercuts are not all.

In this screen play GEORGE BANCROFT is an editor with whom it is a sacred duty to print the "noos" irrespective of whom it may hurt. His one argument is, "It's noos," and so strong is he in his position—having on this policy raised the circulation from two hundred thousand to eight hundred thousand—that he cannot be checked. The first example that we see of this ruthlessness is concerned with the blameless principal of a school who happens to have a black-sheep brother in the shape of a notorious bootlegger, and who not unnaturally points out that there is no need for this relationship to be published. Such a revelation will ruin him. He makes a personal and pathetic appeal, backed by the newspaper proprietor; but GEORGE BANCROFT dismisses such bunk with a gesture. "It's noos," he says, and the circumstance is worked into the "story" with increased publicity.

The drama of *Scandal Sheet*—and it is very real drama, most admirably conveyed by GEORGE BANCROFT, CLIVE BROOK and KAY FRANCIS—begins when the question of printing or suppressing the "noos" comes a little nearer home. That is as much as I mean to reveal, but it is necessary to state that CLIVE BROOK, who looks sometimes like the perfect butler, sometimes like Mr. STANLEY BALDWIN and sometimes like Mr. MICHAEL ARLEN, is attractively suave and false, and that Miss FRANCIS plays a difficult part with conviction and wears dresses and pearls that many an English editor's wife will envy.

Most films leave us indifferent to the subsequent lives of hero and heroine; but *Scandal Sheet* is really beginning when it stops. As I don't want to give the plot away, I will merely suggest that it is incredible that our heroic GEORGE could go to the chair for that. No, it must not be. But I suppose we shall never know.

The story has been prepared for the camera with a rigorous devotion to essentials; but, as I have said of other films, a few stage directions would be an advantage. At one point the words "Next morning" on the screen would save confusion. It was a mistake of the talkies to dispense with captions altogether.



A BANK DIRECTOR'S INVESTMENT.

Noel Adams . . . . MR. CLIVE BROOK.
Edith Flint . . . . MISS KAY FRANCIS.

Incidentally a lurid light is thrown on Press methods of obtaining news and pictures and dealing with them. Cynicism could hardly further go. I see that on May 8th the Institute of Journalists is holding its Spring luncheon, with several representatives of important Press organisations as guests and Mr. BERNARD SHAW as principal speaker. Mr. SHAW might like to issue a warning that everything that the cinema public



Erring Wife. "WHAT'S WRONG? YOU'RE NOT YOURSELF. WHY, YOUR HAIR'S PARTED ON THE WRONG SIDE!"

Husband. "EVEN THE FILM MUST HAVE TURNED ON ME!"

(*Mark* and *Edith*.)

will see in *Scandal Sheet* is not to be taken too literally. Or is it?

E. V. L.

THE GENTLE ART OF CONDUCTING.

THERE are many kinds of conducting. Among the things which require to be conducted are passenger vehicles, Continental tours, lightning and musical ensembles. The conductor of the last-named is in the most enviable position. A bus- or tram-conductor has power, but little scope for virtuosity. It is difficult to infuse artistic meaning into the staccato touches on the driver's bell or to raise the recital of stopping-places to the plane of pure oratory. The conductor of a tour to the Belgian cathedrals has a measure of control, but little authority. Half the listeners to his discourse tolerate his loquacity only to avoid getting lost. The lightning-conductor does not even know that it is a conductor. But the orchestral conductor holds everything in the hollow of his hand.

He has power. A movement of his slender white wand and music fills the air. A gesture with his left hand adds a roar of brass, a thunder of drums or a plaintive wail from oboe or *cor anglais*. He smiles and the first violins produce a heart-easing strain. He nods and the double-basses, *pizzicato*, stride ominously up and down the scale. He curls

his lip and the bass trombone brays an imprecation.

He may display unlimited virtuosity and exhibit his knowledge of the score by striding towards and waving at each instrument as it is due to enter. His authority, moreover, is entirely mystic. No one understands what he is about, except possibly the orchestra, which goes on playing anyway. In his spare time he becomes a social lion, the idol of romantic young-womanhood, and gives interviews to a sycophantic Press, which takes his photograph and records his views on saxophones, silk stockings and sex.

Orchestral conducting is therefore among the most attractive careers for our boys. Its dangers are negligible. Now that light wands are employed there is little chance of a mishap such as that which befell LULLY, who, striking himself on the foot with his cumbersome pole, created an abscess from which he died. Moreover, a rail round the modern conductor's daïs prevents his falling backwards into the area when giving a vigorous signal to the brass. Nor, thanks to the solidity of the British Constitution, need one fear the advent of the conductorless orchestra as established in Moscow, presumably under Communist influences.

It must, however, be realised by aspirants that individuality is essential. A conductor who merely conducts is only half a conductor. Imitation is fatal, for "He reminds me of NIKISCH" is the conductor-fan's most bitter condemnation.

The aspirant must not use his baton (or, batonless, his right hand) to paint corkscrews in the void, nor must he smile, grimace or contort his fingers, lest he be accused of imitating Sir THOMAS BEECHAM. He must not wear a buttonhole, bend from the middle to sweep his baton over the heads of the first violins, or introduce the percussion with a two-handed jerk of the reins, lest he shall trespass on the preserves of Sir HENRY WOOD. He must not alternate between immobility and a heated activity in which each entry is indicated by a gesture calculated to evoke the Last Trump, else he may be accused of sitting at the feet of Sir HAMILTON HARTY. He must not wag his head, for that is FURTWÄNGLER, nor sway his shoulders, for that is MENGELBERG. A strong and conscientious beat, whether one or twelve in the bar, must somehow be avoided, for that is Dr. MALCOLM SARGENT. Nor must he merely get on with the job without fuss, lest he be taken to task for aping Sir LANDON RONALD or Dr. ADRIAN BOULT.

The possibilities, however, are by no means exhausted. As yet nobody has conducted with his face to the audience, from the centre of the hall or from a plank suspended from the roof. Again, the idea of employing the leg or ears as a metronome, thus leaving both arms free for interpretative gesture, has not so far been fully explored. Should the aspirant be forestalled in these experiments, he might still stagger the public by conducting a programme without being seen at all by the audience; but this is recommended only in cases of extreme perplexity.



"SO SILLY OF ME TO HAVE FORGOTTEN, BUT DO TELL ME WHO WAS VICTOR LUDORUM?"

"FISH TRAVEL FAR."
Weekly Paper.

Goldfish travel right round the globe.

The Elusive Victory.

"Beccles hadn't won a match in the Norfolk and Suffolk League for 18 months until they drew with Thetford yesterday."
Sunday Paper.

"SECRET OF WEST BROMWICH'S SUCCESS. TRIUMPH OF MEN BORN NEAR THE GROUND."
Sunday Paper Headlines.

This gives one an idea of the grave disadvantage of being born in an aeroplane.

"The yacht race across the Tasman will start at 2 o'clock on Saturday afternoon. Three goats are competing, the Oimara, the Teddy and the Rangi."—*New Zealand Paper.*

The crews should keep well to windward.

AT THE PLAY.

"MR. FAINT-HEART" (SHAFTESBURY).

I WAS at first afraid that "IAN HAY" had bravely labelled his little turn a sentimental comedy out of a (very natural and proper) desire to escape an obvious criticism. He also, adroitly enough, established another line of defence—that it is a well-known fact that people who find themselves on a liner or in a foreign hotel begin instinctively to assume characters other than their own and to behave in extremely irrational and dishonest ways. But the best defence of all was that the playlet, beginning a little heavily, notably improved as it developed and as we began to appreciate the ingenious way in which the frail plot was unfolded and embroidered.

The proud White Star liner, *Homeric*, not disdaining to pick up a little business in the Mediterranean during the world-slump, carries among its four hundred souls *Daphne* (Miss ELIZABETH ALLAN), *Aubrey* (Mr. MICHAEL SHEPLEY) and *Tony* (Mr. JOHN CHARLTON), three unpleasant examples of the self-styled best people, and very young at that, sedulous to squeeze out from any share in the social events of the cruise those deplorable human beings among their fellow-cruisers who have obviously no right to be there at all—such as the Lancashire manufacturer and his wife (Mr. VICTOR STANLEY and Miss IVY DES VOEUX), who are patently two of the worst, and a young fellow (a bank-clerk who has come into money), *Jos Finch* (Mr. BASIL FOSTER), with made-up ties and a devastating double stutter. The pretty young girl, *Myra* (Miss JANE BAXTER), who shyly confesses to an old manor-house in Devonshire—with peacocks—and an invalid aunt (who keeps her cabin), is accepted at her face value (which is high) as evidently of the right sort; as also is *Mary*, a handsome young-middle-aged lady (Miss MARIE LÖHR), who has a husband concealed somewhere on the boat. After exercises in the new snobbery, differing from the old merely in being more brutally direct, as befits the age of revolting youth, the author entertains us with the faltering pursuit of the lovely *Myra* by the hopelessly unresourceful *Jos*.

To tell by what heroic stroke of invention the timid young *Jos* becomes from the most ignored the most honoured of the party, what tangles and remorses threaten the happy issue of his courtship, and how he is saved first by the charity of *Mary* and her mysterious husband and by similar tangles and remorses in the beloved and equally dishonest *Myra*—there is no manor-house, no aunt and no peacock—would be to spoil the author's ingenious mystifications, which are of the essence of the fun.



Lemuel K. (*Mr. CLIVE CURRIE*) *to Jos* (*Mr. BASIL FOSTER*). "HAVE SOME CHAMPAGNE IN A TUMBLER. VERY GOOD FOR A FAINT HEART."



FAINT HEART WINS FAIR LADY.

Jos . . . . . MR. BASIL FOSTER.
Myra . . . . . MISS JANE BAXTER.
Mary . . . . . MISS MARIE LÖHR.

I can, however, without indiscretion commend in general terms Mr. BASIL FOSTER'S *tour-de-force* of a plausible and likeable stammering hero; Miss JANE BAXTER'S charming natural candour rooted in and successfully issuing from uncandour: handsome Miss MARIE LÖHR'S motherly and sporting solicitudes; Mr. STANLEY'S crude Lancashire championship of the worst people's rights; the loyal acquiescence of his wife (in an excellent little sketch by Miss IVY DES VOEUX); and Mr. CLIVE CURRIE'S explosive study of *Mary's* mysterious husband.

What queer things, by the way, authors, players or producers allow themselves to do in their profound and unflattering distrust of the intelligence of their audiences! When the kindly *Mary*, under the influence of poor *Jos's* peculiar technique, says with excellent effect at some crisis of the action, "That would be a pretty ke-hettle of fi-hish," and deservedly wins a hearty general laugh, she must needs add, or be made to add, "Why, *I've* begun to stutter now!" We may not be Bloomsbury, but we do see that! I beg the author-producer to prevent this heavy brick being dropped on the deck. There are plenty of good lines in this light affair, but that's no reason for killing this, which is technically one of the best of them.

The White Star Line "made special arrangement," so the programme tells us, to "supervise the correctness and the details of the scenery and accessories," and very handsome they all were. I wonder if they encourage their passengers to sit perilously poised on rails from which there's a sheer drop to the Mediterranean. I doubt it. T.

"JACK O' LANTERN" (WYNDHAM'S).

The discretion necessary in dealing with *Mr. Faint-Heart* is as nothing to that demanded by the "Drama of Modern Life," *Jack o' Lantern*, the stage version by Messrs. GEORGE GOODCHILD and JAMES DAWSON of a thriller by the former. I can but indicate the ingredients of the highly-seasoned dish, concealing carefully the detail and method of the cooking.

Of the Reputables involved we have the well-known Judge, *Sir Charles Wallington* (Mr. EDMUND WILLARD), obviously needing a holiday; his ward, *Sonia* (Miss ZILLAH BATEMAN), a vague blonde necessary in these affairs; his doctor (Mr. CONINGSBY BRIERLEY), a hopelessly genial optimist with an infuriating habit of making his comments on current events by pom-pomming passages out of GILBERT and SULLIVAN operas; his good friend, *Herr Hugo Michels* (Mr. PAUL NEVILLE), an immense, attractive, shrewd, excitable Berlin detective; his daughter's *fiancé*, *Inspector John Wrench* (Mr. IVAN SAMSON), who, starting as a solicitor, had been persuaded by the Judge to go into the police because "we want men of that type to deal with our modern criminals" (having seen our *Inspector Wrench* at work for three Acts we respectfully beg to doubt this); and his native servant, *Nali* (Mr. T. GORDON BLYTH), slim, handsome, with a spiritual face and a habit of playing in moments of stress a doleful air, "The Song of the Soul," on some clarionettish instrument. (Of course we have, and are meant to have, grave suspicions about this person, but are inclined to conclude that he is only put in to confuse our judgment, and so we give him the benefit of the doubt.)

Then there is the curt and dogged *Superintendent Sweeting* (Mr. JAMES C. AUBREY), a policeman of the old school who shares our doubts about the adequacy of *Inspector John Wrench*—he would have had those doubts reinforced if he had also shared our privilege of seeing in the Third Act our young modern's methods of keeping the house of a notorious criminal under close observation. Young *John* had, however (we must in fairness admit), an astonishing technique of rapid diagnosis, as he proved to us when finding a body prone upon the floor. "Stabbed to the heart," he decided, without so much as turning the body over. And, last of the Reputables, the famous K.C., *Sir Randolph Cantler* (Mr. A. BRANDON-CREMER), who has nothing to do but walk on to a dock-side scene and be stabbed to the heart, gurgle and die.

Of the Disreputables we have an accomplished forger (Mr. CHARLES GARRY), who can faithfully copy a signature never before seen by him in under forty seconds—a large, passionate, temperamental fellow, extremely sedulous about his daughter's honour; the daughter (Miss SYBIL WISE), walking out with an unsatisfactory young Cockney (Mr. JOHN COYLE), euphemistically termed a dealer, and rejecting him for the master-criminal of the magnetic eye and twisted mouth, who goes by the name—of sinister import to the middle-aged—*Lefroy*. *Lefroy* is a criminal with a method in little things



MURDERER GIVES JUDGE THE MAGNETIC EYE.

Tobias Lantern . . . . MR. BERNARD BRUNEEL.
Sir Charles Wallington . MR. EDMUND WILLARD.

—such as entering through the first-floor window (disguised as a quite obvious murderer) a house carefully watched by the police. No doubt, he argued, the police wouldn't think of that—they'd be watching the door.

In 1924 *Sir Charles* had condemned to death a notorious brutal murderer, *Tobias Lantern*, who had an eye of such magnetic power that it had compelled two juries to disagree as to their verdict, though the evidence of guilt was overwhelming. A third jury, sitting under the stern *Sir Charles*, had very properly condemned him. In the short Prologue, *Tobias* (Mr. BERNARD BRUNEEL) gave us an impression of his eye, but took no further part in the proceedings. (I surmise that he waited a few minutes for *Sir Randolph Cantler* and that the twain went over to "The Salisbury" and had one against the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.)

Between 1924 and this year of grace three of that third jury had been stabbed—to the heart. *Sir Randolph*, as we have seen, has just been eliminated. It dawns upon *Sir Charles*, especially when he begins to receive anonymous threatening letters signed "Jack o' Lantern," that there may be something more than mere coincidence in all this. Is somebody working steadily through the jury and counsel, proposing to finish up with the Judge, and perhaps the doctor who had declared *Tobias* to be perfectly sane? When he mentions this to the doctor, who happens to be his own doctor, that indefatigable optimist says "Pooh!" and hums something cheerful out of *Ruddigore*—which convinced us that he was for it. And sure enough a dark figure steals through the library window and deals faithfully with the doctor. At the same time *Sir Charles* disappears from his bed, leaving no clue save horrid gouts of blood.

? ? ? *Herr Michels* has a theory, but is wise enough not to tell us what it is. *Superintendent Sweeting* has a theory. We know that he must be wrong. *Inspector John Wrench*, the blue-eyed *Inspector*, has no theory whatever. We ourselves have a theory. It is wrong.

Herr Michels turns out to be right—or so he *says*—and therefore Messrs. GOODCHILD and DAWSON win the hand. Which is all as it should be. T.



Jack o' Lantern to Kate Banting (*Miss SYBIL WISE*). "HUSH! I'M REALLY WILLARD-O'-THE-WISP."

Our Far-seeing Census Officers.

"Passengers by the sleeping trains to London and Scotland were scheduled by the station authorities at Lime Street, and in most cases the details were obtained when the passengers booked their births."

Lancaster Paper.

"AMATEUR SNAPS AGAIN."
Headline in Daily Paper.

He must have been having too much raw meat.

NEW HOLES FOR GOLFERS.

["Mitchell putted short on the 1th green." *Evening Paper.*]

"I'VE a tale," said the bore, "I must spin you
Of a recent encounter at golf."
I was trapped, so I muttered "Continue";
At once he was off.

"My opponent, a stranger, averred he
Hadn't been on the links for a month;
None the less he became by a birdie
One up at the 1th.

"Then I parted for good from a new pill
With a drive of the sort that's produced
By the merest apprentice or pupil;
So much for the 2st.

"In the heart of a garbage deposit
(By a rise in the ground it was screened,
Which was not very fair of it, was it?)
I pitched at the 3nd.

"After that my performance was classy
And the deficit soon was restored;
I succeeded in laying a brassie
Stone-dead at the 4rd.

"At the next——" but I rose and I pleaded
An appointment that pressed with the dentist;
If I hadn't he might have proceeded
At least to the 20st. C. B.

GENERAL POST.

[With the exception of St. Martin's-le-Grand, none of the place-names here given is intended to represent any actual locality.]

ONE day last month I prepaid the postage on six letters or postal packets and personally deposited them in a box appointed by HIS MAJESTY'S POSTMASTER-GENERAL for that purpose, to be delivered by the said POSTMASTER-GENERAL to addresses clearly indicated on the outside of the packages. Five of these were duly delivered in fulfilment of the contract thus entered into, but the sixth, intended for a lady living in Huddersfield, has, for a reason not yet disclosed, been retained in the possession of the afore-mentioned POSTMASTER-GENERAL, whom the contents did not in any way concern.

Something had to be done about this, so after a careful study of the Post-Office Guide I essayed a letter to the P.M.G. inviting him to say what he had done with my packet and when, if at all, he proposed to deliver it. I was at pains to explain that it was not a letter conveyed by special messenger from any cricket and/or football ground, and that no arrangements had been made (page 41 of the Guide) for it to be specially met on arrival. I assured him moreover that it did not contain any semi-liquid or greases, soft fruit, cheese or other strong-smelling articles (page 23), iron castings, fine grains or live bees (page 23 again). I was particularly emphatic about the entire absence of live bees. My friend in Huddersfield does not care about bees.

The packet was, I explained, just an ordinary packet, with my friend's name and address impressed upon its surface by a typewriter or other mechanical means, in a position parallel to the length of the envelope and not in inconvenient proximity to the postage-stamps. The postage-stamps were of the standard shape and size, featuring H.M. KING GEORGE V. and carried out in pleasing tones of red, green and brown.

I added, as seemed to be expected of me under the regulations, that the packet was not "such as would be likely to embarrass the officers of the Post Office." Provided, of course, I said, that they did not open it. I was not going to answer for any unjustifiable squeamishness of the P.M.G.'s staff if they saw fit to interfere with the flap, tongue or other fastening.

Having concluded with a description of the pillar-box or other receptacle to which the packet had been consigned and a brief note upon the weather prevailing at the time (this was my own idea), I put my letter to the P.M.G. into another letter-box and hoped for the best.

In due course the P.M.G. informed me with ill-concealed satisfaction that his staff had made no mistake this time and that my letter had duly reached him. He did not say whether it had interested him at all, but added that it had been sent for attention to the Head Postmaster at Paddington, to whom any further communications on the subject should be addressed.

It duly reached the H.P.M. at Paddington, from whom, after the lapse of another day or two, I had a communication saying that he was sending it for attention to the Postmaster at Ealing, to whom any further communications on the subject should be addressed.

And he was as good as his word too, for not very long afterwards my letter turned up at Ealing. The Postmaster at Ealing entered into the spirit of the thing at once and promptly sent me another card for my collection, saying that he had sent my inquiry to the Postmaster at Kingston-on-Thames, to whom any further communications—but I think you know that bit already.

It was not clear to me at first why my letter to the P.M.G. should have been sent on tour like this. But on reflection I have concluded that the idea was to restore my confidence in the efficiency of the Post Office by showing me what it can do when it is really trying. Certainly it is now established that my letter of complaint passed safely from St. Martin's-le-Grand to Paddington and from Paddington to Ealing. This is so far good, but I am waiting in some anxiety to hear whether it has reached the Postmaster at Kingston-on-Thames. It would be bad luck if the P.M.G., emboldened by the success of his first two efforts, came down at the third hurdle and lost this further letter.

In his place I should have doubted the wisdom of including Ealing in the itinerary of a demonstration tour like this. For that is the very district in which the packet which formed the subject of my complaint was posted last month, and I had been at pains to point out to the P.M.G. that there was apparently no guarantee that a letter posted at Ealing would reach its destination. Still, it was a sporting move, this attempt to vindicate Ealing, and I like a sportsman.

Kingston, on the other hand, was an admirable choice for exhibition purposes. I wager that if the thing has got safely away from Ealing and turns up anywhere in the vicinity of Kingston the Kingston people, in whose area I reside, will not lose it. For many years now the officials there have shown one-hundred-per-cent efficiency in securing that none of the bills, income-tax demands and drapers' catalogues which constitute the great bulk of the correspondence addressed to my house should go undelivered. I trust the Postmaster at Kingston-on-Thames.

But meantime, of course, while this interesting reliability test proceeds, there remains the point about the fate of the packet intended for the lady at Huddersfield. I hope the P.M.G. has not overlooked that.

A Record Season.

"FIRST NIGHT AT THE OPERA."
Daily Paper.

Same day; same occasion:—

"LAST NIGHT AT THE OPERA."
Daily Paper.

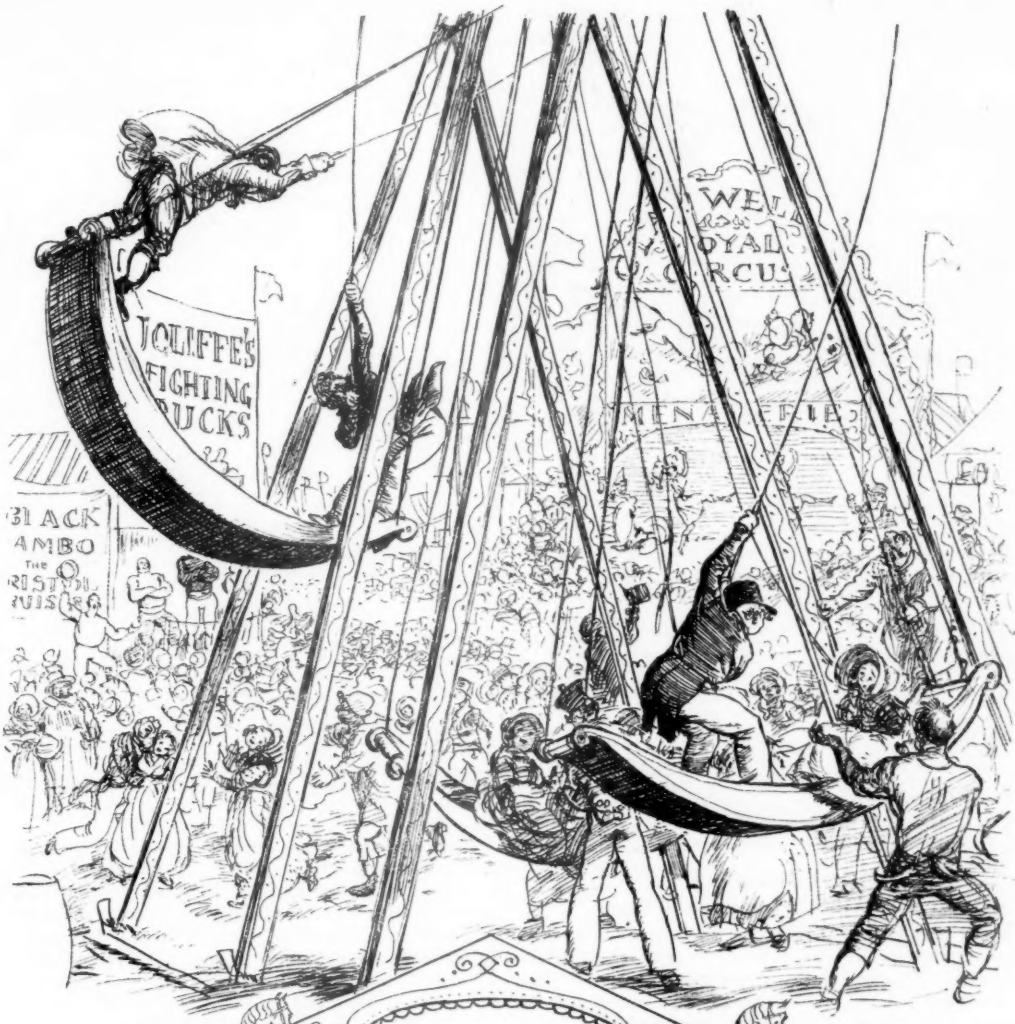
Q. E. D.

". . . But it seems to me that what has been proved is that Berg is no longer a welter weight and that in future he will have to fight as a welter weight."
Daily Paper.

Perhaps it would be as welter weight and see what happens.

Slippery Work!

"It will take all the skill of the Colonial Secretary and his colleagues to extricate their buttered craft from the reefs on which they are now driving. (Laughter)."—*Scots Paper's report of a speech by Mr. BALDWIN.*



DIALLING TONES.

FAIrfield.

When I dial F-A-I,
I can hear the fairmen cry:

"Who 'll buy laces? Who 'll buy silk?
Who 'll buy eggs and cheese and milk?
Who 'll buy shirts and who 'll buy shoes?
Wares for all—come choose, come choose!
Walk up, girls, and walk up, boys;
Who 'll buy comfits? Who 'll buy toys?
Cast aside your winter clouts,
Climb the prancing roundabouts,
Hurl the darts and toss the rings,
Clasp your sweetheart on the swings;
Kiss her boldly—never fear!—
Fair-time comes but once a year."

This is what I hear them cry
When I dial F-A-I.



Stranger. "IS ANYTHING THE MATTER, SIR?"
McNab (much worried). "IT WAS ON THE TIP OF MY TONGUE A MOMENT AGO AND NOW IT'S GONE."
Stranger. "THINK CALMLY AND IT WILL COME BACK TO YOU."
McNab. "NO, IT WON'T. IT WAS A THREE-HALFPENNY STAMP."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

M. ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED, in the *rôle* of a candid friend of this country, has thought of several things to say of the sort permissible only to candid friendliness. In particular, having observed a considerable number of persons to be unemployed here, he is able to refer to the Englishman's lack of vitality, his subjection to the "canker" or the "chloroform" of sport, and his natural liability to mendicancy, the reference being the easier because he apparently believes that unemployment is peculiar to England; while his suave passing over in contented silence of the question of repayment of war debts facilitates his seeing his own thrifty fellows across the Channel as the only "wise virgins" in contrast with the foolish and improvident English. Our problems are serious enough in all conscience, but in *England's Crisis* (CAPE, 10/6) half-a-hundred factors are ignored or unrealised, and, though the writer does seem to appreciate something of that miracle of adaptation to new conditions that is still steadily going forward, he by no means takes into account the difficulties that must attend the pioneer in industry competing with the man who, following behind, is able to adopt ripened ideas without the exertion of disturbing the ground. Undoubtedly, however, all this candour is truly friendly and well worth listening to, while, when M. SIEGFRIED is attempting to forecast the future relations of England with the world at large, he is definitely interesting. But he never quite convinces one that he is the onlooker who sees most of the game.

It is pleasant to find paramount in a candid and attractive biography that sense of fair play which has never had the upper hand in connection with the *Prince Consort* (PHILIP ALLAN, 21/-). Lavishly interred by General GREY and Sir THEODORE MARTIN under literary equivalents of the Albert Memorial, his dust lay long undisturbed; and recent biographies of VICTORIA have mainly contented themselves, I feel, with exploiting ALBERT in the interests of Victorian atmosphere. Mr. FRANK B. CHANCELLOR, on the contrary, has portrayed the man himself. In offering her hand to her cousin, the young QUEEN stressed the "sacrifice" he would make in accepting it; and the greatness of the sacrifice ALBERT actually made is here abundantly apparent. VICTORIA was grateful—perhaps excessively grateful; but England has much way to make up. Concisely, clearly and with an admirable tartness, Mr. CHANCELLOR indicates the position of the Crown and the condition of Society under the QUEEN'S predecessors. Even the "damned morality" of which MELBOURNE so poignantly complained, even the mishandling of the recalcitrant "BERTIE," become understandable in the light (if "light" is the word) of VICTORIA'S uncles. But ALBERT'S campaign against evil—from wasted candle-ends to ruptures with America—if it permeated his whole life, was not allowed to engross it. His constructive energies were probably the greatest that any English Sovereign or Consort has ever displayed—and here they are justly appreciated. Appreciated too is the lonely man's tenderness for his daughter, a passion which renders a letter or two to the PRINCESS ROYAL one of the graces of the book.

From *The Good Earth* (a METHUEN book)
You 'll gather, if you do not know it,
That China 's not
Entirely what
The Press and novels love to show it—
A land that breeds the super-crook
And writhes beneath the grim attention
Of countless hordes
Of battle Lords
With names that twist the tongue to mention.

From Mrs. PEARL S. BUCK we get
(At 7/6) a Chinese farmer,
His daily life,
His home, his wife,
His fierce ambition and his charmer—
A vivid portrait of him set
In scenes described with such conviction
That men of wit
Must label it
A quite outstanding work of fiction.

The *Dormers* of Easthampton, though less prolific in their generations, have taken their place beside the *Forsytes* among the eminent families of English fiction. But, as of the *Forsytes*, we have now, it seems, heard the last of them, for in *Castle Island* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 7/6) Mr. R. H. MOTTRAM has brought their notable chronicle to a conclusion of such finality as can hardly leave him room for repentance. It is a dignified conclusion; indeed I am not sure that a reader who found it a thought too dignified could deservedly be accused of light-mindedness, for its pace is extremely deliberate and the outstanding incidents are few and far between. Nor, in so carefully making *Stephen Dormer* commonplace, does Mr. MOTTRAM—except in the charming chapters wherein he is still a schoolboy—altogether avoid the danger of making him dull. But as a picture of transition, of the degeneration of nineteenth-century order into twentieth-century chaos, the book stands high among the many which have lately been written on that theme. Here the quality of Mr. MOTTRAM's imagination is as rich as ever, and he writes, as always, with a grave beauty. When the story opens, Easthampton is still the old Easthampton, with Doughty's Bank as one of its most admired institutions and *Doughty Dormer* as one of its most respected citizens. But long ere the inevitable war has been reached the great manager's hand has been palsied by sickness and age, the Bank has been absorbed into a giant amalgamation and *Doughty's* son is an anonymous cog in an impersonal machine, the sad witness of the passage of all that he had been brought up to believe eternal.

Rosalind in all but her wit—and wit, after all, is not a Neo-Georgian attribute—Mrs. BERTA RUCK's latest heroine is the pleasantest girl to go a-masquerading in male attire since leaves were green in Arden. Financially stranded at a moment's notice, *Juliana Peters* turns professional dancing-partner. But less apprehensive of her own sex than the other, she sets about the business as a boy. There seemed nothing else to do; and when *Juliana*, now the popular *Jicky*, gets well launched as a ministrant of suburban pleasure she discovers that nearly all the other ministrants are ministering for the same reason. Harassed *Mr. James* keeps a widowed mother; the *Crossleys, frère et sœur*, are sticking it out until they can afford to emerge as Mr. and Mrs. Everyone has made much the same sort of *Forced Landing* (CASSELL, 7/6) as *Jicky*; and the humanity and charm of her gallant little comedy depend largely on its tragic implications. These, however, are not laboured. Most of *Jicky's* adventures are Gilbertian in their gay absurdity. An airman, partaker of a tender past, shares her North London lodgings; but he fails to recognise his own feminine dancing-partner in the suburban minx's male one, and confides to the game little fellow the existence of a recent *fiancée*. Luckily the *fiancée* has the makings of a good angel. And when destiny and reiterated discoveries have transferred *Jicky* from London to Berlin and Berlin to Vienna, *Lauretta*, now with other amorous designs of her own, puts all but the final touches to *Jicky's*.

M. MAURICE DEKOBRA, who sprang to fame with *The Madonna of the Sleeping Cars*, is not at first thought the



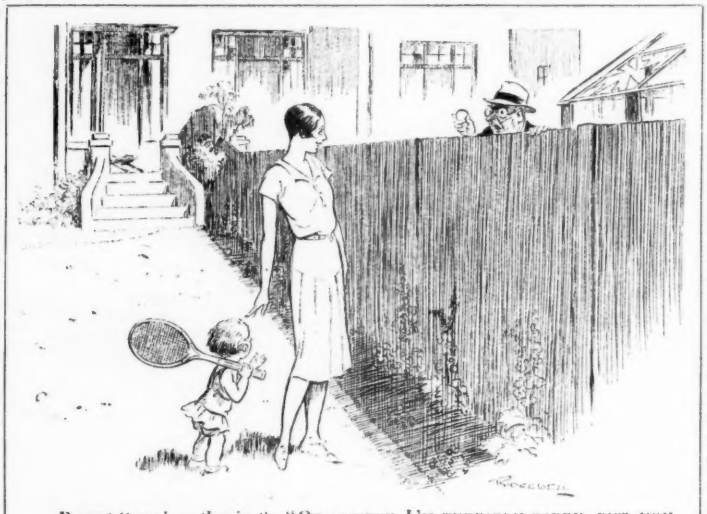
Our Artist (making a note of the quaint head-dress of the Javanese boys on board ship). "FUNNY WEARING IT STICKING OUT BEHIND LIKE THAT!"

man you would suspect of writing a book about India based on a short visit. However, here is the book before us—*Perfumed Tigers* (CASSELL, 10/6)—and we can no longer doubt the phenomenon. The unlikely has occurred. Once we are safely past the flamboyant title we discover this to be a fundamentally serious, though happily unpretentious, account of things Indian. The author confesses his own superficiality, but yet contrives to give a lively picture of the country as seen by a super-Gallic eye. A gay spirit and a shrewd mind serve him well when dealing with Europeans in the East; he has fully taken the measure even of their unconscious fears and sufferings. With the Hindus he is, as he admits, frankly at sea. His mind and theirs have no single cell in common, and he stands appalled before the mental gulf which he can never traverse. Still, his vigour is not dashed for long. He is soon away again with his pointed Latin comments on pretence and hypocrisy. Altogether an entertaining work, to be commended to those who desire at the same time to learn and to laugh. The translation is adequate, but the illustrations are commonplace. Photographs are perhaps unsuited to reflective books of this type. A few imaginative drawings might have lent additional wings to the text.

Recently I read somewhere that 2·5 murders are committed each day of the year in the fair land of France. It was the "damned dot," which so annoyed Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, that aroused my curiosity. What could that ·5 mean? Chance then placed in my hands a volume appropriately bound in red-and-black covers and bearing the sinister title, *Murder by Persons Unknown* (COLLINS, 12/6), in which Mr. H. L. ADAM has brought together an entertaining collection of unsolved murder-cases. How exciting it must be to come down to breakfast each day of the week in Paris in the sure knowledge that 2·5 murders will await investigation with one's roll and coffee! Even supposing only ·05 of these murders to remain unsolved, what a rich field awaits the exploratory activities of criminologists like Mr. ADAM, who has had to hunt through the records of sixty years to fill his volume! Can nothing be done to put a stop to the monstrous efficiency of our police that is depriving honest men like Mr. ADAM and myself of so much innocent excitement? I fear that truth compels me to confess that there is nothing very thrilling about Mr. ADAM'S retelling of these murders that once held all the English newspaper-public in thrall for days. And I have been unable to find in many cases "the solution of the mystery" promised me in letters of scarlet on the cover.

Into *Amateur Acting and Play Production* (MACMILLAN, 15/-) Mr. WAYNE CAMPBELL, Professor of "Dramatics" in the University of Oklahoma, has cleverly packed the substance of his lectures, and if readers interested in amateur production will excuse the slightly irritating simplifications and platitudes of the class-room manner they will find the book a handy and a valuable compendium of the elements of theory and practice of a business which is attracting so many practitioners both in England and America. Beginning very properly with carriage, movement, grouping, voice-control, right emphasis (an excellent method of study is here indicated) and objective expression of emotion, the author proceeds to play-interpretation, casting, the principles and technique of production, with practical instruction on make-up, mounting, lighting and the general organisation and distribution of function. The five tolerable one-Act non-copyright plays included in the volume for study have been written in good American by the Professor's own students, and, if they do not quite justify his rather too partial and godfatherly pride, do at least show that the dramatic class is not a mere bored collection of unpractical examinees.

It behoves the critic to proceed very warily with M. ANDRÉ MAUROIS, and what he intends his readers to think of *The Weigher of Souls* (CASSELL, 6/-) I am at liberty to suspect, but by no means prepared to say. I read the little volume with pleasure, taking delight in both its manner and matter, though the idea might be offensive if it had not been handled with discretion and care. The theme is difficult to explain in a few words, but briefly it is that when human beings die something passes from them which can be preserved. *Dr. James*, more, I take it, for sentimental than scientific reasons, experimented in bottling what he describes as "a certain form of energy which, when linked up with matter, will endow matter with that still unexplained property—life." Excellently translated by Mr. HAMISH MILES, this curious story will certainly be read and discussed by those of us who are admirers of M. MAUROIS, however cryptic his mood may be.



Parent (tennis enthusiast). "OF COURSE I'M TERRIBLY SORRY, BUT YOU MUST ADMIT THAT FOR SO YOUNG A CHILD SHE 'S GOT A MARVELLOUSLY NATURAL FOREHAND DRIVE!"

The Baroness VON HUTTEN allows *Pam* only a brief appearance in the stories named *In the Portico* (MILLS AND BOON, 7/6). But, however greatly that attractive lady may be missed by her admirers, the tales in the collection do not suffer conspicuously from her absence. Without being able to award them marks of real distinction I can say that they are both pleasantly written and easy to read. My favourites are "The Monkey Man," which contains a quaint idea, and "Third Class," because it deals with a pathetic situation handled with admirable dignity. But the Baroness caters for all tastes and, apart from the story that gives a title to the volume, hits the mark at which she aims.

Literary Food for Man and Beast.

From a notice in a lending library:—

"Dogs must be on a lead here, lest they should cause inconvenience to other customers."

CHARIVARIA.

A LADY relates in a Sunday paper that on her first visit to the House of Commons she found it so familiar that she is convinced that in a previous existence she was a statesman. We would urge her not to let the thought cloud her second time on earth.

* * *

A contemporary points out that part of Balham is in Upper Tooting. We have always thought that residents in the latter district seemed to have something on their minds.

* * *

A naturalist informs *The Times* that "red" gorillas are unknown. So much for the allegation that the higher apes have Socialistic tendencies.

* * *

The FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY has announced that a vegetarian diet is not provided in the Navy. At the same time we doubt if this is why Mr. G. B. SHAW decided not to join the Silent Service.

* * *

The announcement that prisoners may be supplied with a purely vegetable diet if they wish it is great news for strict vegetarians who are contemplating crime.

* * *

"What Mr. SNOWDEN wants is money," says a political writer. So that is what the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was hinting at in his Budget speech?

* * *

Mr. I. A. R. PEEBLES, who is contributing articles on cricket to *The Evening Standard* this season, is said to write right-handed at medium pace.

* * *

A County Court Judge confessed recently that he had never been inside a picture-theatre. On the other hand there are many people who have never been inside a County Court.

* * *

From an article on modern laundry-work we learn that the stiff collar is subjected to no fewer than twenty separate processes. The final one, of course, gives it that keen edge.

* * *

Mr. ST. JOHN ERVINE was surprised to find that few people in Bergen could speak English. It will be recalled that he made a similar discovery about people in London.

* * *

Those who are going in for pedestrianism as an exercise are advised to avoid walking on a full stomach. They should keep a sharp look-out for recumbent picnickers.

* * *

A doctor predicts that people will be provided with artificial hearts. Caution will be advisable in dealing with those whose hearts are known to be false.

* * *

A gardener thinks that seedsmen should give more information about their seeds. Our man prefers that the result should come as a bit of a surprise to us.



AT THE R.A.

SHEER CURIOSITY GETS THE BETTER OF OUR MOST EXTREME GROUP.

A bag-snatcher at Croydon the other day was given a sound thrashing by the man he tried to rob. It seems there are risks in every calling.

* * *

If the brighter cricket played at the Oval the other day should spread, it is feared that it will cause some sleepless afternoons for spectators.

* * *

The Daily Mail has published a Blue Book on India. It is now up to *The Daily Express* to bring out a Much Bluer Book.

* * *

A correspondent has written to an evening paper to say that while listening-in the other night he distinctly heard somebody crying. Perhaps it was Dean INGE laughing.

* * *

By an old custom the traffic outside the House of Commons is held up when M.P.'s are leaving the House. The chief trouble is that it is also held up to let them get in.

* * *

The reason why hostilities ceased in Madeira was that the rebels surrendered, says a news-item. We feel that a really enterprising chief of staff would have carried on in spite of that.

* * *

"Nobody likes paying taxes," says a Warwickshire M.P. We think he should be more careful; statements like that are apt to get about.

* * *

Mr. SHINWELL'S contention that the MOSLEY Party had conceived the notion that it could bulldoze the working-classes by flaunting an evening dress suit in their faces would appear to be confirmed by the Party's announcement that it will fight the General Election on the widest possible front.

* * *

A number of famous people have been relating to *Daily Express* readers "The Worst Thing I Ever Did." There is a tacit understanding that, for this purpose, writing for the Press is not to count.

* * *

It is said that the vocabulary of an average woman is only two-thirds that of a man's. This would seem to be about the right handicap.

* * *

An ornithologist declares that a lot of swallows get drowned on their flight to this country. This, of course, has never happened in the case of the one that doesn't make a summer.

* * *

Things are reported to be bad in Hollywood, and many of the lesser lights of the film-world are out of work. Indeed some of them are making this year's divorce do till things are better.

* * *

A gossip-writer says that the best place for a jewel-safe is not in the bedroom, but in the passage, as burglars do not look there. Burglars are making a note of this.

* * *

A Chicago murderer has been arrested and convicted within twelve hours of the killing of his victim. Gangsters are said to be protesting against the law not being allowed to take its normal course.

THE RED HERRING.

[Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, in his anxiety to divert public attention from the failure of his partner to deal with the Unemployed question, seems to be reverting to his Limehouse manner, with the idea of reviving the old discredited slogan of "The People *v.* The Peers."]

THE hounds were closing on the fox.
Suspecting their intent,
"I want," it said, "a herring (red)
To put them off the scent;
I want the whiffiest you can find,
For I am badly spent."

Kind friends humanely sought to soothe
The hunted creature's fears,
And out they hauled a herring called
"The Wicked House of Peers";
It was the fishiest they could find,
Having been dead for years.

Faint memories at the smell awoke—
Dukes at their bloated ease,
Pheasants that chewed the People's food
Their robber lords to please,
And from the dear old Limehouse days
Full many a hoary wheeze.

Across the trail they drew their fish
That long ago had died,
But never found a single hound
Distracted from his stride;
A passing sniff—"Oh, *that* old smell!"
Said each and laughed inside.

In vain the trap is baited for
The reminiscent rat;
In vain the net for birds is set
Which they are sneering at;
Demos may be a fool, but not
Quite such a fool as that. O. S.

PUPPODUMS.

I HAPPEN to be one of those people (I believe there are a lot of us) who have never seen any puppodums. In fact I didn't even know that puppodums existed until Marjorie called my attention to them.

It was on a Sunday morning, and she was glancing through a catalogue of food which she had picked up somewhere. I was almost halfway through the headlines of a leading article in *The Observer* when she suddenly said "Puppodums!"

Now by the time a person is halfway through the headlines of a leading article in *The Observer* he is generally in a more or less serious, if not chastened, frame of mind. In consequence the apparently light and frivolous exclamation "Puppodums!" found me unprepared.

"What did you say?" I said.

"Puppodums," said Marjorie. "They are things to eat."

"I don't believe it," I said. "I know practically everything there is to eat, and I've never heard of puppodums. They sound more like household pets—little soft furry animals with round tummies. Jolly little beasts."

"But they *are* things to eat," said Marjorie.

"Vegetables or fishes or birds?" I said.

"I don't know," said Marjorie. "They're mentioned here under 'Prepared *Hors d'œuvre*.'"

"In that case," I said, "they may be the roe of the wolf-fish or the eggs of the duck-billed platypus. I don't think we'll look for any until we know more about them."

And with that I returned gravely to my *Observer*.

But the question of puppodums worried me for several days. It wasn't that I wanted to eat the things, but I am always interested in anything new, and puppodums, in my limited sphere of knowledge, were quite new. I looked up several dictionaries without result. I looked up the Fourteenth Edition of *The Encyclopædia Britannica* and found that it jumped headlong from PUPPIS, one of the three southern constellations into which the large Ptolemaic constellation Argo (*q.v.*) is subdivided, to PUQUINAN, a group of tribes of South-American Indians doubtfully constituting an independent linguistic stock. Not a word about puppodums. One might even say, in the language of the mystery-mongering section of the Press, that there was a significant silence concerning puppodums. It was as though the Editor-in-Chief of *The Encyclopædia Britannica* (we're back to Mr. GARVIN again) had said to all his assistants and contributors, "Remember: not a word about Puppodums. Puppis, if you like, and of course Puquinan; but on no account Puppodums."

And so the search continued. I asked various friends about it. I said to them, "Do you know what puppodums are?" And they said, "No; what are they?" And I said, "I don't know." And so they naturally thought I was just trying to be funny.

At last, when I was beginning to think that perhaps "puppodums" was only a misprint, I happened to ask an aunt of Marjorie's if she had ever heard of them. And she had.

She and her husband had once had a few puppodums sent to them as a surprise by a friend who had returned a month or two before from India, a country which has apparently been fairly rich in puppodums for a long time. They came in a tin. The tin was opened and there lay the precious puppodums—very thin brittle leaves, which had once presumably been green and fresh, but were now brownish in colour and exceedingly dry. They were evidently packed for people who knew all about puppodums, because they were accompanied with no instructions as to how they should be eaten. So they were taken carefully from between successive layers of packing and consumed as a salad.

The unusualness of this food was its chief attraction. The dry brown leaves crumbled to dust in the mouth and had no particular taste apart from the taste one expects from dust. Still, one may acquire a certain distinction among one's fellow-beings by having eaten strange dishes and consumed rare meats, and the main point was that these things, however much they might crumble to dust in the mouth, were actually puppodums. So at least thought Marjorie's aunt and uncle, until some time later when they compared notes with an authority on such matters and discovered that what they had eaten, after throwing away successive layers of puppodums, was the packing.

I might very easily have made the same mistake myself. Of course, if I had eaten the packing, I should in the first place have done what they did and written to the person who sent me the goods and said, "Thanks ever so much for the puppodums. Great stuff." But it would be much better if little errors of that kind could be avoided. As a matter of bald unvarnished truth a puppodum is a thin wafer-like cake made of lentil-flour or something like that, and I believe that people out in India simply wallow in them. But in this country a human being has no instinct which helps him to recognise his first puppodum the moment he casts eyes on it. And so, in spite of the fact that *The Encyclopædia Britannica* was never intended to be a cookery-book, I can't help feeling that it would have been wiser if Mr. GARVIN had been less impatient to push on to PUQUINAN after he had disposed of PUPPIS.

"THÉÂTRE ANGLAIS
MACBETH
DE SHAKESPEARE
donné par
L'ÉCOLE HAILEYBURY (ETON)."
Handbill of Swiss Theatre.

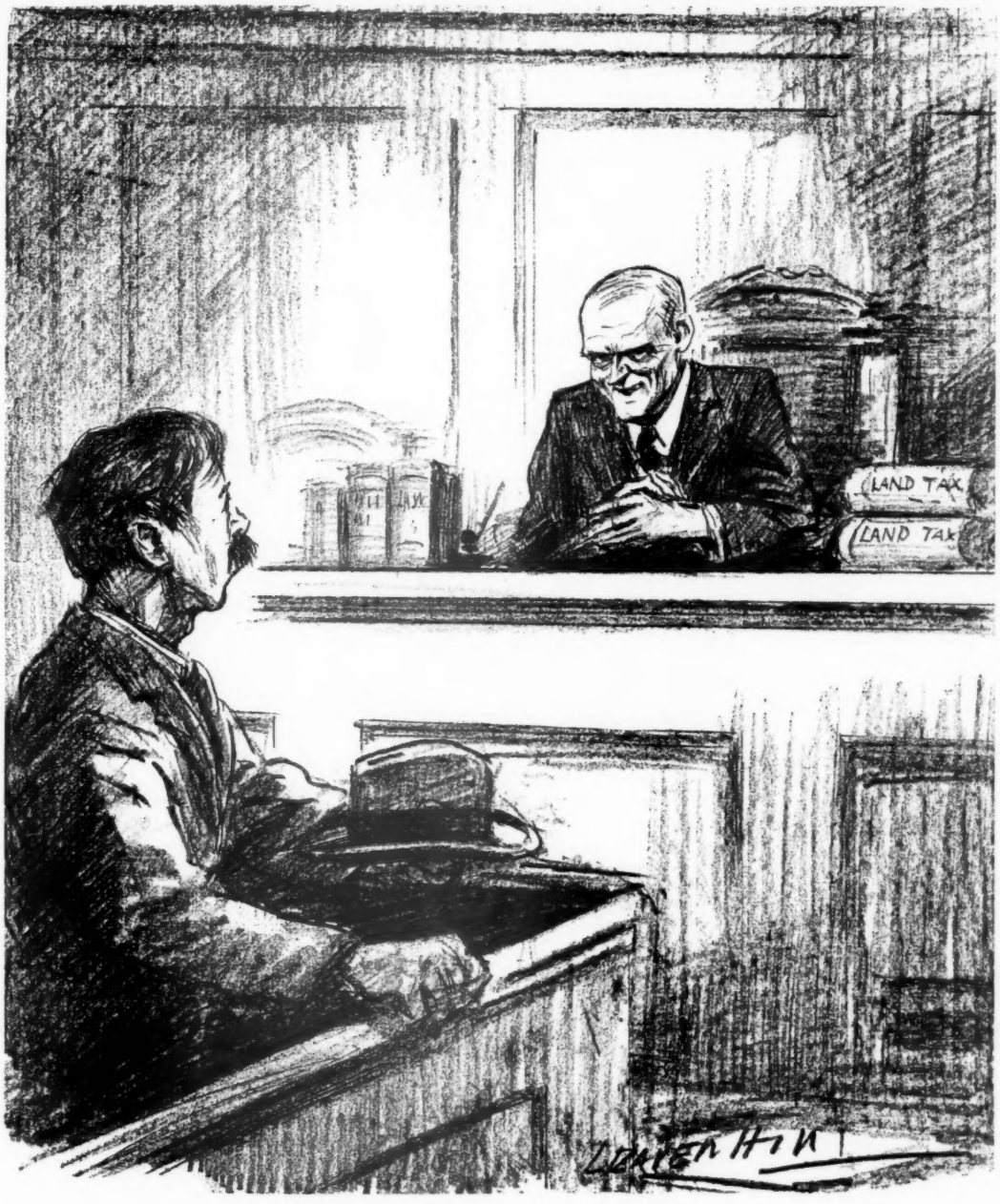
But was Trafalgar won in the swimming-bath at Haileybury?

"Luxurious 4-Door ——·—— Saloon: £88; hardly used by lady owner."
Advt. in Manchester Paper.

Many a car could tell the same sad story.

"We have an extremely wide *clientèle* for gowns larger than the ordinary stock sizes."
Daily Paper.

"Wide" seems the right word.



LEGALISED THEFT.

MR. SNOWDEN. "YOU CALL YOURSELF A LANDOWNER. THAT IS TO SAY YOU CLAIM TO POSSESS STOLEN PROPERTY RIGHTLY BELONGING TO THE PEOPLE."

SMALL FREEHOLDER. "IT 'S ONLY WORTH A HUNDRED-AND-TWENTY POUNDS, YOUR WORSHIP."

MR. SNOWDEN. "AH ! HAD IT BEEN WORTH A HUNDRED-AND-TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS I SHOULD HAVE DEALT SEVERELY WITH YOU. AS IT IS, YOU ARE FREE TO LEAVE THE COURT WITHOUT A STAIN ON YOUR CHARACTER."

[According to Mr. SNOWDEN's Land Tax Resolution, any landowner will be allowed to enjoy without penalty the property that he has stolen from the nation, provided that its capital value does not exceed £120.]



"MY DEAR, WHAT A *MARVELLOUS* COMPLEXION! *WHO* IS YOUR BEAUTY PERSON?"
"HAVEN'T GOT ONE. FRESH AIR AND EXERCISE."
"*DARLING*, NEED YOU HAVE BEEN SO SECRETIVE?"

OX AND CAM.

["Oxford and Cambridge are dreams of delight. The grassy lawns and avenues between the colleges and the two lazily moving streams, the Ox and Cam, that meander along in sluggish and scholarly dignity, have a singular beauty, in keeping with the dreamy atmosphere of these ancient seats of learning."—*The Watchman Examiner; a National Baptist Paper* (U.S.A.).]

VAST is the Mississippi and huge the Ohio,
Momentous and tremendous in calm or overflow,
Which makes it all the kinder on the part of Uncle Sam
To appreciate the beauty of the little Ox and Cam.

(The Ox must be the Isis, though 'tis curious, seeing how
His old Egyptian namesake is connected with the cow,
But possibly MATT ARNOLD the mystery unlocks,
And his "shorn and parcelled Oxus" anticipates the Ox.)

Most Cantabs and Oxonians this eulogy will greet,
But they'd like it all the better if it were not quite so sweet,
For it shows too little lion and a deal too much of lamb
In the make-up of the students on the Ox and on the Cam.

Although our undergraduates enjoy delightful dreams,
They take aquatic exercise upon their sluggish streams,
Whose reaches oft re-echo to the cursings of the cox
As he scarifies the oarsmen on the Cam or on the Ox.

Moreover those residing in Learning's ancient seats
Are insular and frugal in the matter of their "eats";
Of terrapin they taste not; they do not crave for clam;
And Camembert is ousted by Cheddar on the Cam.

And yet on Ox's margin there is a thriving trade
In the making of a luscious and mellifluous marmalade.
The Ox-tail soup is famous; and I'll take my oath (or sam)
That the finest sausages on earth are made beside the Cam.

Our older universities have got no college-yells;
They suffer from the chiming of innumerable bells;
But in spite of carping critics they're not a race of crocks,
These leisurely young students on the Cam and on the Ox.

We cannot have it both ways; we cannot fight with Fate,
Be scholarly and dignified and also up-to-date;
So let us all be thankful to our kindly Uncle Sam
Who has Ox-idised the Isis and camouflaged the Cam.

C. L. G.

A Side-Saddle Ryder.

"E. R. Whitcombe, one of the best iron players alive, and a most persistent fighter, is a man one would like to have on his side."
Daily Paper.

Personally we always think he plays better when upright.

The Hanoverian Handicap.

From a History paper:—

"George I. went to some of the Cabaret meetings, but soon gave that up because he could not understand the language."

But surely the language of legs is easy enough.

". . . several quiet dramatic scenes in which Miss Chatterton, as the mother, talks to her daughter—another cinematic novelty."
Daily Paper.

Just like in real life where the idea of a girl tolerating her mother's conversation is something of a novelty.

BRIDGE CONUNDRUMS.

[With acknowledgments to the intelligent requests for information and advice addressed to the bridge-experts of our contemporaries.]

"BON TON."—Is it not correct for the gentleman to deal for his lady partner and, when dummy, to collect her tricks? Can you tell me if this procedure was followed during last year's International Match at Almack's?

"EAGER LEARNER."—I see from your last article that a bid of "One Spade"—or was it "Two Clubs"?—means, "Partner, be of good cheer: I have got a good all-round hand, well above the average, and with a little exploration of avenues and assessment of distributional values we should be able to arrive at a game-going declaration, not necessarily in the suit I have named. There do not appear from my hand to be many slam possibilities, but we can decide that later. Above all let us exchange all available information by means of intelligent conversation while the bidding is still low." *Must* a bid of "One Spade" always mean this? Can it never mean simply "One Spade"? Is it advisable to get the above passage by heart, and can you inform me if it has been set to music?

"PANSY."—At Auction Bridge (score not stated) A deals. Z (Susie Singleton, the cat!) eventually secures the declaration at "Three No Trumps." B, the nice boy from the depôt, leads the 4 of Clubs; Y plays the 2; A the 3; and Z—on purpose, of course—the Ace. I am A. Z states that under the new Portland Club rules it is obligatory in these circumstances to kiss the declarer. Is her contention correct? Should it not rather still be the dealer?

"PUZZLED."—I make a point of trying to carry out the advice given in your admirable articles, and all my friends have remarked on the improvement in my play—until last week. Your Sunday slogan, you will remember, was: "NEVER STOP BIDDING!" As usual I attempted to put it into practice. Though I eventually won every rubber—towards the end of the week I had unusual difficulty in getting one—their inordinate length, my heavy losses and the extreme unpleasantness of my partners have led me to believe that I must have misinterpreted your instructions. Could you deal further with the subject as soon as possible?

"C.S.M."—Could you inform me, to settle a bet, whether the thumb should be moistened only before playing an Ace, or whether the practice should be followed with any winning card?



Reverend Umpire (to village bowler). "NOW, MY FRIEND, HOW DO YOU BOWL? ROUND, OR OVER, THE WICKET?"
Bowler. "WELL, ZUR, ZOMETIMES I BOWLS THIS WAY AND ZOMETIMES T'OTHER, BUT MOSTLY I BOWLS AT THEIR LEGS!"

"ARMY CHAPLAIN."—I understand that a revoke cannot be claimed if the player has replied to the question "Having none?" in the negative. In the course of a rubber in the Mess, my partner (the Colonel) failed to follow suit in Hearts, and in reply to my inquiry answered, "Damn you, Sir, don't ask impertinent questions!" He was subsequently discovered to have two small Hearts concealed among his Diamonds. Would you be so kind as to inform me whether the above answer constitutes a negative within the meaning of the rules?

Pow-wows and Row-wows.

"There is nothing more irritating than to come across phrases such as 'Rowhattan and his merry men.'"—*Sunday Paper.*

To the great POWHATTAN himself it would be particularly annoying.

"MOTORING IN A NUTSHELL."
Bookseller's Notice.

We don't believe it's possible.

"At the next hole, Compston took the green."—*Daily Paper.*

We have often taken bits of the fairway ourselves, but never a whole green.

THE FILM-DIRECTOR AND THE CANNIBAL.

SOME of the boys and girls from the "O.K. By Me" Emotional and Educational Synchronised Sound Films, Inc., of Hollywood, Cal., were on location in the heart of the cannibal country. They were shooting the outdoor scenes for a palpitating drama of love and adventure entitled *Baby, I Could Eat You Whole!* which was backed by the directors to do record box-office business in London and New York for at least six weeks before general release. Good strong sex stuff, most of it, with a powerful plot showing here and there in the piece, and a theme-song likely to prove a copper-mine to street piano-operators on either side of the Atlantic.

They were all set for the shooting of the big scene, in which the heroine, Miss Daisy Daring, having fallen into the hands of the Battas of Sumatra, is about to be fricasseed for refusing to acknowledge the Chief Batta as her sugar daddy, but is saved by the timely intervention of a rescue party headed by the hero, Mr. Winchester Todd, who puts out the kitchen fire with a portable extinguisher. They were all set, I say, when the whole company—director, cameramen, stars and supers—were captured by cannibals. It was smoothly done, and the captives, neatly trussed up in bundles, were carried into the presence of the Cannibal Chief, an enormously fat man, who was sitting in a deck-chair under a palm-tree listening-in to a portable radio set. He was dressed in a simple necklace of sharks' teeth, and his glistening skin was black as ebony; but what of that? Handsome men, advertisements tell us, are commonly sunburnt. Reception was good on the radio, and clear across the ether came the ringing tones of a cookery expert hired by the B.B.C. to tell the world how to prepare a rabbit for a family of four.

The Cannibal Chief looked up as the prisoners were brought before him and signalled to one of his wives to switch off the wireless. Then he caught sight of Hiram Potts, producer for the "O.K. By Me" Company of *Baby, I Could Eat You Whole!* and his eyes goggled.

"Well, for crying out loud!" he exclaimed, leaping out of his chair, "if it ain't Mommer's little ray of sunshine! Why, Hiram, you and I matriculated together at Poughkeepsie way back in '22. Well, I reckon this is great, meeting you again."

"It sure is," stammered Hiram Potts a little dubiously. "And—er—where do we go from here?"

"We eat," said the Cannibal, turning to give instructions to his wives. "I haven't thrown a party in weeks. Rowena, honey, have the hired help put the pot on the fire, and, Ermyntrude, unship the gentleman's straight-jacket. Him and me are old college chums, and I'm crazy to hear all about the boys."

So Hiram Potts was released from bondage and made to sit in a deck-chair beside the companion of his college days. From somewhere behind him he could hear the crackling of thorns under a pot while his host plied him with questions. The Cannibal Chief evinced a keen interest in the screen masterpiece on which the company were engaged and dragged from the reluctant Hiram a brief outline of the story of the film.

"Huh," he remarked at the conclusion of the recital, "you say this tough guy, Winchester Todd, bumps off the King of the Cannibals?"

"Sure," replied Hiram. "Only in the picture," he hastened to add.

The Chief rose, waddled over to where the other captives lay bound hand and foot on the sand and examined Mr. Todd with professional interest.

"He don't look tough to me," he observed, and lapsed into silence, thinking deeply.

"See here, Hiram," he said at last, "I've gotten a little proposition to make. We'll act the film all according to scenario, only this Winchester Todd ain't going to do no bumping off. He'll get eaten, that's what'll happen to him, and you'll have a chance to show the fans something they've never seen before, a real, slap-up, cannibal feast. I've always wanted to act for the screen ever since I was a piccanin. Is it a go?"

"But say," cried Mr. Potts in dismay, "what about Daisy Daring? You can't boil Daisy. She and I have got it fixed so there'll be wedding-bells next Fall."

"Why, no," conceded the cannibal handsomely. "I guess we won't cook your sweetie yet awhile. But it's going to make a great film without that. Why, I'll have all the fans in Yurrup writing me for my autograph."

"Stop a bit," said the producer. "This idea of yours is all bunk. You can eat Winchester Todd if you like—he's a bum actor, anyway—and have us take shots of your doing it. But there's not an exhibitor on either side of the pond who would rent the film. Why, if I took it to the States the reels would be confiscated by the Customs Department as "immoral articles," and in England the Board of Censors wouldn't even give the picture an A certificate, 'Adult consumption only.' And if I put the proposition up to the 'O.K. By Me' Company they'd fire me so quick you wouldn't hear the report."

The Cannibal Chief looked glum.

"D'you really mean that?" he asked. "You ain't kidding me, are you? Because it looks to me like I'm offering you the chance of a lifetime."

"No, Sir; I'm not kidding you. It's a bum idea, that's all."

For a while the Cannibal Chief sat wrapped in thought.

"Hiram," he said at length, "supposing I let you boys and girls go free, would you take me with you and get me into pictures? I used to be a great actor once; played the hind-legs of the elephant in an amateur pantomime away over in the States. Do you think there's a chance for me?"

"Sure," said Mr. Potts, "there's always room at the top. I can fix you a



Itinerant Tinker (*who has been hailed*). "'AVE YOU GOT A MENDIN' JOB FOR ME, MISTER?"

Literary Aspirant. "SORRY, NO. BUT I'M COMPILING A BOOK ON FOLKLORE, AND I WONDERED IF YOU COULD TELL ME IN WHAT WAY A TINKER'S DAMN DIFFERS FROM OTHER DAMNS."



OUR HEALTH ENTHUSIASTS.

THE "ALL-FOURS" HIKING CLUB.

walking-on part in the crowd scenes in *Antony and Cleopatra*, and, if you go on a slimming diet and learn shutter-dancing, you may get your name on the screen in our next musical show. But this hundred-per-cent eating picture of yours—take it from me, boy, it's no good."

The Cannibal Chief sighed.

"Aw, well," he said, "what you say goes. I believe I won't eat Winchester Todd. Rowena, pack my tooth-brush and pyjamas and untie those other guys. I'm beating it for Hollywood with this gentleman."

Triangular Cricket.

"While Macaulay and Greenwood were making 17 between them in seventy-five minutes, Wood hit 59, including three 6's and four 4's."—*Daily Paper.*

Melodies Unheard are Sweetest.

"'GAY MADRID.'

A Musical Romance of Old Sunny Spain. Navarro is one of the few 'silent' stars still 'starring.' His beautiful soft tenor voice being a sheer joy to listen to."

Yorkshire Paper.

A New Golf Record.

"Other scores were: M. Bingham (Cooden Beach), 7766 . . ."—*Evening Paper.*

M. BINGHAM appears to have beaten LINDRUM'S record by some 4,000, and our own by a few strokes.

CAPE HORN DAYS.

V.—DOLDRUMS: ONE OF MURPHY'S YARNS.

DAY after day the sun stared widely
Over the wide and windless seas;
Against the masts the sails drooped idly,
Unhanded, waiting for a breeze.

It seemed we should lie there for ever,
As if no wind till Judgment Day
Would set her royal clews a-quiver
And speed her southward on her way.

"I heard onst of a barque," said Murphy,
"Becalmed, that couldn't get a breath,
Till all the crowd was sick with scurvy
An' the skipper drunk himself to death.

So, when they'd scoffed the last stale biscuit
An' the scuttle butt was all but dry,
They reckoned it was time to risk it,
An' tuk t' the boats an' said 'Good-bye.'

An' there they left the ol' barkey layin',
An' there, most like, she's layin' now,
With weeds like NOAH'S whiskers swayin'
Along her keel from stern to bow,

All her bright-work green an' spotted,
All her paint-work bleached an' bare,
All her canvas black an' rotted,
An' not a living soul to care."

"Square the mainyard!" the silence breaking,
Like Gabriel's trumpet rang the word;
Out of the dawn the wind came, waking
The sleeping sails, so long unstirred.

The jibs were filled, they pulled like horses,
The gear ran twittering through the sheaves,
The reef points on the tautened courses
Pattered again like falling leaves.

Southward she sped, her keen bows cleaving
Steady and strong the watery ways,
Like some strange dream behind her leaving
The breathless nights, the gasping days,

And somewhere that old ship forgotten,
With all her paintwork weathered bare,
And all her canvas black and rotten,
And sea-birds fouling everywhere;

All her idle gear decaying,
Not a soul to tend her wheel,
And weeds like NOAH'S whiskers swaying
Fathoms long below her keel.

C. F. S.

A Prescriptive Right.

"Mrs. ——, in evidence, said that she had been in the habit of leaving her car outside the shop for nine years."—*Evening Paper.*

THAT CAREER STORY.

A VARIANT.

[This story may be found in almost any magazine you like, with variants—but not this variant.]

THEY rang down the safety-curtain because the applause hurled across the footlights was staggering and Concertino literally could not keep his feet.

Jane, in front, gazed at the dull grey expanse. It was welcome. Although it hid Concertino from her (no, not Concertino—Johnnie; to her he was just that—just Johnnie) it also hid him from the eager staring public. How dared they gaze so boldly, so possessively at Johnnie?

With quiet determination she rose from her seat and forced her way through the chattering throng to the back of the theatre.

"Concertino? You wish to see ze great Concertino?" gasped the fat foreigner who barred her path. "Eet ees impossible—*impossibile.*"

But Jane shouldered him aside and strode on. And so with the next obstacle. Then came the sentinel outside Concertino's dressing-room. It was more the look in Jane's eyes than the fourpence she pressed into his hand that made the lad give way, and he shrugged his shoulders helplessly as she swept by into the presence of the great tenor.

Concertino had just finished removing the make-up from his face and was handing a ball of smudged cotton-wool to an enraptured countess, while two reporters fired questions at him over his shoulder, to which he answered negligently and at random. There were diplomats, impresarios. . . . But Jane held his gaze—strong silent Jane with the look of steady purpose in her eyes.

The telephone-bell rang. Concertino's secretary listened for a moment and his face glowed. "Signor! It is marvellous! Incredible! *Incredibile!* Ponto, the world-famous composer, asks you to create the part of *Napoleon* in his new opera, *Buonaparte!* It will be the event of the century. The work of a genius interpreted by a genius! Bravo! *Bravissimo!*"

He paused, tense and expectant, for his master's answer. What words could fittingly comply with such a request?

"Tell him," said Concertino, "to go and eat grass."

"Grass, Signor? Grass?" The astounded secretary clapped his hand to his brow.

But Concertino had seen his reward in Jane's eyes.

* * * * *

They were together, on their way to Concertino's hotel. "You will come to supper?" he had said, and she had said "Yes."

But they were not alone—yet; for the frenzied and adoring crowd had plucked the chauffeur from the seat of the Rolls-Royce and were pushing the car home.

"All this—is nothing," said Jane quietly.



Literary Agent. "THERE'S ONE GRAVE DRAWBACK ABOUT YOUR NOVEL. YOU'VE MADE YOUR PARSON MORE LOVABLE THAN YOUR GUNMAN."

"I know," said Concertino very low.

* * * * *

They rose from the supper-table, leaving the litter of costly crystal and lace and priceless wine and fruit, and moved across to the mantelpiece. Ranged along the shelf were signed portraits of monarchs, presidents, famous men and women, great musicians.

Concertino pointed out a portrait, the representative of a great nation.

"They gave me their decoration—the Order of St. Willibald—just before you came in," he said.

Then with a sudden gesture he collected all the photographs and thrust them into the electric fire.

"Johnnie!" she whispered. "I understand. Then it is 'Yes'?"

For answer he held before her eyes an open telegram. It was a summons to the great Concertino to inaugurate a national opera in Siam.

He threw it out of the window.

"You are right, Johnnie," said Jane, her hand in his. "You have chosen well. What is all this—what is a little hollow applause to the love of a good woman?"

Concertino picked up some sheets of paper upon which appeared bars of music and words written in his characteristic hand.

"My Song Sequence," he said, tearing the sheets across.

"To think," he said softly, "that I should have let—all this—stand in the way of love. Henceforth, if I sing, it shall be for Jane only."

"We might have a few friends in sometimes," said Jane; "but not often. I want you all to myself, darling. I will make you happy. Of course I can't give you luxury. Nothing like this. What does this hotel cost?"

He waved his hands helplessly. "Two hundred . . . Three thousand . . . What do I know? They manage all that for me. But let it go. And all the money in the bank must go too to pay for broken contracts for years and years. But that is nothing."

"You shall not starve," she assured him whimsically. "I cannot give you empty splendour, but I have two hundred a year and No. 2, Laburnum Villas. Our little home. We will be *so* happy. Do you like prunes?"

"What are prunes?" said Concertino simply.

"Foolish darling!" smiled Jane. "Some day you *will* know. I will take you away from all this. And you had better take my name—Smithers."

Johnnie Smithers! The quaint sweet wonder of it!

Good-bye to Concertino and the applause and empty triumphs of a so-called "career."

"You will never regret it," said Jane with quiet confidence.

And their lips met.

"RETURNED JAMAICANS TO APPROACH GOVT.

With view to getting large sums of money deducted from their wages by Cubans."
West Indies Paper.

This seems the right spirit. Our Government at home is hardly ever approached by deputations of workingmen asking for a reduction in their wages.



Lady (interviewing maid). "DO YOU BELONG TO THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND?"
Maid. "WELL, M'M, FATHER GOES TO CHAPEL, BUT PERSONALLY I'M WIRELESS."

THE MATRON'S HAT.

THIS morning while I vainly sought
Among the millinery-mongers
That hat (oft dreamed of, never bought)
For which my soul in torment hungers,
I mused again, perplexèd sore
(As I had often mused before),
Upon the objects labelled there
As "Suitable for Matrons' Wear."

The Matron's Hat is large and flat
Of brim, its elevation frontal
A rampart-like expanse of "Plait,"
"Pedal," "Baku" or "Ballibuntal";
A bow of felt, severely tied,
Sits primly on the left-hand side,
While on the right a stiff aigrette
Sprouts from an ornament of jet.

Just heaven! When fashions debonair
Adorn the "bud" and deck the virgin,
When jaunty caps display the hair,
Light as the wayward locks they merge in,
Must I, because I contemplate
The taking of a life-long mate,
Before I'm middle-aged and fat
Be asked to wear a thing like that?

No, John! I hope I'll be to you
As good a spouse as other spouses;
I'll bear you children (one or two),
Order your meals and run your houses:
I'll love, I'll honour, I'll obey;
I'll ask your business-friends to stay;
But this I'll swear—and that is flat—
I will *not* wear a Matron's Hat.

Candour from a Lido Hotel.

"DEAR SIR,—Here included j send Jou The tarif of our house we can make jou a special price of 90. Lires for a doble bad room with fool pension more 10/% service, and 1.50 Lire for taxes Togeder 102. Lires.

Hopping This price will shoot jou j am waiting a anwser satisfable.

—— ——, Manager Proprietor."

THE PRIZE-WINNER.

I HAVE lost another book. Well, not exactly lost it, because I know where it is. William has borrowed it. It was a nice book, bound in morocco, with the school arms embossed on the cover. Yes, it was a prize for my knowledge of history; and by some curious mischance it was not MOTLEY'S *Rise and Fall of the Dutch Republic*, but a rattling good yarn called *The Saracen's Curse*.

Of course, when William asked me if I could lend him a good book, I thought of all the good books which rested on the dusty topmost shelf. There was *Blind Willie*, which I strongly recommended for its goodness; but William, it seems, did not really mean a good book. In fact he didn't mind a book which wasn't good so long as it contained a good yarn.

I had plenty of good yarns in paper-backs—excellent books for lending purposes. But William brushed them aside. He would choose one for himself. Immediately he noticed the morocco binding of *The Saracen's Curse*.

"You wouldn't care for that," I said hastily; "a boy's book, you know."

"To tell you the truth, old man," he replied, "I'm rather fond of boys' books. Good healthy stuff, with any amount of action in them. You can keep your FREUD and PROUST."

"Thank you," I said gratefully. When William is borrowing books it is nice to know two authors whose works I may keep.

"Yes, I'll take this," said William.

"You'll be careful with it?" I asked. "It's of no particular value to anyone else, but, you see, I won it at school."

"By Jove, so you did!" exclaimed William. "You must have been a clever kid. I couldn't have lifted a prize like that when I was a kid."

"Well, don't try to lift it now."

William was shocked. "If you don't want to lend me the book, old man," he said gravely, "just say so. I don't mind."

I explained that I was merely committing a *jeu d'esprit*.

"Yes, I know people joke about book-borrowers," he replied, "but there's nothing in it. I've never lost a book. And I think I can honestly say that I've never failed to bring back a book I'd borrowed. Still, if you feel like that about it, I won't take it."

Of course, when he put it like that, I begged him to take the thing. I took it down from the shelf with my own hands and thrust it into his.

"Very well, very well," he sighed, "if you insist. But I'll bring it back in a week's time."

"Any old time," I assured him. "Keep it a month. Keep it as long as you like."

"No, a week. Expect me back with it on Tuesday week. At seven-thirty," he concluded impressively. "Now make a note that you've lent it to me and, if I should forget it, jog my memory. Good-night. See you Tuesday week at seven-thirty."

Tuesday week came, but no William. A month passed before I saw him again.

"I wonder if you've a good book you could lend me?" he began as soon as he had creaked into my best arm-chair.

"Another?" I asked. "How did you get on with *The Saracen's Curse*?"

"Tophole yarn," he said. "Another like that. And you needn't be windy about lending me a good book. I told you I could be trusted to bring *The Saracen's Curse* back."

"But you didn't," I objected.

"Didn't bring it back?" he protested. "Of course I brought it back."

"Sorry, old man," I replied, "but you didn't. It doesn't matter in the least. Any old time will do."

"Not for me," he declared stoutly. "We'll get this straight. I remember perfectly well returning the book."

"When?" I asked.

"Let me see. When was I here last?"

"The day you borrowed the *Curse*."

"It's a good job I'm methodical in my habits. Just glance at this entry in my diary. 'Tuesday, 15th. Mem.—Return *Saracen's Curse*.'"

"That doesn't prove you actually returned it on that date."

"Have you any proof that I haven't returned it?" he retorted.

"I *know* you haven't returned it. But it doesn't mat——"

"You mean you can't remember my returning it. Why should you assume *my* memory is at fault? Are you sure you haven't got the book?"

"Quite sure. But it doesn't——"

"Have you looked?"

"No, I can't go so far as to say I've actually looked."

"Then do you mind looking?"

So I looked carefully through my books, William supervising me. The search was vain.

"Sure you didn't lend it to someone else?"

"Quite. But it doesn't matter——"

"It does. I shan't sleep a wink until this is settled."

"I wish you wouldn't bother about the wretched book," I pleaded. "It's only a reminder of my lost youth. Its second-hand value would only be about sixpence."

"I tell you what, I'll buy you another copy and have it bound in morocco and embossed with your school arms. I don't care what it costs me."

"Nothing of the sort," I insisted. "I wish you wouldn't take it like that."

"But when you practically accuse me of stealing the wretched book——"

"No, no," I cried. "How can you say such a thing? It's only mislaid."

"Not by me."

"By one of us," I corrected hastily.

"I'm glad," he said icily, "that you admit the possibility of your having mislaid the book yourself. Perhaps next time you won't be so ready to insinuate——"

"I'm frightfully sorry, old man," I interrupted, feeling incredibly mean and despicable. "I was perhaps a bit hasty in jumping to conclusions. It didn't occur to me at the moment that you might have brought it back while I was out——"

"That must be it," he cried triumphantly; "you were out and some interfering person put it away where no sane man would think of looking. I knew all along that something of the kind had occurred. And," he concluded, beaming forgiveness at me, "now you know I can be thoroughly trusted with books, what about lending me another yarn?"

It looks as if William might lift another prize. W. E. R.

THE RIGHT STUFF.

[An orator declares that a detective novel is a better stimulant than alcohol.]

WHEN my depression 's chronic
Or biting my remorse,
To alcoholic tonic
I do not have recourse;
Though dreadful my distress is
I always recollect
That literature possesses
A similar effect.

It acts on me like toddy
To read (complete with plan)
Of how they found the body
Behind the pink divan;
It almost makes me stagger
When somewhere near its chine
Are punctures from a dagger
Of curious design.

I know of no corrective
For my despondent mood
Like learning the detective
Is in the neighbourhood
And thinks in turn a loafer,
Two maids, a next of kin,
The butler and the chauffeur
Have done the victim in.

The grape and all its juices
Can't give the kick that I
Receive when each produces
A fool-proof alibi;
Such tales I find, as pick-ups,
Better than Burton's best;
Involuntary hiccups
Acclaim the thug's arrest.

ROYAL ACADEMY—FIRST DEPRESSIONS.



Landlady (to lodger come to stay in quiet village). "EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT DO YOU 'APPEN TO BE MR. BERNARD SHAW?"

G.B.S. (in false nose to avoid publicity). "FOILED AGAIN!"



The Earl of LONSDALE (to No. 318.) "I THINK I RATHER SCORE WITH MY LORD MAYOR'S COACH."



Viscount D'ABERNON (to No. 305). "POSSIBLY. BUT SEE WHAT A LEG I SHOW."



Mr. W. B. YEATS. "I WILL ARISE AND GO NOW, AND GO TO INNISFREE——"

Mr. JOHN. "NO, WAIT A MOMENT. I'VE ONE OR TWO MORE LITTLE BLUE DABS TO PUT ON YOUR DIRTY CHIN."



MYTHOLOGICAL BACK-CHAT.

Chione. "GARN! CALL YOURSELF A GODDESS?"

Artemis. "WELL, YOU'RE NOT MUCH OF AN OIL-PAINTING EITHER."



WELL-KNOWN CHEF MODELS A STATUE IN ICED SUGAR FOR COOKERY EXHIBITION.



THESE ARCHERS IN THE SULPTURE-ROOM SEEM TO HAVE NOTHING PARTICULAR TO SHOOT AT—



—WHILE ALL THE TIME THIS AGED IMITATOR OF YOUNG TELL SITS PATIENTLY IN GALLERY XI.

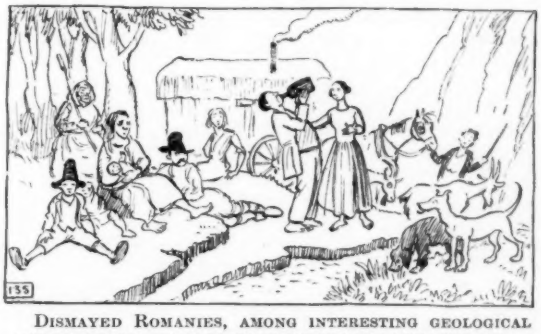


THIS PICTURE IS CALLED "CHEVAL EFFRAYÉ."

Dog (in English). "BOW-WOW!"



THE UNWANTED CUP OF COCOA; OR, LONDONERS IN THE ACT OF TAKING THEIR PLEASURES SADLY.



DISMAYED ROMANIES, AMONG INTERESTING GEOLOGICAL SURROUNDINGS, GAZE REPROACHFULLY ON THEIR LEADER AS HE DRAINS THE LAST DROP OF SPIRITS IN CAMP.

LIVESTOCK IN BARRACKS.

OUR MESS WATCH-DOG.

I.

BEFORE our Battalion came back from the East on Home Service, we were stationed somewhere in Malaya, in the midst of fairly uncivilised country populated almost entirely, I should say, by expert native thieves, to whom we must have come as a tangible answer to prayer. Locks meant nothing in their young lives; heavy bars to windows merely provided something to hang on to while they fished with long hooked sticks for whatever they fancied inside the room. At last an old hand told us that about the only two things they feared were a fierce dog loose about the Mess at night and a trusty native watchman with a revolver and orders to use it—also loose about the Mess at night. Both, however, he warned us, were liable to be no less dangerous to anyone who entered the place with lawful intent.

This struck us as a good idea, and our Lieutenant Holster, with the unanimous authorisation of a Mess meeting, engaged Ali, the burliest Malay he could trust, gave him a revolver, detailed instructions and several rounds of ammunition. These last, also by the unanimous authorisation of the Mess meeting, were all blank.

The dog question, however, was not settled so easily. We were most of us for having a dog, but the Colonel, though very keen on the idea in theory, in practice refused to have what he called "some mangy smelly wolf" anywhere in the Mess. At last we compromised on the guaranteed understanding that the Colonel should never see (or smell) the animal; and Lieutenant Holster was detailed to procure it.

Here a hitch arose. We found we could not buy a dog anywhere. For some reason there was a local taboo on selling us a dog. Every native whom Holster approached swore he hadn't a dog for sale, had never owned a dog, didn't want to sell one if he had, and in fact hardly knew what a dog was. And this though the place was overrun with stray dogs of every shape and size who could have walked away with a ninety-point lead in the "variety" class even from our present barrack pack at Havershot. Which is saying something.

We were of course too wise to attempt a solution by appropriating one of these strays. We knew that this would instantly bring round some wily Chinaman, swearing that the animal was the apple of his eye and that his wife had actually died of grief at its disappearance, and that forty dollars would barely compensate him for the loss of both—or say thirty-five for the dog.

For ten days therefore—on each evening of which the Colonel asked angrily whether, after all the fuss about it, the dog had been yet obtained—Holster explored every avenue; and all he got was an offer of a Pekinese made by a one-eyed Malay who had obviously stolen it from a white household that morning.



"AN OFFER OF A PEKINESE MADE BY A ONE-EYED MALAY."

And then came Ah Fong.

Ah Fong was a Chinese trader; and in a business deal a Chinese trader can give half a field to a whole American Trust. Ah Fong, it seemed, had merely looked in for a chat with Holster, whom he was understood to say he had long wanted to meet. After half-an-hour's talk about this and that, which nearly drove the curious Holster out of his mind, he casually mentioned that he had heard a vague rumour that Holster wanted to buy a dog. Of course, he added hastily, people did say silly things like that, and he personally didn't believe it, but—— Here Holster nearly fell on his neck and asked him if he had got one to sell. No, he hadn't, he said, and went on to talk of the rice-crop.

After a further quarter-of-an-hour Ah Fong remarked that his cousin's wife's brother was a "boy" in our Mess and had heard, wrongly, no doubt, that the Colonel earnestly desired a dog to guard our valuable property, but didn't want ever to see it. Holster admitted the truth of this. Ah Fong then said his wife's brother had a cousin who wanted to be "boy" in our Mess and was very good at serving drinks just as the officers liked. Holster, realising that he had been had by the indirect approach method, was about to drive the deceiver out when Ah Fong remarked, *à propos* of nothing, that his wife's brother's cousin, in addition to serving drinks just as officers liked, had another accomplishment. He could bark. Yes, he added, he could bark just like a dog, so as to deceive anyone, even an English Colonel, as long as he was not seen doing it.

The two stared conspiratorially at one another for some minutes, and then began an equivocal argument (which lasted for half-an-hour) about wages and dog-food, not forgetting a commission for introduction.

The next day a certain Wun Long Li was engaged as extra "boy" in the Mess, and, funnily enough, Holster was able to report at lunch to his Commanding Officer that he had at the same time secured a fierce watch-dog which the new hand would look after. The animal, he said, was at the moment chained up in the back premises, to be out of the Colonel's sight, but, if the Colonel listened carefully . . . At a covert signal Wun Long Li left the room and a moment later the fiercest watch-dog in Malaya bayed hungrily (OFF).

The Colonel was delighted. He at once named the animal Haroun Al Raschid and with the air of a Grand Seigneur dispensing largesse sent out a chop-bone for which he had at the moment no further use. Holster gave Wun Long Li the bone, and Wun Long Li gave Holster a meaning look, whereupon Holster added a surreptitious half-dollar.

The subsequent sounds and indications of Haroun enjoying a meal were so realistic and gratified the benefactor so much that Holster was able to draw three days' shooting-leave out of the general *bonhomie*. Undoubtedly cheap at half-a-dollar.

(*The exposure of Wun Long Li's cloven hoof is deferred to next week.*) A. A.

LUMBAR.

I LOOK like that advertisement
  Where "every picture tells a story";
My back, once hollowed, now is bent
  And torn with pains I think rheumatic;
A stick to lean upon I need;
  Departed all my youth's swift glory;
Time's grinding brakes have stayed my speed
  And made me static.

Bowed like a poplar in the gale,
  I staggered round to see my doctor,
But, when I entered did he pale,
  Or seize his telephone to call some
World-famous expert; ring his bell
  For brandy? Did he seem much shock'd or
Grieved? No, not he. "Just rub it well,"
  He said, "with balsam."

And I have rubbed and rubbed again
  With liniment the aching torso,
In efforts to remove the pain,
  And taken powders, any number;
But still I linger on the rack;
  The pangs are just as bad, or more so;
I know for certain now my back
  Is only lumber.

THE COW SCANDAL.

To the Editor of "Punch."

SIR,—People are constantly complaining about the disfigurement of the countryside by the erection of bungalows and electric pylons. Perhaps you would kindly allow me to draw attention in your columns to an even greater scandal, namely, the disgraceful way that country people have of leaving their cows about to the public danger.

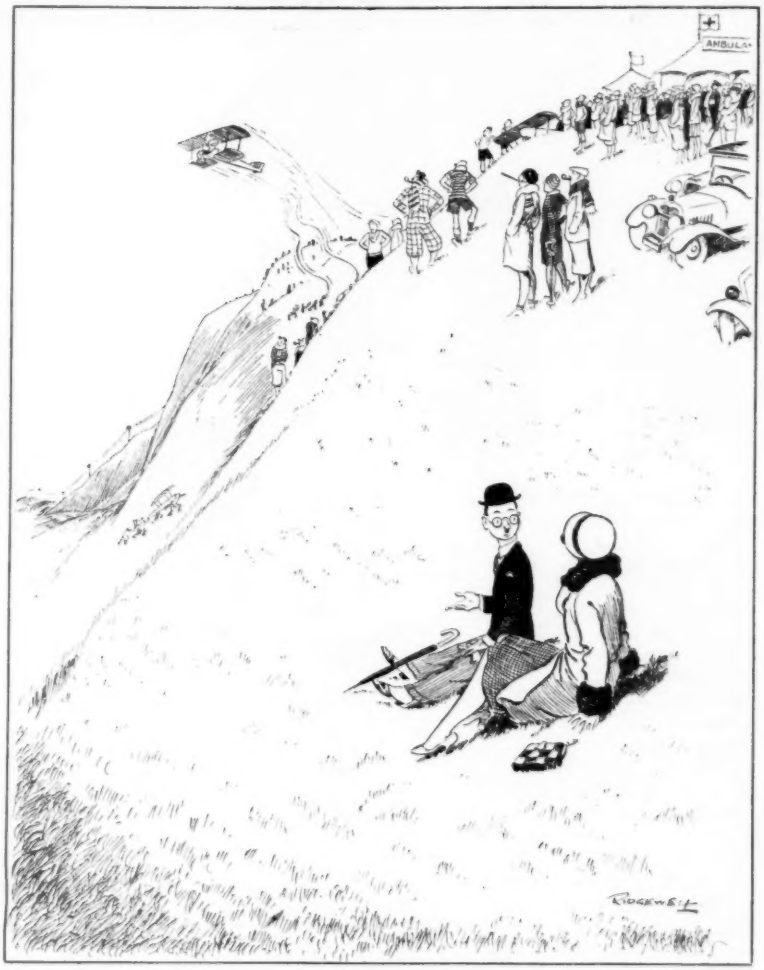
All over our green and pleasant land you will find these large, powerful and sinister creatures prowling about our fairest meadows or aggressively blocking field-paths over which it is necessary, unless one makes a wide détour into the neighbouring parish, to pass. They take all the zest out of country walking. Through them our most ancient and honourable exercise is spoilt. There is never any sense of security during a stroll in search of mushrooms or primroses. Picnics are ruined by their impertinent curiosity. Even in an apparently cowless stretch of pasture one never knows behind what bend in the hedge a herd of them may be lurking, or from behind what tree a horned and hostile face will suddenly appear.

Surely it is obvious that something ought to be done to keep these dangerous monsters in an enclosed place under proper supervision. The compulsory erection of Mappin Terraces for cows on grazing lands might be a practical solution. Wild animals residing in our towns are very properly kept in Zoological Gardens, under the care of experienced and competent keepers. Would the London County Council dream of allowing lions and tigers and rattlesnakes to wander about Oxford Street without even a little boy to look after them? Certainly not. Why, then, should the residents in rural areas alone be subjected to a similar menace?

Not only is this ever-present danger to life and property cynically accepted by an apathetic Government and even extolled as a characteristic feature of English scenery, but the country-dweller is not afforded the most ordinary safeguards against it. If a member of the most efficient police-force in the world is necessary to hold up a line of harmless and docile traffic to make the crossing of a London street safe for town pedestrians, how much more is such protection needed to make the crossing of a ten-acre meadow, where the traffic is both self-willed and highly excitable, safe for pedestrians in the country!

The English countryside is a national inheritance, an inheritance for which noble English blood has been shed to defend it from foreign domination. English character and English courage have kept our ancient meadows safe from the Gallic invader and the Teuton despot. Is it right that the honourable peace for which our heroes fought should be frustrated by cows? I feel sure your readers will agree that it is time the matter was publicly taken up and our field-ways made safe from bovine aggression.

Yours, etc.,
(Miss) PRISCILLA THREADNEEDLE.



Dare-devil (to fiancée). "YES, AND IF I TOOK UP THIS GLIDING, WHAT IS THE FIRST THING THAT WOULD HAPPEN? A BOTHER WITH YOUR PEOPLE. YOU KNOW HOW NERVOUS THEY ARE."



FASHION NOTE IN MONACO.
THE NEW SILHOUETTE.

A BUDGET ITEM.

[The Budget provides £8 3*s.* 6*d.* "for the services of a preacher" for Cambridge and £7 19*s.* 6*d.* for the same purpose for Oxford.]

AT Woolwich there is wailing
And gnashing of the teeth;
The Sandhurst cheeks are paling
Although they're red beneath;
The young men of the Air Force
At Cranwell's lofty pile
Are kept in hand by bare force
From going it in style.

What passing blow has injured
Our numerous cadet?
He must be gravely gingered
To be so much upset;
Trained as he is, and straitly,
Not to inquire but jump,
What can have happened lately
To give him such a hump?

Great is indeed the crisis
That shakes those martial ranks:
Where civil Cam and Isis
Run 'twixt their reedy banks
The State provides a preacher
For either favoured spot;
And that peculiar feature
Those others haven't got.

Whether those homes of learning
Require an extra haul
To snatch them from the burning,
They do not ask at all;
If (as was once the fashion)
Their own backslidings grow
Too stiff for wasting cash on,
They do not seek to know.

"We have our chaplains (many)
To urge us on," they say,
"To purge our sins (if any),
But hang it, so have they;
If, as has not been shown us,
They hold themselves to be
Marked for an extra bonus,
Why, dash it, so are we."

Oh, Mr. SNOWDEN, listen;
The wound is very deep;
It's no use being bisson,*
And £8 odd is cheap;
Bring out your cash, and plan well
To make this trouble stop,
That peace may rest on Cranwell,
On Sandhurst and The Shop.

DUM-DUM.

"BUY OUR MILK. GERM FREE."
Advt. in Shop-Window.

Thanks; but we'll pay for our germs when we want them.

"Borzoi dog puppy, three months old; golden fawn and white; with good bone."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

The fashion by which guests contribute to the commissariat seems to be spreading.

* "Purblind, blinded, *Obs.* . . ." *Dict.*

Mr. Punch on Tour.

The Collection of Original Drawings by JOHN LEECH, CHARLES KEENE, Sir JOHN TENNIEL and GEORGE DU MAURIER, and of reproductions of Famous Cartoons, Forecasts and other exhibits from *Punch*, which has recently been on view at the *Punch* Offices, is being made accessible to our readers in the Provinces. It will be shown at the Grundy Art Gallery, Blackpool, from May 23 to July 4; at York, July 18 to August 29; at Burton, September 12 to October 24; and at Manchester, November 7 to January 9, 1932.

Invitations to visit the Exhibition at any of the above places will be gladly sent to readers if they will apply to the Secretary, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.4.

A Caution for Golfers.

"BROCKENHURST MANOR GOLF CLUB.
PLEASE DRIVE SLOWLY."
Road sign on the way from Brockenhurst to Sway (Hants).

"The Customs administrations of Germany and Australia will remain separate. . . ."
Sunday Paper.

We felt confident all the time that they would.



A LAST RESORT.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "WELL, GUV'NOR, UP TO NOW THE WHOLE BLOOMIN' SHOW 'S BEEN A FROST. WHAT ABOUT TRYIN' THIS OLD COCK-SHY O' MINE?"

MR. MACDONALD. "H'M—A BIT MOULDY, PERHAPS; BUT YOU KNOW BEST."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, May 4th. — The House glowed with honest pride as Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON explained how H.M.S. *London* had stood guard over three hotels full of British subjects until Madeira decided not to drench itself in fratricidal gore. Having persuaded the Portuguese Government to spare the foe, the gallant Captain of the *London*, the MINISTER explained, was preparing to withdraw. Mixed bathing was proceeding as usual. The picture was almost too much for Lady ASTOR, who besought the right hon. gentleman to impress on his Party the life-saving qualities of the Royal Navy.

If certain lordly advocates of the Land Tax had heard Mr. SNOWDEN'S elucidation of his proposed measure to-night they might not have been so ready to accept his somewhat ironical suggestion that the question "transcended all political differences." It might do that in the abstract, but the CHANCELLOR was quite cynical in his admission that the Government intended to make all the political capital possible out of the tax. He did not say it in those words, to be sure, but he explained that nobody whose land was worth less than a hundred-and-twenty pounds would be required to pay. This, Mr. SNOWDEN pointed out, would relieve practically the whole of the working classes.

No wonder that when Mr. SNOWDEN spoke of rendering unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's a Conservative voice was heard to murmur "Seize 'em!" For the rest, Mr. SNOWDEN explained that agricultural land, land belonging to railways and one or two minor categories of holdings would be exempt. He made no attempt to adumbrate the exact cost of making the valuation or the possible net yield of the tax.

Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN pointed out that Mr. SNOWDEN'S observation that "the land was not made only for dukes" was somewhat wide of the mark. It was owned by others besides dukes, and many people had paid full market value for it. A general tax on all land values was unjust. It hit the man who had no unearned increment equally with the man who had, and bore no relation to any proposal that the State should take a share of the increased value of the land brought about by other agencies than the owner himself.

Sir HILTON YOUNG opposed the tax on the ground that it gave the Government more public money to squander and increased taxes when the one thing needful was that they should be diminished. Colonel WEDGWOOD urged the CHANCELLOR to beware of Amendments instigated by thoroughly bad and immoral landlords like himself. Mr. ALPASS hopefully regarded the potential source of revenue as "an ever-expanding one," thus sharply disagreeing with the Marquis of HARTINGTON, who declared that not even the cost of collection would be realised. Mr. BALDWIN declared that they were all "talking in the air" until they had seen the Bill, but expressed his gratitude to Mr. PETHICK-LAWRENCE for kindly shedding a little light "amid the encircling gloom."



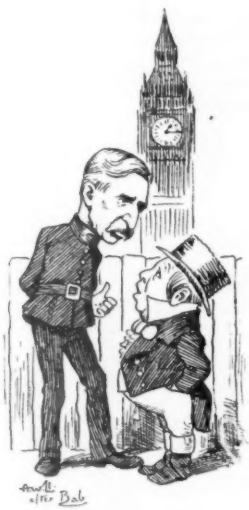
THE LINK-BOY'S "KINDLY LIGHT."

MR. STANLEY BALDWIN, UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF MR. PETHICK-LAWRENCE, FINDS ONE STEP AT A TIME QUITE ENOUGH.

Tuesday, May 5th.—Tommy this and Tommy that is no more a plaster saint than before the War, but the army vocational training centres are quite prepared to make him into a plasterer. So the MINISTER FOR WAR explained to Mr. CAMPBELL. As for making him into a tailor's cutter or a cook, the MINISTER informed Major DESPENCER-ROBINSON and Mr. ANNESLEY SOMERVILLE that the matter was being considered. Whether a soldier trained to the use of bomb and bayonet *can* be accustomed to the nice command of scissors or skillet does seem to call for some consideration.

A Supplementary Question by Sir KINGSLEY WOOD wrung from Mr. SHAW the guarded admission that some people complained of a shortage of plasterers while others did not. This set Mr. HICKS to discoursing on the multiplicity of plasterers, with Mr. WILL THORNE chipping in a word about the surplusage of tailors' cutters. There being nobody present to point out that too many cooks were already spoiling the nation's broth the MINISTER passed to the next question.

In Committee the House discussed the increased tax on hydro-carbon oils, bending its particular attention to the humble commodity known in non-Parliamentary circles as "turps." Humble it may be, but the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER expects to pocket another half-million out of it, and Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY'S plea that this was a revenue tax pure and simple on a raw material essential to several industries fell on deaf ears, Mr. PETHICK-LAWRENCE amply confirming the suspicions of the hon. and gallant Member that he would be sympathetic but there would be nothing doing. The more



P.C. Lord NEWTON "forth I drag
From his obscure retreat:
He was a merry, genial wag,
Who loved a mad conceit.
If he were asked the time of day
By country bumpkins green,
He not unfrequently would say,
'A quarter past thirteen.'"

"*Bab Ballads*" (*supplementing the passage cited by Lord* NEWTON).

formidable argument that turpentine, not being a hydro-carbon oil, could not be taxed under this head was similarly unavailing.

Wednesday, May 6th.—Time is proverbially made for slaves and not for noble Lords. Nevertheless Lord NEWTON's motion in favour of what he called "the twenty-four hour method of expressing time" did not incur all the withering condemnation that might have been expected. It cannot be said that Lord NEWTON provided any solid arguments in favour of the twenty-four- as opposed to the twelve-hour clock; he confined himself to pointing out that it had been permanently adopted by the Navy, partially by the Army and almost completely by the Air Force; that the ASTRONOMER-ROYAL and Lord LONDONDERRY, then Postmaster-General, had approved it, and only persons with an insular outlook, like Lord BANBURY, opposed it. The best argument produced by Lord NEWTON in favour of his proposal was that it would cost nothing and required no legislation.

Lord STONEHAVEN gave the proposal tepid support. Lord MONKSWELL could not envisage the railways adopting any proposal that advantaged the public, and Lord BANBURY, on the principle *vetera semper in laude*, thought the railways would be better occupied trying to find a small dividend for their shareholders than messing about with clocks. Lord MARLEY promised Lord NEWTON that the Government would take the matter into consideration.

Questions about a British schooner, appropriately named *Deauville*, captured off the Florida coast by U.S. Revenue officers, provoked in the House an ebullition of pro- and anti-alcoholic feeling that caused the FOREIGN SECRETARY, when pressed for more detailed replies, to suggest that he had better not add anything to the answers given. He was more expansive on the subject of the Chinese exterritoriality negotiations, which appeared to have reached a deadlock.

Mr. SNOWDEN's Land Tax got its first real trouncing this afternoon from Sir W. MITCHELL-THOMSON. The Resolution, he declared, was mere political tactics, did not touch unearned increment, and threatened fresh taxation at a time when the CHANCELLOR himself had said that the limit had been reached. The necessary valuations could not be made in anything like the time or at the cost estimated by the Government, and the proposed basis of valuation was ridiculous. In the very Bill that was to be used as a means of pretending to the country that the Lords were usurping the Commons' privilege of alone saying who should be taxed and how, a discretion was to be given to His Majesty's servant the tax-collector to say in certain cases whether a subject should be taxed or not.



Mr. HENDERSON. "I DON'T THINK THIS IS GOING TO BE A VERY GOOD EGG."



The impenitent Culprit. "I DIDN'T REALLY DO ANYTHING WRONG. IT WAS JUST DAME PARMOOR'S CONTRARINESS."

LORD HAILSHAM.

If the House expected Mr. LLOYD GEORGE to make an equally vigorous defence of Mr. SNOWDEN's proposals it was disappointed. The Liberal Leader professed to know no more than anybody else of the unrevealed details of the scheme, and contented himself with defending the principle of taxing land values and, by implication, his own efforts in that direction. The real value of the tax, he declared, was not what the CHANCELLOR would get out of his penny in the pound, but the fact that it was to become the basis of local taxation.

Members continued to discuss the Resolution, but the relative futility of detailed argument in the absence of the details was obvious to the House, and when, at eleven o'clock, the Closure was applied and the Resolution carried by 59 votes, nothing of very telling importance had been said by anybody.

Thursday, May 7th.—More than usually uncompromising was the gesture with which Lord PARMOOR flung back in Lord HAILSHAM's teeth the arrogant suggestion that the Government should guarantee the House of Commons' waiver of privilege in the case of projected Opposition amendments to further portions of the Agricultural Land Utilization Bill.

It was an heroic and indeed a very proper constitutional gesture and Lord HAILSHAM can hardly have expected anything else. However, it gave him an opportunity of categorically denying that the Lords had the slightest intention of disputing the Commons' privileges. On the other hand the road was now clear for the Lords to exercise their undoubted privilege of throwing out neck and crop those portions of Part I. of the Bill which the Commons' privilege forbade them to amend, and out it went by eighty-two votes to thirty-one.

The Commons discussed Income-Tax Resolutions, argument being directed towards the interesting but all too academic question of whether, by forestalling one of the two quarters of the Tax that would otherwise have been payable in the next financial year, Mr. SNOWDEN was in fact collecting income-tax in the current year at the rate of 5/7½ in the pound.

"The Mayor of —— and Mrs. —— had lent pothouse plants."—*Provincial Paper.*

A prominent feature was a lovely Peroxide Daisy leaning gracefully over a cluster of cuckoo-pints.



WE HEAR A LOT ABOUT CAVE-MEN; BUT CAVE-WOMEN TOO MAY HAVE HAD SOMETHING TO SAY FOR THEMSELVES.

AMATEUR CRIMINOLOGY.

THE continuance of the supremacy of British crime-detection is assured—in the person of Charles. There can be no doubt of this since his recent handling of the case of the murder of Professor Bernard Blain at the residence of the Hon. Mrs. Southern (rather too hon. as played by Jean), "The Thorns," Limeshire.

On that occasion I was privileged to accompany the Yard in the capacity of a Distinguished Foreign Visitor inquiring into their methods. At 9.11 P.M. Superintendent Gimlet (Charles) and Chief Inspector Hollins (John), both in "plain clothes," of course, entered the drive of "The Thorns" on foot, having been summoned from the Yard some five minutes previously by an urgent telephone-message from Mrs. Southern to the effect that she had found the dead body of the Professor on the hearth-rug of her living-room. A quick journey, you say. But you must remember that you are unaware of the geographical position of Limeshire and that the Squad are accustomed to move.

The first thing that attracted their attention was a car without lights standing in the drive facing the gate. While they were glancing it over, a man with black whiskers and a woman bearing an attaché-case ran up to it along the grass at the edge of the drive and under cover of the trees, leapt into it and attempted to drive away. They were arrested. The man turned out on inquiry to be George—I mean Adolphe Hart, dancing instructor at the Palais de Dance, Bournehampton, and the woman no other (except Ruth) than Mrs. Blain, wife of the deceased Professor. On his person were found two single tickets to Paris and in a soap-dish in the attaché-case a glass necklace to which was attached a piece of paper bearing the word "diamonds." The superb aplomb with which the Superintendent remarked, "Retain these two in custody, Hollins, and bring them along to the house," and moved off in that direction himself, would have impressed anybody. It certainly impressed the Distinguished Foreign Visitor.

The first thing Gimlet did on reaching the house was to obtain from Mrs. Southern the names of those residing in the house and on the estate. They were: The Hon. Mrs. Southern, owner; Professor Bernard Blain, her half-brother, whose life had been wholly devoted to an endeavour to harness the atom; Bella Blain, his wife; Miss Virginia Walter, Mrs. Southern's ward; Mr. Albert Memoriel, a young "modernist," whose activities were confined to the advocacy of dress-reform, engaged to Miss Walter; Miss Flossie Cream, a housemaid, and Mr. Ramsay Green, a gardener, engaged to Miss Cream.

The manner in which the Hon. Mrs. Southern impressed on the detectives the fact that there were other servants—several others, it seemed—on the estate, but that they had all been out on the evening in question, was hon. in the extreme.

The Superintendent then entered the living-room. He cast his eye for a most professionally short space of time on the corpse (Robin had a good rest by the fire that evening) and then glanced quickly round the room. His eyes alighted on a blotting-pad that lay on an escritoire and bore traces of having recently discharged its function. He held it up to the mirror and dictated as follows to his assistant, who had arrived on the scene:—

"DARLING ADOLPHE,—Bernard has been getting worse and worse. To-day he actually threatened to take and sell

my diamond necklace. I feel that I could kill him at times. I have made up my mind. When you come for me, Dolly darling, I am ready to fly with you.—BELLA."

The case against Bella Blain and Adolphe Hart was again strengthened by the evidence of Mrs. Southern, who said that the Professor had been continually harassed by the difficulty of obtaining sufficient cash to proceed in his pursuit of the atom, the harnessing of which, she had gathered from him, was an expensive undertaking. Need of money—threatening to sell his wife's necklace—"At times I feel that I could kill him"! Could anything be more certain than the guilt of these two, of one or the other or of both? But Gimlet, remarking coolly, "Search the body, Hollins," and glancing shortly at a hammer with red ink upon it that lay on a table close to the deceased, announced that he wished to examine the housemaid, Miss Flossie Cream.

I should never have thought that Rhoda could have cried as Flossie did. But, though the distinguished foreign heart beat strongly with compassion, the cold Anglo-Saxon inquisitors remained apparently unmoved. Amid violent spasms of grief the following sensational facts were educed from her: (1) The very night before the murder the deceased had asked if he might kiss her. She had struck him lightly with a duster and told him to get on with his atoms. (2) The next morning when she had gone out to borrow a hammer—*the* hammer—from Mr. Ramsay Green, the gardener, to whom she was engaged, she had told him of this and he had been speechless with fury. (3) After hanging up a picture with the hammer she had left it in the room, but not in the position in which it was found after the murder.

The Yard then spent several minutes examining some indistinct footmarks that led into the living-room from the garden or into the garden from the living-room. Their significance was plain. How rashly had the Distinguished Visitor judged the unfortunate widow and the dancing-man! The guilt of the gardener was now next to certain. True he had not attempted to escape, but would not that have been virtual self-conviction?

The only result of the Chief Inspector's search of the body was a letter, dated some six months previously, addressed by the President of the Newford College for Women to the Hon. Mrs. Southern and concerning the latter's ward, Miss Virginia Walter. Its purport briefly was that the President found the influence of Miss Walter so deleterious to the College—she described her conduct as having "contaminated her fellow-students"—that she was obliged to request her to leave immediately. The final unforgivable vice, it seemed, had been secret cocktail-drinking.

This piece of news, though it could hardly have any bearing on the case, tended to increase the interest of the Distinguished Visitor, though not perceptibly of the Yard, in Miss Walter, who was the next to be questioned.

She was a young lady of considerable private means. Her relations with the deceased had always been friendly, and he had on many occasions tried to arouse her interest in the capture of the atom. The Foreign Visitor fully sympathised with Miss Walter in the obvious embarrassment she showed on being asked if he had ever touched her for financial support in his great project. A most indelicate question. The poor girl blushed and admitted that he had. He had mentioned the matter that very evening some quarter-of-an-hour before the discovery of the body, when she had gone into the living-room to mix herself a cocktail. It was only the third, she said, that she had had that evening.

It remained to examine Mr. Albert Memoriel. His interests in life, he said, were divided between dress-reform and Miss Virginia Walter. As to the former, he wore a pyjama-jacket, football-shorts and sandals. As to the latter, he repeatedly reiterated that he had always considered her character to be spotless; otherwise, being something of an idealist, he would not have asked her to marry him. He had been unaware that she drank cocktails. He had that day been to Oxford to lecture on dress-reform and had returned shortly after the tragic occurrence. Mr. Memoriel limped slightly and carried a stick in his left hand.

The Yard were some time in private consultation. When they returned, Superintendent Gimlet, amid a tense silence, said quietly but firmly, "Mr. Albert Memoriel, you are charged with the murder of Professor Bernard Blain." Contrary, so the Distinguished Visitor assumed, to the general practice on these occasions, the whole assembly, including the gentleman charged, broke into loud applause.

"We do not," continued the Superintendent, "suspect Mrs. Blain nor Mr. Hart, as they had no motive for the crime. The diamonds had never left the lady's possession, and the sudden decease of her husband was likely to impede rather than expedite her escape with her dancing paramour. We believe that she left the house with him from her bedroom on the ground-floor in ignorance of her husband's death. But when we come to Mr. Green, the gardener, we find that he had a distinct motive and a common one in these cases—that of jealousy."

There was a short pause here owing to a renewed outburst of tears on the part of Miss Flossie Cream.

"But," resumed Gimlet, "let us glance at the rest of the evidence. The deceased is anxious above all things to obtain money to further his life's project. Miss Virginia Walter is a lady of means. On the person of the deceased is found a letter vilifying that lady's character — a letter, mark you, not addressed to him, but of which by some unknown means and for some unknown purpose he has acquired possession. What was that purpose? Blackmail!



ACADEMY SENSATION.
THE PROBLEM PICTURE-HAT.

"Picture the scene. The Professor is confronting Miss Walter. What is his threat? To show the compromising letter to her guardian? No; she has already seen it. But what about Mr. Albert Memoriel, the idealist who thinks her perfect and has asked her to share his life? And what is Mr. Memoriel doing at this precise hour? He is returning from the station, having been to Oxford. If he came by the short cut he would pass the garden-door of the living-room before arriving at the front-door. He does, and he pauses at the sound of his *fiancée's* name and listens. He hears her accused of a damning catalogue of crimes, culminating in that of secret drinking—accused in the voice of, and for all he knows to the contrary by, the Professor. Perhaps, ladies and gentlemen"—at this point Gimlet paused dramatically—"he hears something else—a sob from his beloved. He is goaded to fury. He sees blind. He rushes in and—does the deed.

"These are as yet suspicions. On further examination of the evidence they become certainties. Mr. Memoriel uses a stick in his left hand; he is left-handed. The hammer was on the table in such a position that the deed was almost certainly done by a left-handed man. But when we find that the footmarks into and out of the garden were at slightly irregular intervals and made without a doubt by a man who limps, then the finger of guilt points——"

His concluding words were drowned in an outburst of cheering in which the criminal, the late suspects, the deceased, his widow and even the lachrymose Miss Flossie Cream joined.

Charles's future and that of British crime detection are, as I say, assured. But what of George (Adolphe Hart), inventor and stage-manager of the crime? For his future I tremble. At any rate it is certain that the Distinguished Foreign Visitor must immediately warn his rulers against admitting such a dangerous man into their country.

C. B.

Latest from the Lyonnesse District.

"LIONS ESCAPE
FROM CIRCUS IN CORNWALL.

108 SITUATIONS VACANT."

Poster of West-Country Paper.

GUN DOGS.

I.—THE GORDON SETTER.

GAY goes the Gordon—
The heather for him
With a duke or a lord on
The mountain's high rim;
For the blood he was made of
Beyond the blue Forth
Walked aye in the shade of
The Cock of the North.

That chieftain so bonny
With his black dogs a-nigh
When, so brightly looked on, he
So nobly passed by,
Each lass, when he'd passed her,
Would whisper and tell,
"So bonny a master—
His dogs match him well!"

So gay goes the Gordon
On the mountain's far rim;
On this side of Jordan
Who's the marrows of him,
Since the blood he is made of
Came forth and came forth
To walk in the shade of
The Cock of the North?

P. R. C.



Husband. "HERE'S A BILL FOR EIGHTEEN FROCKS. IN HEAVEN'S NAME, WHY EIGHTEEN?"
Wife. "EIGHTEEN-DAY DIET, DARLING."

AT THE PLAY.

"London Wall" (Duke of York's).

If the routine of a solicitor's office is at all like that of Messrs. Walker, Windermere & Co., of London Wall, we can only wonder that Mr. John van Druten could ever have torn himself from so jolly and care-free a life to devote himself to the relatively arduous business of writing plays. The firm certainly had two clients: a dear, rich old lady, more than a little touched in the head, and a somebody in Italy. There was talk of the preparation of a brief, some letters were stamped, and there were occasional telephone-calls—more often than not concerned with the private affairs of the quite unnecessarily large and leisured staff. The general office was indeed more like the lounge of a mixed club for the exchange of badinage and reminiscence, or, when the discreet occasion offered, for the active light love-play of the managing clerk and his quarry of the moment; for the shy honest courtship of the same young lady by a clerk from the office of a firm on the floor below, and for frequent heart-to-heart counsel on the most intimate personal affairs. When our *Mr. Walker* was away his private room was used for the same general purposes.

And we would not have it altered. For Mr. Van Druten's purpose is to show us the queer and sometimes tragic undercurrents that swirl beneath the dull smooth surface of commonplace affairs of business, unsuspected or at least ignored by chiefs and principals and clients. He has chosen an appropriate setting and an effective mechanism for his presentation, and is well within his rights in adopting the method of selective rather than literal realism. And indeed we should be sorry to miss the tempered heroes, heroines and villains of this microcosm—the amusing *Brewer* (Mr. Henry Mollison), who would not have been a bad fellow but for his conviction that he is God's gift to women; the cheerful, good-natured, nasty-minded little office-boy, *Birkinshaw* (Mr. John Mills), who shamelessly listens-in to private conversations on the telephone; the quiet competent *Miss Janus* (Miss Marie Ney), who discloses to us gradually the tragedy of her long love-affair that ends twice—once when she learns that her lover is tired of her and breaks into impassioned self-revelation, and again when she learns that he is dead and cannot shed a tear; the two experienced and cynical young women, *Miss Hooper* (Miss Nadine March) and *Miss Bufton* (Miss Helen Goss), to whom work is frankly a bore; the pretty sweet-natured young orphan, *Miss Milligan* (Miss Heather Angel), latest recruit to the over-staffed office and still eager to understand her job and do it conscientiously; the decent, crude little clerk from below, *Hec Hammond* (Mr. Frank Lawton), who is so easily discouraged in his pursuit of little *Pat Milligan* and finds it impossible to compete with the relatively affluent *Brewer* in the business of giving a good time, or in the vocal expression of a love of which he is only half-aware; the kind old thing, *Miss Willesden* (Miss Katie Johnson), with her altered wills, her lawsuits and her compassion for the young and unprotected; and the lord and ruler of the little world, *Mr. Walker* (Mr. Frank Royde), who knows so little of what is going on under his nose.



BUSINESS IN THE CITY.

Eric Brewer . . . . . Mr. Henry Mollison.
Miss Milligan . . . . . Miss Heather Angel.

And all these characters are cleverly outlined and competently filled in by the players. So far as a mere man can judge, the intimate affairs of the four young business women and their relations to each other are plausibly set forth; certainly they are studied with a genuine sympathy. To our author the figure of a woman in the middle thirties, who has given the best years of her youth to a lover and, though conscious that romance is dead, on her side as on his, is determined to make the haven of marriage and is overwhelmed by her failure, is no figure of fun to be sneered at. Nor is her grief self-centred. She will prevent the two young things, *Hec* and *Pat*, from making her mistake. Mr. Van Druten has put his best into this sympathetic figure, seeing heroism and dignity in what might be passed over as commonplace or contemptible.

For Miss Marie Ney this was a personal triumph, the more conspicuous because the whole standard of the playing was admirable. Her fellow-artistes, with the generosity of their kind, would readily recognise the outstanding quality of her performance of a part that certainly did not play itself.

Mr. Frank Lawton cleverly showed us a new brand of his specialty, the shy young man. Miss Heather Angel is certainly pretty enough to win merit without the charming ease and naturalness of expression and, given the due occasion, the real emotion which she put into her part. Miss Nadine March and Miss Helen Goss made us laugh without destroying the author's characterisation by overplaying. And Mr. Mollison's mild villainy and Mr. John Mills' adroit clowning were exactly in the right mood. A diverting, intimate, well-invented and well-produced little comedy. T.

"Payment Deferred" (St. James's).

Here we have for a change murder without mystery, without policemen astute or inept, without baronets—a study of the decline and fall of a commonplace bank-clerk, of a debt incurred and payment exacted, all in a drab house of a mean street. It must at once be recorded that Mr. Jeffrey Dell has with more than ordinary adroitness and plausibility made it out of a novel by Mr. C. S. Forester. He also flatters our intelligence by not underlining everything twice, by leaving something to suggestion. A clever feat of adaptation.

We see our commonplace and most unsatisfactory *William Marble* (Mr. Charles Laughton) reckoning the tale of his debts, snarling at his devoted wife, *Annie* (Miss Louise Hampton), and his precocious daughter, *Winnie*

(Miss ELSA LANCHESTER); threatened with the imminent visitation of the dreaded brokers, to be put in by exasperated tradesmen, with consequent loss of his job at the bank and the unbearable ignominy, for one who has held his head a little higher above his envious fellows than his position warrants, of the workhouse.

Suddenly there arrives from Australia his sister's son, *Jim Medland* (Mr. PAUL LONGUET), a friendly young man evidently with money to burn. Here is the hand of Providence. He will put the youngster on to a good thing, a gamble on the rise of the franc—the play is dated "a short while ago"—and take his commission. Failing in that abrupt plot he asks baldly for a loan; failing in that too and calculating on the fact that the boy, an orphan, has no other relatives or friends in England, he dilutes his whisky with cyanide of potassium and disposes of the body in his narrow patch of garden.

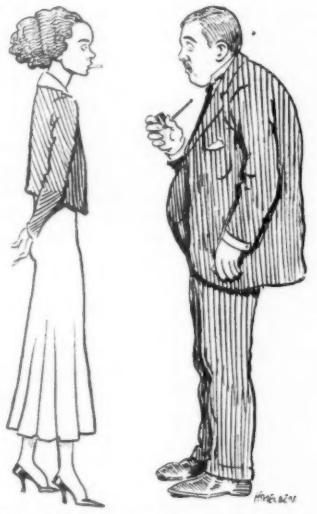
The nephew's wallet has given him not only enough to pay all his debts but to make his successful coup in francs. He is now a rich man, but dares not leave the mean little house for more than a few minutes at a time lest prying eyes discover his secret. He can buy abominable pretentious expensive furniture, he can educate his daughter abroad, he can almost persuade his puzzled wife to believe in the reality of his fortune, which, seeing his obvious misery and his violent outbursts of hysteria, she naturally attributes to his having successfully embezzled his employers' money. He can also buy love from one of those coldly calculating harpies who smell easy money from afar; he can experience the three stages of the progress of the daughters of the horse-leech — "presents," assistance cajoled from him by simulated distress, and finally blackmail, pitilessly levied as the price of silence. If the faithful *Annie* had not wit or experience enough to pierce through the pretensions of *Madame Collins* (Miss JEANNE DE CASALIS) to birth, breeding and lost wealth, she did vaguely scent danger and feminine fraud.

To conceal this lapse of his from his devoted mate, who has finally guessed his dreadful secret and yet does not turn away from him, is now the one object of *William's* life. For he knows that, to the *Annies* of the still respectable classes, embezzlement and murder are light matters in a man compared with the treachery of infidelity. And it is by way of this entanglement and his wife's discovery of it and tragic response that demand for payment is finally presented to our *William*, who has begun



William Marble (Mr. CHARLES LAUGHTON) to Jim Medland (Mr. PAUL LONGUET). "NOW YOU SIT AND LOOK AT A PRETTY PICTURE WHILE I MIX YOU A NICE DOSE OF POISON."

to think that his still undiscovered crime may remain hidden. Not, then, for the murder of his nephew, but for



William Marble to his daughter (Miss ELSA LANCHESTER). "I DO CALL IT HARD, ON THE TOP OF THE BOTHER AND ANXIETY INSEPARABLE FROM THE COMMISSION OF A MURDER AND THE ORDINARY WORRIES OF A MARRIED MAN WITH A MISTRESS, TO HAVE A REBELLIOUS DAUGHTER!"

that of the one being in the world to whom he clings in his despair and loneliness, is he arraigned and on circumstantial evidence, plausible but false, condemned. No wonder he breaks into a peal of hysterical laughter at the exquisite irony of it.

The play then does not intrigue us with puzzles, but entertains us rather ghoulishly with the terrors and remorses of this unpremeditating and unresourceful murderer. This is clearly a great chance for Mr. LAUGHTON. A clever (that hardly needs saying) and at times genuinely moving performance was, I think, compromised by a certain lack of subtlety and a recourse to unnecessarily violent effects. Mr. LAUGHTON rather unduly brutalised his bank-clerk, to the evident distress of a gentleman behind me, who declared several times that a clerk with such a face and such manners would never have a dog's chance of standing behind the counter in any one of the palaces of the Big Five. And there seemed to me something in this, though the actor might transfer this criticism to his author. At any rate he broke no new ground but adopted his general formula of exploiting the more formidable tricks of his personality.

Miss ELSA LANCHESTER, on the other hand, so successfully concealed the bizarre qualities by which she has won her assured place as an actress of distinction that one had positively to look at the programme to see who was playing so cleverly the colourless little flapper, *Winnie*, in the First Act. Miss JEANNE DE CASALIS gave us a merciless portrait of the horrible little blackmailing dressmaker —a part which asked from her more than she is usually called upon to give, and did not ask in vain. And I thought Mr. PAUL LONGUET played cleverly the not too easy scene of the rather callow young nephew embarrassed by the crude demands of his unpleasant uncle. Mr. ERNEST JAY had the easier task of presenting a vulgar little Cockney clerk, *Charlie Hammond*, but, having the chance of varying the mood—when, *Marble's* wife lying dangerously ill, *Hammomd* calls to offer neighbourly help—he acquitted himself well.

Miss LOUISE HAMPTON's playing of the much-tried, puzzled, trusting and finally broken wife was a beautiful sensitive performance, without a false note.

T.

WITH MUSICAL HONOURS.

[In a recent article in *The Sunday Times*, Mr. ERNEST NEWMAN complains that *Mephistopheles* has always been "scandalously ill-treated in music," *e.g.*, by GOUNOD and other composers, and urges modern composers to try their hand at his "musical rehabilitation."]

How pleasant of nice Mr. NEWMAN
To plead in his masterful way
With a sympathy wholesomely human
For the undermost dog of his day!
Though base be his hero and sordid,
He is cut, it appears, to the quick
By the treatment (in music) accorded
Till now to Old Nick.

His facile and critical eye sees
No point—so at least I surmise—
In allotting dull negative vices
To the part of the Father of Lies,
So he urges young reapers to action
In the harvest thus scantily gleaned,
Who'll produce for our joint satisfaction
A positive Fiend.

Well, it's plain as one ponders this planet,
With its terrors, intrigues and unrest,
And the fools who to fury would fan it,
That Auld Hornie is quite at his best;
And, entrenched as he is so securely
In discord all over the place,
To ignore him in harmony's surely
A downright disgrace.

Then arouse ye, O youthful composers!
Let this theme every talent inspire
To dress Satan—the Spirit we know, Sirs—
In his true operatic attire;
With each instrument riot and revel,
Mephistopheles tackle anew,
And give at long last the poor Devil
His musical due. A. K.

ANOTHER CODE.

A LITTLE while ago I was writing about *Bentley's Code* for those in danger of telegraphy at sea, and was endeavouring to wrest from its strictly commercial pages a lover's requirements. I have now seen another Code, rich in what might be called the raw material of romance. The *A.B.C. Code* I should describe as more adventurous than *Bentley*. Whoever compiled it must either have read a great many novels of the sea or have been on some odd voyages; and whoever is contemplating following in the footsteps of CLARK RUSSELL, HERMAN MELVILLE, CONRAD and TOMLINSON will find that its entries press a thousand buttons.

The *A.B.C.* offers some disappointments. There is no word for maroon (although I find marmalade: GIDOA), and none for doubloons, pieces of eight or treasure, although there are plenty of references to gold, and the Captain is able to flash home the glad tidings that he has been ENIMP or "captured by pirates."

The pages allotted to the word Captain in all its branches are almost a story of the deep without further trimmings, the telegrapher here being of course, not the skipper himself, but the agents. In fact it is really the agents' *vade mecum*; the Captain is a secondary figure. For example: EMSYO, Captain fell overboard and rescued. ENBJY, Captain lost overboard. ENBAO, Captain is drunk. ENBET, Captain is insane. ENBFU, Captain is unwell and remains on shore. ENCIZ, Captain refuses to go to sea. ENCSI, Captain replaced by Chief Officer. ENDLE, Captain under restraint. ENGFE, Send another Captain immediately. AEYBZ, Must be a total abstainer. AYGJU, Has run aground, expect will become a total wreck—you can see the agents' hands there, although one or two of the messages might have proceeded from the Mate.

The Captain, however, can get his own back. Thus: AWIKP, Agent cannot be depended upon. AWIWB, Agent in fault. AWJHO, Agent is bankrupt. AWJXE, Agent knows nothing. AWPEY, Do not know any agent who can be recommended. AWUZB, Lloyd's Agent is dead. NINAC, Is habitually drunk. ARKTE, The person is an adventurer, be on your guard. ARKUF, Is an adventurer, have nothing to do with him.

But agents are not a captain's only adversaries. OAIGU, Chief engineer is unwell and remains on shore. OAIKY, Chief engineer not on board. OAILZ, Chief engineer not to be found. TRAZF, Mate is dead. TREAO, Mate lost overboard. TREET, Mate not to be found. TREKZ, Please send fresh mate. IDEFZ, Can do nothing with the crew. IDEJD, Crew are all drunk. IDEWP, Crew have been before the Consul and some of them are sent to prison, shall engage others to take their places. IDFCY, Crew have deserted. IDFMI, Crew have mutinied. IDIGI, Crew quite exhausted not having had any food for some days. IDKCI, Fate of the crew unknown. IDMEO, Most of the crew down with scurvy. UWRNI, Natives becoming beyond control. UWRUO, Natives rebelling and very excited. UWRYT, Natives settling down quietly.

Under Owners I find nothing that the Captain would want to say, but it is probably they who would instruct the agents to tell him either BEIJV or BEIHT: Please announce the birth of a son, Please announce the birth of a daughter. Twins are not contemplated. E. V. L.

THE BOY WHO INTERRUPTED.

My choler rises and my gorge
When I reflect how little George
Was never in his childhood chid
For interrupting as he did,
And grew in consequence so keen
On being heard as well as seen
That talks could simply not begin
Without young Georgie butting in.

In school he strained and nearly burst
To answer masters' questions first;
And when he didn't understand,
Instead of putting up his hand,
He shouted out from where he sat,
"Oh, please, Sir, this," or "Please, Sir, that,"
A policy to be decried
As putting masters off their stride.

In spite of punishments (a lot)
The more he grew the worse he got,
Until in course of time his tongue
Became so very lightly sprung
He could not sit a talkie through
Without a loud remark or two,
Which often ruined vital scenes
Between the lovers on the screens,
And made attendants flit about
To mobilise the chucker-out;
While nearly every week affairs
Occurred in which commissionaires
Removed him kicking from the stalls
Of hippodromes and music-halls.

In church the way he'd interject
When preachers halted for effect
Made nervous clergy hardly dare
To pause for breath when he was there,
And vergers constantly were told
To keep him well outside the fold.

So George now walks this mortal vale
So many miles beyond the pale
That all the talk that he can get
Is gathered from his wireless-set,
Which, as he listens day and night,
He interrupts with all his might;
While neighbours who with growing pain
Hear George, then set, then George again,
Loudly denounce the double din
And talk of calling policemen in.

The future thus appears to be
A trifle overcast for G.

A Modern Martyr.

"Wanted, Christian Young Lady for Hot Plate."—*Belfast Paper.*

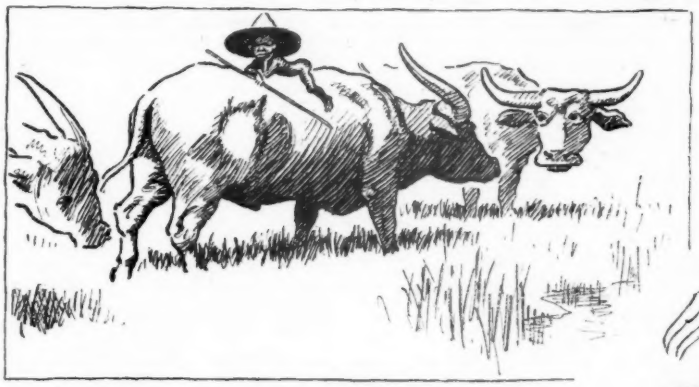
Post-Easter Eggs.

"PRODUCED BY CANARIES."
Showcard on tray of fine tomatoes in local fruiterer's.

Gems of Perfect Piffulence.

"Lord Lloyd is still comparatively a young man and the fact of possessing the spirit of Vieux Jeu makes him appear even younger than he is."—*Sussex Paper.*

MR. PUNCH'S SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE DUTCH EAST INDIES.



"He holds no parley with unmanly fears:
Where duty bids he confidently steers."—*Wordsworth.*



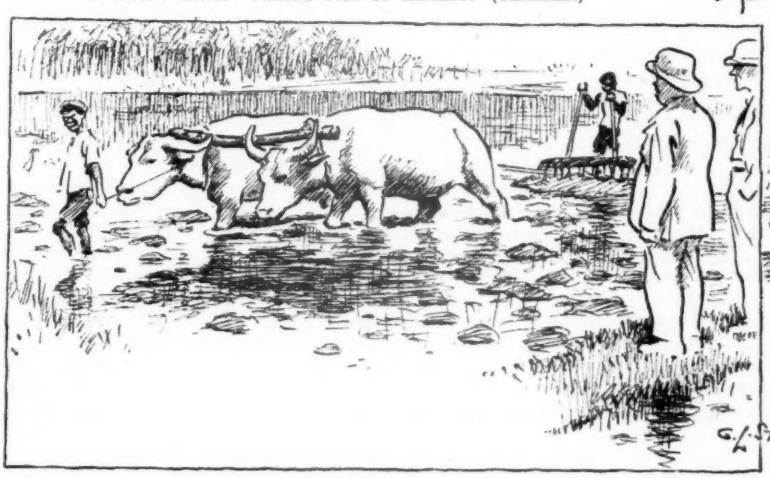
The far-flung English language.
Chorus (to Tourist who has snapped them). "Tip!"



A Swing Song. Taking pigs to market. (Celebes.)



The last word in leg-wear.
(Sabang.)



British Farmer (seeing rice-fields for the first time). "Looks to me he ought to be drainin' 'stead of ploughin'. How can he keep in his furrows?"



Late Arrival. "IF YOU HADN'T COME SO RIDICULOUSLY EARLY I SHOULDN'T NEED TO SQUEEZE PAST YOU."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ON the day when THOMAS WENTWORTH died on Tower Hill, one of a cheerful company at the "Crosse Keyes" tavern in the Strand, vowing that the great Earl was damned as surely as "this glasse" was broken, flung his wine-glass to the ceiling. As it rebounded in the rafters, struck the wall, fell to the floor and remained undamaged, all that were there were amazed. "BLACK TOM TYRANT," exponent of the policy of "thorow," living at a time when half a week might be spent in the Irish crossing, which it was one of his tangible achievements to clear of Algerian pirates, was born to be the scourge of grafters. He might be "painted on Gibbetts, underwritt with a great deale of poetry"—the contemporary equivalent of an abusive leading article—but he was an unsleeping guardian of the King's revenues and inflexibly the champion of the poor. Lady BURGHCLERE, making the happiest use of newly-available material in one of the most brilliant historical essays of recent years —*Strafford* (MACMILLAN, 30/-),—has established in stature and dignity, and even in something of saintliness, the character of the man whose destruction was compassed because he alone could have made a reality of the "personal" government of CHARLES STUART. For the KING —vacillating, treacherous, supercilious—Lady BURGHCLERE has never a word of comfort; neither does she doubt that the Parliamentary party must either have removed STRAFFORD or submitted to autocracy; yet she leaves his execution a judicial murder, while his loyalty and his administrative efficiency place him in the van of England's proud line of Empire pro-consuls.

In coming to grips with BULWER LYTTON Mr. MICHAEL SADLEIR has set himself a twofold task of great difficulty. He has, in the first place, to write the critical history of a literary Zimri who in the course of some seventy-odd years produced historical fiction, domestic stories, tales of terror, novels of crime, plays, pamphlets, criticism and essays, all of them fashionable in their day and none with any certain tenure of immortality. On a terrain like this a critic of Mr. SADLEIR'S calibre looks a little like a DUVEEN or a QUARITCH presiding over a pitch in the Caledonian Market. And if *Bulwer : A Panorama* (CONSTABLE, 16/-) has its setbacks on the literary side it is equally handicapped, I feel, when it copes (as this volume particularly does) with the *vie intime* of EDWARD and ROSINA, 1803–1836. It is hard to strike the right note in dealing with careers of such raffish brilliance as those of this early-Victorian lion (with his mane, as TENNYSON said, in curl-papers) and his not inexcusably shrewish Hibernian mate. Mr. SADLEIR remains the conscientious advocate of both parties, though his contention that they were on the whole rather pleasanter than their neighbours might perhaps have been proved without so harsh a mishandling of THACKERAY. The rest of the crowd is excellently drawn, the figure of MAGINN—of whom Mr. SADLEIR succinctly remarks that his name was writ in spirits-and-water—inspiring a particularly fine piece of adequately unsparing portraiture. I shall await more tidings of the LYTTON circle *arrectis auribus*.

Few tellers of short stories could, I feel, survive were they to show themselves as careless of the stock tricks as Mr. ROBERT HICHENS is in *My Desert Friend* (CASSELL, 7/6). The most intriguing of his latest half-dozen are constructed round mysteries mainly turning on identity, and he presents you at the outset with all the keys, like an ingenuous and benevolent *Bluebeard*. Personally I had no initial doubt whatever of the antecedents of the magnificent French recluse whose bachelor establishment in the desert at the back of Tunis presented such an attractive enigma to the narrator of number one. But what did that matter when every step of the foreseen way was graced with such dexterous interplay of character, such subtle harmony of atmosphere as this legend of a Provençal *Damon* and his Arab *Pythias*? So too with "Prescott-Smith's Victim." The victim quite obviously played the *rôle* of chief victimiser in the horrible little cathedral-town vendetta which arose in Brinkton over a choice of anthems. But here too undercurrents are strong enough to modify very powerfully the trend of a conventional plot. I was less taken with "The Surgeon's Story," a rather repellent yarn of crude passions and professional pride; and with "Little Marguerite," the history of an intriguing understudy and a *passée* leading lady. But "Dreams Fade" had a certain charm and struck me as a theme susceptible of more; while the telephone scene in "The Under-Man"—a *finale* of unequalled tension—scored as a telling modern variant of the best classical method of registering horror.



Assistant (to girl trying on an extinguisher). "IT GIVES MODOM'S FACE AN AIR OF MYSTERY—VERY CHIC."

Colonel PETER HAWKER is known to shooting people and to most others as the author of the classic *Instructions to Young Shooters*. Not everyone, however, knows PETER as a diarist of the PEPYS *genre*, who by vigour of style and virtue of words has made commonplace things of long-ago sparkle and live. Yet in 1893 the late Sir RALPH PAYNE-GALLWEY edited a selection from the HAWKER journals which was allowed to go out of print. To-day Messrs. PHILIP ALLAN come with *Colonel Hawker's Shooting Diaries* (21/-), a new selection which is happy in having Mr. ERIC PARKER not only to edit but most amply and charmingly to introduce. This introduction, with family letters, portraits and a vivid description (HAWKER'S own) of the battles of the Douro and Talavera (where young PETER was wounded and done for as a soldier), reads romantically. It is intriguing to know that when Mr. PARKER would begin his task the original diaries were found to be missing, as likewise were the typed copies from which Sir RALPH had worked forty years ago. And it is exciting to hear how the latter were found just in time to make this book. PETER HAWKER, of Longparish, Andover, was born, an aristocrat, in 1786. He died in 1853. HAWKER was a different type of sportsman from his contemporary, OSBALDESTON. He was a devoted husband and a doting father. He was fond of his dogs and he cared for his dependants. He loved music. And to judge from the frontispiece HAWKER must have been as goodly a man to see alive on the stubbles as he is to meet alive here on the printed page. The publication of this book is an event in shooting literature.

Two and Twenty (JOHN LANE, 7/6) shows us the art of fiction reduced to its lowest terms. I hasten to add that I mean nothing violently uncomplimentary by this, but merely that Mr. C. S. FORESTER has not on this occasion troubled

his head about construction, but has told a simple love-story in the simplest possible fashion. The result is readable, which, after all, is the chief thing, and one or two of the characters are neatly sketched in. *Cyril Meryon Leigh*, a medical student who has failed in anatomy and is now living precariously on the proceeds of poetry and boxing, meets *Lucia Graves*, a young woman who belongs to the Knight Ladies' Physical Training College and does massage-work in the well-known hospital of SS. Peter and Paul. In fact she has to deal with his case when he undergoes a comminuted fracture of the third metacarpal while fighting in a novices' competition. It is a case of love at first sight and a secret marriage with the least possible delay and a short period of probation in the lodging-house of *Mrs. Noon* before everything is definitely and properly settled. Mr. FORESTER clearly knows something about boxing, and probably more about medical students, and one would say he has also a slight working knowledge of the ways of poets who are striving to get a hearing in the magazines and reviews. I like his literary agent and the remarkable *Mr. Newnham Newton*, and I admit that *Lucia Graves*, modern and "forward" as she is, possesses a certain charm. About *Mrs. Noon*, the lodging-house keeper, hangs a faint flavour of the immortal *Mrs. Berry* in *Richard Feverel*. Very slight, but not unpleasing, must be my verdict.

After I had read the first few chapters of Mrs. HENRY DUDENEY'S latest novel, *The House in the High Street* (COLLINS, 7/6), I felt as though I had been allowed to open the front of a Victorian dolls'-house. All the familiar figures were there at a glance—the be-sashed little girls, the whiskered papa, the baby in the cradle, the mamma on the sofa, the nurse in the nursery, and all arranged against suitable backgrounds of lace curtains, ginger-coloured graining and glazed chintz. But there was nothing doll-like about the *Birtles* sisters, even though they were expected by their parents to behave as submissively and automatically as puppets. *Cordelia*, the eldest of them, was brought up in the belief that "every woman, quite naturally, was a born wife, a born mother, a born nurse. If you were neither a wife nor a mother, then obviously you were a nurse. If you disputed this or if you failed in your duty you were a monster." So poor *Cordelia*, who loathed sickness, nursed first her mother, then her grandmother and then her father, whose illness interrupted her own love-affair. After this she settled down to make a life for herself. The story of a young woman's struggle for freedom has been told many times before, but seldom with such malice and sympathy. Mrs. DUDENEY has distilled for us the cloying essence of Victorianism, has described the stuffy furnishing of minds as well as rooms, and yet has managed to remind us of the wit, comfort and serenity that added a measure of charm to an age that is past.



Film-Fan (returning to box-office). "I SAY, MISS, WILL YOU CHANGE MY TICKET FOR THIS DAY WEEK? I SEE THIS FILM ISN'T SO GOOD AS THE NEXT ONE; IT SAYS IN THE PROGRAMME, 'MORE UTTERLY AMAZINGLY FRANK THAN ANY PICTURE YET PRESENTED.'"

There can be no doubt that ERICH MARIA REMARQUE feels very deeply about many of the things of which he writes in *The Road Back* (PUTNAM, 7/6), a narrative impression of Germany in the early days after the War. Not a few of his passages are of the essence of poetry, and some are full of rhetoric that rings true. But whether his artistic sense hints that this can be overdone, or whether he has one eye on a public which likes to get down to facts, he is constantly pulling himself up with a jerk and lapsing into the commonplace. Ceasing to be surprised at these concessions, one soon begins to look out for them, and eventually one smiles at the artificiality of the effort not to be philosophical and rather moving all the time. The trick in its simplest form consists in the use of a lowbrow word or two by way of proving that all this highbrow introspective stuff has something to do with real life. But without such aids and in spite of a few touches of melodrama he makes that point clear enough.

Mr. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE is back among familiar surroundings in *Pacific Gold* (COLLINS, 7/6), and has created a character, *Captain Trimmins*, who deserves a conspicuous place of honour in his gallery of portraits. It is undeniably true that the atmosphere of the Pacific is a shade too heady for some of our novelists, but Mr. STACPOOLE can be trusted to remain not unduly excited by its "luxuriant majesty." And in this tale he gives us a most engaging treasure-hunt, the treasure being composed of what dear old *Trimmins* insists upon calling "ambergrease." As fellow-voyagers in the *Sarah Trimmins* the *Captain* has his righteous nephew, a frank and very sensible English girl and an American young man who was adrift in a small boat when he was sighted and saved. They are a delightful quartet, and I have been more than glad to follow their exciting and amusing adventures.

When Mr. E. H. D. SEWELL writes about games I welcome the frankness that I have learned to expect; and in a preface to *Cricket-up-to-date* (MURRAY, 7/6) Lord HAWKE says that he has read and enjoyed the book "as much for its outspokenness as for the many things which needed writing." And indeed honest opinions freely expressed abound in these pages, but whatever criticisms Mr. SEWELL has to make they are totally without malice. In one change that he advocates for the improvement of cricket I am whole-heartedly with him. Get back, he advocates, to the five-ball over. Nothing, I am convinced, would be more acceptable to the over-worked bowlers of to-day.



Ernest H. Shepard. Incorrect title

To the Nobility and Gentry of all classes
this Plate is most humbly dedicated
as a tribute of respect and fleem
by their most obedient servant Mr. Punch
at his office in Whitefriars, London
in the year one thousand nine hundred and thirty one

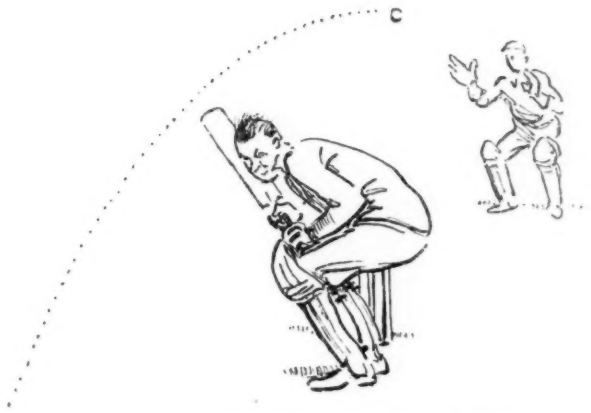


"NOW ISN'T THAT JUST MY LUCK? THE VERY SUBJECT I WAS LOOKING FOR—AND I'VE GONE AND RUN OUT OF VERMILION."

THE ENCUMBRANCE.



THERE IS NO NEED TO USE MY BAT ON THOSE BALLS OUTSIDE THE OFF-STUMP.



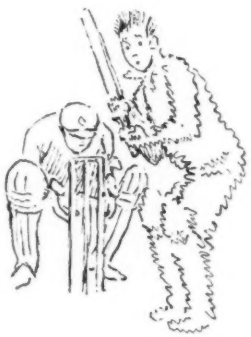
ALSO THE FAST BOWLER CAN BE SAFELY LET ALONE.



THE SWERVERS OFTEN SWERVE OUT OF REACH—



AND FOR GOOGLIES GIVE ME THE PADS.



BUT THAT HORRIBLE PLAIN HALF-VOLLEY—



THERE 'S NOTHING FOR IT BUT THE BAT—

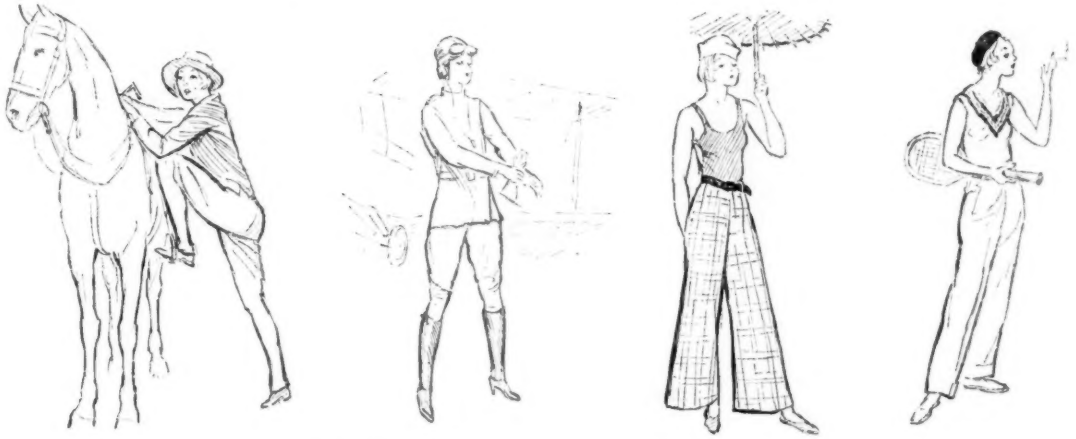


CURSE THE THING!

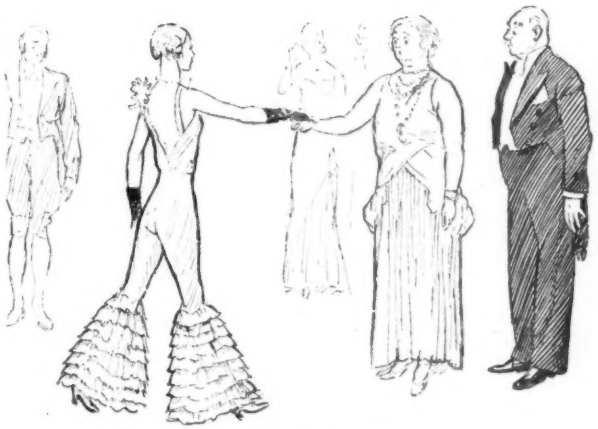


Conscientious Member of the Anti-Litter League. "LILIAN, DID WE BRING THE ASH-TRAY?"

TROUSERS—AND ALL THAT—FOR WOMEN.



THIS SORT OF THING WE'RE ALREADY USED TO.



AND NOW THERE IS THIS.



WELL, REALLY—



WHO KNOWS WHERE—



IT WILL STOP?

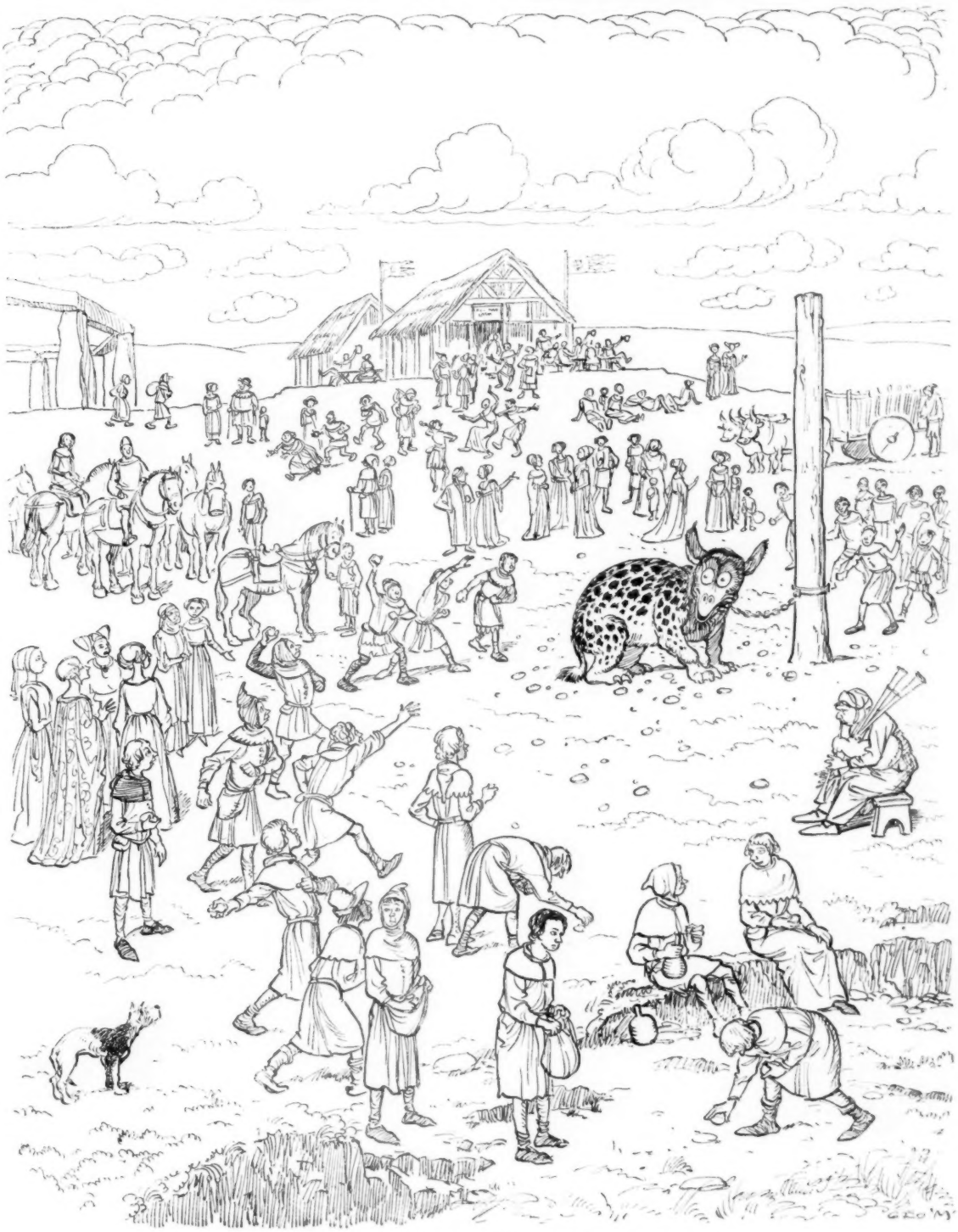


Sportsman (after difference of opinion). "I CAN'T FIGHT OWIN' TO ME EYESIGHT."
Bruiser. "THAT'S ALL RIGHT. I'LL KEEP CLOSE TO YER."



The Lady. "ASK 'IM WHAT 'E THINKS ABOUT 'OLIDAY PLACES, BERT; 'E OUGHT TO KNOW."

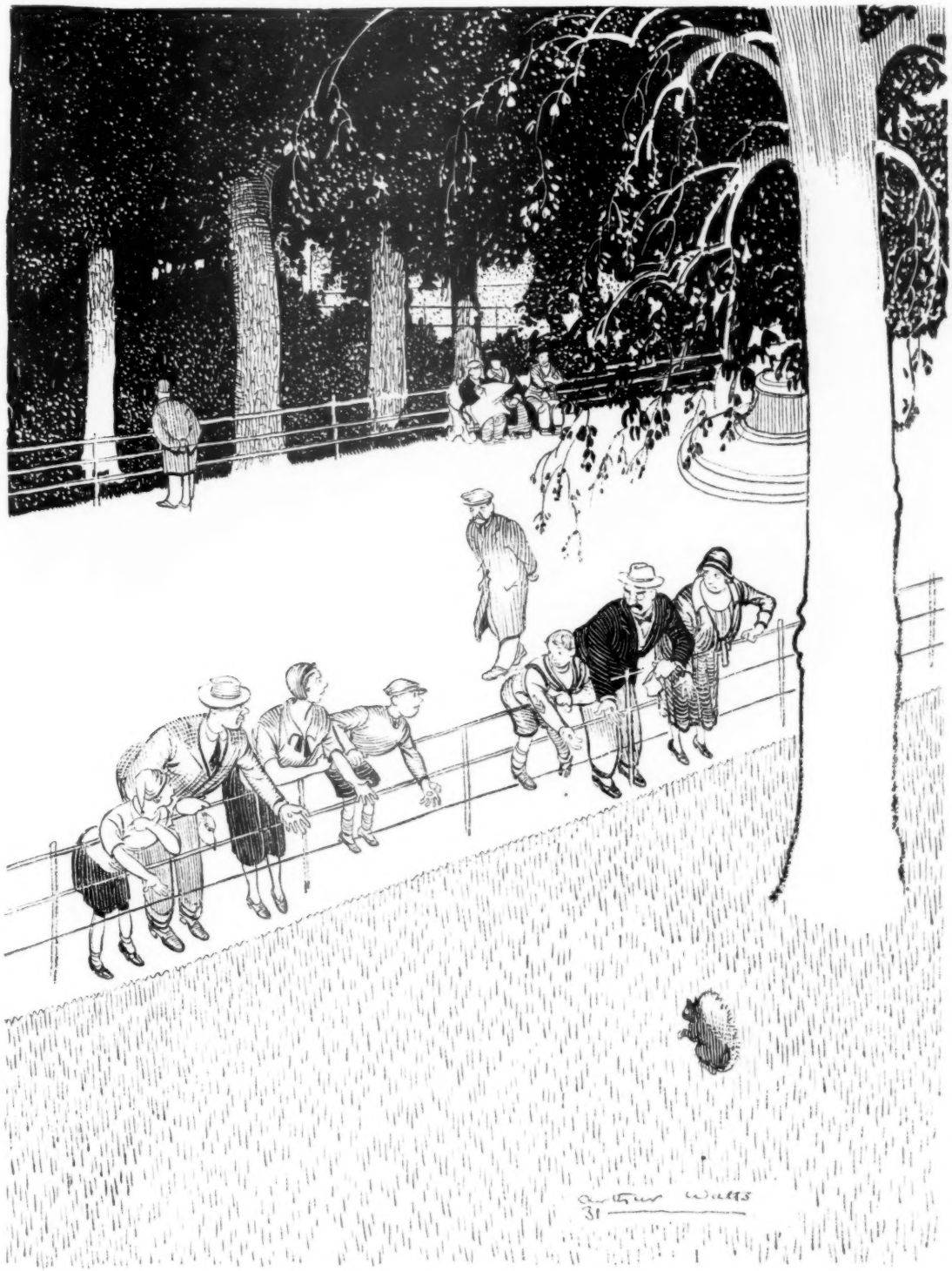
CRUEL SPORTS OF OLDEN TIMES.



"STONING THE HENGE" ON SALISBURY PLAIN.



THE PEAK OF THE HIKING SEASON.



SQUIRREL-WORSHIP: INTER-TRIBAL JEALOUSY.

PICTURE CAPTIONS THAT WENT WRONG.



CARE-FREE SUN-BATHERS ON THE RIVIERA.



THE MAYORESS OF PUDDLETHORPE OPENS THE LOCAL FLOWER-SHOW.

PICTURE CAPTIONS THAT WENT WRONG.



A DANGEROUS PASTIME. SEARCHING FOR WILD-BIRDS' EGGS IN THE AUSTRIAN TYROL.



THE MUDDLEBURY GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP. A TENSE MOMENT ON THE GREEN.



THINGS ONE MIGHT HAVE GUESSED.

"SEE THAT LITTLE MAN OVER THERE? THAT'S JONES, THE FAMOUS COMIC-STRIP ARTIST."



UNCOMPROMISING REALISM.

Artist. "HI! LEAVE THAT BIT OF PAPER ALONE! I'M PAINTING IT."

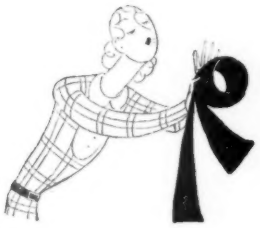
OUR VILLAGE WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.



TO-NIGHT I WANT TO SHOW YOU A SIMPLE AND EASY WAY OF MAKING A LITTLE PULL-ON HAT OUT OF A YARD OF PETERSHAM RIBBON.



FIRST TAKE THE SIZE OF YOUR HEAD.



PIN THE RIBBON FIRMLY HERE.



NOW TAKE ONE END ROUND TO THE FRONT.



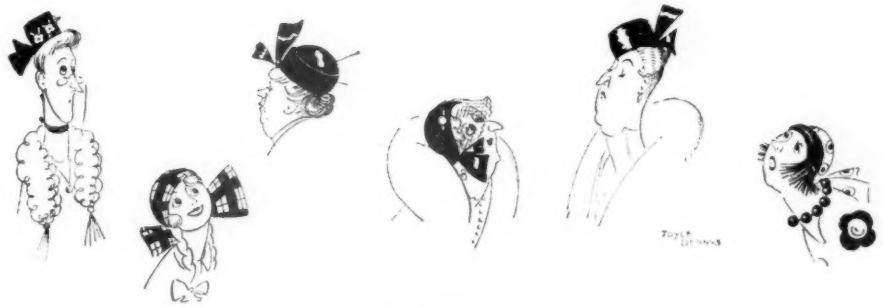
TUCK IT IN.



ARRANGE THE OTHER END AS IT SUITS YOU BEST.

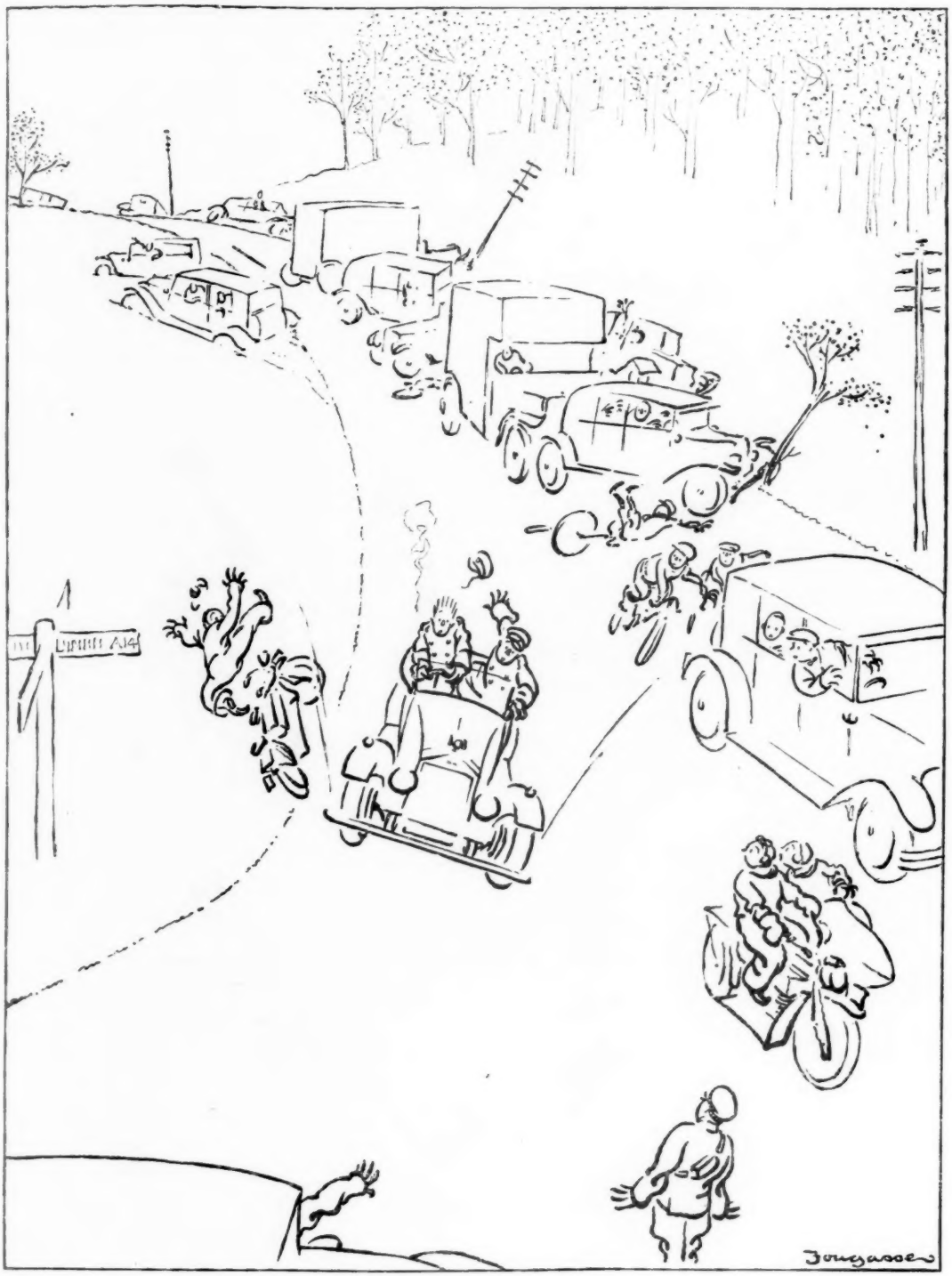


AND THERE YOU HAVE A NEW HAT FOR THREE SHILLINGS.



AND SO WE HAD.

THE SEASON'S IMPOSSIBLE THOUGHT.



THE POLICE-CAR GOES NATIVE.



Heart Specialist (meeting patient whose case he had pronounced hopeless a year ago). "YOU STILL ALIVE! WHAT CONFOUNDED QUACK HAS BEEN TINKERING WITH YOU?"

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MARCHESTER BOY.

[Most recollections of public school life and the loathing its victims felt for it are written by those who managed to endure it for about four years. Mr. Punch has pleasure in presenting a literary memoir by one who freed himself from the horrid shackles in two-and-a-half terms.]

I SUPPOSE I was always rather nervous and highly-strung, and for that reason my parents, who understood consciously and sub-consciously affecting them, there was superimposed an intense desire for food.

It was thus that I became corpulent; yet not, I think, ungracefully so. *Hamlet* I knew had been the same, and so had Lord BYRON when young. Nor did I, when agreeing with my parents' often reiterated wish that I should go to Marchester, anticipate that any definite allusion would be made by the other students to a bodily a place well fitted for a meditative stroll after heavy repasts, an exercise which I have always found conducive to the free play both of fancy and imagination.

It was not long, however, before I found out that Marchester was a mass of red tape and bureaucratic tyrannies. Duties and obligations of the most ridiculous kind were prescribed for almost every moment of the day. We were the servants of bells, of hours, of



"MY PARENTS TOOK THE GREATEST PAINS NOT TO THWART MY WISHES."

something of the wild tempest of emotion which, though none sees it, often jolly well goes on in the depth of a young boy's soul, took the greatest pains not to thwart my wishes, and helped me so far as they could to aim at self-realisation and self-expression from my earliest years.

My longings took the form of a great admiration for the beauties of nature and an urge to withdraw myself from the petty bonds of routine, especially those associated with an out-of-date educational system, superfluous baths and a slavish obedience to social rules. Added to these, and in some ways both condition which seemed to me to give to my idiosyncrasy a certain measure of dignity and poise.

How rudely and how soon was I to be undeceived!

The first distant view of the grey buildings moved me not unagreeably. It seemed to me that here might be a not inappropriate setting for those yearnings towards the infinite, those efforts to give full play to my ego, which I had promised myself during my early teens. The school field, or campus as our American cousins would call it, shaded in places by trees in which the rooks cawed, struck me as so-called games, of pedagogues, even of our fellow-boys. It was on the second day that I was there that I went up to one Wilfred Tomkins, a bright pleasant-looking lad who had been sent to this prison-house some three years previously to myself, and spoke to him of some of the thoughts that were passing in my mind. He was standing in the quadrangle with his hands in his pockets, looking at nothing in particular, and I thought perhaps I had hit upon a good moment for finding a confidant.

"Doubtless," I said, "you also, like myself, have felt that the whole of our

boyhood is being squandered in a constant round of meaningless regulations and paralysing inhibitions. Subjected to the dictates of a discipline so obsolete as to be well-nigh mediæval, ensnared in the meshes of a curriculum which has no bearing upon life as a whole, you find yourself in daily, if not hourly, revolt. You are this very moment, if I may judge from your expression, suffering ing from a species of *Weltschmerz . . .* ?"

"Get out, you fat egg!" he said.

Sighing, I went slowly down to the school tuck-shop, and not until I had regaled myself on two doughnuts and a glass of lemonade did I feel capable of facing school-life again.

What was true of my intercourse with my companions during hours of leisure was true also of my experiences in class and during the enforced drudgery of field pastimes invented by an imbecile, and religious observances calculated by their monotony to devastate the soul. Often, as I listened to the insensate gibberings of some master whose outlook upon existence was almost contemptibly narrow, I have shut my book and leaned back in my desk, surveying him from between half-closed eyelids with an ironic smile; and I was only deterred from doing so oftener by the foolish habit of one of my companions in misery who made a practice, when I adopted this attitude, of doing little pen-and-ink sketches on my ears. Once, when I was busy with my own occupations, one of the minor ushers demanded to see what I had on my desk.

"Nothing, Sir," I replied carelessly, using the jargon of the place.

"Bring it here!" he insisted.

It happened to be Chapters V. and VI. of my *Impressions of Marchester from Within*. He tore the typescript into several pieces and threw it into the waste-paper basket. Naturally I had two carbon copies in my study, so I surveyed him with an expression in which there was less of indignation than of scorn. I then resumed my seat with an air of absolute unconcern.

"What is the matter now, Wilson?" he inquired in the satirical tones of a privileged despot as I rose again somewhat hastily and with a slight flush on my features.

"Nothing, Sir," I answered again.

I did not care to inform him that a drawing-pin had been placed, with the head downwards and the point exposed, upon the surface of the bench.

I suppose that all life is a struggle. We are committed by Destiny to *Sturm* and *Drang*. But the insane travesty of idealism which consists in suffering bodily injury in order to propel a greasy ball toward a pair of wooden posts to me meant nothing but mental nausea accompanied by a physical loss of wind. "Beauty, where art thou?" I often found myself sighing when I was told to fall on this unpleasant object, or to hack it and hack it hard. But there was no reply.



"WHEN THE GHASTLY ORDEAL WAS AT AN END."



"I GAVE MYSELF UP TO REVERIE."

Hymns in chapel I found peculiarly trying, and often, holding my book reversed, would adapt to the tune some words from the latest volume of *vers libre* which had been sent out to me from an up-to-date weekly paper for review. The sermons, conceived in a spirit of pietistic platitude, had the effect of producing in me instantaneous famine, and my first corporal punishment was due to the fact that I was observed masticating a piece of nougat during some insane homily on the supposed moral value of *esprit de corps*.

Over the shame and horror of that barbarous and degrading anachronism I do, and did, prefer to draw a veil.

"Allow me to tell you this," I said to my torturer when the ghastly ordeal was at an end, "that from the depths of my soul I pity you!"

But I murmured the words *sotto voce*, lest he should be provoked to further outbursts of feral rage.

During my second term I found some mild solace for my misery. I prevailed upon my parents to buy me a Belgian hare. This I managed to smuggle into my study without any great difficulty, though the supply of fresh green food and bran to satisfy its hunger proved a continual drain on my limited income. I found, however, sympathy in its steadfast eyes, and often used to talk aloud to it during the hours which were supposed to be set apart for preparation, even sharing with it at times my own bananas and pieces of walnut-cake. It never took sausages, and seldom cheese. The creature did in fact give me for some time a certain amount of popularity with my co-inmates at Marchester, and a freckled youth named Dobson used to feed it on blotting-paper soaked in ginger-beer. Once it even ate a ten-shilling note belonging to Cox minor, and that was never regained.

As might have been expected, it fell in due course under the ruthless eye of authority. Wilfred Tomkins, who had been made a *soi-disant* prefect, found it in his study nibbling at some daffodils which had been given him by the headmaster's wife. He traced it, either by following clues or by a system of espionage, to my ownership, and, wielding the detestable vicarious authority with which he had been invested (so it would appear) by the traditions of the school, commanded me to dispose of my innocent playmate immediately. He said my study smelt.

He did not use that precise word,

and, when I replied quietly that a love of nature and of the small inhabitants of wood and field was one of the yearnings which the crude Marchester tyranny left most of all unsatisfied, he went on even more fiercely, "Get rid of the —— thing at once."

He had sworn at me. My nostrils curled slightly, but I determined to obey him, though the price which I subsequently obtained from a bird-and-animal dealer in the town ran to scarcely more than a tin of preserved fruit. As I went for a short house-run that afternoon my soul seethed with impotent rage. I ran, as usual, well in the rear of the mob whom convention had herded together, and after a while I dropped completely behind them. Throwing myself down on a bank by the roadside, I gave myself up to reverie. Anger had exhausted my physique, and I remember that I drew a small bag of peppermints from the pocket of my shorts and attempted with these to assuage my grief. All around me nature was at her gayest. The hedges were bright with young green buds. There was a rustle and a piping of birds. At another time my heart would have rejoiced at these things, but now it held blacker thoughts. It would be possible, I knew, to pinch some weed-killer from the house-master's garden and either drop it into the cocoa which I should be forced to brew for Tomkins that night, or to drain a cup of it at one draught myself. Should I do either of these things? In the end I decided not.

How I should have got through the rest of that term I scarcely know if I had not about that time begun to experience a *Schwärmerei* for the daughter of the tuckshop-keeper. She had little of that beauty which appeals so much to the commonplace boy and attracts him to the cinema during the holidays. She was dark-haired, somewhat sallow of complexion and suffered from a slight astigmatism. Her beauty lay beneath outward appearances. It was a kind of spiritual charm. I never dared to breathe aloud my passion for her, though I felt that she was aware of it and that heart spoke, albeit silently, to heart. For often when I sat in front of the counter and ordered a vanilla, or even a strawberry ice, with an almost involuntary gesture she would give me a slight extra dollop out of the spoon.

So it came about that not until my summer term did the crisis which I had long anticipated reach its terrible dénoûment. Cricket was a game which, like all other reasonable beings, I loathed, but I was often spared its futile indignities for one cause or another until about half-way through the term, when against my own wish I was compelled to participate in a house match, a moiety of the usual team being in the sanatorium with mumps. Batting, as the foolish phrase is, at the other end, when I took my place at the wickets, was Wilfred Tomkins, the captain of our side. I had not been long present, stoically making light of my martyrdom, when Tomkins struck a ball sharply to the right and called me for a run. The whole of my pent-up passions suddenly burst their flood-gates, as a swollen river overflows a dam. Something gave way in my mind. I seemed to see red. I stayed in my crease.

Tomkins stopped half-way, slipped, and then tried to return. He was too late. He was (as the phrase went) run out. As he passed me he gave me a look of unspeakable fury, at the same time muttering, "I'll talk to you afterwards about this, you —— young swine!"

Once again he had sworn at me. I did not deign to answer the bully. A kind of feyness had seized me. Gongs were beating in my brain. Tearing up the three stumps at my end I uttered a loud "Ha, ha!" and, throwing away my bat, ran suddenly from the field.



"Tearing up the three stumps, I ran suddenly from the field."

For a moment I think the rest of the players were too astonished to take any action. It is to this cause that I attribute my immunity from instant capture, for not only was I impeded by my cumbersome pads, but owing to a financial arrangement I had laid successful claim at dinner-time to the boy called Dobson's helping of spotted dog. Perhaps the speed of my flight was assisted by the knowledge that my hour had come. I threw one stump through the Prophet Elijah in the stained-glass window of the chapel as I passed, and another through that of the lower Fifth-Form room. I ran on to the headmaster's house. He was just issuing from the door. Using the third stump like a javelin, I projected it with so much accuracy that it penetrated the lower part of his beard and struck him full in the tie. His private motor-car was waiting at the kerb. I sprang into it, started it, seized the driving-wheel, and, still in a turmoil of tumultuous indignation, shattered illusions, thwarted dreams and incipient *Wanderlust*, I made off along the London Road. I had no provision for the journey save part of a ginger-nut and a single packet of butterscotch.

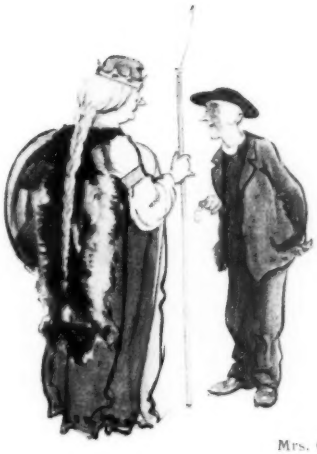


"Using the third stump like a javelin."

It was so that I left Marchester. But I think I am remembered there still.

Evoe.

THE PAGEANT AT WOPLEY-CUM-BIRCH.







IT is splendid to think what a lot of our rough island story
Took place in our own little village of Wopley-cum-Birch.
"I am certain," said old Colonel Blowby (a stout-hearted Tory),
"That Guthrum the Dane must have sacked it and looted the church!"

And as soon as he heard of the Colonel's decision, Sir Hector
Consulted the books and the records and after a while
Informed us that Oliver Cromwell, the Lord High Protector,
Had stabled his horse in the chancel and slept in the aisle.

Mrs. Cobb, to my mind, had an even more famous idea,
As she said to the Vicar (one watched him perceptibly wilt),
"It is finally settled, I take it, that Boadicea
Did murder some Romans at Wopley before it was built?"

After that it was scarcely surprising to see Dr. Johnson's
Redoubtable figure roll up in the Jenkinsons' car,
For the great lexicographer *might* have said, "Why, Sir, 'tis nonsense
To walk into Wopley! We dine very well where we are."



And I never found out why young Mottram was Julius Cæsar
Nor whom Miss Evangeline Blowby was meant to be like;
But I know that he carried her over—and that seemed to please her—
In a full crinoline on the back of his best motor-bike.

And I know that the Britons, the Saxons, the Danes and the Normans
Made a wonderful group at the end in the grounds of the Hall
And that every performer appeared to enjoy the performance;
So it seems that our history *does* do some good after all.

EVOE.



TACTFUL ANSWERS TO GARDENING CORRESPONDENTS.



COLONEL.—WE ARE VERY GLAD TO HEAR OF YOUR SATISFACTION WITH THE LADY-GARDENER YOU ENGAGED THROUGH OUR COLUMNS. WE WERE CAREFUL TO SELECT A SPECIALIST, FEELING THAT A PLAINER TYPE OF GARDENER WOULD NOT SUIT YOU SO WELL.



FED-UP.—WE SUSPECT THAT YOU ARE CORRECT IN YOUR SURMISE CONCERNING THE PARTIAL CLEARANCE OF THE STRAWBERRY-BED IN YOUR ABSENCE. IT PROBABLY *WAS* THOSE BIRDS.

TACTFUL ANSWERS TO GARDENING CORRESPONDENTS.



HEAD GARDENER—NO DOUBT IT WAS A GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT TO YOU TO FIND THAT YOUR FAVOURITE SHOW BLOSSOM HAD BEEN PICKED, AND IN THE CIRCUMSTANCES IT IS QUITE INTELLIGIBLE THAT YOU SHOULD BE LOOKING OUT FOR ANOTHER SITUATION.



GARDEN LOVER.—WE ARE ALWAYS PLEASED TO ANSWER ANY QUERY FROM OUR READERS. FROM YOUR DESCRIPTION YOUR GARDEN IS TOO EXPOSED. LET YOUR HEDGE GROW ANOTHER FOUR FEET AND YOU WILL HAVE ALL THE PROTECTION YOU REQUIRE.

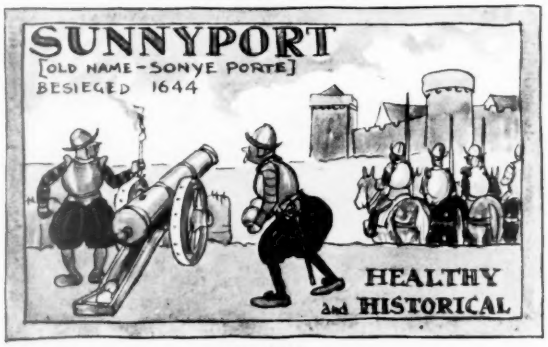
THE POSTER COMPETITION.



IN SPITE OF THE FACT—



THAT THERE WERE MANY—



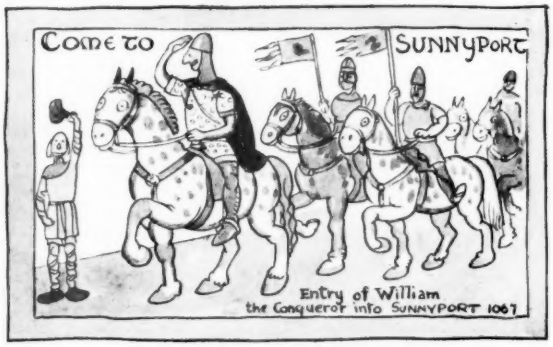
STRIKING—



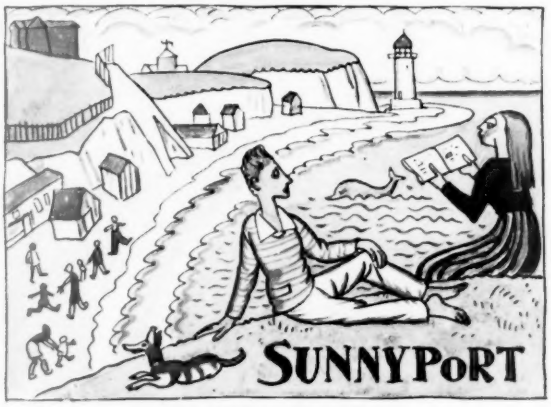
AND ORIGINAL—



DESIGNS SUBMITTED—



THE JUDGES WERE UNANIMOUS—



IN AWARDING THE PRIZE—



TO THIS ONE.



MERCURY AND CERBERUS.

EARLIEST KNOWN EXAMPLE OF A DOG'S DISLIKE OF POSTMEN.



A PRETTY MOMENT IN

LITTLE FORGET-ME-NOT PRESENTS



NT IN A CHAMPIONSHIP.

PRESENTS HER AUTOGRAPH-BOOK.



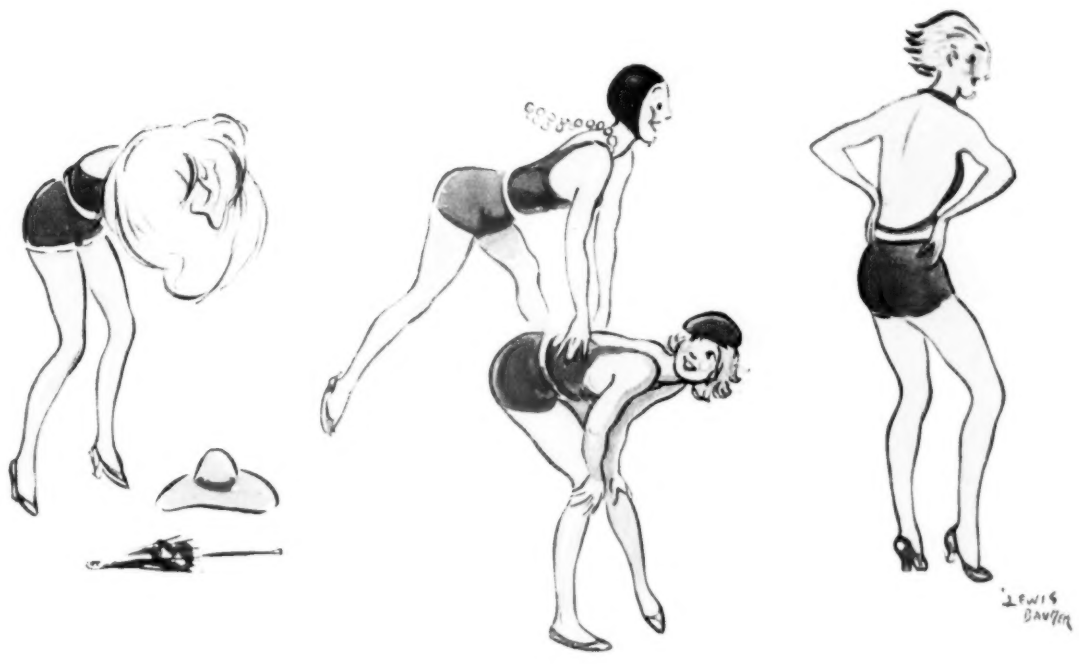
BATHING WAS ONCE A VERY SIMPLE AFFAIR. A YOUNG LADY WOULD HIRE HER COSTUME, RETIRE INTO HER MACHINE, TAKE A DISCREET DIP, AND THERE WAS AN END TO IT.



NOW-A-DAYS, IF ONE GOES ON THE SANDS—



ONE HAS TO BE PREPARED FOR ANYTHING—



OR HARDLY ANYTHING.

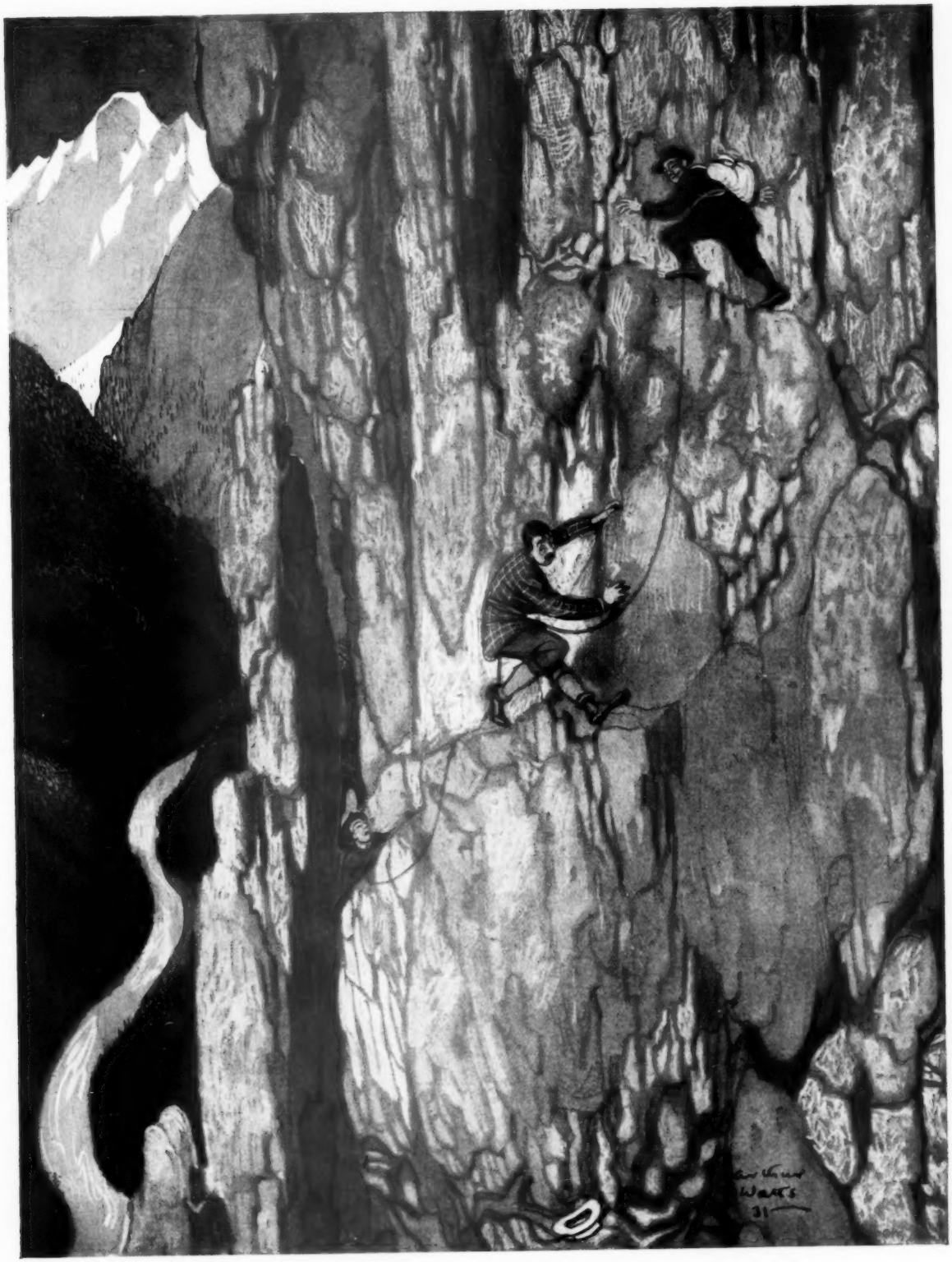
TWO IDYLLS.



LOVERS' LANE: YESTERDAY.



TO-DAY.



The Guide. "TAKE IT EASY, SIR, AND KEEP YOUR STRENGTH FOR THE DIFFICULT PART."



A COMEDY IN PORCELAIN; OR, A MANTELPIECE ROMANCE.

TRAILERS.

A "TRAILER," as you doubtless know, is the modern way of advertising big feature-films in the theatres in which they are shortly due to appear. It has almost entirely replaced the execrably-drawn and violently-coloured outside poster with "Coming Shortly" pasted across the enormous faces of the inter-twined hero and heroine in a four-out-of-five-have-it manner. This is all to the good, and cannot but enable us to think better and kinder thoughts when passing to and fro about the streets.

Further than that the fellow doesn't care to commit himself, but one gathers that, taking it all in all, he thinks pretty fairly of the picture.

These modest claims are sometimes emphasised by being exploded at you in chunks at five-seconds' interval in fancy lettering and unexpected corners of the screen. Thus a sudden series of detonations will eventually read :—

"— A HEART-THRILLING STORY —— OF INFINITE APPEAL ——PATHOS —— PASSION —— SACRIFICE —— AND —— APUREGIRLSLOVE —— A REAL —— LALAPALOOSA."

dawn . . ." and "*So down life's path two hearts at last . . .*" and the rest of it are still in the merciful darkness of the future. And all the disillusionment too. This week we have the thrills, thrills, thrills of the Broadway Limited Express and five Rolls-Royces about to impinge at 120 m.p.h.; next week will only baulk our healthy instinct for destruction by the intermingled fragments of a cardboard locomotive and two four-seater Fords seen through a cloud of red steam.

In very advanced cases the "trailer" is not manufactured from the picture, but



"SOME STARTLING EFFECTS LIKE THIS."

The "trailer" is generally shown on the screen just after the "Boop-a-doop Buddies Band" have sunk into the floor and just before the present week's feature, and is often mistaken by inexperienced old ladies for the present week's feature itself. They have some excuse, for in most cases the "trailer" is a series of short lengths of film lifted from the more exciting parts of the picture it is advertising and joined together in one thrilling reel. In lieu of sub-titles, however, it is interlarded with such expressions of reserved approval as:—

"UNDENIABLY THE WORLD'S MOST DRAMATIC, SENSATIONAL AND GRIPPING HYPER-SUPER FILM."

And to show that those responsible do honestly think the picture isn't so bad they wind up the "trailer," a trifle diffidently you may consider, with:—

"SEE IT! HEAR IT!

The Sure-Fire Hottest All-Talking, All-Singing, All-Dancing, All-Colour, All-Moving Picture!

IT SINGS! IT TALKS!! IT DANCES!!!

THRILLS! THRILLS! THRILLS!"

You get the idea? Well, that's a "trailer." And good stuff too! Far better indeed, in my opinion, than the picture itself, because in a "trailer" naturally none of the boring parts of the feature is included. All the "*Came the*

is a specially made filmlet in which next week's male star, happening to be caught by the camera, takes a few minutes off to tell us how clever he is going to be in *Passion's Toy* (coming Monday); and why, look! who should happen along but next week's female star, who at once feels she's just gotta sing a lil piece of the theme-song ("Every Sugar-daddy has a Candy-kid")! And, after she's rolled her eyes and managed to register sex-appeal several times, why, who is it they both see across the street but next week's comedian, who steps over and lets off a few cracks which I'm sure we should laugh at if they were spoken in



"Sent round the country on specially-designed lorries like a travelling circus."

any sort of English we could understand.

Except as a pretty useful warning, this type of "trailer" is terrible.

But just why the idea of the "trailer" should be thus confined to the film-world I am at a loss to understand. Why not introduce it into other arts—assuming for the purpose of argument that American films are art? It would be particularly suited to music, and it certainly should be very effective in painting. For instance, I can imagine a "trailer" of the Royal Academy Exhibition in the shape of illustrated booklets containing either reproductions of the more exciting sections of the more exciting pictures, or, better, made-up groups consisting of suitable figures cleverly selected from different works exhibited. Any good publicity man could get some startling effects like this: say, a composite scene of Mr. Mahlstick's seated portrait of "Alderman Chubleigh" with his well-known pop-eyed stare; Miss Carmine Pallet's figure of *Salome* from "Herod's Pleasure," and the constable on point-duty from Sir Lake Madder's "Holborn."

Sculpture presents greater difficulties, but, as I understand most sculptors work from preliminary models in clay or plaster, these could be arranged in highly peculiar groups as a "trailer" and sent round the country on specially designed lorries like a travelling circus. Those figures whose postures lent themselves could have "throw-away" hand-bills ("Please take one!") tucked under their arms, or carry advertising posters like newsboys—

"Undeniably the World's most Dramatic and Sensational Exhibition of Sculpture. See it! Feel it! Coming Shortly!"

For an Epstein exhibition, of course, special steam-tractors would be necessary; on the other hand, he could, if he wished to save on haulage-charges, easily chip portions off his major works

—particularly from the hands and feet—and send those round instead. While I won't display my lack of knowledge of Art by saying it would be an improvement, I'm sure at any rate they'd never be missed.

But the greatest and widest future for the "trailer" lies in the literary world. Indeed, to let you into a secret—if you have got as far as this—Mr. Peter Parasang, author of *The Dagger in the Diaphragm*, *The Jugular Jagger* and other well-known murder mysteries, having recently asked me to write an appreciatory advertisement for his next book, I decided to cast it in "trailer" form. My idea was to have it



"WAS THAT THE ROAR OF A TRAIN?"

printed as a brochure to be given away shortly before publication. It goes something like this:—

MYSTERY! MYSTERY! MYSTERY!

Who is the Garrotting Gorilla? He, She or It? Don't Miss It (*Her or Him*).

Say, just slap the optic on p. 107, part of:—

. . . Within the room all was blackness. Hugh Desmayne, one hand on the electric-light switch, the other clutching his revolver, peered forward into the velvety darkness. Suddenly a gurgle sounded just to his right—then three groans to his left. A death-rattle or so rang out in front of him and there was the rush of life-blood upon a thick-pile Aubusson carpet. His senses, keyed to the uttermost, signalled him a vague impression that something terrible might be happening in that room. He switched on the light. *Ah!* AH!! AH!!! It was the Garrotting Gorilla. . . .

It talks! It moves! It murders!

COMING SHORTLY.

Don't fail to get this book.

COMING SHORTLY.

Say, now give page 279 *the once-over:*

. . . Hugh Desmayne lay on the railway-track bound head and foot. His head was secured on the up main line, his feet on the down. "It will be amusing for you," the masked unknown had snarled, "to see whether the 9.40 London-Sheffield Express will be on time and so remove your feet before the 8.15 goods from Nottingham—which is usually five minutes late—takes your head. Should the 8.15 goods be only three minutes late the—er—accidents will be simultaneous. Here is a schedule and you can work it out for yourself. . . ."

Was that the roar of a train? No, it was worse. It was the roar of *two* trains. Which would reach him first? Always a gambler, even in the teeth of death, his head had two to one in bobs on the 9.40 with his feet. The trains were coming, coming.

COMING SHORTLY!

This will be the finest All-Talking, All-Murdering, Huper-Syper Mystery Story ever placed for purposes of relaxation in the hands of a Cabinet Minister.

COMING SHORTLY!!!

This seems to me all right. It is, I feel, galvanic. It has certainly galvanised Mr. Peter Parasang himself. He has been on the 'phone for me three times this morning, and, though I have three times told him respectfully that I was out, I feel he is getting to disbelieve even me. So meanwhile I am working on the alternative or advanced type of "trailer"—a sort of conversation between the author and his characters introducing the latter.

Mr. Parasang. Why, hullo, Mr. Desmayne! Glad to see you about and in print once more. You seem wonderfully intact after your terrible time in my last book.

Hugh Desmayne. What mattered it, so long as I solved the mystery of the Dagger in the Diaphragm—whose dagger and whose diaphragm?

Mr. Parasang. You should really investigate this case of the Garrotting Gorilla who has recently been terrorising Ealing Broadway. I feel sure there would be a book in it.

Hugh Desmayne. There is and will be. . . . Drama, Passion and the Love of a Pure Young Girl—— Er—that reminds me! . . . Allow me to introduce Miss Dollie Dumbelle, the most charming heroine you have yet created.

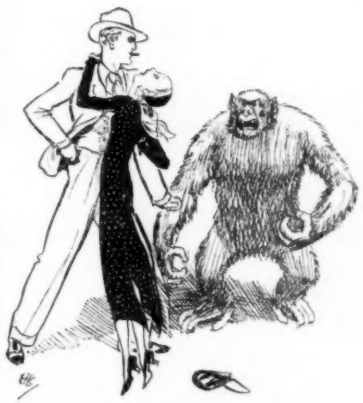
Miss Dumbelle. Delighted! . . . (*With a look at* Mr. Parasang *she melts into* Hugh's *embrace*). Oh, Hugh, you *will* save me from this gorilla?

Mr. Parasang. Really, I'm——

Hugh Desmayne. Not you, Sir. She refers to the *Garrotting* Gorilla.

Mr. Parasang. Oh, of course. But (*alertly*) you'll have some pretty ticklish situations first, Miss Dumbelle. Decoyed to mysterious houses, shut up in dark-rooms where any development may be expected, alone in haunted chapels with homicidal maniacs, kidnapped by this fiend in human shape—I should say, this human in gorilla's shape——

Miss Dumbelle (*drawing herself up proudly*). I know my duties. Without my intrusion the mystery could of course be solved quite simply in chap-



"THE GARROTTING GORILLA."

ter four. No, you may rely on me to make the usual fool of myself. . . .

Hugh Desmayne (*hoarsely*). What's that? Look!

Miss Dumbelle (*shrieks*). *Aah!!* The Garrotting Gorilla!

Mr. Parasang (*proudly*). *I* made it. It moves. It talks.

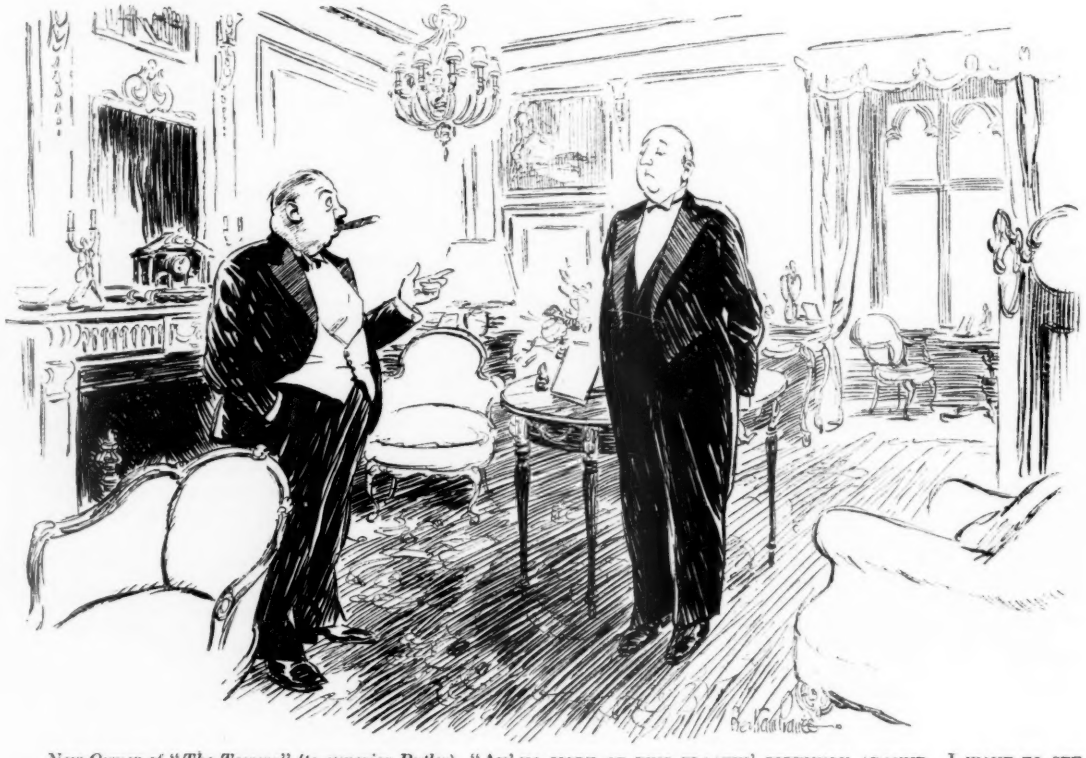
And so on. But I fear Mr. Parasang won't like that either. Too advanced for him. He is really a very unenterprising fellow. He'll back away from me looking quite scared, and he'll end up by writing himself—at his publisher's request—Ye Simple Olde Tyme "blurb" for the inside of the jacket:—

"*In this book Mr. Parasang once more proves himself a master of unusual crime and mysterious incident, etc. . . Thrills abound and the reader is kept breathless till the final chapters, etc. . . . Will certainly place its author in the front rank of present-day novelists.*"

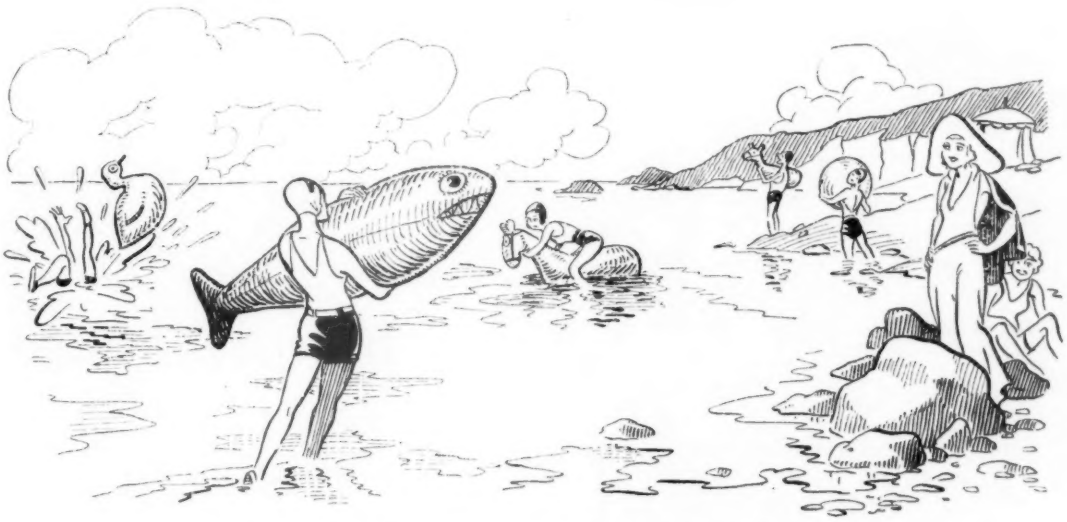
Ah, well! Poor conventional fish! But, if I know my business, the day of the literary trailer will come. A. A.



Golfer (whose ball has been retrieved from out of bounds by farmer). "VERY DECENT OF HIM."
Caddie. "HE KEEPS TRYIN' TO SELL THIS BIT O' LAND TO THE CLUB. YOU'VE GIVEN HIM FRESH HOPE."



New Owner of "The Towers" (to superior Butler). "AN' NO MORE OF THIS FLOATIN' SOLEMNLY AROUND. I WANT TO SEE YOU SCAMPER."



IT IS HOPED THAT THE POPULARITY OF THE INFLATED RUBBER FLOAT—

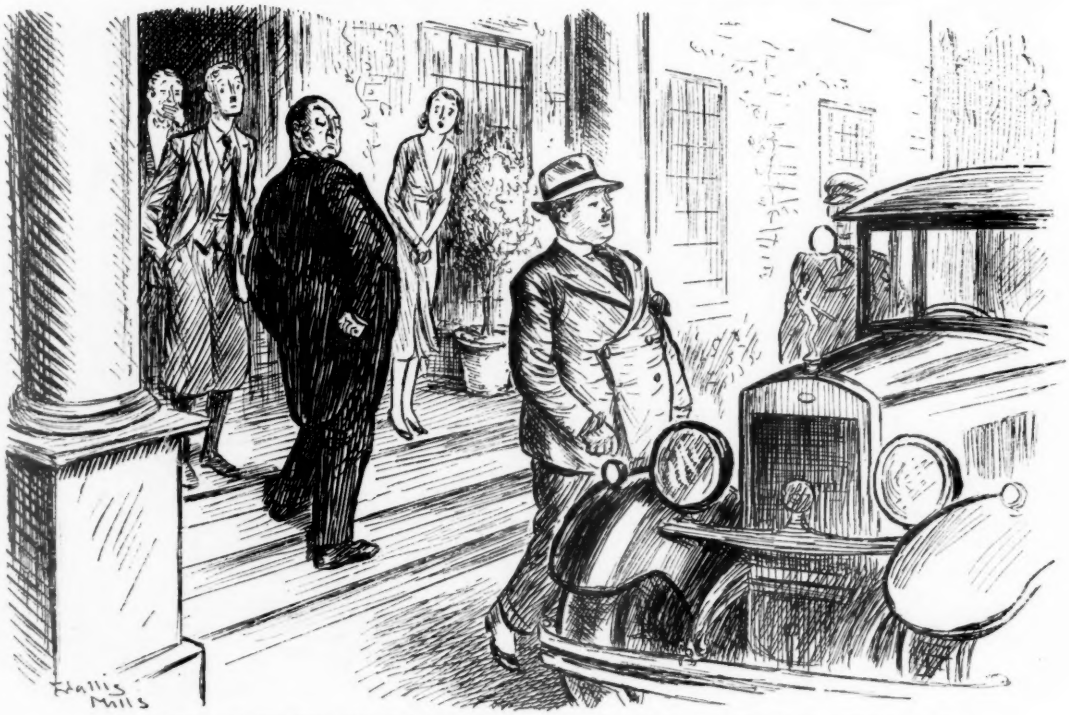


WILL ENCOURAGE THE INDUSTRY TO DEVELOP NEW FEATURES.

UNCONSCIOUS HUMOURISTS.



THE CHARMING YOUNG GOLD-DIGGER WHO EXPECTED RESULTS FROM AN ABERDONIAN.



THE PARTING GUEST WHO WAS QUITE SURE THAT HE HAD GIVEN THE BUTLER AN ADEQUATE TIP.

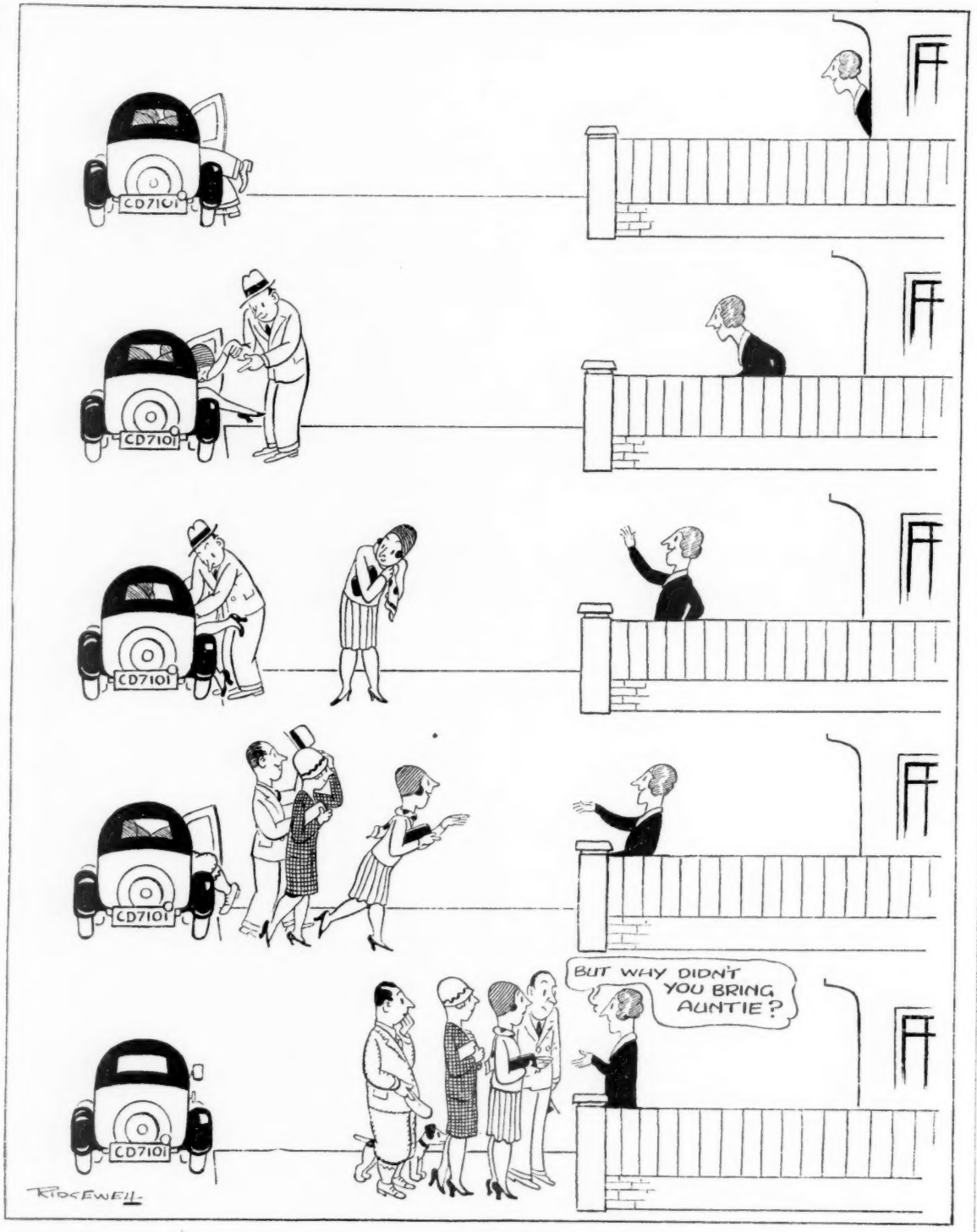
UNCONSCIOUS HUMOURISTS.



THE CURATE'S WIFE, WHO, KNOWING SHE WAS THE BEST-DRESSED WOMAN AT A LOCAL GARDEN-PARTY, THOUGHT SHE MIGHT BE DOING HER HUSBAND A BIT OF GOOD.



THE EMINENT PROFESSOR OF HORTICULTURE WHO THOUGHT HE COULD TEACH HIS GARDENERS A THING OR TWO.


CD7101
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BUT WHY DIDN'T YOU BRING AUNTIE?
RIDGEWELL

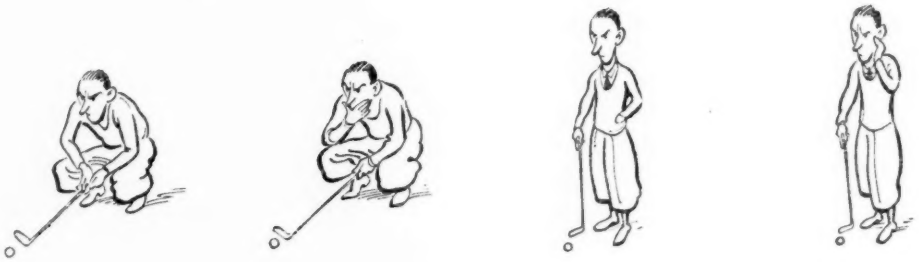
THE VISIT.



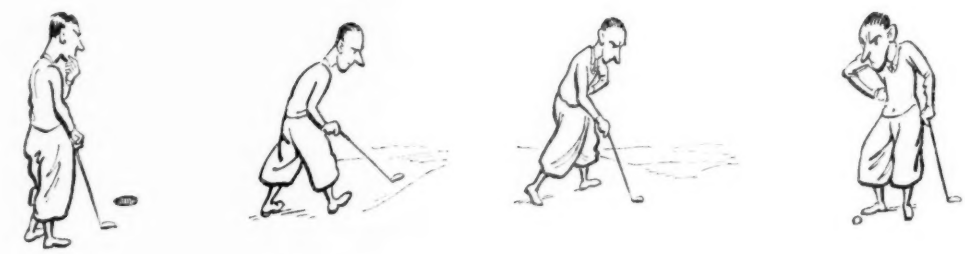
THE SCARECROW SPECIALIST.

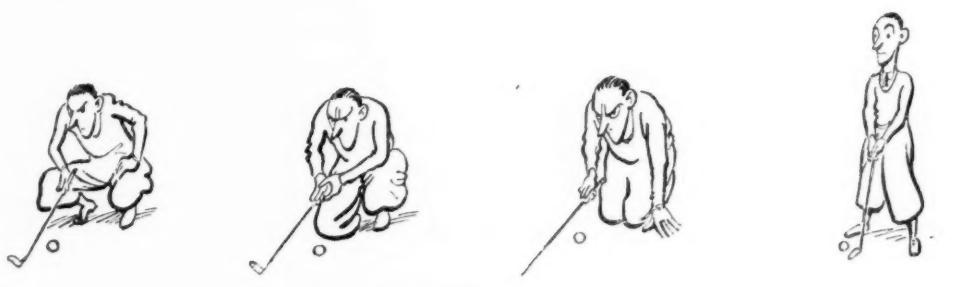
SHOWING THE GROWTH OF WOMAN'S INFLUENCE IN AGRICULTURE.



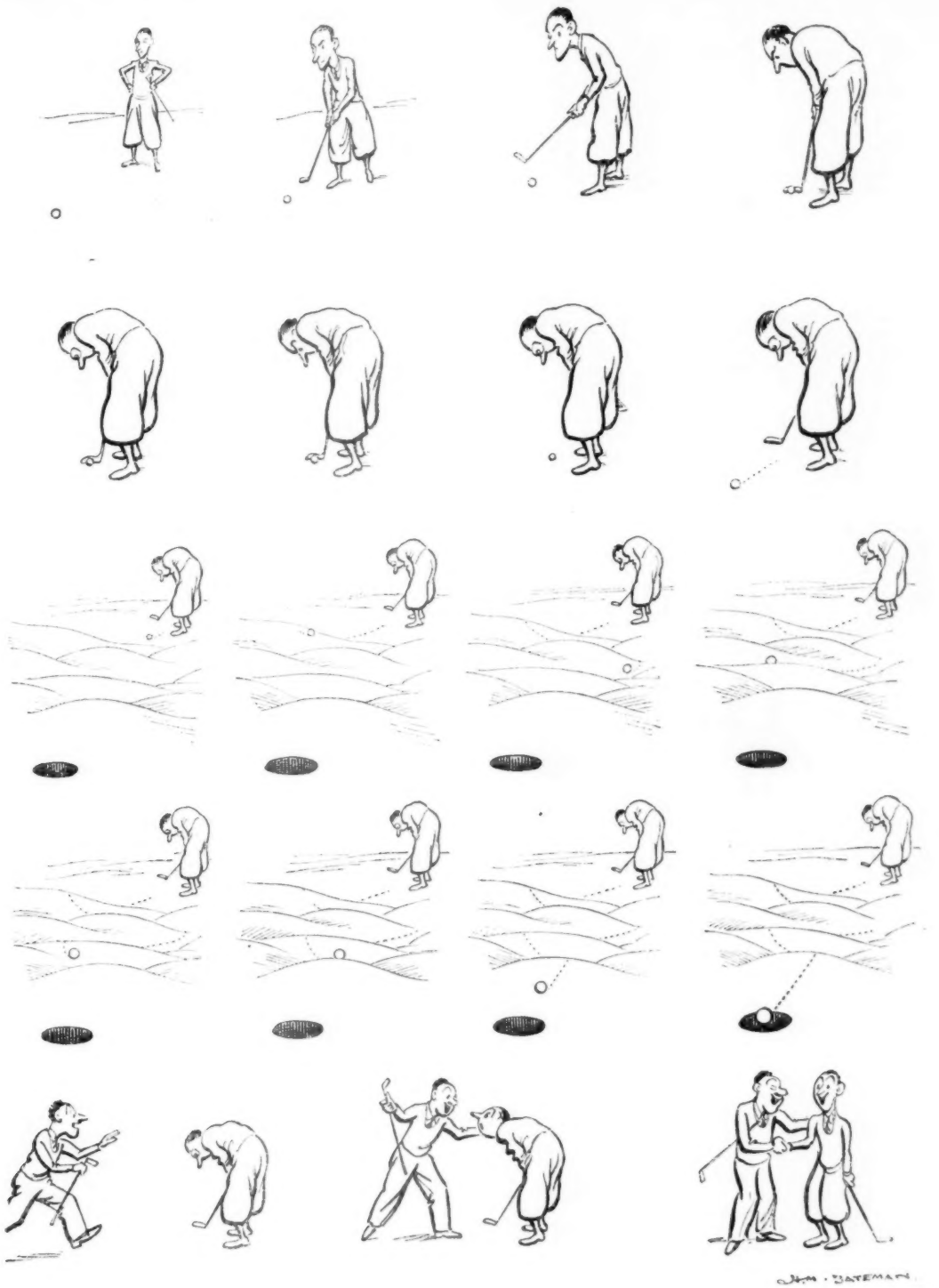






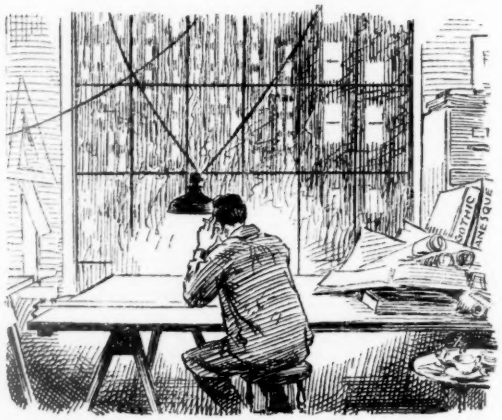


CONCENTRATION.

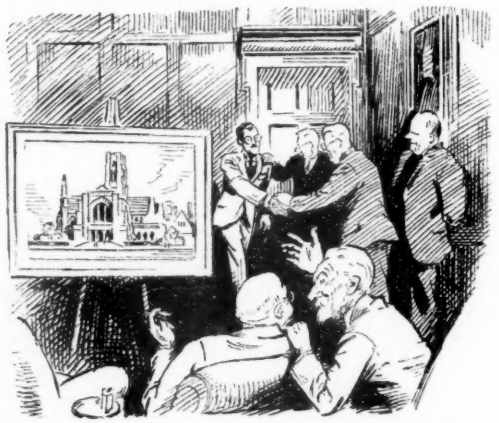


CONCENTRATION.

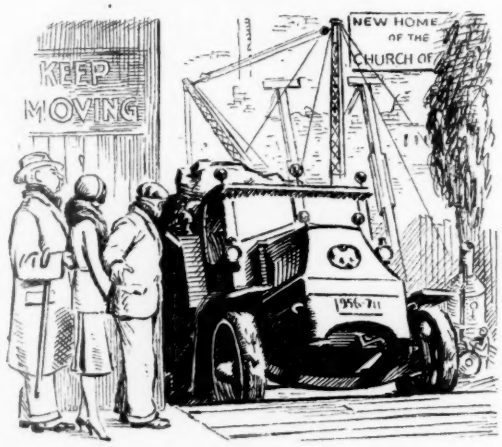
ARCHITECTURE IN AMERICA.



THE ARCHITECT PREPARES HIS DESIGNS FOR A NEW METROPOLITAN CHURCH.



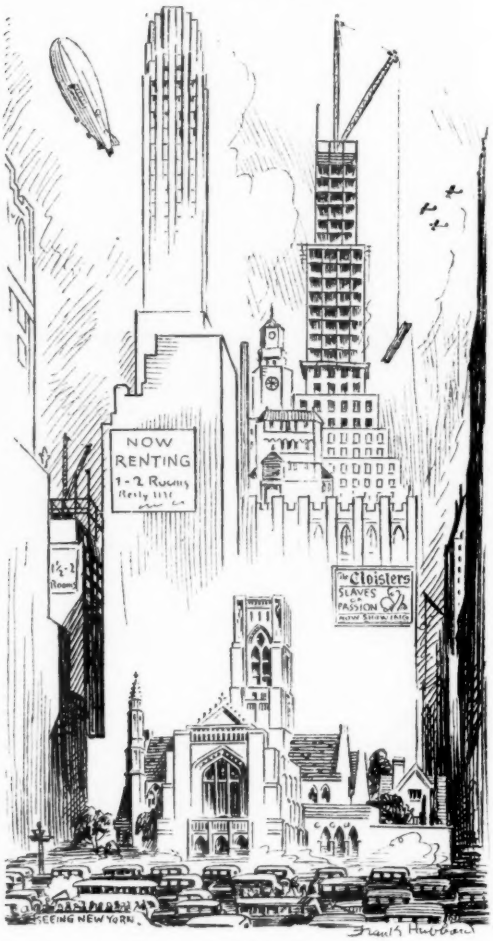
THEY ARE ACCEPTED BY THE AUTHORITIES WITH ENTHUSIASM AND ACCLAIM.



CONSTRUCTION PROCEEDS FORTHWITH—



AND IS FINISHED TO THE LAST DETAIL IN RECORD TIME AS USUAL.



BUT IN A FEW WEEKS. . . .

SPUN YARNS.

"WHA-CHER, Sails," sang out Able Seaman Clarke, "come and spin us some of yer yarns."

The sailmaker removed the pipe from his mouth, made a perfect shot at the spitkid from a range of three yards and regarded the group of young able seamen tolerantly.

"I don't know no yarns," he said, "leastways not the sort as would interest blokes like you."

"What's wrong with us then?" laughed Nobby Clarke.

"Too much heducation," replied Sails promptly. "Too clever by 'arf you are; but what can you expect when ships is fitted nowadays with every modern convenience? You never 'as to 'aul on a rope—'cos why?—'cos me Lords 'as provided a ruddy 'lectric motor to 'aul on it for yer. It beats me why nobody 'asn't thought of stainin' an' polishin' the decks to save the pore blues the fatigue of 'aving to scrub 'em."

"The Navy's going to the dogs, ain't it, Sails?" said Nobby encouragingly.

"More like the puppies comin' to the Navy," retorted that worthy salt as he took a seat on a coil of rope alongside the group and yet within convenient range of the spitkid.

"Now, when you was a young A.B.," suggested Nobby.

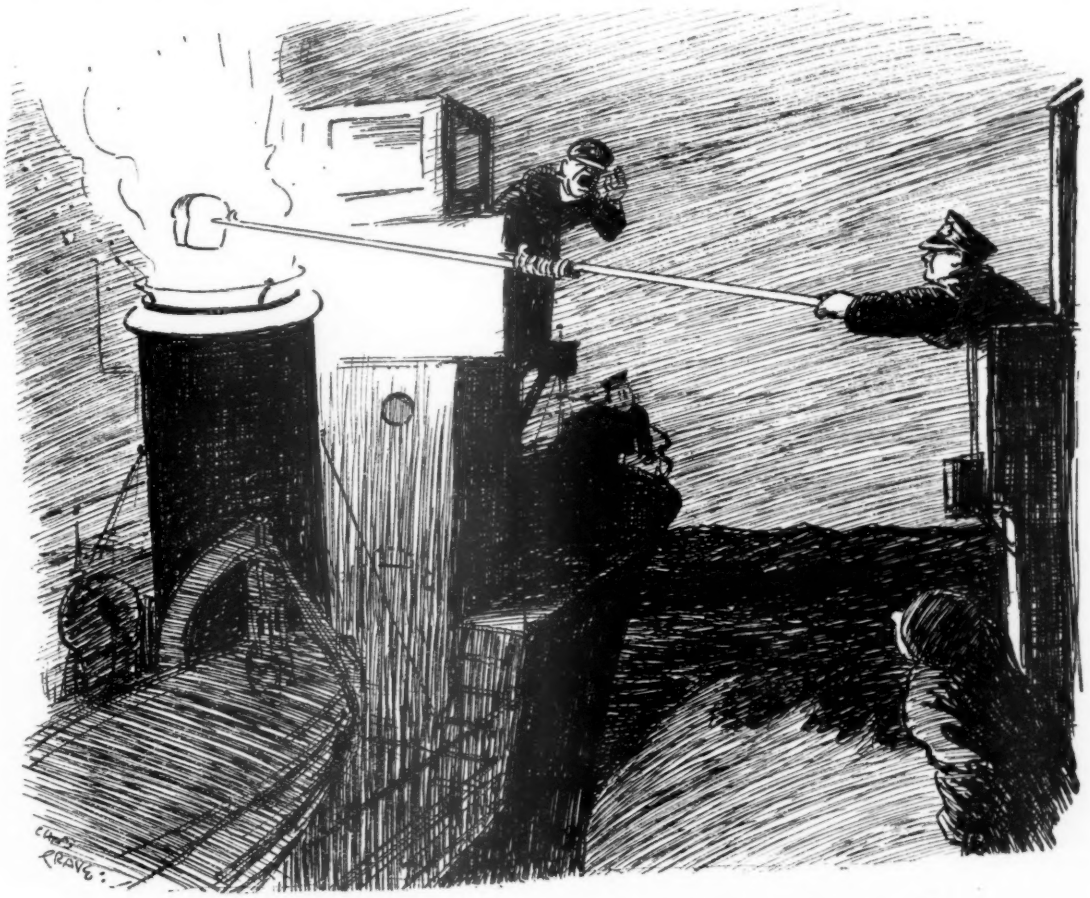
"Ah," said Sails, falling into the trap, "when I first come to sea things was very different. There was room for hindividuality on the lower deck as well as in the cuddy. No wireless and precious little gunnery. Like 'eaven it was compared with now. Hindividuhality—that's the word. I calls to mind——"

"Go on, Sails," shouted a chorus of voices.

"I calls to mind," went on Sails, thus encouraged, "one of my Captains in a destroyer. Ah! 'e was a nut, 'e was, and a proper gentleman. Always 'ad 'is weather eye liftin' for a bit of a skylark. But 'e was that 'umorous that nobody couldn't take offence—not even the Admirality. They do say as 'ow 'e got a hexpression of their Lordships' displeasure and another of their Lordships' approval in the same envelope for one and the same turn-out—but that's too long a yarn."

"Let's have it, Sails."

"No, but I'll tell you another thing 'e did one manœuvres. Our opposite number in the division was a fair swine at flamin' at the funnel. She was always gettin' signals whacked into 'er from Commodore (D) callin' 'er attention to it, as if it weren't already seared on 'er senior engineer's 'eart like Calais on what's-er-name's. Well, one night we was on patrol in the Channel with all lights out and expectin' the Blue Fleet battleboats around any time, when all of a sudden the 'oly stillness of the middle watch was disturbed by flames shootin' feet 'igh from our oppo's funnels. Our Captain was senior orficer of the division and nine out of ten would



"'WHAT THE 'ELL ARE YOU DOING?' SHOUTS THE CAPTAIN OF THE OTHER DESTROYER."

'ave gone off 'arf cock at 'avin' our position given away like that. But 'e just chuckled to 'isself. I was starboard look-out and I guessed 'e was up to one of 'is games.

"'"Starboard Twenty,' 'e says, alterin' course towards the flames, 'and bring me two boat-'ooks and 'arf a loaf of bread.'

"'"Ay, ay, Sir,' I says, and leaves me place o' dooty to get what 'e wanted. When I gets back we was almost alongside the other destroyer, 'oo was still flamin' like 'ell.

"'"Lash the boat-'ooks together,' says the Skipper, 'and look slippy about it.' When I'd done that what d' you think 'e does?"

"Use 'em as a bearin'-off spar?"

"'Naow — bearin' - orf spar!—not 'im. 'E sticks the 'arf-loaf of bread on the end of the boat-'ooks and leans right out from the bridge, 'oldin' it towards the flames.

"'"What the 'ell are you doing?' shouts the Captain of the other destroyer.

"'"Don't be alarmed,' says our Owner; 'I only thought I should like to make a little toast.'"

"Coo! What did 'is oppo say?"

"I wouldn't sully me mouth with the remarks 'e passed; but there—I expect 'e was overwrought.

"Then there was the time we ran up 'igh and dry on to the Slapton Sands."

"'"'Ow was that?"

"Oh, it was in a fog—thickest one I've ever seen, and we was bargin' about at twenty knots, when all at once up we goes. Any of you lads Westoes?"

"No."

"Ah, well, you wouldn't know the Slapton Sands, then. They runs along from Tor Cross in a narrow strip with lees be'ind 'em, and the road not more 'n a few yards from 'igh-water mark."

"Was it 'igh-water when you run up?"

"It were. Spring tides too."

"Then you must 'ave been stickin' over the road."

"We was. In the mornin' the fog cleared before a bit of a westerly breeze what 'ad sprung up. I was on the forecastle and the Owner 'e walks forrard and leans over the rails admirin' the view."

"Weren't 'e in a way about 'avin' piled the ship up?"

"Not 'im. 'E wasn't one to cry over spilt destroyers. Well, presently 'e sees a farm-'and comin' along the road towards us on a push-bike, with 'is 'ead down against the wind. I could see the Owner's mouth twitchin' and knew 'e was wonderin'—same as I was—what that there yokel would think when 'e suddenly came up all standin' against the bows of a destroyer, seein' as 'ow that ain't a usual thing to find in a Devonshire lane.

"On 'e came peddlin' like 'ell until 'e got into the shadow from our bows acrost the road. Then 'e looks up, makes a Westo noise of being fair took flat aback, and falls off 'is blinkin' bike.



"THEN 'E LOOKS UP AND FALLS OFF 'IS BLINKIN' BIKE."

"'"You silly ass,' says the Owner prompt and peevish like, 'why don't you ring your bell?'"

"Oh, ho! Sails, that's a good one!" roared Nobby. "Can you beat it?"

"Well," said Sails shamelessly, "perhaps you won't believe this one neither?"

"I shouldn't say so, but let's 'ave it anyway."

"Well, this 'ere yarn 'as a moral."

"An' what's that?"

"That life depends on very small things."

"That ain't a moral, it's a blinkin' fact."

"Well, so long as you're agreed on that, you won't be disbelievin' the yarn."

"Is this another of yer personal hexperiences?"

"No, me father told me this one. 'E saw it 'appen when 'e was a boy along in sail."

"Ah, I thought we should get back to sail afore long. Well?"

"Well, there was a cove workin' on the tops'l yard furlin' sail when 'e suddenly comes over all queer like and falls face downwards to the deck."

"Strewth!"

"You're right. Everyone on the upper deck rushed toward 'im if only to be the first to swab up the mess, 'cos they was a very smart ship and very particular about anything spilt on the deck. But before anyone could reach 'im 'e 'd picked 'isself up and was walkin' away."

"Oh, Sails! Come orf it."

"That's a true bill. Me father was a parson's winger in our village after 'e took 'is pension, an' 'e wouldn't tell no lies."

"D' you mean to say the man wasn't 'urt at all?" insisted Nobby.

"No, now I never said that," said Sails. "You're hanticipating, you are. 'E sustained a minor injury. 'Is two front teeth stuck into the deck that fast that when 'e got up they was pulled out of 'is jaw."

"Ah, I get you. The moral is that 'e ought to 'ave 'ad false teeth, then 'e wouldn't 'ave been 'urt at all."

"'Ere, dry up," barked Sails, "I ain't come to the moral yet."

"Oh, beg pardon."

"Now 'e should 'ave lorst the number of 'is mess, shouldn't 'e? Well, 'e didn't. But one of 'is messmates, runnin' up to 'elp, tripped over they there two teeth, fell down an 'atch and broke 'is blinkin' neck."

"Sails," said Nobby Clarke, rising solemnly to his feet, "I looks towards yer."

"Sails," continued the next member of his audience, "I catches yer eye."

"I bows according," murmured the third.

"And likewise I," concluded the fourth.



OUR MODERN SCULPTOR NEEDED A CHANGE—



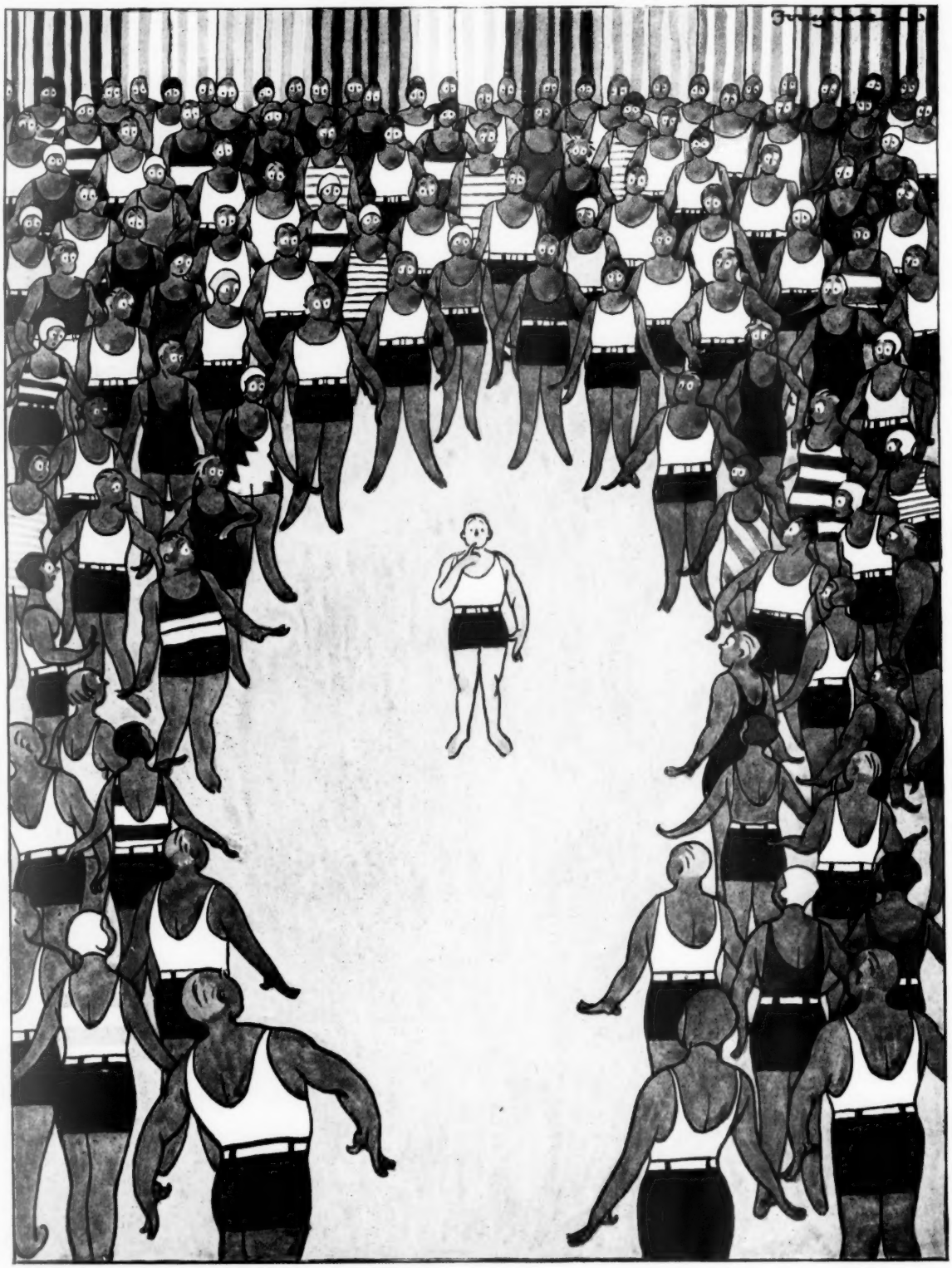
SO HE DECIDED TO RUN DOWN TO CORNWALL.



THE SLEEPING SUIT.



The Bargee. "AND WHERE DID *YOU* COME FROM, BABY DEAR?"



THE COLOUR QUESTION.

THE NEW ARRIVAL ON THE BATHING-BEACH.

CHARIVARIA.

IT appears that the reason no details were published of the revolution in Honduras is that it was purely a private affair, the proceeds of which were sent to the hospitals.

* * *

There was no bid for a dress-suit of RUSKIN'S when it was put up for auction the other day. Nothing could be more significant of the readjustment of artistic values.

* * *

As Professor EINSTEIN spoke in German, his first Oxford lecture, on the Theory of Relativity, is said to have been unintelligible to the vast majority of his audience. This, however, appears to have been their only complaint.

* * *

With regard to the face-slapping incident which occurred last week in the grill-room of the Savoy Hotel we understand that Mr. HANNEN SWAFFER is considering whether he should take any action for infringement of copyright.

* * *

"American Song Writer in Hiding" says a headline. We can well believe it.

* * *

The agricultural correspondent of a daily paper describes stewed grey squirrel as a very palatable dish. Nevertheless we have decided to refrain from active participation in an "Eat More Grey Squirrels" movement.

* * *

The proposal to run tube trains on main lines is understood to be the outcome of a due recognition of the requirements of long-distance strap-hangers.

* * *

Horse-racing without jockeys is a Mexican innovation which is expected to revolutionise the sport; but Newmarket opinion is unfavourable to the idea of giving a trial to electric oats.

* * *

A musician says he would like to see a gramophone in every school. But most schoolboys are of the opinion that they hear enough of their master's voice as it is.

* * *

American golfers are said to have found that plus-fours cause them to be mistaken for hikers. A more usual experience is that wearers of plus-fours are mistaken for golfers.

* * *

We read of a terrier that catches snails. This, according to people who have lost money on the tracks, is more than some racing greyhounds could do.

* * *

The spectral visitor whom Mr. EDGAR WALLACE reports having seen in his study is believed to have been misled by the baseless rumour that he employs ghosts.

* * *

Those interested in sweet peas are advised by a contemporary that now is the time to stake. Gentlemen with thimbles will soon be telling visitors to Epsom that the same holds good of the ordinary pea.



Lady of the House. "PUT ALL THAT SILVER BACK INTO THE SIDEBOARD. DO YOU HEAR?"
Burglar. "I SAY, LIDY, BE FAIR. 'ARF OF IT BELONGS NEXT-DOOR."

We learn from *The Daily Herald* that Mr. JAMES MAXTON rarely mentions the fact that he is a descendant of ALEXANDER SELKIRK. As a Socialist, he is, of course, sensitive about being regarded as a claimant to the throne of Juan-Fernandez.

* * *

Non-slip tiles for the bath are now obtainable. We doubt, however, whether they eliminate all risk of soap-skid.

* * *

At Reno successful applicants for divorce have revived the custom of throwing their wedding-rings into the river. A gold-rush is anticipated.

* * *

In connection with its recent attack on the League of Nations it should be remembered that *The Daily Express* is one of the few Great Powers which did not become signatories to the League.

* * *

"Babies," says a well-known doctor, "cry for the same reason that young lambs cry." And we never even suspected that babies thought about mint-sauce.

* * *

Mr. JAMES LINDLEY PHILIP, head doorkeeper, who has for seven years shouted "Who goes home?" in the House of Commons, has retired. It is said that he grew disheartened because, although he shouted that phrase every night, Members constantly came back again the next day.

* * *

"We should encourage American visitors," says a writer. A beginning could be made by building more beds for QUEEN ELIZABETH to have slept in.

* * *

We are none of us as young as we used to be, says Mr. A. G. GARDINER. Except of course in the case of some women and then it depends on how young they used to be.

* * *

A Northumberland farmer has been fined five pounds for throwing an income-tax collector out of the house. It seems a pity that the law should frown on these old English pastimes.

* * *

Professor G. R. TOSHIWAL, of Allahabad, is hoping to be able to kill locusts and other pests by wireless. It would be interesting to know what sort of programme he thinks will be the most deadly for his purpose.

* * *

A Society woman complains of the number of bogus guests who attended her daughter's wedding. We understand, however, that the bridegroom was genuine.

* * *

A sports-writer declares that women-players do more damage to the grass on tennis-courts than men. And yet, judging by the photographs in the Press, they don't appear to use it at all.

* * *

A gossip-writer says he saw a man eating oysters in a restaurant last week. No doubt he was under the impression that May is short for Mary.

* * *

A Peterborough plumber is an enthusiastic chess-player. The temptation to send for his check-mate must be very strong.

IKKI.

["Ikki," a name apparently made up of the initials, in Russian, of the "Executive Committee of the Communist International," is an organisation which, in conjunction with the Red Trade Union International, has lately issued a programme embracing "the intensification of offensive operations" against the British Empire; the "creation of an Indian Federation of Soviet Republics; the abolition of all debts; the confiscation of all lands belonging to landlords, Native Princes, Churches and officials; the violent destruction of British political and economical power," etc.]

WHEN from her latest tracts I glean
That Moscow has a plan (intensive)
For putting in the soup-tureen
Our Empire by a strong offensive,
I feel there's something rather dicky
About the moral aims of Ikki.

They want the bad old order changed
And those who run it extirpated,
Riots and hunger-strikes arranged
And mutinies facilitated;
The bourgeoisie, if found too sticky,
Will be reduced to pulp by Ikki.

Debts will be cancelled, private land
Pinched for the common chest's inflation,
And, if a person lifts his hand
To claim the slightest compensation,
Or with the scheme declines to click, he
Will be at once removed by Ikki.

When to a ruddier zeal they stir
The rage of India's red fanatics,
Chaos will instantly occur;
Indeed the wildest acrobatics
Performed upon the film by *Mickey*
Will pale before the feats of Ikki.

And, when our Government awakes
To ask its old friends, most politely,
Why they allow these poisonous snakes
To practise conduct so unsightly,
They 'll answer, being very tricky,
"We're not responsible for Ikki."

Fair is the Brotherhood of Love
That holds the Nations' hearts together,
And sweet our Foreign Office dove
Cooing with birds of his own feather,
But what we want's a *Rikki-tikki*
To put an early end to Ikki. O. S.

TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY.

I PRESUME that the recent broadcast discussion between General Sir IAN HAMILTON and Mr. COMPTON MACKENZIE about Gallipoli was arranged primarily with the object of throwing fresh light upon certain matters of controversy in connection with the campaign. But personally I found it interesting as much for the way in which it demonstrated afresh the difference between our war-time and our post-war human relationships.

I do not recollect, for instance, that in the days of my private soldiering I ever once sought to question to his face the efficacy of any steps which the regimental sergeant-major in his wisdom saw fit to take for the successful prosecution of the War. Indeed, I only once tried it with my platoon sergeant, the result on that occasion being so discouraging as to deter me from trying again. And later, as a subaltern, I learned to accept it as good form not to discuss matters of strategy even with lowly-placed general officers like brigadiers. Other ex-soldiers will, I fancy, bear me out in my impressions of the usages of those days.

Yet here the other evening was Mr. COMPTON MACKENZIE quite calmly—or at any rate with no trace of wind up communicated by the microphone—asking his late G.O.C. whether the latter really believed what he said in 1915, and whether it mightn't have been better if he had done something he didn't do or had left undone something he did. It was very interesting, but I felt strongly that it left gaps to be filled and that the discussion might usefully be followed by others of a broadly similar kind.

I am therefore announcing that, if approached by the B.B.C., I should be happy to discuss incidents of the late War with, say, the C.S.M. of "A" Company. I have already made a few notes of the sort of questions I should ask, but I cannot, I am afraid, conjecture the replies he would offer, and in the imaginary conversation which follows I have represented the answers of my *vis-à-vis* by asterisks. Incidentally it may be observed that it is a not uncommon practice to represent the remarks of sergeant-majors by asterisks even where the general purport is more or less known.

Myself. Well met, Sergeant-Major. Rather an unusual meeting, don't you think? I recall our first meeting on the parade-ground at ——, and I still have in mind the advice you gave me on that occasion. You took a great deal of interest in me considering that I was but a raw recruit, and you were good enough to tell me some of your plans for assisting me in my military career. I wonder if you remember.

C.S.M. * * *

Myself. Now I wonder if you would tell us this, Sergeant-Major. There was a persistent rumour from the earliest days of the War that, for the betterment of their *moral*, sergeant-majors were regaled with a beverage which, if my memory serves me, was known as "sergeant-majors' tea." The suggestion, I fancy, was that this differed in some way from the tea consumed by the general body of the troops. I suppose there was nothing in this, but it would be interesting if you could tell us if you ever heard the rumour, and if you have any theory as to how it could have arisen.

C.S.M. * * *

Myself. Thank you very much. That is very instructive. Now I want to raise quite a different question. I think it was your view while the battalion was in training that one of the things which would most impress the enemy in the field, and so eventually shorten the War, would be the smart and soldierly appearance of our troops. I refer to the way one wore one's service-cap and the way one rolled one's puttees. I never cared to ask you after we went to France whether the later phases of the conflict had modified your views in this respect at all, but it would be most interesting if you would tell us now.

C.S.M. * * *

Myself. Now I want to take a step forward to 1917, when you had been promoted R.S.M. and I had rejoined the regiment with a commission. In those days I gathered a distinct impression that you thought the army would have been just as efficient a machine without any subalterns at all. You never told me so, but I should have said your theory was that on the parade-ground they were rather more ornamental than useful. I wonder if I was right.

C.S.M. * * *

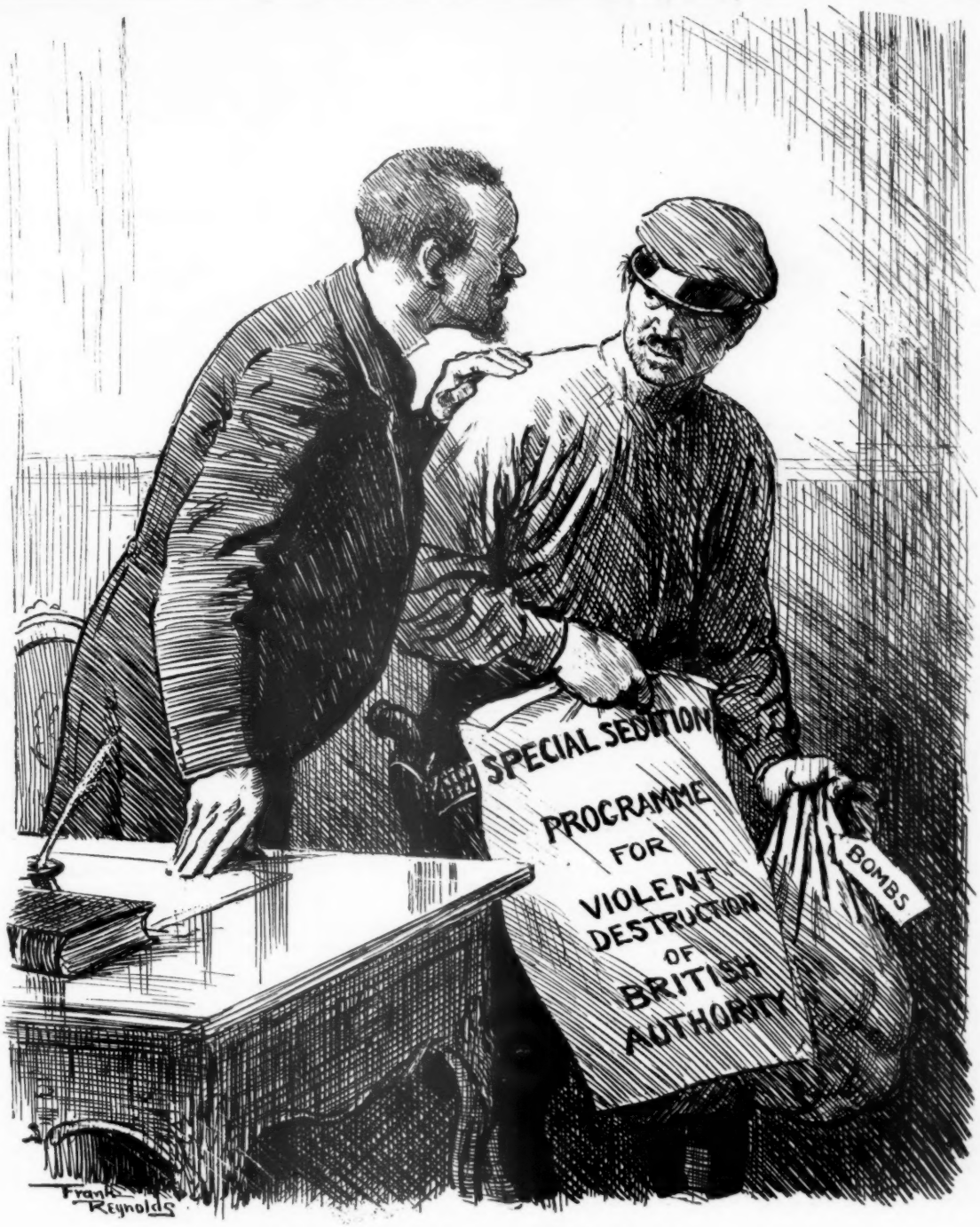
Myself. You have been very frank, Sergeant-Major. Now one more question. I know that you never by word or sign gave any indication that the policy you pursued for the ultimate overthrow of the enemy was not the best conceivable policy. But I have often wondered if there were ever moments when you had misgivings. You are of course familiar with the doctrines of modern psychology. Did there ever cross your mind, Sergeant-Major, the possible result of training recruits with closer reference to the complexes derived from youthful inhibitions which they exhibited? Or were you always clear that the true plan to follow was to assume that every man's reactions to the same thing were the same everywhere and always?

C.S.M. * * *

Myself. I see. Well, suppose we leave it at that, Sergeant-Major.

C.S.M. Party—'Shun! Dis—miss!

I notice that General Sir IAN HAMILTON closed the broadcast discussion with "Amen, so let it be!" But on the whole I question whether the C.S.M. of "A" Company would say that.



STRICTLY UNOFFICIAL.

SOVIET MINISTER (*to Emissary of Red Trade Union International*). "GO FORTH AND PROSPER, LITTLE SON. AND DON'T BE HURT IF I TELL MACDONALD THAT I'VE NEVER HEARD OF YOU."

[It is the habit of the Soviet Government to deny all responsibility for the behaviour of those Communist organisations whose activities, directed from Moscow, constitute a breach of its own pledge to our Government not to interfere in British affairs.]



Lady Caravanner. "OH, PLEASE, ANOTHER POUND OF LOAF SUGAR."
Village Grocer. "WHY, WHAT BE YEW DOIN'? YEW'VE HAD SIX POUNDS ALREADY THIS MORNING."
Lady Caravanner. "YES. WE CAN'T CATCH OUR CARAVAN HORSE."

LOVE.

A NEW SCIENTIFIC DIAGNOSIS.

[A well-known doctor, lecturing recently, is reported to have said: "When a girl falls in love she digests better, her hair possesses more sheen, her skin more gloss, and all foods taste good."]

I SWORE to Amaryllis that for love of her I smarted,
And then inquired if she
Could feel the same for me.
She said she thought she could, and did, and had since last we parted,
"But absolutely sure," she sighed, "alas! I cannot be."

"You will, of course," I answered, "have consulted your digestion;
Have you observed a late
Improvement in its state?
I trust," I added hastily, "you won't pronounce the question
In circumstances such as these to be indelicate?"

"Such topics of discussion, though embarrassing," she faltered,
"It would be wrong to bar,
For relevant they are;
My physical condition, I am pleased to say, has altered
Distinctly for the better in the said particular."

"And, judging by the curls in front of where your béret perches
So jauntily on you,
Your hair's a brighter hue—
Which is," I said, "the second in the list of the researches
That girls who wish to test their love should zealously pursue.

"It brings to light attentions on the part of Master Cupid
Which it is foolish for
Such doubters to ignore;
To disregard another sign is similarly stupid—
You've studied, I expect, the gloss on your exterior?"

"I have, and I confess a new and welcome lustre lately
Has settled," she replied,
"On both my hair and hide;
And this confirms my feeling that I love you passionately—
But there is evidence as well upon the other side.

"Of all the tastes that ever failed to win my palate's favour
But three can I recall—
A total which is small:
That of the oyster and the plum and, thirdly, seakale's savour,
Until we met, I never could appreciate at all.

"I relish now an oyster, with a drop of stout or weak ale;
My loathing for the plum
I've also overcome;
But, though I've tried to like the stuff, I still preserve for seakale—
And hence the qualms of which I spoke—a lingering odium.

"At present, then, I cannot risk a conjugal alliance;
My tongue in future may
Commend it—who can say?"
"You're right; it isn't wise," I said, "to play about with science;"
And with a heavy heart and sore I passed upon my way.

C. B.

FINANCE AND ASTRONOMY.

THAT peculiar public which writes letters to newspapers has been expressing its views upon a nice point in the arithmetic of national finance. The question at issue was whether, by requiring us to disburse three-quarters of our earned income-tax in January and one quarter in July (instead of the old sporting fifty-fifty arrangement), the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is in effect mulcting us to the tune of an additional twenty-five per cent of a year's tax. The pessimists argued that, as in the financial year 1931/2 the Treasury will indeed snaffle this extra twenty-five per cent and does not propose to refund it in any subsequent financial year, then by so much will the Exchequer be in pocket, and inevitably therefore the taxpayer must be down the drain to a similar amount. The optimists impatiently replied that in the calendar year in which the new system comes into force (1932) we shall be paying the same sum-total of tax as under the old system, our only disadvantage lying in the fact that in that and each succeeding year we must pay rather more of it at a somewhat earlier date. As I say, a nice point.

I have no desire to adjudicate between these acrimonious controversialists. I simply wish to point out that the whole argument is based upon a fallacious assumption. It seems to have been taken for granted that this tax-paying business is going on for ever. Such a view, I have to point out, is diametrically opposed to the teachings of modern astronomy.

Even the more cautious and pusillanimous of our astronomers inform us that the sun is getting rid of its strictly limited amount of energy at an alarming rate and is in consequence becoming rapidly less hot; and indeed their contention is provable by observation every succeeding summer. I forget the exact figures, but the dead loss runs into a quite profligate number of therms a minute. At some unspecified future date the sun will find (when it is too late to economise) that it has no more heat or light left to irradiate, the entire solar system will be plunged into a frigid darkness and life on this planet will become extinct. This, as the merest physicist will tell you, is not just an entertaining surmise; it is strictly in accordance with the Third Law of Thermo-thingumbob.

Now, Sir, it at once becomes evident that a frank recognition of this fact compels us to revise our method of approach to the income-tax problem. Everything is seen to depend upon the date when the rather tiresome solar phenomenon to which I have made reference actually occurs. If life is extinguished on this planet in, say, February or March, then the Treasury will have scored heavily. We shall have paid our seventy-five per cent, and before we have a chance to enjoy the compensation of a correspondingly smaller extortion in July the game will be all over. Can you imagine anything more exasperating?

But if, on the other hand, life on this planet does not become extinct until August or September, the CHANCELLOR will have very little to show for his ingenuity. We shall have paid our annual tribute in two unequal instalments, and that will be that. Should we be thus favoured by celestial events, probably the last sounds heard on this planet, in the moment of total extinction, will be a gnashing of teeth in the Treasury and the dry chuckles of income-tax payers enjoying the first direct hit of their servile existence.

These considerations, I venture to assert, reflect the scientific aspect of the case, and I shall await with interest any comments Professor KEYNES may see fit to make upon them. C. L. M.



Connoisseur (showing latest acquisition). "THE MINUTE I SAW IT THERE WAS VELASQUEZ WRITTEN ALL OVER IT."

Sympathetic Visitor. "HOW TIRESOME! BUT I SEE YOU MANAGED TO GET IT OFF."

LIVESTOCK IN BARRACKS.

OUR MESS WATCH-DOG.

II.

I TOLD you last week of how, when our Battalion was out East, the Colonel insisted on our having a watch-dog to frighten the native thieves away from the Mess, but also insisted that the animal was never to be allowed in his sight; and of how, dogs being unpurchasable, we were driven to hiring a wily Chinaman, Wun Long Li, to bark realistically in the back premises whenever the Colonel asked about our watch-dog.

Well, for some time everything went beautifully. Haroun Al Raschid (the dog) was heard often but seen never. Occasionally Holster came into the Colonel's presence swinging a muzzle for local colour, or was overheard (OFF) saying, "Down, Sir, down!" to his charge. The thieves too stopped their visits; though this was probably due to the widely expressed prayer of our second string, Ali, the watchman, for a chance to use the revolver with which we had provided him.

Then the trouble began. One evening (the Mess servants' pay-day) Haroun Al Raschid indulged, as far as we could hear, in a fight with two other dogs and a cat during Mess. Next day Holster spoke severely to his keeper, who said he would see Haroun didn't get into a scrap again. But, he suggested, it was no doubt because the dog was not getting enough to eat. Supposing Holster were to provide a little money to buy extra meat? Holster smiled darkly and said he'd see about it. Wun Long Li, who had by now appreciated the strength of his position, also smiled—a bland and guileless smile as of one who hasn't really been so impertinent as to get the better of a superior.

As a matter of fact in this particular instance he hadn't. For that evening Holster sent out from dinner a plateful of the most repulsive scraps obtainable, together with an intimation to Wun Long Li that these were "extra food to keep Haroun from fighting with other dogs." This continued nightly till Wun Long Li, admitting a defeat after his own heart, said he thought he now had the dog under better control. But it was our first and only victory; already the guileful Chinaman was preparing a revenge.

A fortnight later the Mess Secretary discovered that Wun Long Li had begun to abstract the Mess whisky in the most barefaced manner, scorning both the usual Oriental formality of manufacturing a perfectly water-tight alibi and an accusation, supported by four independent witnesses, against some innocent third party. The Mess Secretary was thus placed in a difficult position. He felt he could hardly sack the offender, bearing in mind his special qualification, so he told him off severely and fined him the value of the whisky stolen.



"WUN LONG LI TOLD HOLSTER THAT HIS BELOVED HAROUN AL RASCHID HAD BROKEN LOOSE IN THE NIGHT."

Next day, however, the Colonel was irritably asking at lunch what had happened to that dam dog, because he hadn't heard him all morning. Inquiry brought Wun Long Li into the Mess in tears. Sobbing bitterly, he told Holster that his beloved Haroun Al Raschid had broken loose in the night and run away, in proof of which he produced a snapped chain.

This, if only we had known it, was our chance, but we missed it. We should of course have fired the weeping Chinaman then and there on the pretext that his services were obviously no longer required. But the Colonel had been so pleased with the idea of the watch-dog and was so angry at its loss that, when we found ourselves being gently led to the suggestion that Wun Long Li could procure another dog, we weakly agreed.

Very early next morning a cheery barking was again resounding through the Mess. Wun Long Li had been as good as his word and had obtained Caliph. He was, we were told, of the same litter, but a little darker in colour and much more fierce; and would we give money to buy a new chain and to pay for the new dog? The sum asked was, funnily enough, just the amount that Wun Long Li had been fined by the Mess Secretary.

After that, of course, we were more or less in the hands of Wun Long Li. For as long as the Colonel wanted a watch-dog so long did we have to keep the Chinaman; which meant that either we had to lose our whisky without complaint or else we lost our dog. And whatever fine we imposed for the theft we found that it cost exactly that to buy the new animal.

Of course we did what we could. We threatened to beat the dog once and the animal immediately stole four chickens belonging to a native, for which we had to pay. Nor did we have the usual consolation of having them for dinner, Wun Long Li explaining that they had been so mauled that they weren't fit for humans to eat and so he was giving them to the dog for supper. The dog, we gathered that night from our sense of smell, liked them roast.

At another time we thought of bribing Ali, the night-watchman, to shoot Vizier (the fourth in succession to Haroun), but his marksmanship was so notoriously bad we felt he couldn't be trusted to hit Wun Long Li instead. In fact we didn't extricate ourselves from our dilemma till the Battalion was ordered back to England. Even then Wun Long Li followed us to the docks showing a bite on his calf which he alleged that Fatima had inflicted, and for which he loudly claimed compensation till the last gang-plank was cast off.

A. A.

Sad News for Soap Combines.

"The Rev. Mr. ——, a missionary of long standing among the native tribes in the —— district of South Africa, stated before the Native Commission that the bath-rate among natives is declining."—*West African Paper.*

BRIDGES.

[In a paper recently read before the Institute of British Architects it was stated that, owing to the immense carrying power demanded by modern transport, steel has almost completely ousted stone as a material for bridge-building.]

WHEN ingenious Man
First thought of the plan
Of fashioning bridges the rivers to span,
He did what he could,
Though they weren't very good—
He felled and he hewed and he built 'em of wood:
Springy new,
Swingy new,
Bridges of wood.

And village lovers often came
With clumsy knife and simple art
Engraving each the other's name
Within an arrow-piercèd heart
(Lest any should their love forget)
Upon the oaken parapet.

Then up sprang a guild
Of stone-masons skilled,
Who said, "Let us teach you to quarry and build;
For demolish you should
(Too long have they stood)
Your creaky old,
Leaky old,
Bridges of wood;
Storm-battered and blown,
They'll be soon overthrown:
If you want to be safe you must build 'em of stone:
Solid new,
Stolid new,
Bridges of stone."

And old men came to rest their bones
At evening when their work was done,
And lean upon the kindly stones
That all day long had drunk the sun,
And smoke their pipes and talk and sigh
And hear the news from passers-by.

But now in our ears
Sound the warnings and jeers
Of architects learnèd and wise engineers:—
"Statistics have shown
That the traffic's outgrown
Your bumpy old,
Humpy old,
Bridges of stone;
It's the Age of the Wheel,
And we earnestly feel
If you want to be safe you must build 'em of steel:
Dashing new,
Flashing new,
Bridges of steel."

But who will lean, I wonder, now
Upon these rigid, frigid frames?
On this unyielding metal how
Can rustic lovers carve their names?
Fie, fie! A truce to vain reproaches;
The world's made safe for motor-coaches.

Things that might have been Expressed Less Cadaverously.

"Hearses, ——, ——, etc., from £150. Bodies from £100."
Advt. in Motoring Paper.

"Women take bowls seriously and play it well, and it is time old prejudices were swept away."—*Sunday Paper.*

But what are bowls without their bias?

"Mr. —— has resigned the presidency of the —— Cricket Club after ten years in the post."—*Sunday Paper.*

Perhaps the P.M.G. will find his new address more easily accessible.



Old-fashioned Uncle. "TUT-TUT, MY DEAR. YOU ARE NOT LOOKING WELL. WHERE ARE THE ROSES?"
Niece. "DEAREST, I KNOW THIS IS FLOWER-SHOW WEEK, BUT *MUST* WE BE HORTICULTURAL?"

BECAUSE OF SCIENCE.

A Warning to Snap-Shooters.

Of course in some ways Science is a good thing, and in any case, now that it has got really started, there doesn't seem to be any way of stopping it. But some of it is rather disturbing.

Science is really Einstein and Sir James Jeans, and they have been thinking a lot lately about light and matter—which are all part of Science—and they have invented the idea that these are really the same thing. Of course this may not appear at the first glance to be frightfully important, as long as they go on seeming to be different, but it is. Really it is very important indeed, so important that, unless people realise it before the summer holidays, the consequences may be absolutely disastrous.

The reason is simply this. During the summer months everybody dashes off to the seaside with a camera. That is perfectly natural and even desirable; if one couldn't occasionally brighten the winter evenings by bringing out that snap of Uncle Joshua disembarking from the *Saucy Sue* after a trip round the bay at a shilling a time ("Isn't his expression *marvellous*?") there wouldn't seem to be much use in having a summer holiday at all. But there are other and sinister consequences of taking a camera away with you, all really due to Einstein and Sir James Jeans. Because, staggering as the idea may seem, owing to their invention about light and matter, every time you take a snap of, say, the pier at Ramsmouth-super-Mare, a little bit of its light emanation is used up and it gets smaller! I don't say that you can actually *see* it shrink as you click the shutter, but there seems to be no doubt that as a result of being photographed over and over again it really is dwindling away.

That is what I mean when I say that in some ways Science is a bad thing. You see it is so *easy* for Einstein or Sir James Jeans to say a thing like that, or even for both of them to say it together, though, scientists being what they are, that isn't quite so easy as saying it separately. But they don't think of the *consequences*. It is doubtful whether either of them has ever *seen* the pier at Ramsmouth-super-Mare, because of course they are only interested in Science, and the pier at Ramsmouth-super-Mare isn't Science at all.

But it isn't only a matter of the pier at Ramsmouth-super-Mare. If it were, nobody would mind very much, except perhaps the local pierrots; fond as pierrots are of being photographed they would probably hate to think of their pier dwindling away beneath them every time it happened. The rest of us could spare this pier if it were really necessary for Science, provided it would stop at that. But it wouldn't. The same thing applies to *every* pier, and not only to every pier, but to every bit of all the coasts round the British Isles. Under the insidious attack of persistent photography *they are slowly disappearing*.

Now this is a serious matter. We live on an island and coast-erosion is definitely undesirable. It isn't as though we had a whole continent to use up, and if all this clicking of cameras at the seaside goes on a time will come when there will only be enough of England left for one more click. It may not sound probable and it may not be just *yet*, but it is absolutely certain because it is Science. You can't argue with Einstein and Sir James Jeans—at least, *you* may be able to; *I* can't.

I hope you realise now how serious this problem really is. How are we to build for posterity if we are snapping the very ground from under its feet? That is precisely what we have been doing for years without knowing anything about it, and, until Science started, it didn't really seem to matter. But it does now. We have simply got to do something about it, or else what is the use of having Einstein and Sir James Jeans at all? None.

Obviously we can't prohibit cameras. The economic consequences of doing anything of the kind would be serious, and we have got to remember that Economics is very nearly as much Science as Einstein and Sir James Jeans are. The only way out of the difficulty is to divert this insidious form of destruction away from the shores of Britain.

Fortunately there are plenty of other countries which wouldn't be nearly so much missed. America, for instance. Think how well the world got on before America was on the map at all; Europe simply didn't know what to do with its money. Well, now we have a chance of getting back to that happy state of affairs. If everybody who has got a camera would go across and snap away at America, we could in time simply get rid of the place (and our war-debts); and quietly too, without any fuss or international situations or anything of that sort. It would be all so gradual that probably the Americans themselves wouldn't notice anything wrong until quite towards the end. Then they would say, "Boy, I had a cinch this lil continent was four thousand miles across, an' now, say, is that the Pacific or has Connecticut gone wet?"

Then a few more millions of shutters would click and the Pacific and the Atlantic would join!

But of course even with Science a thing like that would take some time.

For those who prefer a more stay-at-home holiday there is no law to prevent their standing at the end of Downing Street and snapping Cabinet Ministers as they go in and out. Take Mr. Snowden, for instance; if enough cameras could be brought to bear on him it might be possible to erode three-quarters of him by January 1st next; the remaining quarter could be dealt with in July.

For super-patriots there would always be the works of Mr. Epstein; it is true that these have been a good deal photographed in the past, but not enough.

And, if all other subjects fail, we have most of us got a few relatives whom a little erosion wouldn't hurt. In my own case—but I wouldn't hurt Aunt Martha's feelings for worlds.

But the great thing is to keep your cameras from pointing at British piers and coasts this summer because of Science. You will remember that, won't you?

L. du G.

BIRD AND BARD.

When Spring comes softly fluting
O'er hill and vale and lea,
And one day England freezes,
The next, the Press agrees, is
The hottest day in Tooting
Since 1593;

When every feathered songster
Is carolling with a zest,
From willow-wren to bittern,
The bard unhooks the cittern
And feelings, dormant long, stir
Beneath his winter vest.

But as a springtide-greeter
The bird wins every time;
He fears no accusation
Of trite reiteration;
He nothing recks of metre
And rather less of rhyme.

From Workington to Weedon,
From Whitstable to Wem,
They raise the same old chorus
And care not if they bore us;
The songs they sang in Eden
Are good enough for them.

Consider now the poet—
The raptures that inspire
The infatuated blighter
To thump the loud typewriter
Are just as genuine, blow it!
As in the woodland quire.

But not for him the joyance
Of songs that freely soar;
With sighs and groans and curses
He hammers out his verses—
To find with keen annoyance
It's all been said before.



QUICK CULTURE.

Lady returning from day-trip to Boulogne (to boat acquaintance). "VOUS ÊTES UN UN, N'ÊTES-VOUS PAS?"

A PREVIOUS ENGAGEMENT.

"HAVE you got some cousins called Horace and Hilda?" said I, looking suspiciously at Christopher over the top of my letter.

"I may have," said Christopher cautiously.

"You know full well that you have. Now that we live in England you can't keep your guilty secrets from me so easily. This is to say that Horace and Hilda are *so* anxious to renew your acquaintance after all these years you have been abroad."

"They can't," said Christopher.

"They can. They mean to. They are going to be in Westmouth for the first half of May, and they want to know which day will suit us for them to pop over. We can't possibly say in February that we are engaged for every meal in the first half of May."

"Tell them to come to tea one day," said Christopher with puerile cunning.

"I will not. It is made perfectly clear that they have no wish to see *me*. Hilda says that they suggest dinner as they know Cousin Chris (that's you) is in London all day, and Horace hasn't seen him since the dear old days at Cambridge."

"Considering I spent most of the dear old days trying to avoid being seen by Horace, that won't be much of a link," said Christopher.

"I can only suppose that he hopes you have improved with marriage," I replied coldly. "In any case this thing has got to be faced. Shall I say May the 12th?"

"All right," said Christopher.

"Will you make a note of the date?"

"All right," said Christopher.

"Will you write it down in your engagement-book?"

"All right," said Christopher.

* * * * *

"May the 12th will suit Horace and Hilda down to the ground," I reported a few days later.

"Oh, good," said Christopher without enthusiasm.

"You won't forget, will you? After all, they're *your* relations."

"All right; there's no need to keep harping on it," said Christopher.

* * * * *

"Horace and Hilda have arrived safely at Westmouth," I said gloomily. "Hilda has sent a picture-postcard of the Wish Tower and some donkeys to remind us of the coming merry meeting. I may as well break it to you at once that they call their car Ermyntrude. Personally I have grave doubts as to my ability to sustain an evening of such unrelieved jollity."

"Let's see—which day is it they are coming?" asked Christopher.

"For the twentieth time, Christopher, they are coming—I mean popping over—to dinner on Tuesday, May 12th, and they hope (D. V. and W. P.) to be with us about seven, and are *so* looking forward to a good long chin-wag about old times with Cousin Chris."

"I used to wonder why anyone ever lived abroad," said Christopher bitterly, "but I know now."

* * * *

"Well, the great day has dawned at last," I said at breakfast, breezily beginning to tune-in for Hilda.

"What day?" said Christopher innocently.

"Christopher, don't pretend not to know. I have a final postcard from Hilda this morning to say that Ermyntrude is in the pink, and they are all agog for the little jaunt. I must practise looking agog to meet them."

I saw Christopher blanch.

"Oh, bother!" he said, trying to speak casually; "I wish I'd known it was to-day they were coming because unfortunately I've promised to dine in town to-night."

"Then you can just unpromise," I said briskly. "You can say you have a few months' previous engagement."

"But I can't possibly," cried Christopher. "I'm to dine with Sir James at his club to talk about that contract. You know how important that is."

I did know. Spellbound with horror, I gazed at Christopher.

"Oh, Christopher, couldn't he have seen you at any other time?"

"Well, he did give me a choice of evenings," Christopher admitted airily, "but I saw to-day was blank in my engagement-book, so naturally I thought——"

"Christopher," I said solemnly. "I may get over this in time, but I don't think I shall ever feel quite the same towards you again."

"It's always the way," said Christopher. "Women never will understand that work must come before pleasure."



"BUT CAN YOU AFFORD TO KEEP MY DAUGHTER?"
"WELL—ER—I COULD GIVE UP MY ALSATIAN."

With a superhuman effort I laid down my knife.

"I will not sacrifice your career to my craving for pleasure this time," I said kindly, "but perhaps you will admit that I may have some difficulty in convincing your cousins of the beauty of this sudden devotion to duty?"

"Put them off," said Christopher grandly. "Say you've made a mistake in the day."

"Considering I've had no fewer than six reminders from Hilda, that will hardly hold water," I said. "No, they'll have to come, but how in the world do you imagine I am going to entertain two offended strangers for an indefinite number of hours?"

"Well, they must have hobbies of their own to chat about," said Christopher brightly. "Horace used to collect stamps as a boy, and as for Hilda I'm sure I remember hearing at the time of the wedding that she was a great girl at morris-dancing or hens or something of that sort."

"Christopher, you have been married to me for upwards of ten years. Have you ever in the course of that time heard me refer to stamps, morris-dancing or hens in aught save terms of horror and loathing?"

"Well, perhaps they aren't exactly your subjects," admitted Christopher. "Why not tell them some anecdotes of life in the East?" he added inanely.

"Christopher, there are moments when I fear for your reason. Does anyone in England *ever* want to hear anything about the East? They say, 'I expect you feel the cold, don't you?' and 'I suppose when you want a servant you just clap your hands, don't you?' and by the time you've answered 'Yes, rather,' to the first, and 'No, never,' to the second, you're at a dead end, and they say pointedly, 'And when do you go back?'—that is if they didn't lead off with that in the cheery way most people have. And if Hilda calls me 'You Anglo-Indians' I'll savage her," I hissed, as the whole horror of the situation swept over me again.

"You mustn't think I'm not disappointed," said Christopher, growing more cheerful every moment. "I've been looking forward to meeting old Horace again. You must realise it's bad luck on me too."

"Christopher," I said icily, "you have proved yourself a traitor and an imbecile; there is no need to be a liar as well."

"Well, of course, I'm sorry," said Christopher, quite unmoved, "but you know it's really your own fault. You will *spring* these things on me. This need never have happened if only you'd told me the date in good time."

An Irish Bull.

"Typist and Shorthorn Typist. Open competition."—*From notice issued by the Stationery Office, Dublin.*

ROYAL ACADEMY—SECOND DEPRESSIONS.



Seated Lady (to protesting member of group). "LIE DOWN, FIDO; WE'RE NOT DONE YET."



"FATHER, I CANNOT TELL A LIE. I DID IT WITH MY LITTLE CATAPULT."



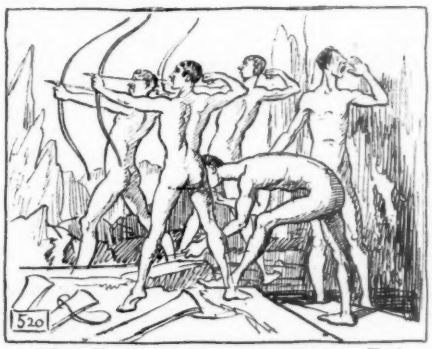
Beauty. "BE CAREFUL, LOVE! DO WHAT YOU LIKE TO RIMA, BUT PLEASE DON'T HIT THE ROYAL ACADEMY."



Girl (going off left). "ABSOLUTELY *DEMODÉ!* AT LEAST THREE INCHES TOO SHORT."



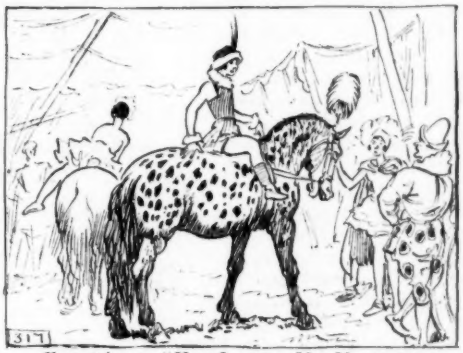
Disgusted Parrot. "CALL THIS A CONVERSATION-PIECE? SEEMS TO ME I'M DOING ALL THE TALKING."



"OI! FETCH SOME MORE ARROWS! THEY 'AVEN'T GOT NEAR 'IM YET."



IT WAS HERE THAT *THE TAILOR AND CUTTER'S* CRITIC SWOONED.



Equestrienne. "YES, I ASKED MR. MUNNINGS TO DO THIS PICTURE, BUT HE SAID HE WAS TOO BUSY WITH THOROUGHBREDS TO PAINT SPOTTED HORSES."



JUDITH, THE CLEVER YOUNG WOMAN SCULPTOR, TAKING HER BUST OF HOLOFERNES TO THE LOCAL ART EXHIBITION AT BETHULIA.



Spring-cleaning Model (to Artist). "SORRY, SIR, BUT I'M NOT USED TO THIS KIND OF JOB. IT SEEMS TO CATCH ME JUST HERE."



The Girl. "GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT!"
The Rocking-Horse. "HEAR, HEAR!"

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE WINDOW-CLEANER.

ONE morning when Mrs. Peckory came down to breakfast she said to her maid Sarah Bulch it is a long time since the windows were cleaned and I am quite ashamed of the dirt on them, really I think it must rain dirt in London, I think you had better clean them this morning.

Well it was one of Sarah Bulch's bad days and she had been hoping that Mrs. Peckory would say something to aggravate her so that she could tell her what she thought about a lot of things. And this was just what she wanted, so she put down the scrambled eggs on the table and said this has gone on long enough, I am not a negro slave and when I came here forty years ago I was a strong young girl engaged to a fishmonger and little I thought that I should grow old humouring your whimsies and whamsies and working myself to a shadow so that you could dress yourself up and sit on a sofa and never do a hand's turn, let me tell you that the days of the Spanish Imposition are over and clean your windows I will not, you can clean them yourself. And she flung out of the room and went downstairs and burst into tears, and the cook said there now dearie don't take on, what has she been saying?



"SARAH BULCH APPEARED ON THE THRESHOLD."

And Sarah Bulch was sorry now that she had been rude to Mrs. Peckory because she had always been a kind mistress to her and the cook, and when the fishmonger had thrown her over Mrs. Peckory had been very comforting about it and said that she had never cared much about fishmongers herself and Sarah Bulch was well out of it, and if she liked to stay with her she would always have a comfortable home without a man to make everything untidy, and she would pay her good wages and leave her and the cook a tidy little sum in her will if she died before them so that they should never want. And Mrs. Peckory was getting old now and Sarah Bulch was ashamed of herself for saying she could clean the windows herself because it would have been dreadful to see her sitting on a window-sill upstairs and she might easily have turned giddy and fallen into the area and dashed herself to pieces.

So she told the cook about that and the cook said you sit down and drink a nice cup of hot tea dearie and I will make it all right for you. So she waddled upstairs and Mrs. Peckory said I am afraid Sarah is not quite herself this morning, I think she had better lie down till dinner-time if you don't mind clearing away the breakfast-things and laying the dinner, and I will pass a duster over the ornaments in the drawing-room, so we can do quite well without her. And the cook said well I always did say and always will say that you are the best mistress anybody could have, except for picking too much at your victuals, and she don't mean what she says, she has been thinking about the fishmonger, she always does when there is a full moon poor soul, ah the hardness of men's hearts, I am sure I don't know what good they are except for the rough work.

And Mrs. Peckory said I only meant Sarah to do the insides of the windows, we must get a man to do the outsides. And just then as they were standing by the window a rather ragged-looking man with a red nose came up to the railings and pulled out his pockets which were quite empty and pointed to his mouth, and they thought what he meant was that he was hungry and hadn't got enough money to buy food with. And Mrs. Peckory said oh poor fellow, I suppose he is one of the unemployed, now I wonder if he would clean the windows for us, go out and ask him.

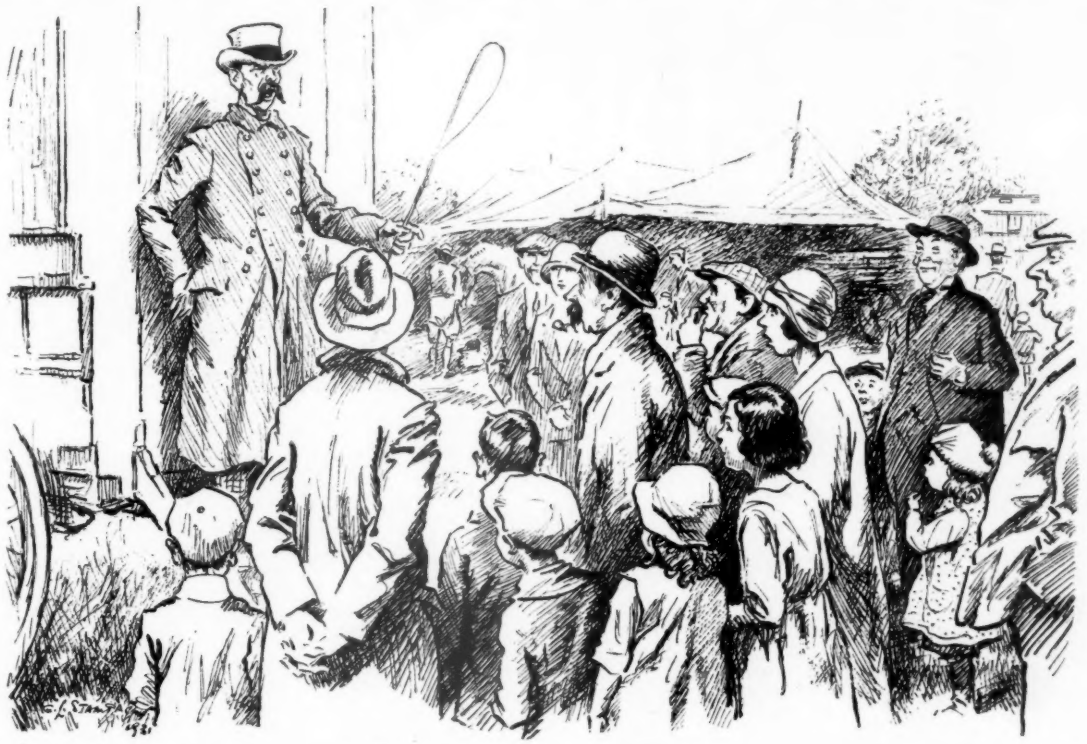
So the cook did that and the man said he should be glad to clean the windows if they would pay him for it and give him something to eat and drink first, because he hadn't had a mouthful since the day before and he couldn't do any good honest work until he had got something inside him.

So Mrs. Peckory told the cook to take him down to the kitchen and give him a good meal and a glass of beer and then she went up to see Sarah Bulch who was lying on her bed crying, and she comforted her and gave her an aspirin and said she was on no account to come downstairs until she felt better. And Sarah Bulch said she didn't deserve to have such a good mistress but when she felt a little easier she would get up and work her fingers to the bone for Mrs. Peckory. And Mrs. Peckory said she didn't want her to do that, she only wanted to have everything happy and comfortable all round.

Well the cook gave the window-cleaner a good meal and he talked to her while he was eating it and said he had been in a very good position and might have been made a lord if his wife hadn't taken to drink and broken up his home. And he kept the cook talking so long that Mrs. Peckory had to ring the bell for her to go and clear away the breakfast, so she said to the window-cleaner well I think it is time you started now. And he said well I am quite ready, and if you will give me another glass of beer just to put heart in me I will wait for the rest until I have cleaned some of the windows.

Well he had had two glasses of beer already but she gave him another one and took him upstairs to start on the dining-room windows. And Mrs. Peckory sat in the room so that he shouldn't steal anything out of it and sent the cook downstairs to get him some old rags and a pail of water.

And while she was gone he talked to Mrs. Peckory and told her about his wife, and he said that it did him good to come into a house where there were two such nice women as her and the cook because it gave him a new idea of women. And when the cook came back he went on talking and said that if he could get a nice place as a butler with an elderly good-looking lady who had a cook that he could get on with he should leave his wife to look after herself, and he knew all about what butlers ought to do because he had kept several himself before



Side-Showman. "LADIES AND GENTS, I 'AVE TO ASK YOUR INDULGENCE FOR A FEW MINUTES' DELAY IN PRESENTIN' 'THE PERFORMIN' FLEAS' OWIN' TO A TECHNICAL 'ITCH."

his wife had drunk him out of hearth and home.

And Mrs. Peckory sent the cook away and she said to him I don't like to hear you saying things like that about your wife, and how do I know that it wasn't you who drank *her* out of hearth and home, your nose is red enough for it, now I think you had better begin cleaning the windows.

Well the man turned nasty at that and he said look here you old sack of potatoes who do you think you're talking to? If you don't know how to treat a gentleman who has come down in the world through no fault of his own I'm off and you can get somebody else to clean your dirty windows, but I'll just take this to pay myself for the trouble I have been put to. And he took a large silver salver off the sideboard and wrapped it up in the tablecloth and was going out of the room with it when the door opened and Sarah Bulch appeared on the threshold.

Well the window-cleaner was the very fishmonger she had been engaged to forty years before and she recognised him, but she didn't faint or anything like that because she was made of sterner stuff, but directly she saw who he was and what he was doing she took him by the scruff of the neck and turned him out of the house, and she said she should have sent for the police if it hadn't been for old times but she should give up thinking about him now.

So she did that, and was all the happier for it. And she insisted on cleaning the windows herself outside and in till the day of Mrs. Peckory's death, and afterwards she and the cook lived together on what Mrs. Peckory had left them, and they often used to say that they pitied the poor women who had got husbands hanging on to them, especially fishmongers and window-cleaners.

A. M.

SOME SOUND IDEAS.

I HAVE been pondering deeply over the sage remarks of Dr. G. W. C. KAYE, of the National Physical Laboratory. Dr. KAYE has been examining the amount of energy contained in human speech and hearing, and he has come to the conclusion that "a Cup Final crowd of one hundred thousand at Wembley Stadium, all talking continuously and rather loudly, would provide as much speech-power as would, if converted, light a small electric-lamp throughout the game. Alternatively, by the end of the match the acoustical energy expended would have been sufficient, if transformed into heat, to make one cup of tea."

These calculations have prompted me to prepare for myself a small examination-paper, from which I here extract two questions that have proved too hard for me:—

(1) If the speech of 100,000 people at Wembley provides enough energy to light a small electric lamp, how many years will 600 people at Westminster have to talk in order to provide enough energy to solve the problem of unemployment?

(2) Is it really possible to talk the hind-leg off a donkey? If you consider it possible, indicate the amount of speech required for its performance, and give instances (if any) of donkeys which have been known to suffer this unusual form of amputation.

An Infant Centurion.

"ALDERMAN NOT OUT 113.

Though somewhat deliberate Alderman played great cricket for his side. . . . At the age of 3 he has ample time to develop footwork, and then the runs will assuredly come with more fluency."—*Daily Paper.*

Cricketers and City Fathers will follow the future career of this infant Alderman with the greatest interest.



A SUPERFLUOUS VETO.

LES JARDINS EXOTIQUES AT MONACO.

CAPE HORN DAYS.

VI.—SHANGHAI PASSAGE.

["SHANGHAI" BROWN was one of the most notorious of the 'Frisco crimps in sailing-ship days, and among his legendary exploits was that of passing off a dead man, among a boatload of drunk and drugged seaman, on a shipmaster who wanted a crew in a hurry.]

"'SHANGHAI' BROWN, 'SHANGHAI' BROWN!
The skipper o' the *Harvest Moon* is rampin' round the town,
Looking for some sailormen to beg or steal or borrow—
Can't get a crew an' he wants to sail to-morrow!" . . . .
"Prime seamen's very scarce just now—but where's his money down,
An' I'll see what I can do for him," says "SHANGHAI" BROWN.

"SHANGHAI" BROWN, "SHANGHAI" BROWN,
He's sent his touts and runners out all around the town;
He's raked in men both high an' low, he's got both black an' white;
He's got the *Lauderdale's* port watch that only berthed last night;
He's got a brace of farmhands with the hayseeds in their hair;
He's got a bridegroom and best man, for what does "SHANGHAI" care?
And he's shipped 'em in the *Harvest Moon*, the toughest packet goin'
(That never gets a sailorman to sign aboard her, knowin'),
With a hardcase drivin' skipper and a bull-voiced bucko mate,
By the Shanghai passage from the Golden Gate.

They'll be wonderin' in the mornin' what it was they drank las' night;
They'll be wonderin' what's hit 'em if they show an ounce of fight;
They'll be scoffin' seaboot duff, they'll be suppin' handspike gruel,
An' dodgin' the belayin'-pins and cursin' "SHANGHAI" cruel;
But there's one won't wake nor wonder, nor scoff no grub at all,
Nor drag his achin' bones along to tally on the fall,
Nor jump to please the toughest mate New England ever bred,
Nor stand no trick nor look-out—an' for why? Because he's dead!
"Prime seamen's very scarce to-day!"
Says "SHANGHAI" BROWN,
So he's took an' shipped a corp away,
Has "SHANGHAI" BROWN,
By the Shanghai passage outer 'Frisco town!

C. F. S.

Matriarchal Cricket.

"Wallasey's top-scorer was Rebecca, who hit 478 in 70 minutes."
Sunday Paper.

For Non-Centenarians Only.

"CONFINED EVENTS.

100 Yards (under 100)—1. R. D. Dunlop; 2. A. R. Sumpton; 3. R. Watt."—*Edinburgh Paper.*

"It was perhaps too much to hope, he continued, that that was the last occasion they would have the presence of Mr. Muir in that Division."—*Speech of the Chairman of the local Liberal Party after the Declaration of the Poll at Scarborough; from a Yorkshire Paper.*

And yet there are some people who tell us that there is no loyalty in politics.



OUR OLD UNADAPTABLES.

BRITISH COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER. "IT'S A GREAT CONCESSION ON MY PART TO COME HERE AT ALL; AND YOU'VE GOT TO TAKE WHAT I HAVE TO SELL AT MY OWN PRICE—NOT WHAT YOU WANT AT YOURS."

CHORUS OF POTENTIAL CUSTOMERS. "NOTHING DOING."

[It is hoped that after the PRINCE OF WALES'S recent speech at Manchester the methods of salesmanship indicated above will become obsolete.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, May 11th.—The House, which rather prides itself on its fund of general information, looked unashamedly blank when Mr. C. WILLIAMS asked the MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE AND FISHERIES whether his Department was studying the effect of the salp on the herring industry. Dr. ADDISON recognised that this was no occasion for official reticence. "I have inquired about this beast," he explained modestly, "and I am told that it is a free-swimming, barrel-shaped transparent animal about three inches long and is well known to seafaring people." Mr. WILLIAMS expressed apprehension lest the creature should come south. Other Members seemed relieved to learn that it was not likely to come ashore.

Commerce, however, has other horrors besides salps, as the House learned when Mr. MCELWEE asked the MINISTER OF HEALTH to name the various ingredients of margarine, and was informed by Miss LAWRENCE that they include arachis, cocoanut, palm kernel, soya bean, cottonseed oil, oleo oil, and "hardened marine animal fats." Was it not JULIUS CÆSAR who said, "Let me have hardened marine animals about me that are fat"? But even Members who *do* like a little bit of oleo to their bread blenched when Mr. MCELWEE asked the PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY if she was aware that one large dairy company was taking several tons of fat extracted from sewage works weekly.

A debate in Committee on Overseas Trade must be reckoned among the more useful activities of the House, and on this occasion grace was added to utility by felicitous references from both sides of the House to the noble work done by the PRINCE OF WALES in South America as (in Mr. DOUGLAS HACKING's words) "the greatest commercial traveller and the most powerful advertising medium that the world has ever known."

For the rest, the speeches of Members amounted to a lament for high British prices, unenterprising British manufacturers and lost British trade; and Mr. GILLETT made no effort to combat them.

Tuesday, May 12th.—While the Lords were discussing Scottish Agricultural Holdings Mr. GRAHAM was austerely declining to restrict the importation of Russian butter on the ground of the price at which it was being offered. Had the Right Hon. Gentleman no thought at all for British or Colonial farmers? asked Mr. SMITHERS indignantly. The House refused to wax indignant. Possibly it was thinking of hardened marine animal fats.

Public business found the House in Committee on the Electoral Reform Bill, considering an Amendment by Sir HILTON YOUNG to replace the alternative vote proposal with another which, he insisted, enabled the full number of preferences to be exercised. It was invented, he said, by an eminent Professor of Melbourne University.

The House listened its best while Sir HILTON plunged into a brilliant concatenation of mathematical formulæ which, he insisted, would do everything except make the illogical voter vote for the logical Candidate.

Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS objected that Sir HILTON YOUNG's system, in his own words, had been "unanimously dismissed by those acquainted with electioneering in the world of facts." Mr. AMERY pointed out that Sir HILTON's system was known as long ago as the Battle of Salamis, when the Greek admirals were asked to decide by their votes who had rendered the greatest service to the Greek State. Each gave himself the first vote, and all gave THEMISTOCLES the second vote.

Sir MARTIN CONWAY heartily commended Sir HILTON's scheme in the absence of anything still more complicated. He was all for a system so complicated that all the ignorant voters would spoil their voting-papers, leaving the actual choice of Candidate to the intelligent few. He himself, he explained, had been elected on a complicated system of proportional representation which he considered excellent, because while at the first count he had been somewhere near the bottom of the poll the second count put him at the top.

The House rejected Sir HILTON YOUNG's Amendment, but did its best to placate the Member for the English Universities by carrying an Amendment of Sir HERBERT SAMUEL's permitting the alternative voter to register a third, fourth, fifth preference, or more if the occasion required, Sir HERBERT pertinently arguing that at almost any time the voter might find himself confronted with four, five, six or indeed any number of new parties.

Wednesday, May 13th.—Lord ARNOLD's lengthy disquisitions on Free Trade and allied topics have been aptly described as the terror of the nobility. Earnest Peers, catching sight of the noble Lord from behind the Woolsack, creep back to the library and are seen no more. Debate languishes and somnolence resumes its ancient sway. It was so to-day when Lord ARNOLD initiated a debate on the wheat quota. Nobody really wanted to discuss wheat quotas with him, but the amenities must be preserved, so Lord CRANWORTH interposed a word and the Bishop of NORWICH uttered a few imperially-coloured remarks. Lord PARMOOR dissented from his colleague's view that a wheat quota in Britain involved a duty. Lord LONDONDERRY agreed with him. There being no other takers, as it were, Lord ARNOLD withdrew his motion for Papers.

In the Commons Sir FREDERICK HALL put a Question to the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS about a Bolshevik army, awfully arrayed, that had been despatched to the Caucasus against the Moslems.



OUR CLASSICAL COMEDIANS.

Mr. AMERY. "I LIKE THIS PLAN—IT'S SO GREEK. IT SUITED THEMISTOCLES ADMIRABLY AFTER SALAMIS."

Sir MARTIN CONWAY. "AND I LIKE IT BECAUSE IT'S GREEK TO THE AVERAGE VOTER."

Mr. DALTON had heard nothing about it and could not therefore, as Sir FREDERICK HALL desired, take the matter up with the League of Nations. On being pressed, Mr. DALTON admitted that he had seen a paragraph in *The Daily Mail*. "Ha!" retorted Sir FREDERICK unkindly, "if it had been in *The Daily Herald* I suppose it would have been authentic."

Having welcomed the new Member for St. Rollox and heard Miss WILKINSON's passionate advocacy of the public's right of access to mountains and moorlands, the House in Committee turned to the vexed question of the Indian boycott of Manchester cotton goods.

There is always a smack of unreality about a debate in which ardent Conservative Protectionists beg the Government to rush to the rescue of Free Trade Manchester, and, though Sir P. CUNLIFFE-LISTER made a brave attempt to prove that Indian politics were at the bottom of it all, he had to admit that the coming of cheap Japanese textiles had something to do with it.

The facts and figures produced by Mr. BENN seemed rather to justify his assertion that the debate would be of very little use to Lancashire. On the other hand, he declined to be pessimistic, even as the Government refused to be stampeded from the path of peace. "Seek first the Kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you," he quoted, adding, with a swift descent from the spiritual to the practical, "and as a matter of fact for April India is the only market for cotton goods that shows an increase of imports from this country."

If Mr. BENN was full of peace and optimism, Mr. CHURCHILL stood rooted in gloomy and titanic despair. His premiss—that it was up to Parliament to make some mental and moral exertion on behalf of Manchester—may have been disputable, but his picture of the situation—the poor people of India, including seventy million Moslems, being bled for the benefit of Mr. GANDHI'S mill-owning co-religionists and supporters—was probably as correct as Mr. BENN'S vision of a poverty-stricken India passionately determined to improve its lot by weaving its own khaddar. For the rest Mr. CHURCHILL'S speech was Mr. CHURCHILL'S stock India speech, and it was not only Socialists who looked their agreement with Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY'S remark that there had been too much GANDHI in the debate.



THE ASSAULT ON DOUBTING CASTLE.

Giant Despair . . MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL.
Young Hopeful . . SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA.

Thursday, May 14th.—It is tough on a much troubled PRIME MINISTER to be called a "Boneless Wonder" by a rude opponent, but tougher still for a well-meaning contortionist to have to indulge in a flow of light-hearted patter in the place of an absent brother-artist.



Whimsical Mac (talking patter through his hat). "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I HAVE KEPT MY PLEDGE—IN MY POCKET."

The inquisitor on this occasion was Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, the subject a tried one, to wit, the subversive breathings of the Red Trade Union International. The answer was the usual one, that the Government must be left to judge what action, if any, is necessary in the national interest. "And the right hon. Gentleman must *always* assume," Mr. MACDONALD added earnestly, "that the Government is a realistic Government."

By way of proving this, the PRIME MINISTER was promptly called upon to admit that he had not yet studied Miss WILKINSON'S Access to Moors and Mountains Bill, and so could not promise facilities for it. Miss ELLEN'S disappointed looks were more than the gallant bosom of Lieut.-Colonel HENEAGE could stand. He invited the Government to hike to the scenery in question—and stay there.

The advice of the amiable FLACCUS to his friend LICINIUS must surely have occurred to some Members as the PRIME MINISTER propounded the Government's airship policy. Three courses, he explained, presented themselves. They could press on with airship construction as if the disaster to the R101 had never occurred. They could cautiously bow to the storm, scrap everything but the compilation of data, and withdraw from the whole business of lighter-than-air flying as impracticable. Or they could adopt the golden mean, abandoning the ambitious programme of 1924, but retaining the existing apparatus at Cardington and elsewhere for a period, and reconditioning the R100 for purely experimental purposes.

This *via media* the Government, said Mr. MACDONALD, proposed to pursue, and he can hardly have been surprised to find both Sir SAMUEL HOARE and Sir JOHN SIMON in complete harmony with him. A few dissenting voices were raised, but there was general agreement.

The House turned to the delicate question of how *The Daily Herald* gets its news. It sounds like a "Just So" story, and would sound even more so, no doubt, if the ATTORNEY-GENERAL had been able to discover how the news leaked out.



Naturalist Explorer. "IT WOULD APPEAR THAT THIS REPTILE IS NOT NEARLY SO EXTINCT AS IT IS POPULARLY SUPPOSED TO BE."

A LEVY ON BEAUTY AND BRAINS.

[TIME—1950.]

SINCE the famous Act of 1946, which instituted the taxation of Beauty and Brain, was passed four years ago, a busy horde of officials has proceeded steadily with the task of valuing every single member of the community. They have advanced so far that appropriate panels are already beginning to hear appeals against their assessments.

It will be remembered that the then Chancellor, in introducing his Resolution, contended that neither beauty nor brain was the result of personal labour or merits, but that both were acquired by the accident of birth; and it was only fair that those who possessed these good things should pay for a privilege not enjoyed by the vast majority: the more so because such advantages derived their value solely from the community's appraisement of them.

It is against these assertions that the arguments of appellants have been chiefly directed. Week by week the new Tax Appeal Courts are crowded with interested parties. Many have been waiting to hear the result of Miss Zinnia Boom's appeal, which will decide a number of similar cases.

The beauty of this lady, the ornament just now of the Little Blue Theatre, has been assessed at £20,000. A modest sum, her admirers will say, but still a very serious figure when we remember that after £10,000 the tax rises tq 6*d.* in the £. Her counsel was handicapped by the impossibility of putting Miss Boom in the box, lest the panel, on seeing the witness, should *raise* the assessment, as they have power to do by sub-section 107. But he was able to show that her beauty was not entirely natural, much of it being due to her own efforts—her exercises, her training, her skilful use of cosmetics and so forth.

Counsel for the Crown produced damaging evidence from the manager of The Little Blue, to show the lady's drawing power at the box-office. If she was dissatisfied with her present assessment, she could console herself with the reflection that her attractions might wane in time for the next quinquennial valuation.

Miss Boom's counsel, referring to the late Chancellor's view that she had only a nominal claim to her beauty and in consequence had no right to restrict the free enjoyment of it by the community, claimed that his client had on every possible occasion made herself accessible to the public eye; she had not selfishly denied to others their right to gaze at her beauty on the stage or on the screen, and had even been photographed in a variety of attitudes for the benefit of the community. His eloquent peroration, in which he pleaded that Miss Boom's figure constituted an enhancement of social amenities, so far moved the panel that they reduced her assessment to £15,000. The value of her brain was considered negligible.

Another case of less popular appeal had also its interesting points. Mr. Mark Mutter, Fellow of St. Aldate's, Oxford, appealed against the valuation of his brain at £8,750. At the rate of 4*d.* in the £ he was liable for a yearly tax of £145 16*s.* 8*d.* It was admitted that his knowledge of Greek History was unrivalled, but he was able to prove that he had never earned in one year more than £800. Counsel for the Crown asserted that Mr. Mutter was wasting the time of the panel. The massiveness of his brain was admitted by all his associate pedants; if he chose to waste it on obsolete studies of less value to the community than stamp-collecting, was he on that account to escape payment of a fair rate for the privilege to which he had been born?

Mr. Mutter's counsel urged that his



Motorist. "REALLY, SIR, YOU SHOULD BE MORE CAREFUL. BRAND-NEW TYRES—AND LOOK AT THESE NASTY TEETH-MARKS!"

client's brain in its natural state, before education, was in no way abnormal: and it was monstrous that he should be penalised for improvements he himself had made to his property. Even at school Mr. Mutter had worked hard—(Sensation)—and his life at the University had been one of persistent study. Since the Act, of course, he had been obliged to read as little as possible and had ceased to contribute articles to learned periodicals. He was a poor man with a wife and five children and could not afford to risk being assessed higher in five years' time as the result of continuing his researches.

The panel found themselves unable to recommend any reduction of the assessment. The question of his beauty did not arise.

As we go to press it is announced that the Government have decided not to continue the valuation of infants in arms, estimates of their beauty and brain having been rendered difficult by the conflicting evidence of their parents and less prejudiced assessors. Babies will therefore enjoy the exemption already granted to Cabinet Ministers.

Pontifex Maximus.

"Will Anyone who Knows name of highest skilled Dentist in London at intricate bridge work, or who has had great success with bridges, give name to advertiser."
Daily Paper.

GUN DOGS.

II.—THE ENGLISH SETTER.

WHEN I would remember
Delectable things,
I remember September
All whirring with wings,
Where stubbles were golden
And Age was unmet
And Youth was beholden
To Setters that set;
For we've *got* to be debtors
To white English Setters;
The Laverack Setters,
I'm seeing them yet.

The galloping Graces—
The wind on the hill,
Outstripped in his traces,
They've left standing still;
Oh, arrows of archers
New-shot from the bow
Are but the slow marchers
When Laveracks go!
For where are their betters,
The galloping Setters,
The Laverack Setters
That never say "No"?

There were racers and chasers
On Canobie Lea,
But never such pacers
As these did you see;
For the dogs we uncouple
Are fleeter by far
Than the fleet steed and supple
Of *Young Lochinvar*;
On-getters, on-getters
You'd call them, our Setters,
Our Setters, white Setters,
That shoot like a star.

So, when I remember
Delectable things,
It is always September,
Gold stubbles, brown wings;
And Fancy unfetters
To gallop and go
White Setters, white Setters
That hold the wind slow;
White Setters, white Setters,
White Laverack Setters,
The aids and abettors
Of ages ago. P. R. C.

A Job for a Merman.

"REQUIRED. — Swimming instructor for open-air swimming pool. Sleep in."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

"Hearne was rather subdued, his only strokes of note before lunch being a chop and a cut."—*Daily Paper.*

Still they must have gone far to spoil his appetite.

"I had imagined Madeira to be rich, sunny, fragrant, a place for dolee-far-nicute."
Manchester Paper.

The absence of dolee-far-nicute was a great disappointment to officers of the Portuguese punitive expedition who had brought their sporting guns with them.

AT THE PICTURES.

A FRENCH FILM.

HAVING missed M. RENÉ CLAIR'S French film, *Sous les Toits de Paris*, I went to *Le Million* with the more eagerness; and I was delighted. It is the gayest two hours one could ask for; a good farcical story most amusingly and persuasively acted, with merry music especially composed, and photography of superlative quality. The fact that the dialogue is in French should not deter the most determined or hopeless of insulars, for there are no subtleties and the eye has been more provided for than the ear.

The story, which has a certain topical interest in these gambling days, is of a prize-winning lottery ticket that had been mislaid and must be found. You don't want any motive better than that. The ticket began by being stuffed into the coat-pocket of *Michel*, the winner; the coat was then donned by an escaping thief; then sold to an old-clothes dealer (and here we are reminded of a famous GABORIAU opening); then bought by an illustrious tenor to wear in a new part. There I will leave it, but I feel bound to add that the scene in Grand Opera, where the tenor is pursued even on to the stage by the coat-hunters, now twenty



AN ARTIST'S CIRCLE;
OR, THE CREDITORS' CHORUS.
Michel . . . . MR. RENÉ LEFEBORE.

strong, is one of the funniest that the ingenuity of the comic dramatist has ever contrived.

A rather odd device has been invented for the benefit of those members of the audience who cannot understand French. At a skylight in the room in which the opening revel is being held, and in which the closing scene, another revel, is played, are posed two English eavesdroppers, who exchange remarks concerning the progress of the imbroglio. So natural is the acting and so unequivocal the story that these interlopers (who would, of course, have



SUR LES TOITS DE PARIS.

First Englishman (disturbed by revelry, to second ditto). "IT'S DECENT OF THEM TO HAND US UP A BOTTLE—BY THE WAY, IT'S MY TURN TO HOLD IT—BUT WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS, WHY HAVE WE GOT TO STAY ON THE ROOF DAY AND NIGHT IN PYJAMAS TO EXPLAIN A STORY THAT'S NOTHING TO DO WITH US?"

seen nothing of the intervening events, since we are never in the room of the revel any more) make the audience positively ashamed. It will be an additional pleasure, when next in Paris, to see *Le Million* shorn of their humiliating presence.

In the programme of *Le Million* there is talk of a new technique invented by M. CLAIR; but, except that some of the performers now and then keep step to the very tuneful and always lively music, I did not discover any. The principal novelty is in the photography, which not only is of a crystal clarity, but has been so skilfully managed that, without any loss of reality, every scene is bathed in a white effulgence, and every scene is, as artists say, perfectly composed. How such harmonious arrangements could be secured, time after time and apparently without effort, I am not sufficiently learned in the mechanics of the cinema to explain; but the effect is charming and soothing, and by contrast I shall, I know, for a while find the normal film crude and disappointing. It is strange to have to go to France for such distinction, for the French can be satisfied rather easily; it is stranger, perhaps, to get from France a screen play of such unfailing refinement and good taste—from France with its centuries-old reputation for coarseness! But nothing could be more radiant, more innocent than *Le Million*.

Those who want the old Gallic freedom of speech with a joyless cynicism superimposed must seek the products of the American screen, in a recent example of which—*The Front Page*, where ADOLPHE MENJOU puts off the garb of Lothario and becomes a Chicago crook-editor—they will find them in profusion. This hard-bitten sordid presentation of seaminess opens with the rehearsal of an execution in a gaol, a weighted sack serving for the body, and it continues in the reporters'-room in the same penitentiary, where the impending doom of the man and the disadvantages to the Press that a reprieve would involve are discussed with a nauseous levity. Mr. SHORT and his fellow-censors seem to like it, but to my mind it is a type of picture which should be discouraged and which I should have thought, considering the discredit it brings on journalism, every paper in the country would have attacked. But we live in very insensitive times.

A secondary depression which visits one in watching *The Front Page* is concerned with the telephone. Every reporter in the Press-room has his own



ALL PHONING.

Murphy . . . MR. WALTER CATLETT.
Walter Burns . MR. ADOLPHE MENJOU.
Sheriff Hartman MR. CLARENCE H. WILSON.

telephone communicating direct with his own journal, and as the dreadful news comes in each man feverishly and with every kind of embroidery passes it on to headquarters. The instantaneousness of the connection sends one back to one's own dialling with heavy, heavy feet.

E. V. L.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE HAIRY APE" (AMBASSADORS).

MR. EUGENE O'NEILL'S violent and rather sinister imagination, rough human sympathy and real sense of dramatic values make this a genuinely moving tragedy. If only he had some discretion! He simply forces us to look his gift-ape in the mouth, however guilty we may feel in doing so.

He knows exactly where to begin, presenting to us his hero, the giant negro, "*Yank*" *Smith*, in the firemen's forecastle of a liner, with the seven other stokers of his shift—a figure apart, leader because of his immense physical energy, feared, not as a bully is feared, but for some quality and reserve of spiritual force, instinctively recognised. He has a philosophy (though perhaps philosophy is not the word for his crude obsessions): he believes in the self-sufficiency of brawn, in kinship ("belonging") with hard steel, in being the real power that drives the ship. He has no envy of the wealthy and comfortable passengers, of the bloody capitalists against whom stoker *Long*, of the International Woild's Woikers has been fulminating with some success among his mates till brusquely invited to "can that stuff" by the giant. Why envy them, the poor saps? We are the real goods. These others are dead, don't "belong" any more than the drunken old shellback *Paddy* belongs, with his maudlin memories of the silent, ghostly, white-sailed clippers which you could love, which you worked from a clean white deck, not from a dirty steel box. Steel and brawn are the masters. They are of the age; the rest is punk. The meeting veers round. This sounds good to it—for the moment.

And meanwhile the spoilt daughter of a billionaire will do a little social-service investigation in the stokehold and happens to arrive just when the giant has worked himself into a murderous frenzy against the engineer-officer above, whose peremptory whistle is urging the exhausted men to impossible efforts. She faints in sheer terror and is carried off by her escort. And back in the forecastle, blarneying old *Paddy* entertains the company with a highly-imaginative version of the affair. *Yank*, says he, had fallen in love at first sight with the pale white skoit, and she thinking no more of him than of a great hairy ape! And that sows the seed of the tragedy. A new idea has entered a mind that can only hold one idea at a time. He will be even. He will smash in the silly white face. He will spit in the frightened eyes. She and her kind shall feel the hairy ape's avenging strength. And there is the little yellow rat, *Long*, to twist the knife in the wound.

So far admirable. The dramatist, working at white heat, savagely, carelessly, masterfully, has given us a hero to admire and to pity. But now enters the expressionist and symbolist.

Fifth Avenue. There issues, of a Sunday morning, from a fashionable church, a formal procession of masked, shuffling, twittering automata, unable to see the angry giant, unable to hear his savage and obscene insults—an interlude much too protracted to our discomfort. We do not miss the point of this interpolation. On the contrary, we seize it in its entirety long before our author has done with it.

A gaol, with its steel-barred pens. Steel again! And the only visible figure our giant, now angry and at bay and becoming something nearer the hairy ape, not of *Paddy's* light-hearted scenario but of the jungle. Again a chorus—questions, taunts, obscenities, blasphemies, stylised and repetitive, from the hidden figures, *Yank's* fellow-prisoners. A powerful scene, jeopardised but not wrecked. The taunts are the final word. Not even here does our unhappy giant belong. Nor again at the offices of the I.W.W., where, seeking membership and expressing a naïve eagerness to smash and burn, our disintegrating hero is taken for a spy and agent of the other side and hurled contemptuously out on to the side-walk.

And, finally, a menagerie with an enormous caged gorilla. This surely, thinks our despairing *Yank*, is where he really belongs. He babbles his crude violent pathetic nonsense to the uncomprehending beast who drums with rage or sinks back into apathy. The outcast will open the cage and fraternise with his kind. The great beast in his embrace cracks the sinews and breaks the back of his human analogue, and shuffles out—to cause inconveniences, we surmise, in New York, of which we are not given an account.



THE DEGENERATE.

The Gorilla (*Mr.* HARRY KERR) *to Robert Smith* (*Mr.* PAUL ROBESON). "'HAIRY APE,' INDEED! WHY, YOU HAVEN'T SO MUCH AS A WHISKER!"

But is this a true working-out of a situation? we now ask ourselves. Is it not rather the arbitrary and fantastic pursuit of a train of thought stimulated by a metaphor and a suggestive title?

Perhaps this does not matter. We certainly have been deeply moved by Mr. PAUL ROBESON'S impressive working out of his part; and he has certainly made us respect the author's material. We should not care to have missed the admirable scenes in forecastle and stokehold or the vivid monologues of *Paddy* (Mr. SYDNEY MORGAN) or the voluble Bolshevism—touched with more of humour, I suspect, than was the author's intention—of Mr. LAWRENCE HANRAY'S *Long*. In fact on balance we are in debt to Mr. O'NEILL because vision and vigour and passion are more important than perfection of technique. But our reservations are not merely academic. The perversities of this affair do materially spoil our æsthetic and intellectual enjoyment. If he would only "can" some of that stuff! We gave, need I say, an ungrudging tribute of admiring applause to Mr. PAUL ROBESON. T.

"LEAN HARVEST" (ST. MARTIN'S).

Mr. RONALD JEANS offers us a little revue of modern life in thirteen scenes and three Acts, covering the years 1919 to the present day, spiced with wit of a rather sombre and cynical turn, garnished with a sprig of impressionism, lacking a moral or a hero, well invented and holding our interested attention to the end. It isn't unreasonable to suppose, perhaps, that our author's sedu-

lous and successful practice of the art of revue-making has developed a technique unfavourable to the conventional three-scene model, and that the composition of a series of compressed little playlets with cynical endings has fixed his attention on the less attractive sides of human character; and this approach, when concerned with serious rather than flippant situations, gives the present essay a rather unnecessarily bitter flavour. No, perhaps that's an unfair analysis. Let us rather suppose him to have a real horror of easy sentimentality and a deliberate disdain of the trivial embroidery which conceals the ugliness of life in the interest of pleasant entertainment.

The scene opens in the *Trents'* modest little house in a small Dorset town. *Steven*, the elder brother (Mr. J. H. ROBERTS), is a hack writer of Jacobite romances—an ineffectual. *Nigel*, the younger (Mr. LESLIE BANKS), recently demobilised, has distinguished himself by turning down after trial three jobs as not giving him sufficient scope, and, having secured a fourth, to the relief of *Steven*, of his mother (Miss ALEX FRIZELL), and *Anne*, his *fiancée* (Miss ISABEL WILFORD), on consideration rejects that also, untried. A bluffer and a ne'er-do-well, thinks *Steven*. A heartless careerist, thinks *Anne*—and returns him his engagement-ring.

Two years later, *Nigel*, in London, has his foot on the ladder of success—something in the manipulative line, not indicated with tiresome precision. He proposes in the most sudden, casual and unromantic manner to a beautiful young woman, *Celia* (Miss DIANA WYNYARD), whose social standing and talents will be useful to him, and who as casually and as calculatingly accepts him.

It is a weakness of Mr. JEANS' treatment that, when we next see the pair six years later at the height of their financial and social success, they are supposed to be genuinely devoted, but gradually drifting apart. The romance developed from so unpromising a beginning needed more explanation than we are vouchsafed. We see however that beneath *Nigel's* desperate preoccupation he has a real tenderness for his beautiful wife, and that the shallow brilliant *Celia*, caught up in a round of futile social engagements and withal a brave spender, is deeply disappointed when *Nigel* cancels one of their rare private little outings on plea of urgent business. There is a faithful cavalier, *Philip* (Mr. NIGEL BRUCE), now for some years in constant attendance, but always kept at arm's length.



LOVE IN A COTTAGE.
(MÉNAGE À DEUX.)

Steven Trent . . . . . MR. J. H. ROBERTS.
Anne Trent . . . . . MISS ISABEL WILFORD.

A fantastic dream of himself as the happy domesticated husband of *Anne* (who has married *Steven*) surrounded by babbling children — this and a faint touch of jealousy frighten *Nigel* into an examination of his conscience, and a subsequent redintegration of love.

And after this pleasant snap-shot we are whisked forward three more years. *Sir Nigel*, now a really big man in finance, has proved himself a recidivist. Preoccupation has become fanatical absorption. Success has him in thrall. His health is breaking, and *Celia*, announcing her departure for Sorrento with *Philip*, completes the unhappy magnate's undoing. A bizarre and successful expressionistic scene shows us the mental aspect of this disaster ending in *Nigel's* death. An epilogue, in which *Steven* and *Anne*, heirs to *Nigel's* wealth, begin to bicker about how the money shall be spent, and betray their innate snobbishness and insensitiveness, completes the atmosphere of disillusion.



LOVE IN A MANSION.
(MÉNAGE À TROIS.)

Celia Trent . . . . . MISS DIANA WYNYARD.
Philip Downes . . . . . MR. NIGEL BRUCE.
Nigel Trent . . . . . MR. LESLIE BANKS.

Clearly a bundle of themes indicated rather than developed, a scheme conceived on the grandiose scale of a cinematographic scenario rather than of a stage play; and to that extent, I think, artistically unsatisfying. It calls upon the actors to pack their brief scenes with intention and suggestion, and this Mr. LESLIE BANKS, Miss DIANA WYNYARD and Mr. NIGEL BRUCE do with a very real measure of success. Three interesting, intelligible and alive people emerge. Mr. BRUCE'S brief study of *Celia's* queer lover was a perfect little gem of adroit characterisation. It was perverse of the author to make him furtively fill his cigarette-case in his friend's house —and rather characteristic. Mr. RAYMOND MASSEY'S handling of a play that unskilful production could very easily have wrecked deserves high praise.

Altogether an interesting experiment in technique, though perhaps both the dream and the death-scene stood out rather staringly in patches than as integral parts of the fabric. T.

Brains and Brass, a farce by ANTHONY ARMSTRONG ("A. A." of *Punch*), opens on the 27th at the Playhouse, Liverpool, and is to be produced by the Liverpool Repertory Players.

A Ball, organised by Lady CARISBROOKE and Lady CYNTHIA COLVILLE in aid of "The Friends of the Poor," will take place at Chandos House, Queen Anne Street, W.1, on Monday, June 1st. The Duke and Duchess of YORK have promised to be present. Dancing (Pilbeam's Band) 10 to 3. Tickets, two guineas each (to include Buffet and Champagne Supper), can be obtained from the Honorary Secretary, "Friends of the Poor," 40-42, Ebury Street, S.W.1.

OG.

[Being a free version of the PRIME MINISTER'S letter on Communism to the Labour Candidate in the Ogmore Division.]

GOOD friends and staunch Ogmorians,
In this distressing hour
When disinterred Victorians
Dare to dispute our power,
Let not your fine sodality
Be poisoned by the mists
And mischievous mentality
Of deadly Communists.

Of all the forms of slavery,
Degraded and accursed,
Which sap our breed and bravery
This is by far the worst,
And would, O men of Ogmore,
If harnessed to its wheel,
Make each of you a cog more
Or less of soulless steel.

Put forth your manliest marrow
To win this crucial seat,
Where victory, if narrow,
Is almost a defeat;
Cherish the under-dog more,
But crush this wolfish crew,
And keep the soul of Ogmore
Untainted by Ogpu.

Grace from the Air.

"As the lunch approached the *Viceroy of India*, three aeroplanes hovered over the vessel and dipped a salute."
Calcutta Paper.

The Sunday Entertainment Question: a Compromise.

"ST. PETER'S CHURCH.
11 and 6.30—
Rev. ALEXANDER WHITE.
3.0—TWO-YEAR-OLD SELLING PLATE of 200 sovs. Five furlongs (straight)."
Dundee Paper.

THE PEACEMAKER.

Daphne broke the news to me without any preamble. "Cook and Mary have had a row."

"What's it about this time?" I asked lazily.

"Men," said Daphne succinctly. "Apparently Mary is a flirt. You know she's been carrying on with the milkman?"

I didn't, but I nodded.

"Well," she went on, "this morning Cook caught the butcher-boy kissing her and——"

"But that's nothing," I protested. "When the heart is young——"

"And to-night she's got an appointment to go to the talkies with the Symingtons' chauffeur. So that's three of them."

"Quite the local belle, our Mary."

"She is. But Cook—you know what a motherly interest she takes in the girl—doesn't approve of it, and they had a perfectly frightful row this morning. It finished up with Cook saying that Mary wasn't any better than she ought to be, so Mary came straight to me and gave me a month's notice."

"What for?"

"I've just told you. Because Cook says she isn't any better than she ought to be. It's surprising how she's taken it to heart. Of course I've talked to her. I tried to explain that Cook didn't really mean anything, but it's not a bit of good. I do wish you'd see what you can do with her."

"Me?" I exclaimed.

"Yes. Perhaps she'll listen to you, being a man. And of course we don't want to lose the girl, just when she's got into our ways."

"Certainly not," I agreed.

"Then," she said, "I'll tell her you want to see her;" and, giving me no time to marshal my objections, she was gone.

Two minutes later Mary came in.

"Well, Mary," I began, smiling at her as though we shared a joke, "what's all this nonsense about you and Cook?"

Mary's response was disconcerting. She sniffed.

"It isn't nonsense, Sir, if you'll excuse me. And, if Cook thinks that I'm going to be told by the likes of her that I'm no better than I ought to be, then she's making a big mistake. Me that's got a character second to none."

"Yes, yes," I said soothingly. "But I think you misunderstood Cook's meaning. She wasn't trying to take your character away. After all, there are quite a lot of people who are no better than they ought to be."

"Yes, Sir. But I'm not going to have Cook classing me with them sort."

"But, my dear girl, is *anybody* better than he ought to be? I'm quite willing to admit that I'm not."

"No, Sir. But then, you see, my mother brought me up strict, my mother did."

"Of course she did," I agreed, beginning to lose patience. "We all realise that. But none of us can claim to be any better than we ought to be. Even Cook can't. It's quite enough if we can say we're *as good* as we ought to be, and I'm sure we can all say that about you."

Mary set her mouth in a stubborn line.

"She didn't ought to have said a thing like that about me," she insisted.

It was hopeless.

"Ah, well," I said, "I'd better leave you to think it over. We should be sorry to lose you because of a trifling misunderstanding, and I hope you'll come to see things in the right light and change your mind."

With a final unrelenting sniff, Mary took her departure.

Ten minutes later Daphne came to see me again.

"You've done it now," she said.

"Done what?"

She sat down wearily.

"Cook's given notice," she announced with a sort of stoic calm.

"Cook?" I repeated stupidly. "What on earth does *she* want to give notice for?"

"Because you've been telling Mary that Cook isn't any better than she ought to be, and——"

It was then that I burst into tears.

Another Headache for Biologists.

"'CHINA IS YOUNG MAN'S COUNTRY.'

General Whang, director general of aviation for the Chinese National Government, who sailed Saturday for Shanghai, exemplifies the new order of things. He is 6 years old, but looks ten years younger."
Vancouver Paper.

Brighter Rural Life.

From a postcard sent to a subscriber to Rural Libraries in the Isle of Man who had included the latest novels of SOMERSET MAUGHAM and ERNEST BRAMAH in his list:—

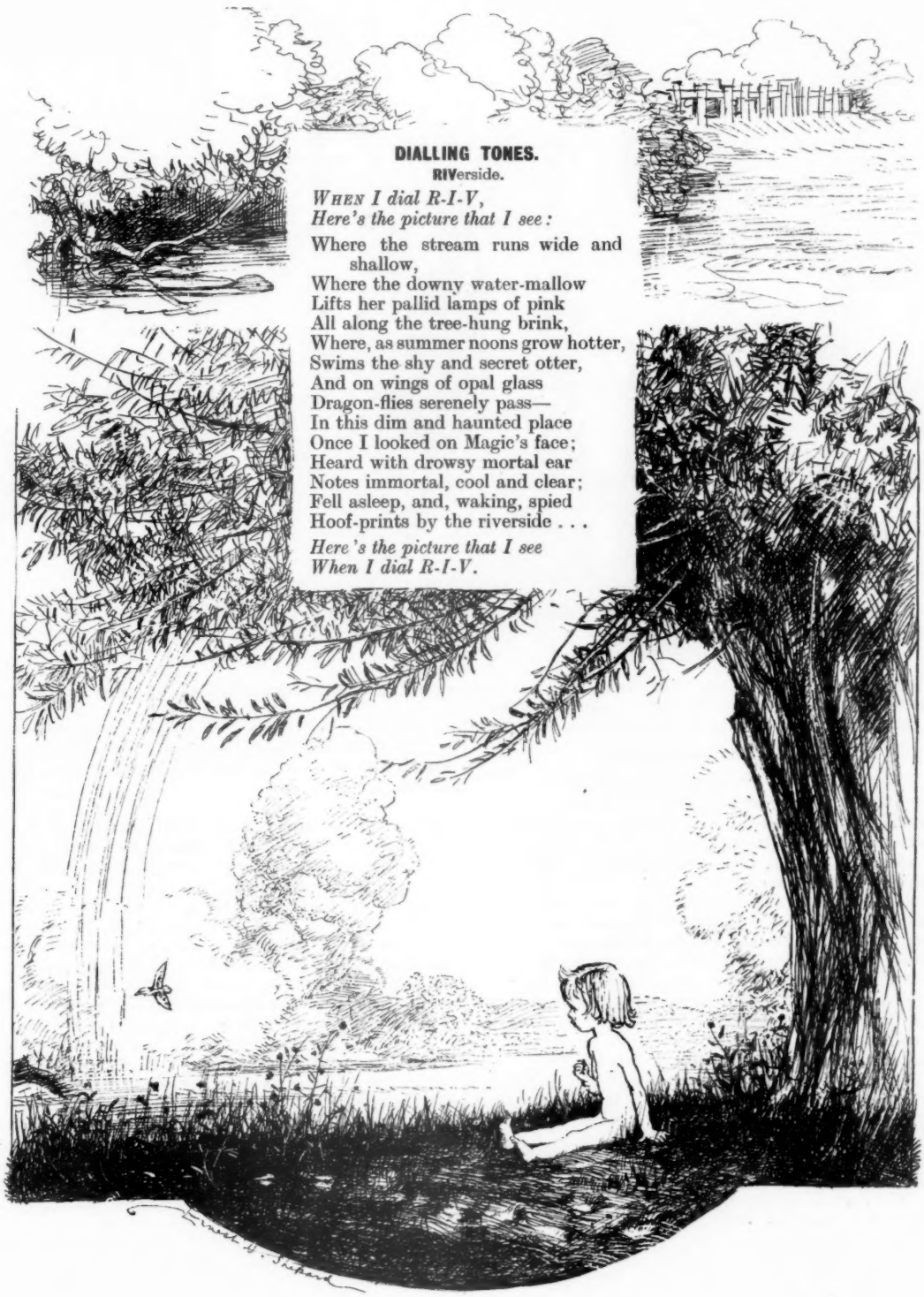
"DEAR SIR,—'Cakes and Ale' and 'A Little Flutter' are now available for you."

"To be let, this meadow ready to play football and cricket."—*Notice at Stamford.*

Any club got a vacancy for a good field?

"No insult would wound me deeper than a look of distrust from one of my dogs."
New Zealand Paper.

We shall never forget the look our Sealyham gave us when we sent an overdrawn cheque to pay his licence.



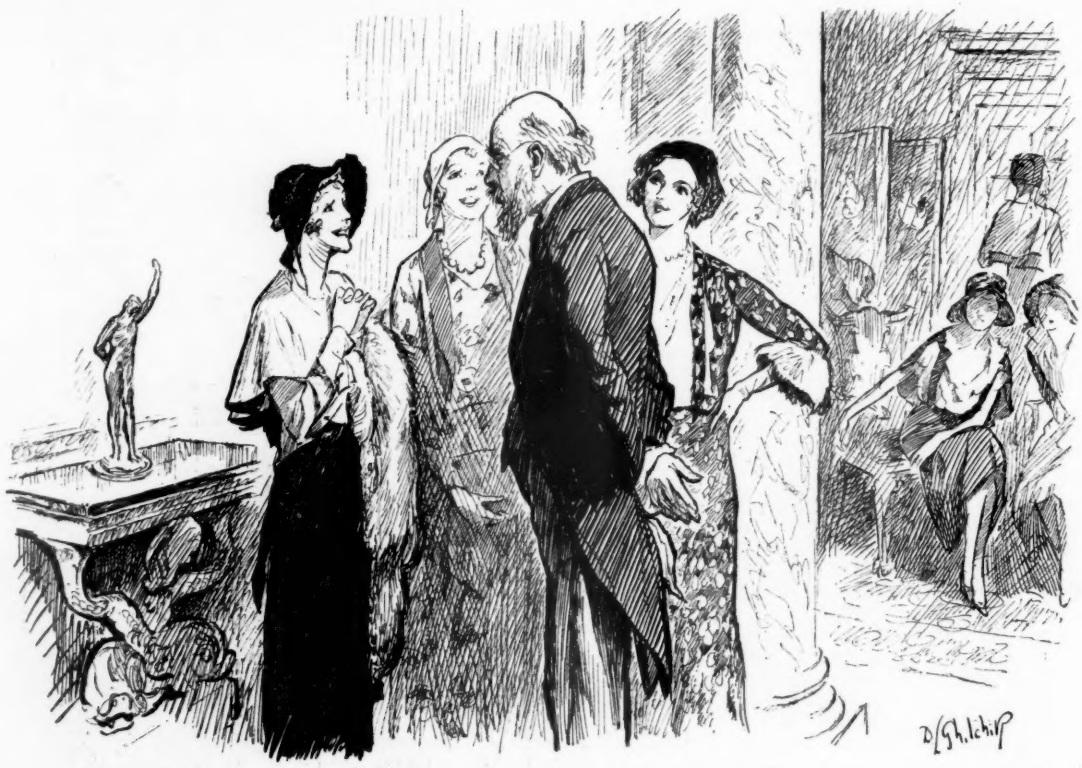
DIALLING TONES.

RIVerside.

WHEN I dial R-I-V,
Here's the picture that I see:

Where the stream runs wide and shallow,
Where the downy water-mallow
Lifts her pallid lamps of pink
All along the tree-hung brink,
Where, as summer noons grow hotter,
Swims the shy and secret otter,
And on wings of opal glass
Dragon-flies serenely pass—
In this dim and haunted place
Once I looked on Magic's face;
Heard with drowsy mortal ear
Notes immortal, cool and clear;
Fell asleep, and, waking, spied
Hoof-prints by the riverside . . .

Here's the picture that I see
When I dial R-I-V.



Lady (to eminent Biologist). "I DO SO ADMIRE YOUR OUTSPOKEN LECTURES, PROFESSOR DEAR. I THINK IT WAS JUST TOO STIRRING THE WAY YOU SHOWED UP THE APPENDIX."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT is entertaining to observe that, while fiction is putting on airs and getting itself disliked, biography is unbending and becoming more popular. I am particularly moved to these reflections by Mr. LYTTON STRACHEY'S *Portraits in Miniature* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 6/-), a book so easy to read and so cocksure of its welcome that it requires a heart of steel to show oneself backward in appreciation. Its eighteen little pictures are hardly miniatures. With a couple of qualifications they resemble the portraits Mr. STRACHEY so delightfully acclaims in *Aubrey*: "A vivid image, on a page or two, without explanations, transitions, commentaries or padding." Allow Mr. STRACHEY an ironic comment or so, an explanation or two in the style of a GIBBON footnote, and the cap fits to a nicety. His method applies most aptly, perhaps, to anecdote. Witness the droll enough legend of "The Président de Brosses" who quarrelled with VOLTAIRE over fourteen bundles of firewood. In portraiture Mr. STRACHEY is still an amateur of the ridiculous, especially where the ridiculous—as in "Muggleton"—has sublime pretensions. Finally, he considers "Six English Historians," of whom GIBBON is most illuminated in himself and most illuminative of Mr. STRACHEY. Literary graces apart, the latter is hardly at his ease among historians. He believes himself, Heaven help him! to have rescued "Sir John Harington" from oblivion. But HARINGTON has been dealt with at length in an American quarterly and also (if I remember rightly) by the late Professor RALEIGH. The FREEMANS and GARDINERS of a ruder age would have surveyed their field more carefully.

There are several qualities that make *Out of Soundings* (HEINEMANN, 6/-) a book to keep and re-read; and for me the writer's enkindling reverence for beauty wherever he finds it (or perhaps I should say, the world being what it is, wherever he takes leave of it) is the most memorable quality of all. I admit that Mr. H. M. TOMLINSON embarrasses me at times by a hint of ponderousness. He might perhaps, I feel, get a little of his weight down without losing anything in force. That this can be effected, witness his charming picture of "Gilolo," the remote Dutch island encountered "halfway round the world"; his portrait of "The Brown Owl," that perfect little tribute of affectionate understanding, and "A Footnote to the War Books," with its suggestive appraisal of Mr. BLUNDEN'S volume as written by a ghost for ghosts, and of Mr. CHURCHILL'S as "eloquence in an Eton collar." The reverse of this medal of appreciation can be just as finely wrought; and to see Mr. TOMLINSON as a dragon-slayer of the right St. George breed you have only to turn to "Beauty and the Beast," which recounts his first and last visit to "The Talkies," and to the sketch which commemorates not only the passing of a strip of Surrey but the sight of the writer's last sailing-vessel. The latter belongs to that altitude of prose which is a poet's, by virtue not of a bastard technique but of legitimate temper. Among sixteen admirably varied essays and sketches "A Lost Wood" stands supreme.

It's rather refreshing to bring to view
In these hurried days (which are Georgian too)
The leisurely Georgian days (of yore),
And that's what *Georgian England*'s for.

Professor RICHARDSON, F.S.A.,
He is the author, and I should say
The period hasn't a cranny or chink
That he's failed to probe with his pen (and ink).

He deals with buildings and art and trade,
The stage, the forces, the fire brigade,
Drink and medicine, dress and sport,
With illustrations of every sort.

Indeed the volume (which BATSFORD's backed)
Is so attractive and richly packed
That there's almost more than you ought to get
At the paltry price of a guinea net.

In *The Soviet Five-Year Plan* (LANE, 8/6), Mr. H. R. KNICKERBOCKER, an American journalist who has been travelling in Russia, shows STALIN and his assistants desperately striving to establish, under expert guidance from America, certain "key" industries, to enable them to grow and arm themselves and become aggressive even if left in a state of economic isolation. The "plan" is to be rushed through before the "bourgeois" nations realise the situation, and to this sole end the nation is conscripted, so that while Moscow's shop-windows are empty and there is semi-starvation for all but the favoured few, yet in the remoteness of the Urals the world's largest steel-works are veritably coming into being, while a mightier power-station than that at Niagara is rising beside the Dnieper. Success or failure, as the writer shows, still trembles to a hair, yet the thing goes forward. Beyond question there is about the "plan" a certain largeness of thinking that would repay study in civilised Europe, and, given some fundamental change in final intention, there are unassessable possibilities of well-being for Russia and for all the world inherent in it; yet behind it to-day there is an insane fear of attack justified only by consciousness of intolerable guilt. Growing up to be its shock battalions are generations of students twisted in the Red psychology, the churches of old Russia are being pulled down to feed stones to its commissars' offices, and in its support the Terror that means death without trial still strikes between midnight and dawn.

Mr. ARTHUR HODGES is, I believe, an American, and may therefore be permitted perhaps a certain amount of latitude in dealing with such events as those that led up to the signing of the agreement that constituted the Irish Free State. In his new novel, *The Embassy Murder* (THORNTON BUTTERWORTH, 7/6), he takes us over to Paris on the eve of that signature and introduces us to a gang of conspirators who inhabit the house of one *Lady Mary Quin*, a well-meaning but rather feather-headed sympathiser with the cause, who is also providing house-room for the charming *Joyce Daventry*, an English girl who is beginning to think that violence has gone too far. This is well enough, but when he takes us to the British Embassy and proceeds to introduce us to the personnel, he ventures on what might be almost *lèse-majesté* in a writer of British birth. However, Mr. HODGES manages his business with circum-



Mental Specialist. "AND THAT HABIT OF TALKING TO YOURSELF—THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT THAT."
Patient. "PERHAPS NOT; BUT I'M SUCH A DAM BORE."

spection, and I do not anticipate any serious international trouble. His novel has the merit of providing a different *milieu* from those of the ordinary crook story. His Irish conspirators are well-drawn and he writes as one who is familiar with French legal procedure—and even with the routine of French prisons—so that I am the more sorry that certain errors of spelling have been permitted to escape correction. For the rest the story of *Joyce Daventry's* arrest and the gallant efforts of *Captain Rounsley* to effect her release is ingenious and moving.

Mr. RICHARD ALDINGTON has stressed the kinship of "the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady," and in so doing he has peopled a village for us with exactly the types that we might meet at any country tea-party. Here are the retired *Colonel*, his horsey wife, the "pukka sahib" who lives with them, the life-roughened doctor, the parson, the squire and a cad named *Purfleet*, who dabbles alternately in amours and classics. Finally there is the *Colonel's* daughter, *Georgie Smithers*, upon whom is "slowly descending the desiccation of the superfluous and ageing middle-class girl." *Georgie* of the big nose and the big heart is "kept young" by her parents, runs errands on her bicycle and copes with Girl Guides until *Lizzie*, the kitchen-maid, gets into "trouble." This makes *Georgie* begin to think about life and to hanker for her due share. She submits to *Purfleet's* canny caresses, though "within her the mystic trinity of the Colonel's daughter, the Church's lamb and the Girl Guide clamoured with one voice: 'This is disgraceful! Stop it at once!'" Thereafter she blunders hopelessly about the business of love, makes pathetic efforts to attract men and, like a muddled child at a dancing-class, hesitates when she ought to advance and rushes forward when she should pause. *The Colonel's Daughter* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 7/6) is not, in the village sense of that epithet, a "nice" book, but I venture to think it is a great one because of its humanity. *Georgie*, for all her unattractiveness, deserves to be as memorable as *Tess*.



Mistress (*disguised as Queen Bess for charity tableaux*). "WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT, MARTHA?"
Maid. "YOU LOOKS GORGEOUS, MUM; BUT HALF-A-MO'—YOUR COLLAR'S TURNED UP AT THE BACK."

Lord GORELL, a versatile writer as well as a prolific one, in his new book, *Gauntlet* (MURRAY, 7/6), makes a pleasant excursion into modern romance. He introduces us in a train—I believe the most popular rendezvous of fiction—to a lovely young bride on her honeymoon, then takes her down the corridor and lets her encounter a doleful doubtful female and a little boy who has the same distinctive hair as her husband! A very few moments' conversation and *Cecilia* hears that he, *Sir John Harland*, is actually the child's father. Distracted and disillusioned, when the train stops for a moment at a signal-box, she climbs out and runs away. Her adventures while in hiding, her painful attempts to obtain employment, and her even more painful employment when she gets it, end at last in the care of two delightful children in a Yorkshire country-house, and beyond that there is a happier ending still and an explanation, which it would hardly be fair to give away, of the mystery of the little boy in the train. The book is full of pleasant appreciations of the lovely details of life—jewels, fabrics, frocks, flowers, even underwear—which, coupled with the intimate knowledge of children which it reveals, would have led me—I hope Lord GORELL won't mind my saying this—into thinking it the work of some charming lady-novelist but for his name on the title-page.

Black Gallantry was a story that convinced me of Mr. VAL GIELGUD's ability to write adventurous fiction, and in *Imperial Treasure* (CONSTABLE, 7/6) you will have opportunity to renew your acquaintance with *Ladislas Sale*, who played such a brave part in the previous book. Here he is engaged in tracking down a large quantity of Russian imperial gold, and also in check-mating a scheme to massacre Europeans throughout Asia. *Ladislas*, in short, had his hands more than full; but as assistants in thwarting widespread villainies Mr. VAL GIELGUD has allotted him a charming American girl and a courageous and clever Pole; and as a result of this trio's efforts I remain assured that the Pan-Asiatic movement has received a considerable setback. The story is packed with incident and intrigue, and Mr. VAL GIELGUD tells it with a zest that never shows a sign of faltering.

The scene of *Lucretia Lombard* (MURRAY, 7/6) is laid in "a prosperous little city placed somewhere between Boston and New York," and once again KATHLEEN NORRIS has given us a story with an intrinsically happy outlook upon life. True that difficulties arise when *Stephen Winship* finds himself engaged to one woman and at the same time overwhelmingly in love with another; but Mrs. NORRIS can be trusted to free him from this embarrassing situation without excessive emotional disturbance. I think, however, that her opinion of *Stephen* and mine are poles apart. "Women," her *Lucretia* declares, "will always love him." My trouble was that I did not even like him.

Splendide Mendax.

"The present editor, my friend, Mr. —— ——, is the author of a delightful biography of Dr. ——. He has developed the paper along modern lies, and the old glory is returning to its columns."
Church Paper.

"My eye was gladdened by a row of sponge-bags ranging in pattern from Jacobethan to shepherd's plaid."—*Daily Paper.*
We wish the writer could see the pattern of ours. We think it is Elizabean.

CHARIVARIA.

A POLITICAL writer thinks it is possible that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER will take a title. Taxpayers will be surprised if he doesn't take two; one-and-a-quarter next January and the rest in the following July.

***

An expedition which is setting out to capture wild animals alive by means of anæsthetics is faced with the difficulty that different creatures react differently to the same drugs. Curiosity is felt as to the effect of laughing-gas on a hyena.

***

It appears that Signor D'ANNUNZIO spends much of his time on his private gunboat. Not every poet is able to take such expensive "Safety First" precautions.

***

Golders Green residents are giving up golf for allotment-gardening. They realise that they have been wasting the sweat of their high brows.

***

Our fear with regard to the London Traffic Pool is that Mr. LANSBURY will persuade the other members of the Government to allow him to use it for a junior Lido.

***

Orpheus of old could make a tree or a stone move with his music; but there are piano-players to-day who have made whole families move.

***

In court recently a man stated that he had been on the telephone for over twenty years. We think that a petition to the HOME SECRETARY should be prepared, praying for a remission of this savage sentence.

***

More and more cricketers are said to be taking an interest in golf. Another pleasant feature of this season is that more and more cricketers seem to be taking an interest in cricket.

***

The noise of pneumatic-drills in the Harley Street district has been a cause of complaints; but responsibility for this annoyance is disclaimed by neighbouring dentists.

***

It seems that difficulty is experienced in filling the higher positions in the postal service. We find it easy to realise that there is a scarcity of young ladies with sufficient repose for the stamps-counter.

***

All that can be said about the professional golfer who hurled his ball fifty yards in a fit of temper is that many an exasperated "rabbit" could throw further than that.

***

A prima donna relates that a famous pugilist whom she taught to breathe correctly acknowledged that the development of his abdominal muscles had saved him from being knocked out by a blow on the solar plexus. Vocalists who are content to remain vulnerable in this region deserve all they get.

***

As a model of concise expression Mr. G. B. SHAW mentioned the growl of a dog in defence of its bone. He has the magnanimity to admit the greater prolixity of vegetarians in defence of their carrots.

***

A scientist points out that, though experience teaches us that if we drop a matchbox it will fall to the ground, it is theoretically possible for some strange effect of molecular activity to cause it to leap up into the air. This would seem to be the solution of the mystery of what becomes of collar-studs.

***

With reference to the forthcoming mouth-organ contest to be held in London everybody is still hoping that they will decide to submit the matter to arbitration.

***

A new club has been formed in Birmingham the members of which pay a weekly subscription and then draw lots to decide who shall get married next. It seems rather a morbid idea.

LADISLAUS KOPOVITSCH, who claims to be the father of AL CAPONE, is on his way to America to box his alleged son's ears. The Chicago police would never have taken so strong a line as that.

***

The fact that he has written an article for *The Daily Express* has led to the rumour that Signor MUSSOLINI is to be made an honorary colonel of the Empire Crusaders.

***

A wireless announcer tells us that, when he is broadcasting, something strange and fluid seems to flow from his listeners to him. In some cases, but for the walls and distance in between, something strange and solid would reach the announcers.

***

In order to encourage the "Come to Britain" movement a loud-speaker van is to tour in the Netherlands. That ought to drive them over here in shoals.

***

A watchmaker of Ryton is said to have been collecting bagpipes all his life. It is a fine humanitarian idea, but we would remind him that there are hundreds of these things still loose about the country.

***

A New York plumber, charged with exceeding the speed-limit, pleaded that he was hurrying to repair a leak. Next, please.

***

A German engineer has designed a motor-car for use in the Arctic regions. We think of calling it an Eskimotor.

***

"Hard work never killed any man," says an Oxford centenarian. It is this absence of the element of risk that keeps some brave men from trying it.

***

In view of the popularity of hiking, there are rumours in the best cinema circles of the early introduction of the "Walkie."

***

A new guide to our migratory birds has just been published. A sort of cuckoo's who.

***

There are four thousand muscles, we are told, in the body of a moth. The best time to overpower the insect is when it is torpid after a heavy meal of flannel trousers.



Teacher. "SMITH, CAN YOU TELL ME THE NAME OF ANY PART OF THE BRITISH ISLES WHICH IS NOT ALSO A PART OF THE UNITED KINGDOM?"
Smith. "PLEASE, SIR, THE IRISH SWEEP STATE."

OUR HOME PARLIAMENT.

THE BUDGET.

THE House went into Committee of Ways and Means at 6.45 P.M. The Chancellor, who was greeted with looks of apprehension, said: "I do not intend to beat about the bush. Members of the Committee are probably aware that the year just ended has not been a good one, and if they read the newspapers they can be under no misapprehension, I think, regarding the outlook for the year to come. The causes for the present state of affairs are of course beyond my control. The Committee is aware that in a normal year—that is to say, a year in which I do not win a Mammoth Cross-word Puzzle Competition or draw a runner in an Irish Hospital Sweepstake—I look for the great bulk of my revenue to the yield from Business Duties. These duties have produced less than the sum I budgeted for a year ago. This is not due to any slackness in collection of the revenue, in which I have been eager and punctilious month by month, but to the incidence of world depression and the determination of employers to reduce outgoings. From this source then I have received in the year just ended £525 against the £550 for which I estimated.

"This however is not the only revenue which shows a shrinkage. The proceeds from the disposal of part-worn clothing is down by 16*s.* 8*d.* This also, I gather, arises from world causes. Then the yield from Income-tax Repayment, which the Committee will recollect I put at the modest figure of £5, is down to 8*s.* 4*d.* Here again is a matter quite beyond the control of myself or this Committee, the shortage being due to obstinacy and lack of discernment on the part of the authorities.

"Taking these items together we find that total revenue is down by £30 8*s.* 4*d.* But I am glad to say that against this is to be placed a windfall of £2 8*s.* which accrued to the Exchequer as the result of certain operations carried out at Epsom in the early part of the financial year. Similar operations in the past have ordinarily involved a loss, but last year there was, curiously enough, the small profit referred to. The net shortage of revenue is thus £28 0*s.* 4*d.*

"Coming now to expenditure, I find that, notwithstanding the alleged fall in the cost of living, there was expenditure from the Wedding-Presents and other Contingencies Vote of £2 2*s.* in excess of the 10*s.* 6*d.* allowed; the Telephone Account showed an inexplicable increase of 16*s.*; and an unfortunate accident—the circumstances of which should be within the recollection of the Committee—entailed a Supplementary Estimate of £3 3*s.* for crockery replacements.

"On the other hand there were considerable savings. I may perhaps take some credit to myself for anticipating our difficulties before the close of the year, and at once taking steps to effect all possible economies. I may cite, for example, a saving that I effected in the Clothing Replacement Account (self) by postponing the laying-down of a new cruising suit and arranging instead for the reconditioning of one of the old 1928 class which had been scheduled for scrapping. (Applause.) I thank the Committee. The net saving here was £6 19*s.* 6*d.*—£7 6*s.* *less* 6*s.* 6*d.*

"I will not weary the Committee with details of all the economies effected, but will content myself with saying that they produced a further sum of £1 2*s.* 3*d.* The deficit on the year is thus £25 19*s.* 7*d.*, which is at the moment represented by an overdraft at the National Metropolitan Bank. There I propose to leave it.

"Turning now to the coming year, you will see that the estimated expenditure is £555 and the estimated receipts from existing sources of revenue £530. The estimates for the various supply services have been cut as fine as possible. They include, for example, no allowance for such eventualities as mumps or burst pipes, and the application for a new carpet for the dining-room has once again been rejected. (Interruption.)

"I am therefore faced with finding £25 of entirely fresh revenue. I have long been in favour of a free breakfast-table, but in the circumstances of the time I have decided to waive my principles to the extent of imposing a Breakfast-table (late attendance at) Tax of 1*d.* per person per late attendance. This I estimate will produce 10*s.* in the present year, leaving me £24 10*s.* still to find.

"I also propose to withdraw from the Motor Car Fund the sum of £2 10*s.* 8*d.* standing to its credit, as I am satisfied that there is now no reasonable prospect of the ultimate purchase of a car, and the money is therefore no longer required for the purpose for which the fund was established some years ago.

"These items together reduce the gap between estimated income and expenditure to £21 19*s.* 4*d.*, and this sum I propose to obtain by following a precedent recently set up in another place and anticipating, for the year 1931–32, £22 of the revenue from Business Duties which would ordinarily be related to 1932–33. This will give me a nominal balance of 8*d.*"

The Chancellor resumed his pipe at 7.15 P.M. amid profound silence.

THE NIGHTINGALE—IN FACT.

(It is reported that the nightingale prefers jazz to any other form of music.)

THE LISTENER.

O BIRD, whose liquid sorrow
Thrills us with such regret
That half-way through to-morrow
We shall be still upset,
"What grief, what tragedy is here,"
We cry, and wipe away a tear;
"O Procne, lost but ever dear,
Say, are you mourned for yet?"

THE NIGHTINGALE.

The night is bright and cheerful;
The moon is riding high;
And, far from feeling tearful,
I am extremely spry;
So smooth the tear-drop from your cheek;
Procne, of whom you kindly speak,
Is an invention from the Greek;
I've often wondered why.

THE LISTENER.

O fraught with deathless passion,
Whose lovelorn serenade
Rings out in such wild fashion
Over the silvered glade,
Still, still in vain you pierce the night;
The Red Rose (or, for that, the White)
Can never, never join your flight;
Still must she droop and fade.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

My heart is quite unbroken;
In this again you've erred;
Nor am I, more by token,
A sentimental bird
To suffer, as your bards suppose,
A vain affection for a Rose
(And why a red one, goodness knows);
The whole idea's absurd.

THE LISTENER.

We woo you with the 'cello;
We charm you to a song
With music huge or mellow,
With phrases soft or strong;
BACH and BEETHOVEN lend their art;
SCHUMANN and ELGAR, BRAHMS, MOZART
Combine to give your lay a start;

THE NIGHTINGALE.

Yes, and the whole thing's wrong.

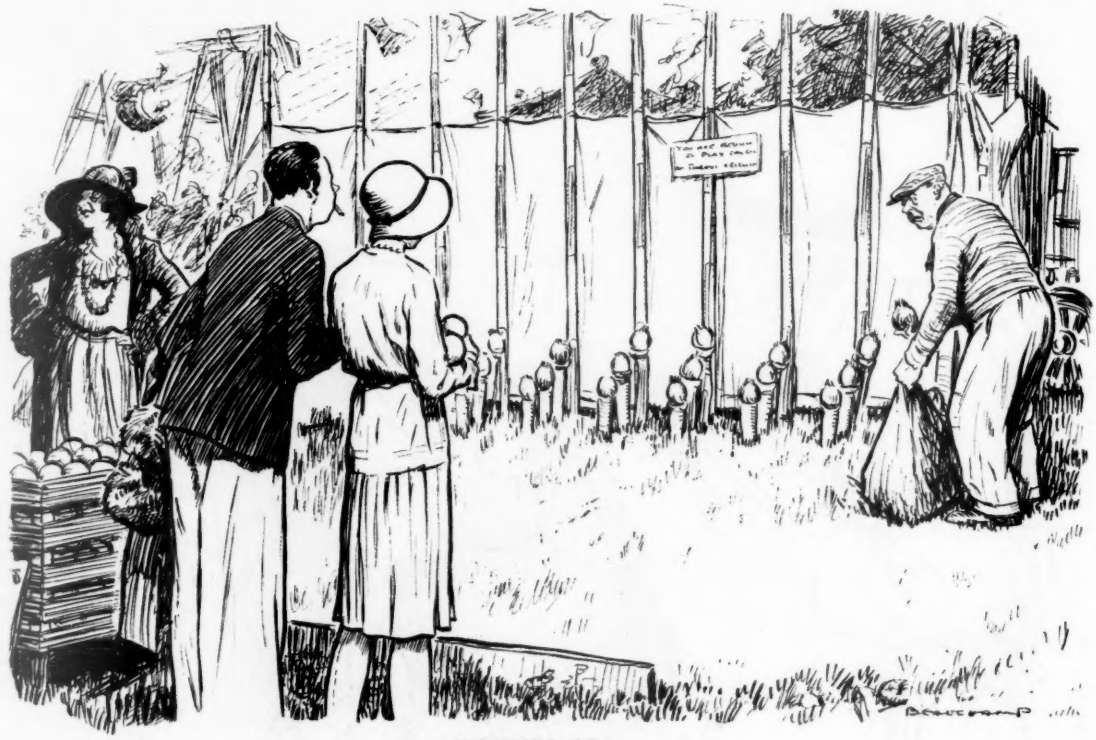
I sing when I've a mind to,
And wholly fail to see
Why, when I'm not inclined to,
You cannot let me be;
As for the rest my tastes are low;
Play if you've got to play, but oh,
Spare me BEETHOVEN, BRAHMS, and Co.;
The vulgar stuff for me.

DUM-DUM.



LIBERTY BONDS.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE (*to Reporter*). "YES, WE ARE OUT TO BREAK THE THREE-LEG RECORD. BUT DON'T FORGET TO SAY THAT I RETAIN 'ABSOLUTE AND UNFETTERED INDEPENDENCE.'"



WOMAN'S ERA.

Male Escort. "LADIES HALF-WAY?"
Proprietor. "NOT NOW."

A PLEA FOR THE DIAL.

So many hard things have been said about the dial telephone that it is about time someone came forward with a word of praise for the poor thing—even if only just to be different. The dial telephone is not getting a fair break. It has no friends. It has too big a list of enemies—those, for instance, who are just mad with it because it's not what they've been accustomed to; those who hate the chill impersonality of machinery and prefer the merry lilt of a girlish voice from the exchange; those who are constitutionally incapable of following any printed instruction; those who habitually dial a number about five times before remembering to take the receiver off first, and as a result have developed "dial-eye," a distressing malady in which the eyeballs revolve slowly in an anti-clockwise direction and stop with a click; those who think they can understand dialling but can't; those who don't think they can understand dialling and still can't. In which last connection it is on record that one dear old lady thought she had to dial all three letters and four figures of the number simultaneously, a misapprehension which was only discovered by her finally asking for an official to come round and explain to her exactly where her two thumbs and superfluous finger ought to go, as she found she wasn't getting the best results.

In opposition to this horde of complainants I raise a still small voice.

I *like* the dial telephone. Bless its funny little dial! Provided one isn't busy, I think it's a better way of passing the time than anything else I know. It's an inexhaustible mine of instruction and amusement. There's none of the human element in it for one thing, and it's the human element that cuts you off in a conversation and then says saucily, "Number, please?" In other words, one can do such a lot with the dial phone without getting into a hot exchange of snappy come-backs.

I know what I'm talking about too, for there is a dial now attached to the instrument in my house. It hasn't been officially declared open for play yet, but I have been diligently practising up my dial drill in readiness for zero hour. Like to see me? Right; just you watch. Stand back there, you little boys, and old Apple will call DRAKE 1719. Are we ready? *Go!* DRA 1719! Find "D"; insert finger; pull her round to the stop; don't get worried because the "D" stays where it is, the dial's the main thing; stop at the stop; let go; zzzzzz—CLICK. Old Apple swings a pretty dial, I hear you murmuring in the back rows. Now "R"; then "A," and so on to the end. *Now* I lift the receiver and wait till the exchange says "Number, please?" when I reply in a brisk dialling tone: "Drake 1719," and in a minute or even less I am connected to Welbeck 7715. Pretty good, eh? You're right.

Yes, on the great day when my exchange stiffens into the rigidity of automatism and everybody starts calling up everybody else to see how it works, I shall be there in the forefront of the press. There will be old Apple dialling for dear life with the best of them; listening for the dialling tone; spinning his little dial like a steersman his wheel; hearing a continuous high-pitched buzz which probably means "Number unobtainable," but may merely be Frances and a few female friends having afternoon tea in the next room; spinning his little wheel again, dialling "TOL," "TEL," and "TRU," the potent three,

getting probably nowhere, but happy, just happy.

By now, I may say, practically nothing is hidden from me about telephone dials, except how they work just the way they do—and, of course, why we have them at all. Indeed I am now one of that very select circle The Most Modern and Honourable Order of Day and Night Diallers, known briefly as the Modern Order of Diallers. We have many little customs that distinguish us from the common herd. We do not, for instance, use the forefinger, but dial with a pencil, a pipe-stem, a stick of celery or anything handy. When we meet we refer to one another by the first three letters of our names only, suppressing the rest to a smothered gurgle. This is not so effective in the case of a young member named PACK, but is an absolute riot with old HICKLETHWAITE. We speak in "ringing" tones rather than in "engaged" tones. We are of the select body who get the Operator when required, not by dialling the black letter "O" but by dialling the red figure "0." Pretty subtle!

But our chief communicating bond is that, when we call each other up, we don't just dial numbers like DRA 1719 or anything common like that. No, Sir! We have what is practically a code. It began by my personal inability to remember my own number. After all, the times when you ring yourself up are fairly rare, and, if you are suddenly asked your number by the operator—well, there it is, written on the instrument just under your nose, presumably by someone who knows what human nature is. There are, however, occasions when I want to ring up my own home from a call-box, and it is humiliating to have to search for my number in an ancient public directory, generally finding that the page is missing. Moreover, I am a difficult number to remember, nothing catchy in it, no "doubles" or "hundreds" or "1066's and all that." But came the dawn of a great day when I realised that I am easy after all—if I use a dial call-box. I just state the fact on the dial. I spell out "I AM EASY" and next minute I am telling Frances I'm terribly sorry that I've just met an old friend who, etc. . . . and there you are! The letters "I" "A" and "M" are equivalent to the first three letters of my exchange, while dialling "E" "A" "S" and "Y" gives the same result as dialling the actual figures of my number which are in the same holes.

And now all my fellow-members of the Modern Order of Diallers have their own code-names. There is the very superior Sir James Molten-True, whose number is Giggleswade 4428 (GIG 4428). We get him by dialling quite simply HIGH-HAT. There is old Colonel Blenkins, whose number is Naddiscombe 3472, and whose subject is old Madeira—been studying it for years. Well, we just dial MADEIRA and his fruity voice is gurgling over the wires like old wine out of a decanter—and maybe that's what we hear too. There's lively little June Moddern, whose number, when she isn't out dancing, is Kirkfield 7845. Dialling LIPSTIK gets her. And there's the charming young couple out in Bromley, Kent, who are so proud of their recently-arrived son and heir. We all rang up to congratulate them on the event. Their number was Hurstway 2209, but we simply dialled IT'S A BOY. It was dear fat old Tom Podgers, who lives near them at Bromley, who discovered that. We called him up to congratulate him—on his discovery, of course—and made a discovery ourselves. His number is Ravensbourne 7243, but now we just dial SAUSAGE.

A. A.



THE HOUSE-PAINTING SEASON.

SUPERSTITIOUS GENTLEMAN BELIEVES IN TAKING NO RISKS.

"DETACHED RESIDENCE.

Beautifully situated and in lively condition."—*Advt. in Belfast Paper.*

No wonder it became detached.

"The yacht herself is expected to leave on Sunday on her return voyage to New Zealand. The crew will comprise Messrs. Tambs, Goodwin, Bone and a dog. Spare provisions are being taken."—*New Zealand Paper.*

That should be a relief to Mr. BONE.

THE ALTRUIST MALGRÉ LUI.

IN the days of the great Ch'ing Ch'ien Lung, Son of Heaven, there lived in the district of Che-kiang a handsome youth named Lo Pin-Wang, who was a skilful worker in lacquer. Moreover he was possessed of all the Excellent Virtues save that of Respect for Authority, which through an error in his upbringing and by reason of his talent had unfortunately been overlooked.

At the time of the Festival of Lotuses Lo Pin-Wang walked in an orchard near Yueh Shou, where was also a lily-pool, and perceived a beautiful young maiden gathering lotuses. Her beauty entered in at the eyes of Lo Pin-Wang and made its way so rapidly to his heart that he said to himself without hesitation, "I shall wed no other maiden."

And it may have been that she herself was not insensible of his passing, since her glances appeared to dwell upon him for longer than is considered seemly, and he might even have been emboldened to address her then and there but for the presence at the pool of several other ladies of discreet age.

So Lo Pin-Wang returned to the workshop at Yueh Shou, which he had named in his arrogance the Hall of Exquisite Craftsmanship, and set himself to portray upon a chest of the finest lacquer the figure of the maiden bending over the pool; for he said, "I have found in the lovely form of this jade-like lady a subject worthy of my attainments." And he added his own likeness, gazing from a distance on the beauty of the maiden.

Thereafter, her image remaining in his heart, he made inquiry as to her name and station, learning that she was named Chen Yu, the elder daughter of His Grandeur the Mandarin Wei Wu-tzu. Now mandarins do not bestow their daughters upon workers in lacquer, however skilful, and Lo Pin-Wang would have been well advised had he cast Chen Yu immediately from his thoughts. Nevertheless, being blinded to his danger by the virtue of Steadfastness and to his impiety by the vice of Overweening Pride, he visited daily the orchard and the lily-pool until he found occasion to have speech with her.

And although her conduct was not lacking in discretion yet in course of time he prevailed against her timidity by the arts of persuasion until presently this misguided maiden came to regard him as a person noble and virtuous, suitable to be her husband, forgetting the great unseemliness of her own behaviour and that she was already married these many years, her father having disposed of her in infancy, as is the custom.

And Lo Pin-Wang portrayed upon the lacquered chest in gold and in vermilion the story of their love. "For this," he said, "shall be your dowry-chest when my fame is established and the time is propitious to ask you from your father."

Such was the monstrous growth of his impertinence, fed by the injudicious flatteries of those who admired his handiwork.

Now one day a person of high rank entered the Hall of Exquisite Craftsmanship and demanded to be shown his wares. And Lo Pin-Wang brought before him examples of his art to a great number without satisfying the discrimination of this person, who said, "Beyond doubt I have been misinformed. For the quality of your lacquer is not after all so remarkable as I was led to hope."

Then Lo Pin-Wang became enraged, for he could not endure the least slight upon his achievements. And he cast aside in his anger the cloak of precaution, saying, "Noble Sir, it is true that these miserable objects are unworthy of your honourable attention. The perfection of my talent is not for the eyes of every person, nor to be purchased even for many taels. Yet I will show you that which need not be regarded with contempt."

Whereupon he led the way to an inner chamber and raised the brocade which covered the lacquered chest.

Now this dignitary was a friend of Wei Wu-tzu, and knew well the features of his daughter. So when he had examined the chest and praised its beauty, which was greatly deserving of commendation, he went at once to visit the mandarin, saying to himself, "There must without doubt be much that is unseemly in the conduct of Chen Yu."

And after the ceremony of greeting had been performed he made his excuses and spoke of what he had seen in the workshop of Lo Pin-Wang.

Wei Wu-tzu made light of the matter and turned the talk in another direction. Yet was he greatly troubled, for he loved his daughter, and it was evident that her behaviour had been deficient in reserve. And he said to himself, "Beauty is precious as jade, and I should be wrong to blame my daughter for her beauty, which she cannot control and which draws to itself the eyes of all men. I must curtail her liberty and send for her bridegroom, and I blame myself for not doing so before. But what shall be done to this thief of a lacquer-worker who has dared to couple the features of one of my family with his own abominable likeness?"

And while he discoursed of other matters with his friend he turned over in his mind such punishments as seemed by their severity to fit the occasion.



Wife (arriving at camping-ground). "OH, BY THE WAY, GEORGE, JUST LOOK AMONGST THOSE TINS AND SEE IF YOU CAN FIND THE NAME OF THAT DELICIOUS SOUP WE HAD LAST YEAR."

And as soon as the ceremony of farewell was ended Wei Wu-tzu sent his executioners to Lo Pin-Wang, saying, "Despatch this youth on the Great Journey, yet not so hastily as to deprive him of opportunity to consider awhile the virtue of Respect for Authority." And he ordered the chest to be brought before him, intending to have it destroyed, since its embellishment might appear to cast a shadow upon the reputation of his family.

But when he saw the excellence of the lacquer he decided otherwise, and sent it instead as a gift to the Son of Heaven, whose palace was a great way distant.

And it chanced that this August One was pleased to observe the beauty of Chen Yu, which Lo Pin-Wang had depicted upon the chest, and to make inquiry whether such a maiden actually lived.

Thus it came to pass that through the obscure offices of an impudent worker in lacquer, Chen Yu, having obtained a divorce from her bridegroom, was exalted to the dignity of Imperial Concubine, and brought great honour to the family of Wei.

THE ERRANT PLOUGH.

[An automatic plough has been invented which, it is claimed, requires no attention, and will plough a field while its owner sleeps.]

THE pride of Slapton-on-the-Brow
Was Jenkins' automatic plough.
Joe Jenkins merely pressed a switch
And turned it in his field of squitch,
And ridge and furrow, clean and red,
Were cut while Jenkins lay in bed.

Alas! one night when winds were high
A full moon sailed the stormy sky,
And as the plough crept back and fore
Like beetles crawling on the floor
Its restless shares began to shake
With strange unfathomable ache
For pasture fields, untasted, new,
Where the soft meadow-grasses grew.

So through the hedge went Jenkins' plough,
The pride of Slapton-on-the-Brow;
Through Seven Oaks and Mitchell's Ley
It chugged and cut its frenzied way;
At Marshend Farm it turned its head,
And while the farmer snored in bed
The plough began to rout and dig
Like a fat truffle-hunting pig,
Till all his grass from hedge to lane
Was hid beneath the soil again.

Then through the fields to Clifford's Mesne
Lumbered the moonstruck mad machine.
The Squire awoke and gave a yawn
While it drew patterns on his lawn;
The smooth turf of the tennis-court
Gave it an hour of merry sport.
Next, hungry for a brussels-sprout,
It turned its red and earth-stained snout
To Brizen Farm; when sprouts grew stale
It wallowed through a field of kale;
And then, desiring change of fare,
Flicked Wilson's turnips in the air. . . .

The moon had set behind a hill
Before its hungry shares grew still;
But long ere then, though short of juice,
It went completely on the loose,
And cut a swear-word, clean and red,
In Parson's favourite flower-bed.
At last, when dawn was grey and cold,
Jenkins' new plough crept back to fold,
Staggered and snorted, gave a twitch
And fell asleep in Jenkins' squitch.



Spoilt Beauty. "WELL, REALLY, I KEEP ON TALKING TO YOU AND YOU DON'T SAY A WORD."
Young Man. "SORRY; I'M AN INTELLECTUAL SNOB."

MAIDEN LANE.

(*A realistic comedy in three Acts, with acknowledgments to Mr.* JOHN VAN DRUTEN'S "*London Wall.*")

The scene is laid in the office of Messrs. Rydal, Derwentwater & Co., Solicitors. It is scrupulously clean and tidy.

When the curtain rises, Miss Remington *and* Miss Underwood, *two typists, are sitting discussing life.*

Enter Miss Oliver, *a third typist.*

Miss Oliver. I got engaged last night. That's the third time I've been engaged this week.

Miss Underwood. I'm engaged too.

Miss Remington. So am I—more or less.

Miss Underwood. Ah, but will any of us ever get married?

Miss Remington. We've got to. It would be too silly if we sat here all day and every day talking about our engagements and then didn't get married. Besides, what else is there for us to do?

Miss Underwood. Well, what about doing a little work sometimes?

[*Exit, followed by* Miss Oliver. *Enter* Miss Portable, *an ingénue.*

Miss Remington. Hello, Connie. Been out to lunch? You didn't have it alone, did you?

Miss Portable. Yes. Why not?

Miss Remington. Look here, child, I'm fond of you, and I don't want to see you make a mess of your life as I'm in danger of doing.

Miss Portable. What do you mean?

Miss Remington. Are you engaged?

Miss Portable. No.

Miss Remington. There you are, then. Why don't you get engaged to that boy downstairs?

Miss Portable. I've never spoken to him.

Miss Remington. As if that mattered.

Miss Portable. Besides, I don't think I like the look of him.

Miss Remington. That doesn't matter either. I don't much like the look of my own *fiancé*, but I haven't let that stand in my way. I'll speak to the boy about it if you like and tell him to propose to you.

Miss Portable (*angrily*). But I don't *want* to get engaged. I really don't see why I should if I don't want to. I wish you'd leave me alone.

[*She bursts into tears and goes out.* Miss Remington *smiles and shakes her head with benevolent wisdom. Enter* Ernie Edwards, *a vacuous but personable young man.*

Ernie. Excuse me, Miss, but is there a Commissioner in? Our firm wants to swear some affidavits.

Miss Remington. That's the second time you've been up here asking for a Commissioner this week. (*Pointing an accusing finger at him*) What do you mean by it?

Ernie. Mean?

Miss Remington. What are your intentions towards that kid in there?

Ernie. I've never spoken to her.

Miss Remington. Well, then, I should begin if I were you.

Ernie. Why? What could I say?

Miss Remington. Oh, I don't know. You could probably say "Good morning," I should think.

Ernie (*overcome with bashfulness*). Oh, I couldn't! I mean, if I did, she'd probably think I meant things.

Miss Remington. Are you quite sure you don't? You might, you know, and not know it.

Ernie. Why, I've hardly noticed her. I've seen her on the stairs, of course.

Miss Remington (*triumphantly*). There you are!

Ernie (*thoroughly scared*). You don't mean . . .? (Miss Remington *nods very earnestly.*) Coo! Look here—I'd better hop it.

[*He goes out in a state of extreme terror.* Miss Portable *returns.*

Miss Remington. I think it's going to be all right.

Miss Portable. What is?

Miss Remington. You know, you're making that boy very unhappy. I do think you might be nicer to him. Why don't you smile at him next time you see him?

Miss Portable. But I don't like him.

Miss Remington. He's crazy about *you.*

Miss Portable (*intrigued*). *Is* he?

Miss Remington. Crazy. But you be careful, my girl, or else there'll be no wedding-bells for you. I know what I'm talking about. Now I think I'll just ring up my *fiancé*, and then I'll go home. It seems to me I've done quite enough for to-day.

[*She goes to the telephone and asks for a number.*

Miss Remington (*to the receiver*). Hello, darling. Is that you? Look here—when am I going to see you? Yes, I think I've got Thursday fortnight free. I suppose you couldn't make it a bit sooner, could you? No, I suppose you couldn't. All right, don't forget. By the way, we're still engaged, aren't we? Oh, yes. *I'd* rather be. That's all right then. Good-bye.

[*She rings off. Instantly a number of buzzers and telephones begin to go off. The entire cast rushes backwards and forwards across the stage in an effort to convey the impression of work going on. The curtain falls.*

ACT II.

The same, half-an-hour later. Apathy has again fallen on the office. Miss Portable *is sitting alone on the stage, staring at the audience.*

Enter Miss Kensington, *a nice old lady, but very mad.*

Miss Kensington (*waggling her forefinger*). Peep-bo! *I* see you! Bogey, bogey!

Miss Portable (*jumping*). Oh, you frightened me.

Miss Kensington (*wistfully*). Oh, I'm so sorry. I wouldn't frighten you for the world. You're much too pretty. I'm quite harmless, really, you know. Just unmarried—that's all. You see, that's my trouble, my dear. You mustn't let it happen to you. Are you engaged?

Miss Portable (*nervously*). No, I don't think so, unless Miss Remington's done something about it.

Miss Kensington. Oh, you must get engaged quickly. Ever so quickly. Don't leave it too long, like I did. Have you got any money? Because that's what men like in a woman, you know. Money will last much longer than beauty.

Miss Portable. Well, I haven't got very much.

Miss Kensington. How much?

Miss Portable (*looking in her bag*). Three-and-sixpence.

Miss Kensington. That doesn't seem very much to me. I must do something about that. What's your name?

Miss Portable. Connie; that's short for Corona.

Miss Kensington. What a pretty name! And what a pretty girl! (*She begins to sing vacantly: "Such a pretty name; such a pretty girl," then pulls herself together.*) Yes. Well, I'll do something about that. Good afternoon, my dear. (*She staggers.*)

Miss Portable. Are you ill?

Miss Kensington. No, dear. Just preparing for my death between the Acts. Technique, you know—just technique! Well, good-bye, my dear. I don't expect I shall see you again. But don't forget to get engaged, whatever you do.

[*She goes out.* Miss Portable *looks bewildered. Enter* Miss Remington. *She goes over to the telephone and asks for the same number as before.*

Miss Remington. Hello! Did you say Thursday fortnight, or Thursday three weeks? Oh, Thursday *four* weeks. Look here—can't you make it a little bit sooner? I'm beginning to forget what you look like. What did you say? Why is that a good thing? (*Long pause.*) Oh, I see. But you needn't be rude



Well-meaning Friend. "OH, I ALWAYS LOVE THIS OLD-FASHIONED BORDER. IN FACT, WHENEVER I SEE A WALL-FLOWER I THINK OF YOU."

about it. Oh, no. I wouldn't dream of holding you to it for the world. Sorry you've been troubled. Good afternoon.

[*She rings off.*

Miss Portable. Is anything the matter?

Miss Remington (*bitterly*). No. I just happen not to be engaged any more. That's all.

Miss Portable. Oh, I *am* sorry. You thought it was rather important, didn't you?

Miss Remington (*solemnly*). It's the most important thing in all the world. But never mind. It can't be helped. (*Bravely*) And now I'm going to get *you* engaged. I'll do it if I die in the effort.

Miss Portable (*doubtfully*). Well, it's very kind of you, I'm sure, but——

Enter Ernie.

Miss Remington. Let me introduce you. Ernie Edwards—Connie Portable. I want you to be great friends. (*An embarrassed silence.*) Well, I—I think I'll leave you two young people together.

[*She smiles at them benevolently and goes out.* Ernie *casts one terrified look at* Miss Portable *and bolts.*

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

Half-an-hour later. Miss Remington *is crying over a mortgage. Enter* Miss Underwood *in outdoor clothes.*

Miss Remington. Hello! Have you been out?

Miss Underwood. Yes, I just slipped out for a minute to get married. I thought I'd better not lose any time.

Miss Remington. Quite.

Miss Underwood. And now let's have tea. I'll go and make it.

[*She goes out.* Miss Remington *cries a little more. Enter* Miss Portable.

Miss Portable. Where's Miss Oliver?

Miss Remington. Well, she's out with her boy choosing an engagement-ring. I asked her to get one for you too.

Miss Portable. But I'm not engaged.

Miss Remington. Do you mean to say that, after all the trouble I went to, he didn't even propose?

Miss Portable. No. He just ran away.

Miss Remington. Ah! That's a good sign.

Miss Portable. I don't think he really likes me.

Miss Remington. Don't you believe it. He's nuts on you.

Enter Mr. Rydal, *a senile old gentleman.*

Mr. Rydal. Oh, Miss Portable, might I have a word with you? Something rather peculiar has just happened. Miss Kensington's been run over by a bicycle. I think it was a "Stop me and buy one." Apparently it stopped *her*. Forgive my legal wit. Just a *scintilla juris*, you know. Anyway, she's been run over, and I'm afraid she's dead. But clutched in her right hand they found her will, leaving her entire property to you on condition that you get married this afternoon.

Miss Portable. Golly!

Mr. Rydal. I must say I think it's a little unusual. But if you care to take half-an-hour off between now and six o'clock, I don't know that the firm would really have any objection.

Miss Portable. It's very kind of you.

Mr. Rydal. Not at all. That's the way things are done in lawyers' offices. (*To Miss Remington*) You're not looking very happy, Miss Remington. Is anything the matter?

Miss Remington. No, Mr. Rydal, I don't think so, Mr. Rydal. I don't think I've got a very happy disposition, Mr. Rydal. But perhaps you wouldn't mind very much if I went out with Miss Portable here to be her bridesmaid. You see, I've got a kind of weakness for weddings, Mr. Rydal.

Mr. Rydal. Certainly, Miss Remington. I don't see why the whole office doesn't take a holiday. [*He goes out.*

Miss Remington. And now to get you married.

Miss Portable. I shall never manage it in time.

Enter Ernie.

Miss Remington. Have you got the licence?

Ernie. What? Well . . . in a manner of speaking . . . no.

Miss Remington. Well, you'd better look sharp.

Ernie. I don't know that I can afford it.

Miss Remington. Oh, that's all right. I'll stand it you. Here! (*She opens her bag.*) Here's a hundred pounds. I haven't got anything smaller. I believe a special licence costs fifty. You can give me the change afterwards, and you might bring me some aspirins while you're about it. I'm feeling a little exhausted. It's been rather a wearing afternoon.

Ernie (*doubtfully*). Well, it's very nice of you, Miss, but I haven't asked the young lady yet.



Lighthouse-keeper (referring to wireless). "SWITCH IT OFF, FRED. I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT GOOD THEY THINK WE GETS OUT OF ''INTS ON GARDENING.'"

Miss Remington. Don't mind me.

Ernie (*to Miss Portable*). Well, Miss, this lady here seems to think we ought to get married. What do you say?

Miss Portable. Well, I know that nobody in this office will give me any peace until we do, and the curtain has got to come down some time, so I think you had better give me a kiss and then let's go out and get it over.

Ernie. I've never kissed a girl.

Miss Portable. I've never kissed a boy.

Miss Remington. Oh, you two sweet innocent darlings! Now run along and get the licence, and Connie and I will be round at the church in two shakes of a duck's tail.

[Ernie *goes out in a daze.* Miss Remington *kisses* Miss Portable.

Miss Portable (*dubiously*). You're being very good to me.

Miss Remington (*radiantly*). My dear child, my own life's gone on the rocks, that's why I want you to be happy. That's the kind of girl I am. And when I've got you married I'm going off to the wide open spaces where men are men and women are scarce. I'm going to live—live—live! And now, come along or we'll be late for the wedding.

Miss Portable. I'm not sure that I want——

Miss Remington. Oh, we can't go into all that again. Of course you want. Come along.

[*They go out. The telephone rings.* Miss Oliver *comes in and answers it.*

Miss Oliver. No, Mr. Derwentwater, I'm afraid she's gone out. No, I'm afraid she's out too. You see, they've both gone to a wedding. I don't think they'll be long. Oh, yes, Mr. Derwentwater, I quite understand. Work's work, but marriage comes first. Especially to a woman. That's what comes of having women in offices. They always want to get married.

[*She replaces the receiver and starts polishing her engagement-ring. The telephone begins to ring again. She takes no notice of it and goes on polishing her ring.*

CURTAIN.

A Rival for the Pocket Battleship.

"The name of this mystery ship is the Reclaimer. She is a salvage craft, and she is sailing under sealed orders in the pocket of the captain."—*Evening Paper.*

The Bogey of Printing House Square.

"AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP. . . .

Bernard Darwin (Woking) beat D. J. Paton (Ryl Calcutta) 57 and 4."

Evening Paper.

"WE ARE TOLD—

That the Pet-Store of the town is run by a young lady with artesian red hair."

Folkestone Paper.

This must be the sort which keeps bubbling up under the hat.

"The ball is certainly longer now than it was in 1919."

Golf Article in Jamaican Paper.

Twelve-year-old balls often get a bit elliptic.

"A correspondent writes: 'During a recent hike across the Cornish moors I was struck by the varied pocket lunches carried by fellow-hikers.'"—*Daily Paper.*

Hikers are strongly advised to take a few really hard-boiled eggs with which to retaliate.

MY LADY'S FROCK.



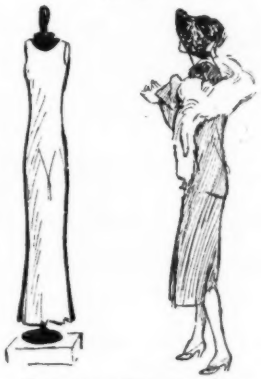
IN THE DAYS WHEN A FROCK *WAS* A FROCK—



GETTING INTO IT—



COULD NOT HAVE BEEN VERY DIFFICULT.



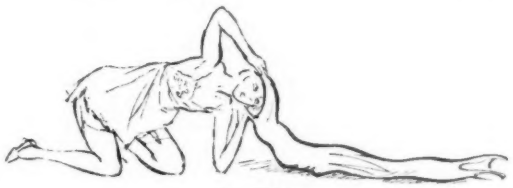
BUT WITH THE TUBULAR AFFAIR OF TO-DAY—



THE ONLY WAY SEEMS TO BE—



TO LAY IT OUT FLAT—



AND THEN—



TO WRIGGLE—



INTO—



IT.



Lady Tennis-Player (to damaged partner). "HOPE I DIDN'T HURT YOU BADLY, BUT I THOUGHT IT BETTER ONE OF US SHOULD RETIRE INJURED; OTHERWISE WE SHOULD HAVE BEEN BEATEN."

THE TWO SEASONS.

(London and Nesting.)

[A correspondent to *The Times* tells of a pair of kestrels now nesting in the belfry of St. Paul's School.]

AT the top of a tree in a mountain glen
To which he had flown to sue her
The heart of a charming kestrel hen
Was won by a worthy wooer,
Who whispered into his loved one's ear:
"And where would you like to live, my dear?"

She said, "You'll probably put me down
As an empty-headed silly,
But now is the time for London town;
I yearn for Piccadilly,
For Leicester Square and the Strand," she clucked,
"And the Tower and Holborn Viaduct."

She felt relieved when he raised a claw
And gave her a friendly tickling;
She thrilled when he said, "Your word is law—
You've only to speak, my chickling;
I'll be off before the sun has set
To look for a home in London, pet."

He was, but again at his lover's side
The following evening found him;
With joy at his safe return she cried
And flung her wings around him;
She said he must rest—he was looking thinner,
And caught him a tender shrew for dinner.

"I've found," he chirped, "by a stroke of luck
Exactly the place we're wanting,
Between the suburb, Hammersmith, chuck,
And the store of Mr. PONTING;
For acres around the view's unmatched,
And it's cosy, light and semi-detached.

"The tone of the district too is good;
It doesn't contain the low-born;
It's quite a respectable neighbourhood,
With the Viaduct of Holborn,
The Tower and the Strand and Leicester Square
A matter of minutes away by air.

"In choosing it, chick, I kept in view
The possibility later—
You never can tell—of me and you
Becoming a dad and mater;
If eggs should arrive——," but she whispered, "Hush,"
And turned away to conceal a blush.

With a "good-night" peck they retired to roost,
And left in the morning early;
In a couple of days she was getting used
To the roar and hurly-burly
And the lights around their town abode,
A snug little place in the Hammersmith Road.

She found for a time that life was grand;
Whenever the whim possessed her
She'd go for a flight along the Strand
Or round the Square of Leicester;
As a rule they dined in the evening on
The tastiest mice in Kensington.

But hers was a short, though giddy, day
In the height of the London season;
Some other wives who have once been gay
Will probably guess the reason;—
I hope (but haven't the means to tell)
That mother and chicks are doing well.

C. B.

THE DINING-ROOM BISCUIT.

FROM OUR COURSING CORRESPONDENT.

No event in the mouse-coursing season is awaited with more interest than the contest for the Dining-room Biscuit, which has been aptly termed the Blue Riband of the leash. In the present year additional enthusiasm was felt by followers of the sport, when it became known that the entries had been raised to twice their previous number. Following the precedent of the Waterloo Cup, which half-a-century ago was increased from a thirty-two dog stake to a sixty-four dog stake, the Dining-room Biscuit has been raised from a one-dog stake to a two-dog stake.

For some time past Crispin, a well-built red dog, rather of the dachshund type and quality, has had matters pretty much his own way in this competition, but this spring his supremacy was challenged by Jean, a puppy who was entered from the West Highlands. Jean, as may be remembered, had shown remarkably good form at a small and somewhat informal meeting in the outhouse a few weeks ago, though she did not actually succeed in effecting a kill. As Crispin is now in his eighth season the contest may be regarded as a match between the past and present generation. When the card was called over in the usual way before coursing started, six to four on Crispin was freely offered, the public being evidently unwilling to desert their old favourite. Good sport was anticipated, as it was known that there was a plentiful supply of strong mice under and in the parrot's cage.

First Course.—Excitement ran high, especially among the competitors themselves, and without delay the cracks were slipped to a regular stag of a mouse. Jean led by several lengths in the run-up, as the red, being the heavier dog, scuffled about a good deal on the polished boards outside the carpet. Along the wainscot, however, the old dog got the inner turn, and once in possession worked his mouse with his usual cleverness. He ran up a nice sequence of points until a trial of exceptional length and severity ended by the mouse escaping into the fireplace.

The judge, who was standing on a chair, partly to be out of danger and partly that she might see the course better, at once signalled an undecided, a verdict that met with general approval.

Deciding Course.—Though both dogs had been hard-run, they showed themselves quite prepared to settle the question of supremacy without delay. The betting was now evens, on account of the unexpectedly good form shown by Jean, who appears to us to improve each time she performs in public. She settles down quicker to her work, probably because she is not so much startled by the sudden appearance of the mouse as she used to be.

The excitement was intense as another first-class mouse was evicted from the parrot's seed-tin, and Jean was again seen to be leading in the run-up. In this course the competitors were hampered somewhat by the chairs and the curtains, but above the rattle of furniture could be heard loud shouts of "The white has it!" as they shot out of sight under the sideboard. Here they collided with the electric toaster, a mishap which threw Jean out of her stride and allowed Crispin to effect a fortunate kill, or a kill which he considered fortunate, to judge by his attitude as he reappeared carrying the quarry in his mouth.

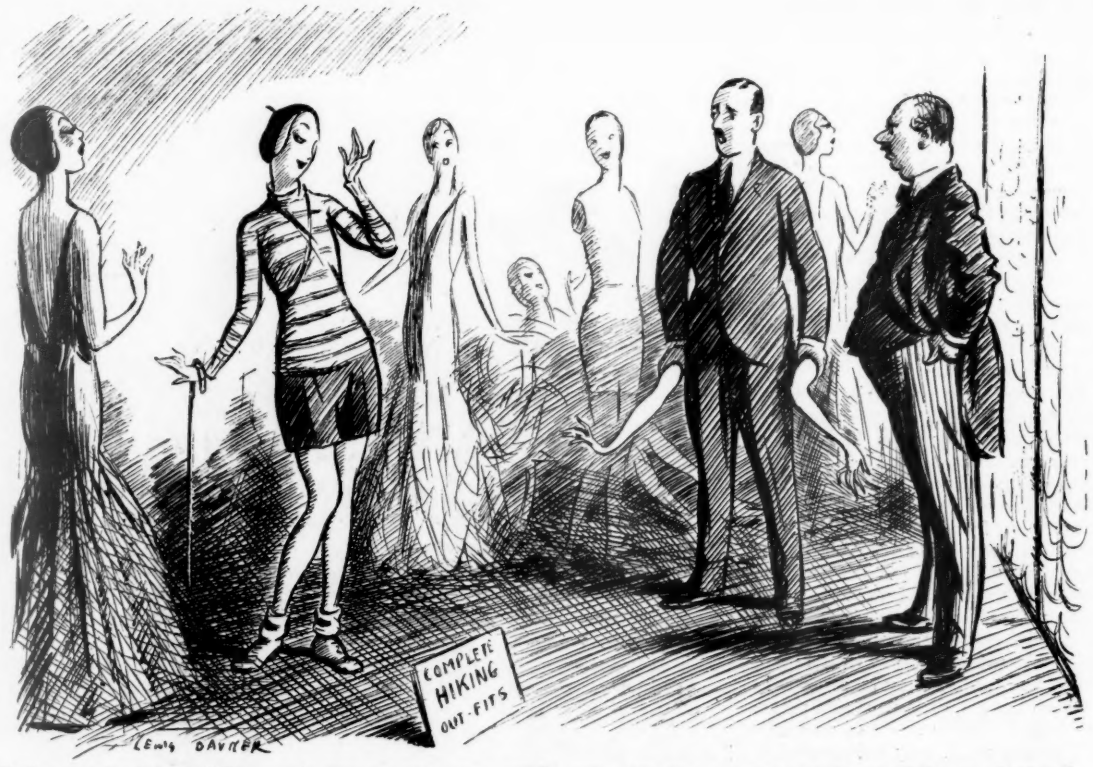
It is to be feared that the judge's award, which was decidedly in her favour, did not console Jean, who made what looked to us an attempt to take the mouse away from her defeated but gratified rival. This irregularity was averted by the tact of the stewards, who lost no time in producing the biscuit.

A. C.



R.A. (rather pleased with his work this year). "SEE ANYTHING YOU FANCIED AT THE ACADEMY?"

Friend. "YES, BUT SHE *would* HANG ON TO HER MOTHER ALL THE TIME."



Window-dressing Expert. "WELL, IT'S NOT MY IDEA OF A HIKER, BUT I SUPPOSE WE SHALL HAVE TO LEAVE IT AT THAT."

CAPE HORN DAYS.

VII.—A DOG'S LIFE.

"OH, a sailor's life 's a dog's life, an' that 's the truth," said Bill,
"A sailor's life 's a dog's life, look at it 'ow you will;
You break your back with workin' for 'arf a coolie's pay,
An' a sailor's life 's a dog's life, look at it 'ow you may.

"There 's mates to kick an' 'aze you (an' you dursen't 'it 'em back);
There 's cold to freeze your innards an' there 's 'eat as burns you black;
There 's junk as tough as green'eart an' weevils in the bread,
An' fistin' frozen canvas till you 're wishin' you were dead.

"But you bet I 'm goin' to quit it nex' time I jump ashore;
As soon 's I strike ol' 'Frisco you won't see *me* no more;
I'll set a course sou'-westward to an island as I know,
Where we laid once loadin' copra—might be twenty year ago.

"I 'll lay out on the beach there where the sand is good an' 'ot,
An' I won't need no more trousis when I 've wore out them I've got;
With a gunny round my middle an' a soul to call my own
I wouldn't change my fortune for the King's upon 'is throne."

But when we 'd finished loading and sailing day came round,
With the pilot-boat alongside and the mudhook off the ground,
And the towboat cast the hawser off and left us with a cheer,
Why, there 'd be Bill a-growling as he 'd done for twenty year.

"A sailor's life 's a dog's life, an' that 's a fact, my son;
'Is pay 's no more 'n a coolie's—'is work is never done;
But you bet I 'm goin' to quit it fust chance as comes my way,
For a sailor's life 's a dog's life, look at it 'ow you may."

C. F. S.

To be Taken with a Pinch of Attic Salt.

"She was born in New York of a family having its hand in the government of the new country ever since the solonisation of America."—*Daily Paper.*

Nature Follows the Pyjama Fashion.

"This [lawn] is occupied by two rectangular beds, which are kept bright with flowering pants throughout the spring and summer months."—*Gardening Paper.*

Our Cautious Prophets.

"It is unlikely that any young married person born to-day would have offspring during the next twenty-one months."
From "What the Stars Foretell," in Weekly Paper.

There seems to be something in astrology after all.

"Nothing that I saw at the Kreisler recital the other night delighted me more than an incident that occurred as we left.

A friend had just been shaken by the hand by a maître d'hôtel of excessive distinction: a man to whom even sovereigns have gladly nodded."—*Daily Paper.*

In these hard times we ourselves have to be content to be on nodding terms with mere coppers.



FLOUTING THE CONVENTIONS.

M. BRIAND. "NOW, YOU TWO! WE CAN'T HAVE ANY OF YOUR MID-EUROPEAN CUSTOMS HERE."

[M. BRIAND'S protest against the proposed Austro-German Customs Union has resulted, after pressure from Mr. HENDERSON, in the reference of its legality to the Permanent Court of International Justice at The Hague.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, May 18th.—Who says the Post-Office has no pep? Not Dr. MORRIS-JONES, now that the P.M.G. has informed him that his Department has under consideration the sale of stamped postcards with photographic views of British seaside and other resorts. But will the public respond to this form of enterprise? Will the patriotic native of Hoxton, let us say, or the citizen who thinks there is no place quite like Tooting Bec, be prepared to communicate with his friends on a postcard advertising the beauties of Brighton, or inviting them to sample the chalybeate waters of Tunbridge Wells?

In one respect all recent debates in the House of Commons on Soviet propaganda have been alike. All have been conducted in the sure and certain knowledge that, no matter what might be said, the answer of the Government would in effect be that it did not intend to do anything about it.

It was that knowledge no doubt that prompted Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN to begin his speech on this occasion with a brief review of the relations between the British and Soviet Governments from their inception under the Coalition Government. "The present Government's difficulty," said Sir AUSTEN, "was due to the fact that when it resumed official relations with the Soviet Government it signed and ratified the agreement knowing that it placed one meaning on the words of it, and having fair warning from the Soviet side that they interpreted the same words differently, and not merely differently, but contradictorily." Hence the Government had "become an object of contempt to the Soviet Government, a laughing-stock to other nations and a shame to their own country."

Speaking in the place of the FOREIGN SECRETARY, who must be rather glad to exchange the placid air of Geneva for the perpetual bear-baitings of the Westminster arena, the PRIME MINISTER declared that Sir AUSTEN had not brought a single specific charge against the Soviet Government except that of dumping. For the rest, his argument was the stock article with which the House is more than familiar, that the Government knows all about the Communist goings-on, ignores them when they accomplish nothing and will take action if they become a menace to the State. To do him justice the PRIME MINISTER presented this argument with considerable effect, and it was unfortunate that he should have chosen to destroy that effect by turning his attention to India, as to which he suggested that Mr. CHURCHILL's speeches on India were just as mischievous as articles in the *Pravda* inciting the Indians to rebellion.

After Mr. HAYCOCK had delivered himself of a passionate harangue that might have been found to contain some praiseworthy sentiments if it had not been necessary for the DEPUTY CHAIRMAN to keep interrupting in order to tell Mr. HAYCOCK to stop being either offensive or irrelevant, Mr. CHURCHILL rose. He disposed of the PRIME MINISTER's reference to his mischievous speeches in a single sentence. "The people who are angered by the speeches I make are the enemies of this country," he declared, "and those who are angered by the Communist propaganda are the friends of this country."

Mr. CHURCHILL had not intended to intervene in the debate, he explained, but references to himself had caused him to do so. Having intervened, he made a good fighting speech. Indeed all the speeches might be described as fighting speeches, and a good many of the interruptions were fighting interruptions. Not the least powerful fighting speech was that of Commander OLIVER LOCKER-LAMPSON, who showed that it is possible to be forcible and imaginative at the same time by assuring the House that "Russian roubles would be found in the pockets of Mr. GANDHI if he wore breeches like the rest of us."

Mr. DALTON restored the debate to the plane of dignified prolixity from which the House passed, on the motion of Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, into the Lobby, whence the Government emerged with a narrow majority of twenty to its credit.

Tuesday, May 19th.—A brief half-hour devoted to formal business by the House of Lords would have passed unnoticed but for the unheralded arrival in its midst of that much-praised and also much-maligned Proconsul, the ex-Viceroy of India. Old friends greeted him, and Lord IRWIN responded with cheerful mien. He seemed quite unaware that GANDHI is still watching him.

Sir WILLIAM DAVISON can hardly have expected to obtain leave to bring in his Bill to legalise lotteries in support of hospitals, but it gave him an opportunity to remind the House that the British Museum was started with a State lottery, and that *The Daily Herald*, among other papers, was holding "thinly disguised lotteries" in the form of coupon competitions.

On the Second Reading of the Finance Bill Mr. GRAHAM again adopted the course—it seems to have a peculiar attraction for Labour Ministers—of letting the Opposition get its "blow in fust." This did not prevent Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN from getting his in with his usual vigour, but the blow that the House was waiting for was delivered later by the even more determined fist of Sir JOHN SIMON.

It may be said without flattery that every speech Sir JOHN has made in recent days has increased his political stature, and the fact that most of them have been in the nature of onslaughts on the principles (if any) and the policies (such as they are) of LLOYD-GEORGE Liberalism may have been accidental. Certainly, Sir JOHN now adds to his mastery of cold and compelling logic a limpid and disarming humour, without which the political equipment of the elder statesman is never quite complete.



Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON (at Geneva, reading the Debate on Soviet Propaganda). "POOR OLD RAMSAY! HOW HE'LL MISS ME NEXT YEAR WHEN I TAKE THE CHAIR AT THE DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE."

Sir JOHN early gave an inkling of his attitude towards Mr. SNOWDEN's brand of land taxes by reminding Mr. DAVIES, Member for Montgomery and a fellow-Liberal (who had said that the principle was the same as that in Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's Budget of twenty-two years ago), of another Welshman who said, "There is a river in Macedon; and there is also, moreover, a river in Monmouth, and there is salmon in both." There was a Finance Bill then and there was a Finance Bill now, but there was a wide difference between them. As Mr. LLOYD GEORGE had explained, neither he nor his Liberal colleagues had any previous knowledge of the present Bill. They were therefore quite uncommitted. He (Sir JOHN) proposed to offer a small contribution to help them to make up their minds.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S increment value duty and his tax on undeveloped land were theoretically justifiable, Sir JOHN argued, and he ridiculed his right hon. friend's suggestion that he had on that occasion been "bullied, badgered and blackmailed" into making all sorts of unreasonable concessions. Meekness was the last quality that could be justly attributed to the right hon. gentleman, which was just as well, because it was no good being meek and inheriting the earth if God had given the land to the people. Mr. SNOWDEN'S Land Tax was merely a form of expropriation without compensation. That might be good Socialism, but was it good Liberalism to tax on an equal basis a man whose property had been improved by the expenditure of public money, and one who had improved the value of his land out of his own pocket? Mr. LLOYD GEORGE had said that with these land taxes as part of its cargo the Liberal ship might without hesitation present its bill of lading at the Great White Throne—a metaphor compounded of bad law and the Book of Revelations, to which he would reply by asking of his right hon. friend, "*Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?*"

Many other speeches were made, but not even the revelation of Mr. MAXTON that Sir ROBERT HUTCHISON had been giving him tips on his golf when he might have been commiserating with him on the inadequacies of a stop-gap Finance Bill, nor the objurgations of Sir CHARLES OMAN, a "conscientious and perpetual pedestrian," on his particular enemy, the motor cyclist, aroused the same enthusiasm.

LETTERS TO AN EXILE.

DEAR ROONA,—I wonder if you have been able to get any Irish or Calcutta Sweep tickets out there. Here conversation is turning upon nothing but luck and chance, and it will be an excellent thing when next Wednesday's race is over and another topic comes up. I suppose that never before have so many hopes and fears been associated with that noble animal the horse, the alleged friend of man. An innocent creature with a startled and frightening eye—how little could ADAM have foreseen, when he named it "horse," the part it was going to play in civilized life! I am no statesman nor have I any ambition to make laws, but if any dictator were to ask my advice as to a remedy for England's malady to-day I should suggest suppressing racing for a year.

The Italian eating-house proprietor who won the prize the last time is still submerged in litigation, with claimants to a share of it assailing him; while the last news we had of his wife was that she was tearfully longing for the old comfortable certitude of poverty. Still, the risk is worth running.

Meanwhile a barber friend of mine has been getting into trouble. Last year he bought a Calcutta Sweep ticket and was given only a number. Later he discovered that he had been swindled, the same number having been given to others and there being no tickets to correspond. This year therefore, when he suggested to his wife that he should try again, she was scornful and hostile. "Certainly not," she said; "once bitten, twice shy." The other day, however, chancing to go to a drawer of hers in search of something, the barber found a whole book of Irish tickets which she had independently acquired. "She wasn't a bit ashamed," he told me; "all she said was that I had no right to go to that drawer."

One thing is certain: whoever has drawn the first horse in the Irish Sweep—whether it be Orpen (who is named after an Irish artist), or Cameronian, the favourite, or, shall I say, Link Boy—will not find his fortune a blessing. Still, I would run the risk.

The legalised pronunciation in Dublin now is "horsepital."

Now for the latest news of your beloved London:—The other day I saw an elderly man advancing down Whitehall on a motor-scooter. He stood on it with both feet and moved sinuously amid the traffic at a great pace. The wheels were about nine inches in diameter. I have not seen him again, nor met anyone who has, but why such a simple and rapid means of locomotion should not become popular I fail to understand, although I should never myself adopt it.

The houses opposite the south side of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields have all gone. You remember how we used to look in the numismatist's window there at the coins and medals and Maundy money. There was a leather-bag shop at the Trafalgar Square corner and next to it an ecclesiastical furnishers with very dressy clerical vestments. All gone, and the new buildings should be up in time to be pulled down, if neceessary, for the Charing Cross approach.

A nightingale is singing in St. James's Park this spring.

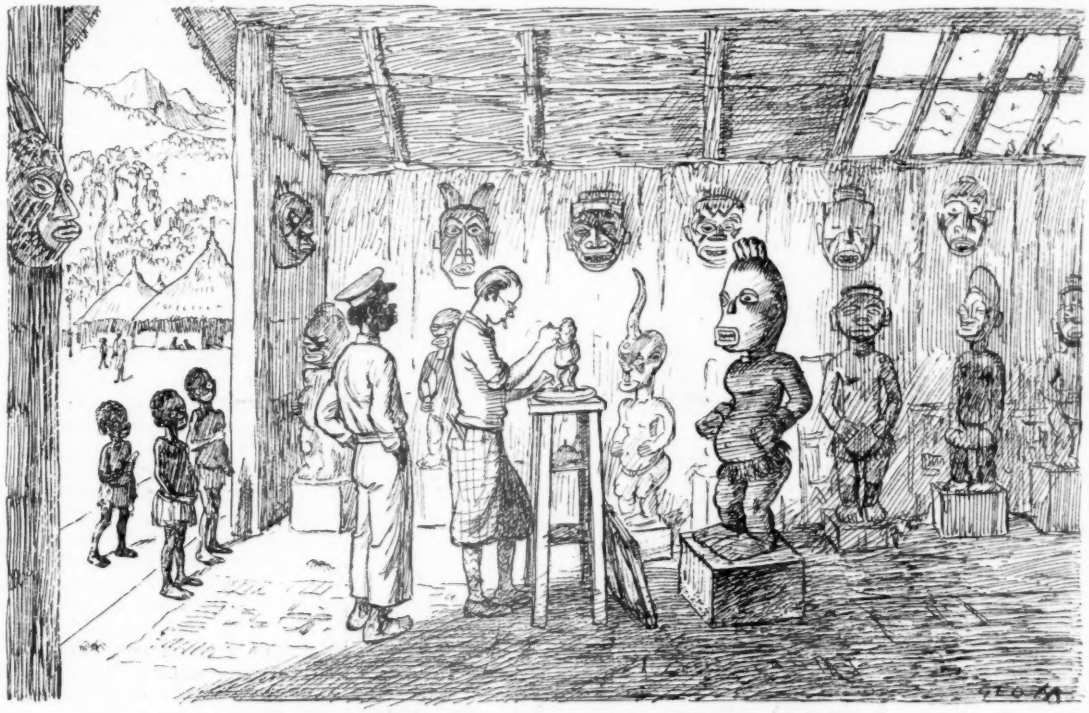
The tulips were never better in shape, but they ought to be arranged by someone with a sense of colour.

The strangest thing I have heard for a long while is that there is a French film of *All Quiet on the Western Front*, played—and played, I am assured, very well—by dogs. Dogs of all shapes and sizes and varieties. They do not speak, but bark, and are intensely animated, and the story is told in a



THE LABOUR CUCKOO'S EGG.

The Liberal Sparrow (Sir JOHN SIMON). "DASHED IF I'LL HELP TO HATCH A THING LIKE THAT. I'D SOONER GO AND LIVE IN ANOTHER NEST."



THE FUTURE OF THE FORWARD MOVEMENT IN ART.

HOLDERS OF TRAVELLING SCHOLARSHIPS AWARDED BY OUR ART SCHOOLS WILL BE EXPECTED TO PURSUE THEIR STUDIES IN CENTRAL AFRICA INSTEAD OF ROME.

running commentary. As Dr. JOHNSON said of another performing dog—the wonder is not that it is done well, but that it is done at all.

Let me end with a literary discovery that I have just made. You remember in *David Copperfield* that, after receiving one of the most tragic and hopeless of *Mr. Micawber's* letters, in which there is no future for him at all, *David* hurries to intercept him on his journey to the tomb and is just in time to see him seated gaily on a coach eating walnuts out of a paper bag? I have always thought DICKENS's choice of walnuts an inspiration. Well, so it was, but it was a second-thought. On examining his corrected proofs the other day I found that he had at first written "sandwiches." Yours, E. V. L.

"FAMOUS CONJURER SOLVES MYSTERY OF HAUNTED HOUSE.

Mr. Jasper Maskelyne arrived, armed for trouble."—*Daily Paper.*

And he didn't ask the ghost to give him any quarter as he'd got one.

"Compston had a good chance of a 68, but he putted badly and took five. Still, a tree at the 18th would have enabled him to tie."
Exeter Paper.

You never know; some of our balls are still roosting.

HUBBLE BUBBLE.

[At his second lecture at Oxford Professor EINSTEIN, after discussing the mean density of a three-dimensional sphere in the light of the researches of DE SITTER, LEMAITRE, FRIEDMANN and TOLMAN, went on to describe Dr. HUBBLE's spectral investigation of the extra-galactic nebulæ and the dependence of the order of magnitude of the varying world on HUBBLE's "constant for the red displacement."]

APPALLED by the immensity
Of the great world machine,
I'm conscious that my density
Is denser than the mean;
And like a drowning swimmer
I found my hope grow dimmer;
But now a partial glimmer
Illumes the cosmic scene.

I am no atom-splitter;
I cannot leave my rut;
Spite of his name, DE SITTER
I find too hard a nut;
LEMAÎTRE I cannot master,
And FRIEDMANN travels faster
Than can without disaster
Be managed by a mutt.

But HUBBLE!—Though one links him
With Oriental smokes,
Professor EINSTEIN thinks him
The brainiest of blokes;
And yet he can both suffer
And please the fool and duffer,
For I, a poor old buffer,
Appreciate his jokes.

Unmoved by spatial swerving
Or arbitrary views
Which others find unnerving,
He turns to spectral clues,
And from his magic casement,
"Constant for red displacement,"
Predicts the near effacement
Of Bolshevistic hues.

When JEANS grows too didactic
Or FRIEDMANN makes too free
Among extra-galactic
Clusters of nebulæ—
When life is full of trouble
And mostly froth and bubble,
I turn to Dr. HUBBLE,
He is the man for me. C. L. G.

Intelligent Anticipation among the Normans.

"Quaint old Tudor Cottage, modernised. Mentioned in Doomsday Book."
Advt. in Sunday Paper.

Metaphors that Mislead.

"DERBY CEMETERY VIGIL.

An official of the cemetery said to-day: 'We are leaving no stone unturned to bring the pilferers [of flowers] to justice.'"
Derby Paper.



"MUCH OFF, SIR?"
"NOTHING OFF; BUT MORE UNITY, MORE HARMONY, MORE PLACIDITY."

A NEGATIVE RESULT.

IT was nice of my new dentist to be so interested in my teeth. Most people, I suppose, think there are no teeth in all the world quite like their own. It is but human; and when one knows what it is to have lost some of them, poor dears, those that remain are all the more precious.

He patted one of mine with his mirror and said he would much like to have a photograph of it. I regard it as the handsomest of them all. I try not to show any favouritism, but those who have teeth know that generally there is one of which secretly they are fondest. I was flattered; and I wrote down the address of a man who, he assured me, would make a good picture of it.

But if one was to be photographed, all should be photographed. I did not wish for any jealousy, as that might lead to disturbance, which I always try to avoid. On the day each tooth looked its best; I personally saw that they were all well washed and brushed. I did not take the adopted ones; I am sorry to say they are rather troublesome and cause inconvenience to the adjoining gums; so I felt no compunction in leaving them at home.

The plate on his gate described the photographer as a radiologist. But what did that matter if he obtained lifelike portraits? On receiving me, instead of indulging in the usual small-talk, he asked somewhat embarrassing questions about my interior. Then, did the teeth give me any trouble? I promptly told him that they had been well-trained and were all little treasures. "None of them a little loose?" he asked. With difficulty I refrained from replying heatedly to this implication of moral laxity.

I asked that the one chosen by the dentist should be taken in three positions. Whether the man did this or not I do not know; I was so distracted by the strangeness of the whole proceedings. This remarkable studio had no scenic cloth, no rustic stile, no artificial fern. But it was the very place for anyone wishing to be photographed leaning against a sort of operating-table or toying with an elaborate switchboard. The decorations were of the severest kind, consisting of tubes and cables festooned about walls and ceilings.

Not only was I bewildered by my surroundings, but I suffered much discomfort from the hard and angular objects the man forced into my mouth. One I nearly swallowed; another almost made me sick. And all were entirely without flavour; a soupçon of caramel or a dash of peppermint would surely have encouraged an amiable expression, bringing out the real beauty of the teeth.

To-day the dentist showed me the prints. They were all failures. He was so misled by these abominable caricatures that he said I should do well to have every tooth extracted. But this I shall not do until I have visited a good Bond Street artist and had them photographed properly.

"COTTON SLIPS.
DUNCAN RETURNS TO FORM."
Headlines in Evening Paper.

This ought to encourage golf-rabbits to cast their woollies before May is out.

"Sheffield, in dismissing White and Wellard, took four wickets in three balls."
Daily Paper.

The other two defeated batsmen, suspecting trickery, refused to go.

"The two women, among the forty new candidates admitted as barristers, include the South African lady, as a public holiday."
South African Paper.

In Rome they used to butcher people to make a public holiday; the South African way seems more humane if a little duller.



TRIALS OF AN ANGLER.

Husband (after a vain search). "YOU DIDN'T SEE A POT OF LITTLE FISH I PUT OUT TO BRING, DID YOU? LABELLED 'PICKLED WHITEBAIT'?"

Wife. "YES—I THOUGHT IT WAS FOR SANDWICHES."

Husband. "GOOD HEAVENS, NO. IT'S POISON!"

Wife. "WELL, IT'S ALL WE HAVE FOR LUNCH."

GUN DOGS.

III.—THE IRISH SETTER.

THE dogs out of Erin are red as red herrin',
They are red as a flame, I declare, I declare;
They run on brown mountains and by the smooth fountains
From Shannon's green banks to the crooks of Kenmare;
Oh, bright as a berry,
They're red and they're rare,
The Setters from Kerry
And Cork and Kildare!

Your Honours to pleasure they'll stretch at full measure
And hunt the wet mountain from bottom to top;
See them stand like a stone now—a stone, ah! you'll own now
That you're likely this minute to hear a gun pop;
Red dogs on a hill of
Red birds, would they stop
Till they'd set you the fill of
A poulterer's shop?

You may go—ah! to what land? The blue hills of Scotland?
The dales of dark Derby, high-shouldered as hogs?—
But, wherever there's coveys, wherever your love is
To climb on a hill and uncouple the dogs,
Sure, your heart—that's unless it
Is colder than frogs—
Must go back—ah! confess it—
To mountains and bogs,

And the red dogs of Erin that's red as red herrin',
That fly like the flame, like the flame, I declare,
By the bogs and brown mountains and soft-flowing fountains
Till they stand like a stone—both the beautiful pair;
Oh, bright as the cherry,
Oh, red dogs and rare
Are the red dogs of Kerry
And Cork and Kildare! P. R. C.

"ESSEX FAIL AGAINST VERITY."—*Daily Paper.*

Truth will out even the best of batsmen.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE GOOD COMPANIONS" (HIS MAJESTY'S).

I WISH I could have been present when Mr. PRIESTLEY and Mr. KNOBLOCK were collaborating over this pleasant tabloid drama: the one, maker of epics, with the vaguest ideas (if I'm right) about stage-technique; the other, maker of plays, with no working experience (unless I'm wrong) of the ingredients of an epic.

I picture them chatting like this:—

Mr. Priestley. Can't we get in that opening bit—a great favourite of mine—where I make *Jess Oakroyd* talk after the football match and create a Bruddersford atmosphere?

Mr. Knoblock. I think not; we must get a move on. You see, drama means action. We shall be having a scene that shows his domestic interior, but that's all the Bruddersford atmosphere we can afford just now.

Mr. Priestley. Well, what about the episode where he finds himself in the crooks' house and gets robbed in his sleep? Isn't that drama?

Mr. Knoblock. Yes, that's drama all right; but it's not essential to the story. This play's about a travelling company called *The Good Companions* and we've first got to collect several leading characters by road—we'll have a motor-car going off (LEFT) for three of the curtains—before we can start our main theme. Still, I can let you have one knockabout incident on the way—the scene at the fair, because that gives a chance for colour and crowd-movement; but no more till we get our company going.

I can faintly imagine what a wrench it was for Mr. PRIESTLEY to part with some of his fairest offspring, sacrificed on the altar of this Moloch-Knoblock.

To pass judgment on the work of the selectors is impracticable for anyone who has previously read the epic. Most anthologists get badly abused by the critics for having put in the wrong things and left out the right. But, even if we admit that the best conceivable selection of episodes has here been made, we still cannot judge whether a true impression of the book has been conveyed to those (if any) who haven't read it. Enjoying the advantage of being able to fill up the gaps from memory, we cannot even tell, except by report, whether the adapters have succeeded in making an intelligible story emerge from their elliptical treatment.

I almost hope (against hope) that they have not. When I consider how I spent weeks, if not months, in getting to know and love these people, and in having my prejudiced conceptions of a fourth-rate travelling company removed by a gradual process of attrition, I think it only human that I should grudge to others the attainment of the same satisfaction in the convenient space of two-and-three-quarter hours.



THE RELAXATIONS OF A PREP-SCHOOLMASTER.

Inigo Jollifant. . MR. JOHN GIELGUD.
Susie Dean. . . MISS ADÈLE DIXON.

The second half was perhaps not quite so effective as the first. It had more dramatic plot in it, but we were not concerned with that, for we knew the story. Our interest had been concentrated on the question whether the actors would realise to our content the characters of our old friends; and by now we had acknowledged their success. But the high quality of the performance was sustained to the last; and, if the play itself finally drifted out into mere cinematics, we were at least spared the only commonplace and conventional feature of the book—the love-affair of *Miss Trant.*



JOBY'S JOB.
Jess Oakroyd (*Mr. EDWARD CHAPMAN*) LEFT IN CHARGE.

It was not to be expected that even the most perceptive actors could give us any very fresh aspect of characters with whom we had lived for weeks, but by its direct appeal to the eye the dramatised version made certain scenes more vivid—notably that of the fair; and our best compliments are due to those who designed the setting and to those who handled it with so incredible a despatch.

But we come back in the end to the main question—the actors' realisation of familiar characters, often a harder task than the "creation" of new ones. It is indeed the old difficulty of the artist who illustrates a familiar book. With his conception of the heroine in particular we are apt to quarrel; we cannot say precisely how we see her, but we know it's not like that. And, for all her intelligence and spontaneity, I had something of this feeling about Miss DIXON'S interpretation of the charm, perhaps unseizable, of *Susie Dean.* Most of the others I found astonishingly satisfying. Mr. CHAPMAN gave us a very lovable *Oakroyd*; and if he had little chance of illustrating the Yorkshireman's native canniness this only made him the more lovable. Mr. GIELGUD'S *Inigo Jollifant* was more attractive than the original. With equal ease of manner (not so noticeable in the playing of his accompaniments) he reproduced the high spirits of that resilient youth in the schoolhouse scene, and his resolve, when dealing with *Monte Mortimer*, to refute *Susie's* charge of feebleness. In one or two of his emotional spasms there was just a suspicion of staginess, but he may have picked this up from his infectious environment.

In the part of *Elizabeth Trant* Miss SHARPE played with a nice reserve, catching the sociable atmosphere of her company without loss of her own personality. Good work was done in minor parts by Mr. ALEXANDER FIELD, very fluent as *Joby*, the cheapjack; by Mr. EDWIN ELLIS as *Jimmy Nunn*, dyspeptic manager and good angel of the company; by Mr. NAT LEWIS as *Monte Mortimer*, impresario; by Miss SEACOMBE as his starlady, *Ethel Georgia*, and by Miss

ELLEN POLLOCK as *Effie Longstaffe*, florid sister of the still more florid *Elsie*.

To my deep regret I am debarred by limitations of space and stamina from distributing individual praise over a cast of forty odd, but I can say with gratitude and conviction that they all played like a team and with an unselfish camaraderie which more than entitled them, whether or not they belonged to the company of Good Companions, to bear that honourable name. O. S.

"THE LAND OF SMILES"
(DRURY LANE).

Herr FRANZ LEHAR gets seriouser and seriouser. And perhaps it is the main hazard of this new piece that it is rather too serious for our unsophisticated musical-comedy public and not quite solemn enough for our devotees (whether sincere or snobbish) of high opera. *The Land of Smiles* is in effect a tragedy with merely perfunctory attempts to add, in deference to the formula, a dash of comedy—the tragedy of East being East and West West and never the Twain really hitting it off together.

Lisa, an emotional Viennese aristocrat (Fräulein RENÉE BULLARD), who ought to have been sensible and married young *Gustave von Ploetz* (Mr. GEORGE VOLLAIRE), has secretly given her heart to the grave, cultured and wealthy *Prince Sou Chong*, the Chinese Ambassador in Vienna. The *Prince* has no hope that the girl's Western prejudices will be sufficiently softened to allow her to return his ardent love; hides his heart with his hands inside his sleeves, and is agreeably surprised when, as he says good-bye before setting out for his native land to become Governor of a Province, the candid maiden begs him to take her with him.

The new Princess is installed in her rather garish palace. The colour prejudices of Vienna, of which we were given a taste in Act I., are as nothing to those of her new home. Old silver-taloned *Prince Tschang, Sou Chong's* uncle, insists that his nephew shall conform to immemorial law and custom and take unto himself four young native brides carefully chosen for him with the view of raising appropriate issue for the sacred purposes of ancestor-worship. After a formal protest the young man reluctantly agrees, and when his *Princess*—whom old *Tschang*, by the way, had roundly declared to be no Wife according to Chinese law, but mere Mistress—emphatically objects to this arrangement he, rather airily as we thought, declared the whole thing to be a mere matter of form. Whereupon *Princess Lisa* declares that she will forthwith go home. The *Prince* counters by taking an embarrassingly Oriental line. Wives, he reminds her, are slaves in his country, husbands are lords. She belongs to him and he will not let her go. High-pitched songs of despair by *Lisa* bring the sad scene to a conclusion.

The arrival (by us expected) of *Captain von Ploetz* in smart white ducks offers a way out—with the help of little *Princess Mi* (Fräulein HELLA KÜRTY), who has fallen in love with *Von Ploetz*, but knows where that colourless young man's heart is pledged. The neutrality of the *Prince's* immense chief eunuch (Mr. BRUCE WINSTON), who seems inclined to entertain us with interesting technical details of his profession, but is tactfully discouraged by the author, VICTOR LEON, or the adapters, LUDWIG HERZER, FRITZ LÖHNER and HARRY GRAHAM. But *Sou Chong* repents him of his arbitrariness and proves himself, as we expected, a real white man. Meeting the two fugitives as they were sacrilegiously stealing through the temple, they having already been baulked by a sentry at the end of the secret underground passage, he, much to their relief, instead of torturing and decapitating them, bids them go in peace and make each other happy—CONFUCIUS and *Prince Tschang* and the four little brides being altogether too much for him. And thus Mr. KIPLING and others are again justified. But you can see and hear that the poor *Prince's* heart is broken, though *Lisa* never persuaded us that she was anything like good enough for him.

On the occasion of my attendance the widely-regretted indisposition of Herr RICHARD TAUBER threw the burden of the long and exacting part of *Prince Sou Chong* on Mr. ROBERT NAYLOR. Mr. NAYLOR has a fine ringing tenor and won from the audience something much more than the friendly applause that is given out of sympathy for a courageous and competent understudy. He was compelled by our enthusiasm to sing the flagrantly romantic "You are my Heart's Delight" no fewer than four times (a little "plugging" and "reprising" imposed it upon him a few times more); and he won merit with a love-song in the (alleged) Chinese manner. Of its authenticity we were no judge, but it proved to us that Herr LEHAR can write an austere as well as a sentimental melody. The composer happily did not handicap himself by attempting much in the way of pseudo-Oriental effects. He gave us without affectation good measure from his rich store of coloured, sensuous, tender, brilliant and flippant melodies brilliantly orchestrated.

Fräulein KURTY, a dainty little lady, sang and moved prettily, and offered us a pleasant blend of humour and pathos. Fräulein BULLARD seemed less convincing, but I think the difficulty was that the *Princess Lisa* was not really a very likely or sympathetic heroine. T.



THÉ CHANTANT.

Lisa . . . . . MISS RENÉE BULLARD.
Prince Sou Chong . . . MR. ROBERT NAYLOR.

A Garden Party will be held at the Royal Botanic Gardens from 2.30 to 8.30, on Tuesday, June 2nd, in aid of the Royal Medical Benevolent Fund Guild, which is celebrating its coming-of-age. The Guild provides education for the orphan children of doctors. Admission on the day, 5/- (children under 14, 2/6.) Application for tickets, which may be purchased at 3/6 before June 2nd (children under 14, 1/6), should be made to the Hon. Treasurer, Mrs. E. D. DAVIES, 46, Harley Street, W.1, or any of the usual agencies.

Trade in the Wild West.

"FOR TRADE—2 flats, south-east corner of Crescent and Bache, as is. One loan, as was. Will take anything and assume any amount, unsight, unseen. If not disposed of in five days will deed back to Indians."
San Francisco Paper.

We conjecture that the Indians will see him deed first.

AT THE OPERA.

"ROUSSALKA" (LYCEUM).

THE Lyceum looked distinctly self-conscious by reason of the unwonted splendour of an audience which had largely been seduced from Covent Garden by the master, CHALIAPINE. True, a semi-patrician lady, looking hard at us, remarked, "A terribly mixed lot here to-night!" A puzzled lot too. Because rumour had suggested 8.15 as the time of the performance, the newspapers voted for 8.30, and the programme (better informed) for 9.0. There were other discrepancies—between the libretto, the programme summary and the actual performance—to make things a little more difficult, and the hearing of an opera for the first time in an entirely unknown tongue does not, anyway, make the task of an audience an easy one.

Roussalka (the Naiad) is a story after PUSHKIN, set to music by DARGOMIJSKY, a predecessor and inspirer of MOUSSORGSKY and RIMSKY-KORSAKOV. It is not difficult to follow and we may cheerfully accept the verdict of our instructed critics that it is adequate without being overwhelmingly exciting.

The handsome tenor *Prince* (M. POZEMKOVSKY) woos *Natacha*, the miller's lovely daughter (Mme. SLOBODSKAYA—a brilliant emotional soprano), the miller (M. CHALIAPINE) approving—I should imagine for base material reasons, as he must have shared our doubts about the issue of the courtship. Inevitably the *Prince*, who seems a well-meaning fellow, must make a marriage of state convenience. The miller's daughter, he learns, is about to bear him a child. Distressed rather than exasperated by this, he bids her a reluctant good-bye, giving her a pearl necklace, a tiara and what looked like a vanity-bag (the programme, however, describes it as a sack of gold). Casting these rich gifts from her, she leaps into the mill-race, the miller and local peasantry exhibiting anxious concern, but making no effort to rescue her.

At the brilliant marriage-feast—against a rich golden-toned backcloth by ORESTE ALLEGRI—a voice is heard without. The *Prince* is distraught, the *Princess* (Mme. E. GEBRANSKAYA) suspicious. It is the voice of *Natacha*, now a Naiad.

The years pass. The *Prince*, bored with his marriage and wandering in a mood of mournful reminiscence by the scene of his early romance, meets the now white-haired old miller, witless, frenzied, pathetic, remorseful—a scene which might have been prophetically designed expressly for the purpose of exercising M. CHALIAPINE'S gifts and exhibiting the range of his dramatic powers and the astonishing flexibility of his magnificent voice.

And finally, *Natacha*, now queen of the Naiads, holds her watery Court with her little daughter, attended by her long-tressed nymphs, and to them enters the *Prince* (here substantial "cuts" made the story difficult to follow), to be reunited to his true love and his faery child, to live happily, if damply, ever after—a naïvely and charmingly romantic affair.

There was the welcome embroidery of dancing, of which the spirited gipsy dance of a startlingly athletic character was the most signal success and had to be repeated at the peril of the complete collapse of the exhausted participants.

One could not fail to observe confusions and uncertainty of purpose. These no doubt will disappear. T.

INSURANCE ASSURANCES.

AMONG the bills and circulars of which this morning's mail was largely composed was a card from my insurance company. It read as follows:—

WITH
HEARTIEST BIRTHDAY GREETINGS
AND BEST WISHES FOR
YOUR HEALTH, HAPPINESS AND
PROSPERITY
DURING THE COMING YEAR.

At first sight this struck me as a delicate little attention, but on further consideration I was not quite so sure. Firstly, how did the company know it was my birthday? That was no longer a conundrum when I remembered my proposal-form, signed some decades ago. But why should they suddenly take an interest in my welfare? They have never done so before. Can it be that they think I am reaching an age at which it would suit them for me to take more care of myself and so postpone, if by ever so little, the day on which they must pay to my heirs, executors and assigns the sum which becomes due on my demise?

Another thought quickly chased this one. Is it usual to send out such wishes and greetings at a certain age? It is new in my experience. And, if so, what is the accepted age? And, following on that, what is now my actuarial expectation of life? You will see how interesting the subject is becoming. If a satisfactory reply to the last query is forthcoming life is simplified a good deal and planning for the summer holidays becomes comparatively easy.

It is to be noted that, besides health, I am wished happiness and prosperity. I can understand the company's desire for my happiness, since this is conducive to long life, but prosperity leaves me guessing a little. Prosperity often means, among other things, a tendency to eat too much and too rich food, to drive instead of walking, which is undoubtedly less healthful, and generally to act in opposition to the best and most widely accepted rules of hygiene. No, I do not think that prosperity was really intended. It was probably put in just to round off the sentence.

On the whole, though I appreciate the kindly thought which I like to believe actuated the despatch of the card, I cannot credit the company with entirely disinterested motives. But at least their act is in a pleasanter category than that of the undertaker of last century who advertised:—

WHY LIVE
A MISERABLE LIFE
WHEN YOU CAN BE COMFORTABLY
BURIED
FOR £2 12*s.* 6*d.*?

O.K. WITH MEE!

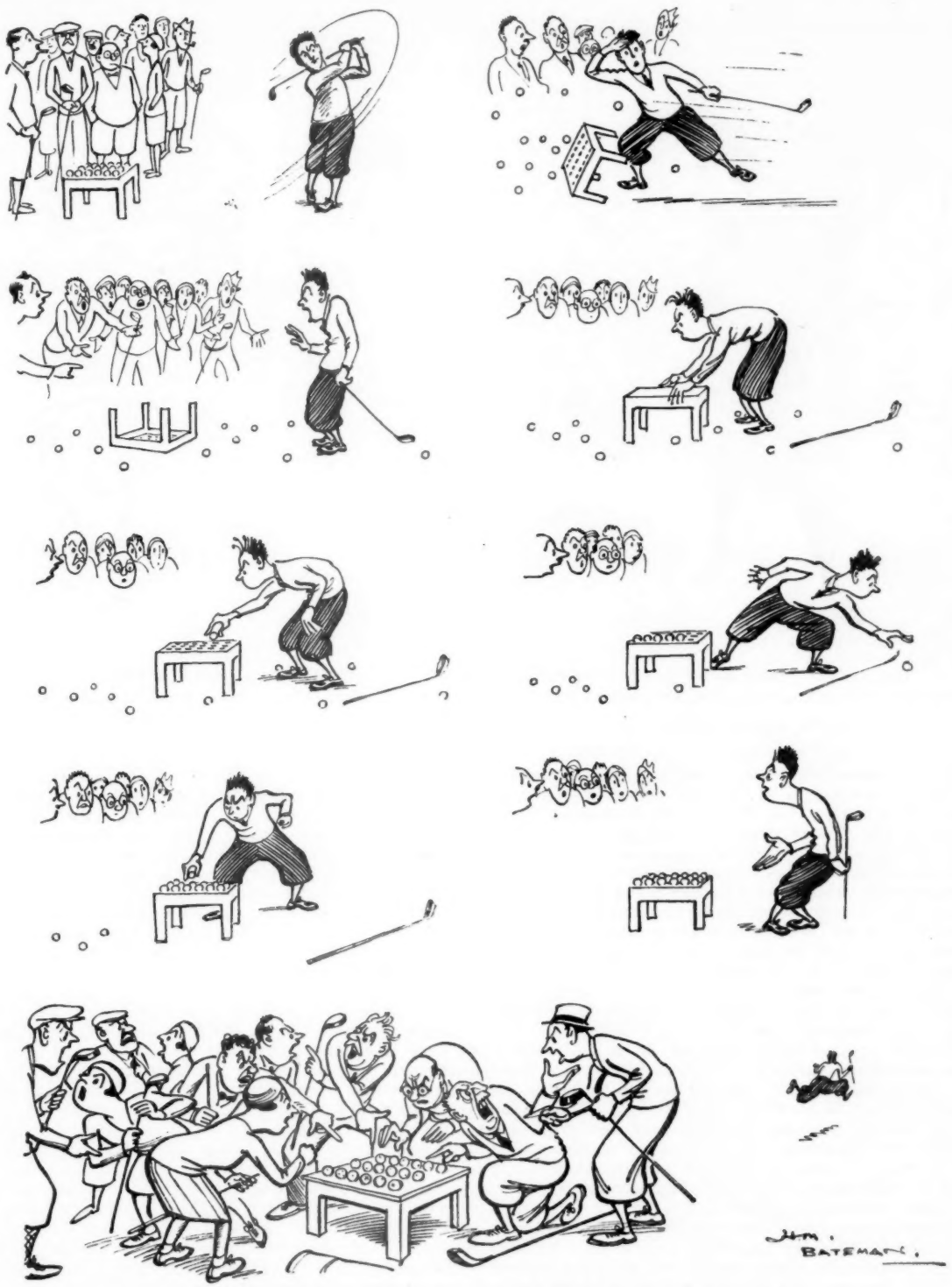
[Mr. ARTHUR MEE, in a recent article in *The Children's Newspaper*, celebrates the obsequies of the "K" in Kinema. He says that the universally incorrect spelling is now Cinema, and notes sadly that Mr. H. W. FOWLER, in his *Modern English Usage*, condones the crime.]

O PARENT of a blameless publication,
O ARTHUR MEE,
You fight a losing battle for the nation,
Who seek with sad restrained exacerbation
To stem the tide that brings the alteration
Of K to C.

O sorry symbol of a careless loose age,
Alas, ah MEE!
When high professors coldly flout the few sage
Protests of one who hears a callous news age
Declare that FOWLER'S *Modern English Usage*
Accepts the C!

In vain that you for ten long years defended
The K, when we
Refused to realise that it depended
Upon the Greek *kinēma* (as amended
To *kinēma*); at last the strife is ended,
Upon the C.

I like your pluck, O excellent and gifted
Good ARTHUR MEE;
And yet I fear the tide too far has drifted,
So now you stand alone (the rest have shifted),
A *Mrs. Partington* with broom uplifted
Beside the C!



"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH": A WEEK-END CONVULSION.



Country Landlady (to Artist on holiday). "HI, SIR! YE 'VE FORGOT YOUR GOLFING-STOOL!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE business of the dealer in antiques makes a good background for a novel, as Mr. VACHELL showed us many years ago. Now we have Mr. EDWARD KNOBLOCK, in *The Man with the Two Mirrors* (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 7/6), relating the strange adventures of *Benjamin Smith*, of Levantine extraction but a British subject, whom we meet first in the embarrassing costume of a zouave jacket, baggy breeches and a fez, violently quarrelling with the titled lady who "picked him up" in Smyrna and now proposes to send him back there. But *Benjamin* has fallen in love with the Great Masters at the National Gallery and he contrives to escape from the purser to whose care he is entrusted and finds his way to Paris. There his adventures crowd upon him thick and fast. He meets an English artist and is promptly captured by his daughter; he makes friends with an amiable old waiter at a *café*, and at length, through a rescue from a fire, obtains a job with that most unpleasant trafficker in art, *M. Fourache*. There is something about this young man *Benjamin*, Levantine or not, which arouses interest. He is a distinct character, though of a very different brand from old *Joe Quinney*. *Zoe* too, the girl whom he marries and who leads him such a dance, thoroughly selfish and heartless as she is, cannot be described as dull. Twice she brought him to the very brink of murder. But somehow or other Mr. KNOBLOCK contrives a happy ending—after *Benjamin* has blossomed out into the great *Mr. La Caze*, of *Carradine and La Caze*, in Duke Street, and has decided in the end that so big a game is hardly worth the sacrifices it entails. There is substance enough in this story for two or three novels of the ordinary kind and length.

The relations of science and imagination are bound, I am afraid, to be a little uneasy. Imagination exploiting science, as she does in the earlier stories of Mr. H. G. WELLS, has opportunities and felicities, if not very exalted ones. But science exploiting imagination is apt to produce one of those reconstructed monsters you find in the more deserted corridors of natural history museums, monsters vaguely impressive and intimidating to a public which has not the remotest idea how much is genuine fossil and how much is stucco. Being for the most part in this situation myself before Mrs. NAOMI MITCHISON'S amazingly erudite romance of the Third Century B.C., I find it impossible to appraise as a trophy of science and difficult as a work of art. The book relates the interwoven fortunes of the royal house of Sparta and the magically-endowed rulers of a make-believe Scythian kingdom. *The Corn King and the Spring Queen* (CAPE, 10/6) belong to Marob, a primitive barbarian country. *Kleomenes III.* represents the democratic aspirations of a played-out supercivilised Greece. On a series of vast canvases the epic adventures of these rulers and their adherents are portrayed with infinite particularity of circumstance—Greeks are shipwrecked on the Scythian coast, Scythians seek Greek oracles, both encounter exile in Egypt, where the Greek PTOLEMY forces rebellion and death on the Spartans. The story-teller allots a terse chronicle style to the narrative and a modern colloquial manner to the dialogue. This, because it sets the period back and the personages well forward, strikes me as æsthetically a mistake.

You'll all, as one whole, owe
To "MARCO" a lot
For his book (it's called *Polo*)
For saying what's what,
If polo you're playing
All anxious to win,
You swinging and swaying
And sweating like sin.

From *Country Life* coming,
His book's fifteen bob
(But you'll hear the hoofs drumming,
You'll hear the turf throb);
It's a book that I own is
Scholastic of class
(But you'll smell the hot ponies,
You'll smell the scorched grass).

And Youth here is able
To learn every trick
From care of a stable
To cost of a stick;
And, if you're onlooker,
Why, "MARCO," I claim,
Can show a seat-booker
The most of the game.

Had not unreasonable death intervened, bizarre and malicious, CHARLES STEWART PARNELL would himself have lifted the veil of silence that covered his catastrophe. The politician famed for a fierce severity of restraint, the patriot whom no stress could bend to petty shifts, permitted his honour to appear a pose, his passion of integrity a mask, his love a sordid affair of furtive skulkings, only as a martyr permits the flames, looking to a higher ultimate. So says his friend to the uttermost, Captain HENRY HARRISON, in *Parnell Vindicated* (CONSTABLE, 17/-), and says it with a certain rushing fiery eloquence, devouring alike the accumulated masses of flimsy tradition and the fabric of established evidence in his fury. The love-story of KITTY O'SHEA, no less perhaps than that of Helen of Troy, is to be for ever associated with legends of empires that were or that might have been, and, woefully, it is the evidence, or the supposed evidence, of this later Helen herself that has seemed finally to destroy the hero-lover. But Captain HARRISON will have none of it. It may indeed appear that his triumphant substitution of a group of concerted deceptions aimed to secure testamentary benefits from the most persistently permanent rich old lady in history, in place of that other too well remembered series of discreditable deceits, is not in itself impressive. Yet within the limits of his objective it seems that he carries the position, and if that be granted he is content. His book, for its own intrinsic qualities, is literature. Yet, for his hero, perhaps he is already labelled and put away.

With all the quaintness that is their Quaker birthright, the letters that relate *Elizabeth Fry's Journeys on the Continent, 1840–1841* (LANE, 12/6), have a breezy air of their own. Their writer, ELIZABETH GURNEY—afterwards Madame DE BUNSEN—was a girl in her twenties when her aunt, the immortal Mrs. FRY of Newgatory-teaching fame, set out to investigate Continental prisons, her niece and other friends accompanying her. The expedition of 1840 toured Holland, Belgium and Germany. That of '41 covered some of the old ground and included Denmark. And of both ELIZABETH, very much the sparkling little satellite of her planetary aunt, was the impressed and vivacious recorder. It was apparently understood that youth should enjoy some sight-seeing, and, when a desirable town looked like being omitted, "A beautiful prison there, Aunt," or "I feel Thee ought to see the school," tactfully determined the expedition. But if a *rusé* handling of her seniors and the temerarious application of ISAIAH XXVIII. 20 to a German bedstead announce Miss ELIZABETH a modern, she cedes to no member of the party in enthusiastic devotion. Everywhere the oddly-attired little band were received by dignitaries both Protestant



AT THE R.A.

"NO, MY DEAR, I NEVER BOTHER ABOUT ART ANY OTHER TIME OF THE YEAR."

and Catholic. Sometimes, as at Zwolle, they trod in the footsteps of such great prison-reformers as HOWARD; sometimes, as at Dresden, they found chains and spiked collars—but "Aunt will have it altered." A unique and charming record, for which I have equally to thank the editor, Mr. R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON, and Sir MAURICE DE BUNSEN, who supplies both documents and foreword.

The portrayal of one of those rare (and presumably existent) women who, though not technically "good," are rendered immaculate by a certain spiritual quality, a special envisagement of life in its essence, is one of the hardest tasks which a novelist can set himself. The result may so easily be mawkishness and unreality; and in adventuring it Mr. HUGH DE SÉLINCOURT has skirted perilously near the coasts of disaster. Yet on the whole I think it may be said that in the picture of *Susan Rivarol*, drawn largely from her own letters and labelled *Evening Light* (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 7/6), he has done what he set out to do—bodied forth a woman seeking in freedom and love the fulfilment of her being. Her story, though seen in long retrospect by one of the men who loved her, belongs to "Victoria's formal middle time," when JOHN STUART MILL was earnestly meditating on the subjection of women, and this adds point and piquancy to *Susan's* Shelleyan revolt. Both her friends were scientists, very solemn—bewhiskered, one suspects—as was the fashion of that age, and with no forebodings of the marriage of mathematics and mysticism to be consummated by their grandchildren. But *Susan* herself was all "sweetness and light," "a spirit"—to continue to ape her own propensity to quotation—"of fire and dew"; and it is greatly to Mr. DE SÉLINCOURT's credit that he has contrived to make so aery a creature convincing, even though, as both *Owen Mansfield* and *Tom Mair* did, we sometimes find her flights a little arduous to follow.



Indulgent Mother. "HOW MUCH DO YOUR BALLOONS COST? MY LITTLE BOY WOULD LIKE TO PRICK THEM WITH A PIN."

Diana Steadley, the heroine of Lady TROUBRIDGE's new novel, became very much *The Property of a Gentleman* (COLLINS, 7/6) when, swept off her feet by his wealth and power and the urgency of his wooing, she became the second wife of *Sir Torquil Dorcombe*. Lady TROUBRIDGE'S theme is the difference in the pre-war and present-day outlooks on manners, morals and most things. She contends that the free-and-easy ways of our "bright young people" cover less blameworthy conduct than did the prunes-and-prisms behaviour of yesteryear, and that women have lost little of essential delicacy by being less self-conscious about it. Probably she is right, but *Torquil* at forty-five is rather ridiculously early-Victorian, and *Diana's* own doings, after they had become antagonistic, were almost silly enough to justify him in suing for the divorce which suited his own new matrimonial aspirations so well. Lady TROUBRIDGE is careless at times, describing the halls of two of *Torquil's* stately homes in identical terms and letting *Colin*, with whom *Diana* ultimately found happiness, be discovered getting over shell-shock after the War on page 18, and remark, a hundred pages later, that had he been born earlier he might have "learned to stick things" in Flanders. But her work has a certain charm; the detail of a girl's life in Society is well touched in, and *Diana* wins and holds the reader's sympathy. Perhaps not a novel likely to set the Thames on fire, but one that would make a rainy day pass very pleasantly for most people.

The picture of post-war Lancashire that Mr. ALLAN MONKHOUSE gives in *Farewell, Manchester* (SECKER, 7/6) is extraordinarily striking and impressive. Excellent as a tale, it may also be regarded as an historical document which reveals the conditions of the cotton industry of to-day. To *John Henry Tunstall* a world in which the cotton trade, and Lancashire with it, did not thrive, was almost incredible; to his daughter *Laura* this trade was at once the biggest thing in their world and a tiresome irrelevance. And *John Henry's* sons, devoted to each other, had returned from the War with ideas that one may safely say had never before been entertained by any *Tunstall*. A situation which Mr. MONKHOUSE treats with consistent dignity is further complicated by the brothers falling in love with the same girl. It is a story that deserves to be read by everyone who prefers a novel to be a work of art and not merely a pastime.

I advise those who have nearly reached the end of *The Murder on the Sixth Hole* (METHUEN, 3/6) and have not yet solved its mystery to study the jacket, which most assuredly should provide them with a clue. Trouble arose in the South Forest Country Club when *Martin Green*, a Washington capitalist and a most unpopular man, was found drowned in the pond over which golfers were invited to drive from the sixth tee; and, although elaborate arrangements had been made to prove that *Green's* immersion was due to an accident, it was soon evident that murder had been done. Suspicion falls in turn on several of the American men and women who, for one cause or another, had reason to think that *Green's* death, if not actually to be desired, would not at any rate be greatly lamented. A yarn that is certainly as clever and intriguing as many of the sensational tales for which more than double the price is asked.

Oxford's Latest Double Blue.

"Nawab and Pataudi, not out.... 15."—*Daily Paper.*

CHARIVARIA.

A WELL-KNOWN tennis-player says she is going to take her pet parrot to Wimbledon as a mascot. But does she realise that it will not be allowed on the courts unless it wears stockings?

***

An economist says that nettles make an excellent substitute for spinach. He wouldn't have said that if he had ever tried to rhyme them with Greenwich.

***

Several Americans have made huge fortunes from chewing gum. It must be the turnover that does it.

***

Sir OTTO NIEMEYER's report on Brazilian economic conditions is said to contain some drastic recommendations; but in financial circles little credence is given to the rumour that he advocates asking bondholders to take it in nuts.

***

Mr. JOHN GALSWORTHY has confessed to an interviewer that he walks across Hampstead Heath on Bank Holidays. The identity of the man who walks across Hampstead Heath on Bank Holidays is therefore no longer a mystery.

***

A lady-novelist warns parents that it is useless to conceal their failings, as their children are bound to find them out in a few years. Still, our feeling is that it should be broken very gently to the little ones that Mother writes novels.

***

An objection to the substitution of the loud-speaker for the curate, which is foreshadowed, is that the loud-speaker can't play lawn-tennis.

***

Regimental garden-parties, to enable parents of soldiers to see for themselves the conditions under which recruits are trained, are the latest army idea. Sergeant-majors will, of course, avail themselves of the opportunity of "saying it with flowers."

***

The recent manœuvres of a huge fleet of fighting aeroplanes over Chicago are believed locally to have been intended by the U.S. Government as a demonstration to intimidate AL CAPONE.

***

In view of the strike of beauty-parlour girls in New York there is a strong feeling that customers have a right to be notified of a decision to down faces.

A miniature rhododendron has been exhibited at a flower-show in London. It is said to be so short that the sparrows have to kneel down to peck it.

***

It seems there is little demand nowadays for used cars. People find they can get all the walking exercise they need without buying a secondhand car.

***

Burglars at a Willesden club did not touch one of the hundreds of bottles of beer there. Still, we are not allowing this to blind us to the fact that burglars are dishonest.



Absent-minded Lady (in coal order-office). "COULD YOU LET ME HAVE HALF-A-TON OF DERBY SWEEPS TO-DAY?"

A giant mastiff was advertised for sale because of unexpected income-tax demands. Yet we should have thought that that was the very reason for keeping a giant mastiff.

***

Just when it was hoped that an end of the unrest in the Far East was in sight comes the news that the ex-Emperor of CHINA is tired of roller-skating and cycling and wants to be an opera-singer.

***

A peeress deplores the fact that a woman cannot stand alone on Westminster Bridge at midnight. This, of course, is one reason why there has never been a woman WORDSWORTH.

There is a feeling among younger motorists that it must be nice to be like Sir MALCOLM CAMPBELL, and be able to drive so fast round a course that you can read your own rear number-plate.

***

On reading that LA ARGENTINA, the famous Spanish dancer, has been seen playing halma, we feel impelled to say that we have always been ready to believe that Spanish dancers could let themselves go occasionally.

***

The first prize at a whist drive organised by an horticultural society was a lawn-mower. Several players are said to have automatically borrowed tricks from neighbouring tables.

***

The statement of an American scientist that it will soon be possible to forecast weather twenty-five years ahead has aroused speculation as to where the depression is now stationed which will be centred over Iceland on the 3rd June, 1956.

***

Thieves who took part in a smash-and-grab raid at Clapham made off in a pony-trap. This seems to indicate the need for a Trotting Squad.

***

Newfoundland's denial that Labrador is for sale will reassure those nationals who were apprehensive that the British Empire might be trying to sell someone a pup.

***

We are told that one variety of cactus always points to the south, thus forming a natural compass. Another kind only blooms once a century, thus forming a natural chronometer.

***

"People are rarely at their best until the midday sun has reached the meridian," says a doctor. Even the midday sun is rarely at its best before it reaches the meridian.

***

"Flies will not come near the hands of a person if rubbed with a raw lemon," we are told. But the trouble is, of course, to persuade the fly to keep still while it is being rubbed with the lemon.

"The black sheep laughed tenderly, knowing instantly what to do—and the next moment the silk stockings, the embroidered frock, the big hat, all the warm, breathless sweetness of the little missionary lay close against his heart."—*Monthly Magazine.*

We think we diagnose a seriously enlarged heart, even for a sheep.

THE JOYS OF LAWLESSNESS.

(Lines written on the eve of the drawing of the Derby Sweepstake at Dublin.)

THERE is a Something in the air ;
Electric currents thrill our British marrows;
Each of us hugs the dream that he
(No work entailed) will shortly be
Some fraction of a millionaire,
Wheeling the stuff about in brimming barrows.

All night at Fortune's shrine we kneel;
From hour to sleepless hour we state and re-state
Our chances in the coming lot,
Focussing on the fateful spot
An interest we seldom feel
When things occur at Dublin (in the Free State).

Our vigil closes ; comes the dawn,
And all day long, though summer skies be chilly,
Our hearts, as though with ale and cakes,
Are warmed with hope of wealth that makes
(Specially if we're overdrawn)
The usual dreams of avarice look silly.

Castles in Spain our dreams erect
(Possibly not, just now, the best of places),
And incidentally we add
This to the thoughts that leave us glad:—
Charity also will collect
Some of the proceeds for deserving cases.

And with another thought we've played,
Almost as pleasant as a winning ticket:—
England, that by habitual use
Keeps to the rules, has broken loose,
Thrown dust in CLYNES's eyes and made
The postal minions of the law to lick it.

O. S.

UNDERGROUND PERILS.

"IT is strange how unobservant most of us are," said Battersby, drawing a small black notebook from his pocket and rapidly turning over the leaves. "For years past I have been in the habit of travelling by Underground twice a day between Gloucester Road and Blackfriars, but never until yesterday have I taken the trouble to read the Company's by-laws posted up in the stations. Yesterday morning, arriving at Gloucester Road a little earlier than usual, I found time to study them, and was astonished at the extent to which we Londoners are hedged about with regulations."

Battersby found his place in the notebook and looked up at me.

"You are not," he inquired, "the owner of property adjoining the railway?"

"No," said I. "I pay rent for this flat, but, even if I owned it, it could scarcely be said to 'adjoin' the Underground. Earls Court is our nearest station, and that's six minutes' walk from here."

"Ah," said Battersby, "you're lucky. If you were a farmer owning pasture-land between Sloane Square and Victoria you would have to keep your wits about you."

"Very likely. Why?"

"There is a penalty not exceeding Two Pounds," read Battersby, "for

> 'Omitting to shut and fasten any gate set up at either side of the Railway, for the accommodation of the owners or occupiers of the adjoining lands, as soon as the Person and the Carriage, Cattle, or other Animals under his care have passed through.'

"You know how careless some of these farm-hands are about leaving gates open after they've driven the sheep through. And one decent-sized ram, straying on the line, would be enough to wreck the non-stop to Bow Road."

"That's true," I admitted. "You can't be too careful."

"Listen to this," said Battersby.

> "'Any Owner, Lessee, or Occupier of any Mine lying under the Railway, or works connected therewith, or within the prescribed distance, or where no distance is prescribed 40 yards therefrom, refusing to allow any person appointed by the Company for that purpose to enter into and inspect any such Mines, or the works connected therewith, shall be liable to a penalty not exceeding £20.'

"That's pretty steep, you know. It means that if you or I owned a diamond mine at Cannon Street or Euston Square we'd be bound to allow the Underground officials to come nosing about at any hour of the day or night."

"Rotten," I agreed. "Absolutely no privacy."

"Furthermore," went on Battersby, "there is a penalty not exceeding Twenty Pounds for

> 'Any Owner or Person having the care of any locomotive or other engine, or any moving power, bringing or using same upon the Railway without the Company's certificate of approval or
> After notice by the Company to remove such engine from the Railway, not forthwith removing the same.'

"I gave my little boy a wooden engine on his last birthday. I took it away from him after I had read that."

"Naturally," said I. "You might, of course, apply for a certificate of approval."

"I have already done so. Then there is a regulation forbidding the use of 'Improper Carriages.' It says——"

"Hush," I interposed hastily as Margery and Mrs. Battersby came into the room. "We are no longer alone. Tell me about the improper carriages some other time."

"We must be going now, Arthur," said Battersby's wife. "Remember, we promised to look in on the Robinsons at Bayswater this afternoon."

Battersby rose, notebook in hand.

"Are we to go by Underground, dear?" he asked.

"Yes, it's much the quickest way."

"You are aware, I suppose, of the risks we run? It is laid down in the Company's by-laws that

> 'The acceptance by a passenger of a ticket . . . shall be taken as conclusive proof of an agreement that the Company shall be exempt from all liability for any loss or damage to such passenger's luggage or property which may arise by sea, from the Act of God, the King's enemies, fire, accidents from machinery, boilers or steam, and all and every other dangers and accidents of the seas, rivers, and navigation, of whatever nature and kind soever.'"

"That's all right, darling," said Mrs. Battersby; "we haven't any luggage. Get your hat."

"Well," grumbled Battersby, "if it gets blown out to sea or struck by a meteor, don't say I didn't warn you."

Our Ruthless Advertisers.

"HOW TO REMOVE AN ACID STOMACH."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

Sidney, Beatrice and Ethel Webb.

"It is not yet known whether the Chancellor of the Exchequer will accept the Peerage which, rumour has it, has been offered him. If he does accept what will Mrs. Snowden decide to do? Her friends recall that Mrs. Sidney Webb, except on very formal occasions, prefers to be known by the name under which she came into public notice. Mrs. Snowden is equally well-known as Mrs. Webb, and she will probably remain so."—*Hull Paper.*



THE SPECTATOR.

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD (*to Australia*). "ADMIRABLE! IT MAKES ME FEEL QUITE HOT JUST TO WATCH YOU."

[The Conference of Australian Premiers has adopted the recommendation, made by the Experts Committee, of a twenty-per-cent reduction in controllable Government expenditure.]



Girl (to very nervous young man who has asked her to dine). "SORRY, ME DEAR, BOOKED UP; BUT, TELL YOU WHAT, YOU CAN OWE IT MEH."

APPLE GIVES A LIFT.

THE other day Apple was bowling along the main road in his wonderful ten-horse, ten-pound tin-can car, about which he was telling you some little while ago, and which he has now christened Mélange (by Ingenuity out of Scrapheap). On second thoughts perhaps "bowling" is hardly the word. Things were rattling and clattering underneath, there was a wobbly front-wheel, and inside the bonnet all the tappets were clicking away like a mother's meeting with loose dentures. One cylinder was missing, and so was part of the clutch-pedal, while more vital parts were tied up with string. In short, the general effect of Apple's progress was like the White Knight going into battle in full marching order, and Apple was happy.

Not so those on his route. Children and animals ran in terror into the hedges some while before Mélange came in sight and cowered there as she passed. Even deaf old ladies hobbled indoors, their fingers to their ears; startled men in shirt-sleeves peered apprehensively from windows, and garage hands removed their hats in reverent awe. Looking back now, Apple feels he may have exaggerated a trifle, but anyhow it was in this sort of atmosphere that he passed along the roads, leaving behind quite another sort of atmosphere—pale blue and smelling of burnt waste and overheated metal.

Then the incredible thing happened—that is, the other incredible thing, the first being that Apple had already achieved twenty-eight miles of his journey to London without either a break-down of the machinery or a break-up of the car: *Apple was hailed for a lift.*

Now Apple had already offered lifts to two weary walkers and had received the courteous answer, before they trudged on, that, no thanks, they were in a hurry. So in this particular case Apple could hardly believe his eyes and ears. He drew up smartly at the signal, however, having recently lost a complete mudguard off the back from ignoring a wayside shout which was really helpful and informative, but which he took to be humorous and derogatory.

Having examined the back of Mélange and found all present and correct, he examined the face of the young man and noted that the fellow was not myopic and appeared to be in his right mind. And yet he had apparently stopped Apple's car for a lift. "Do you *really* want a lift?" inquired Apple, sadly shaking his head at the rash follies of youth.

"Thanks so much. To Kingston—if you're going as far."

Apple looked sharply at him, but it was said in all sincerity. Trying to speak with conviction Apple said he was going through Kingston, even to London. Whereupon the fellow opened the door, climbed in, climbed out again, picked up the door from the road, and climbed back bringing it with him. Apple, who after bitter experience had left Mélange's engine limping, slapped her smartly on the gear-box. She ground her teeth back at him and they were off.

The young man, Apple discovered, was one of those who pay, so to speak, for their lift by being terribly pleasant about their benefactor's car. He chatted about the old death-waggon in such an approving fashion that Apple again

wondered whether he really was quite right in the head. However, the fellow continued to lay it on about the acceleration and the sweet running and even the charming little blue sparks which in moments of emotional stress play round Mélange's dynamo switch, till Apple could only assume that he didn't often travel in cars.

When at last he said something quite too flattering about silent running—having to raise his voice and bellow in Apple's ear in order to put it across—Apple asked him point-blank if he were a driver himself. The young man replied that his job didn't allow him much time for riding in cars, that he had never owned one, nor indeed ever driven one in his life.

To this discovery, Apple, being but human, instantly responded. (Mélange, being something more than human, also responded—by ceasing to spit in an offensive manner and beginning to fire on the fourth cylinder, hitherto a mere passenger in the boat.) He at once became the complete driver. He lounged impressively back in his seat, instead of sitting crouched up over the wheel as one fearing the worst; he steered with one hand only; he trod in Brooklands fashion on the accelerator, and he even waved back an impatient push-cyclist, who, after squeaking a nasty little horn at him from behind, had been about to pass.

With the added cylinder Mélange began to put on speed. She even purred. Other cars no longer overtook so quickly that Apple didn't know they'd come till they'd gone. Apple himself even overtook a Ford, though, glancing back, he noticed that it seemed to be drawing in to the side for a halt anyway. He raised the speed still further and his passenger politely pretended to hold his hat on. This led Apple to talk largely about a Bowls-Royster he had once passed on Reigate Hill, omitting, however, to add that it had been going in the opposite direction.

Nearing Kingston, Apple became the absolute Speed Demon. He went really fast and was glad to notice his companion was displaying signs of nervousness by peering out over the side at the flying roadway. Apple thereupon enlarged upon "Speed," explaining that, to those who weren't accustomed to it, it was a little terrifying at first, but that when one was close to the ground one appeared to be going faster than one really was. Then, by way of impressing his passenger further, Apple called upon Mélange for a final burst. During this grand climax the speedometer touched forty two or three times and the car touched the road about five or six. All this unnerved Apple quite a bit, but he didn't dare show it in front of his companion, who had probably never experienced such a speed before.

In Kingston, Apple drew up with a flourish at the spot requested and his passenger got out. Just before driving on, Apple, feeling very condescending, told him he needn't have been nervous; such speed was really nothing. The fellow, now looking much relieved, and very grateful, apparently, for both the lift and his life, explained that he had been a little anxious about one of Apple's front-wheels, which seemed to be loose, but that it didn't matter now. Mere speed didn't worry him, he added as he moved off; he was used to it. Though, funnily enough, he'd never driven a car, he was quite used to aeroplane speeds, which were, he believed, a trifle higher; for his job was, he modestly added, that of pilot in National Airway Services, Ltd. . . .

Apple drove away thoughtfully, only stopping when well round the corner to borrow some more string and repair his front-wheel. A. A.



REMARKS THAT DON'T RING TRUE.

Painter of the old school (talking to himself). "THEIR COLOUR MAY NOT BE SO VIVID PERHAPS, BUT THESE MODERNS *draw* SO MUCH BETTER THAN WE DO."

Humour in Our Contemporaries.

"SPAIN CALMING DOWN.
ANOTHER CONVENT SET ON FIRE."
Sunday Paper.

A CANDIDATE FOR THE ZOO.

To the Editor of "Punch."

SIR,—Sir ARTHUR KEITH and other anthropologists will, I am sure, agree with me that our Zoo is incomplete without a specimen of *Homo sapiens*.

I am prepared to remedy this defect by personally offering my services in exchange for suitable board and lodging. I come of very old British stock of the stranded gentry class now rapidly disappearing.

I should prefer to be installed at Regent's Park during the Season. I presume there would be no objection to my having my evenings off after hours (Thursdays excepted) to enable me to accept social engagements (with or without the accompaniment of a keeper). For the rest of the year I should be happy to reside at Whipsnade, in surroundings that more closely reproduce my native environment.

In the summer I should be willing to appear as a sunbather attired in a suit of tan or woad, or any other light clothing approved by the authorities.

I am sure, Mr. Punch, if you would use your influence with the Zoo to secure my admission as an exhibit you would be helping on scientific investigation and at the same time be assisting a very hard-up fellow-creature no less deserving than a wart-hog, who would prefer the Zoo to the workhouse.

Awaiting the promise of your support before making my appeal,

I am, Sir, and hope to be publicly recognised as

HOMO SAPIENS BRITANNICUS.

Things which might have been Expressed More Humanely.

"EARL HOWE'S TRIUMPH AT BROOKLANDS.

His judgment was superb. On the Byfleet banking he passed H. W. Purdy by flashing down on the inside, and in doing so his wheels sent up a stone which struck Purdy in the face."—*Yorkshire Paper.*

"Flights from five shillings upwards."
Notice in Blackpool.

Yes, but how much to come down again?

"Mr. R. T. —— rolling the lawn with his fiancee, Miss Elizabeth ——."
Picture Caption in Daily Paper.

Treat 'em rough from the start would seem to be his motto.

AT THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT.

IF ever the Disarmament Millennium should come, I hope that arrangements will be made for the Royal Tournament to survive its advent, for the London season would be an anæmic affair without this delightful pageant at Olympia.

To begin at the Finale, the Historical Display by the 2nd Battalion of the Gloucestershires was the most dramatic item in the programme, depicting in tableau-form that regiment's enviable record. Outside the "Sphinx" sat a group of Chelsea pensioners, diving deeply into tankards of what one trusted was not mere property-beer. It was out of hours, but they are heavy-draught veterans, these old Gloucesters. Whenever they came up for air they gossiped of the regiment's past, and as they did so the high spots in its history were enacted before them. The final set was most effective and beautifully arranged. There was only a single criticism one could make, that very little of the old gentlemen's commentary ever reached the audience. I am told that the obvious remedy, the installation of a microphone and half-a-dozen loud-speakers, is under consideration.

That miracle of judgment and timing, the Musical Drive, is performed this year by "J" Battery of the Royal Horse Artillery, and very wonderful it remains. When one considers that it is carried out at the gallop, that the arena at Olympia is only eighty feet broad, and that in the "Scissors" movement the gun teams cross each other with literally only inches to spare, one begins to realise what an achievement it was.

The Display of Seventeenth-century Pike Drill by recruits from the Royal Marine Depôt, Deal, was pleasant fancy-dress and an interesting sidelight on the parade-ground manners of the STUARTS. In this case undoubtedly *autre temps, meilleurs mœurs*. The officer in charge rode gracefully about in a picture-hat with a feather boa round it, while the C.S.M. addressed the troops, not in the harsh staccato of our epoch, but in the semi-ecclesiastical cadence of a less carnal age. More than once, as he adjured them fruitily to lay aside their pikes, I felt myself in church. It was very moving, and I came away with the feeling that at this unsettled time, when example stands for so much, it would be greatly to the nation's good if all N.C.O.'s above the rank of sergeant were to intone their commands with episcopal sonority. I am sure the men would be in favour of it.



A DANGER-SIGNAL.
A DISPATCH-RIDER OF THE ROYAL CORPS OF SIGNALS.

The perfect dirt-track surface of the arena played into the deft hands of the Dispatch Riders of the Royal Corps of Signals in their Motor-Cycle Display. In view of the fact that theirs was essentially a practical demonstration of riding skill, I thought it a great pity that they should be pointlessly dressed up as red devils and not more simply as dispatch-riders. They skidded about at angles which made one's heart mis-fire; they drove their machines at speed over a miniature ski-jump which sent them hurtling through the air, to land many feet away with the wicked noise of jarred steel; they gave us feats of balance which would have made BLONDIN himself sit up; and, finally, before the goggling eyes of hundreds of naval and military infants, a non-commissioned siren in a fetching beach-suit exploited all the latent thrills in pillion-riding. I glanced apprehensively at Mr. TOM SHAW, half-expecting him, as the Government's representative, to rise and protest against such a flagrant defiance of the new Road Traffic Act, but wisely, I think, he let it pass.

Of the other excellent items I liked best the Fencing Display by the Army Physical Training Staff, which traced



THE VETERANS' WET CANTEEN.

SALAMANCA DAY, 1812. HISTORICAL DISPLAY BY THE 2ND BATTALION THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE REGIMENT.

the evolution of the *amende honorable* through the centuries. I had hoped in vain to see the avenging of a little palæolithic honour at the one end and a nice clean bumping-off at the other; but the bouts with quarterstaffs, swords and rapiers more than made up for my disappointment.

The P.T. Display by the Royal Air Force, which was made more interesting than usual by the adoption of geometric formations, and the Activity Ride by the 14/20th Hussars were also good.

If a civilian may be forgiven a general criticism of such a sound entertainment it is that few slow movements will bear repetition, and that some of the items, notably the Trick Riding Display, would be improved by a little condensation and speeding-up. But perhaps he may not. ERIC.

"Miss Jennie Lee, M.P., made a two-minutes' talking film on hiking on the terrace of the House of Commons yesterday afternoon."
Birmingham Paper.

The Commons have been notably pedestrian of late.

"NAN."

[A correspondent suggests that in order to avoid the well-known confusion between the numbers "five" and "nine" the latter should in future be universally pronounced "nan."]

I'M not, I hope, a die-hard;
  In fact, I'm in the van
Of those who really try hard
    With swarms and swarms
    Of well-thought-out reforms
  To ease the lot of Man:
But here is where I'm forced to draw
      the line—
  I do not think I can
Stand meekly by and hear the number
      "nine"
  Being pronounced as "nan."

O Nine! O number mystic!
  O holy three-times-three!
O symbol cabalistic
    By priest and sage
    In every cultured age
  Revered on bended knee—
Never, I swear, while I am still alive,
  By any base decree
Shall you (because you sound a bit like
      "five")
  Profaned and garbled be.

Because the fool confuses
  Two words whene'er he can,
Shall the immortal Muses
    By mincing tongue
    Of poetasters young
  Be called "the Tuneful Nan"?
And shall we at a "nan days' wonder"
      stare?
  And shall Matilda Ann
From her sententious copy-book declare
  "Nan tailors make a man"?

Nay, nay! Let Five (a cipher
  Devoid of sacred lore)
Be known as "fife" or "fifer,"
    Or even let
    Us uncomplaining get
  Wrong numbers by the score—
Yea, let some unseen power strike us
      dumb
  With decent shame before
We say "Lars Porsena of Clusium
  By the Nan Gods he swore. . . ."

How Smith Minor Held the Bridge.

"*Ingeminant plausu Tyrii, Troesque sequuntur:* The Tyrians redouble midst applause and the Trojans follow suit."
Schoolboy's Translation.

BUSINESS METHODS IN INDIA.

A FEW years ago my old bearer, Fusaldar, opened what he called a "Cheap John Shop" in his native city "for supply it the long felt want of population," as he informed me, "and make it the immense profit." Since that time his letters to me have largely consisted of reports of his business activities. In a recent communication he indicated his disagreement with the present boycott of British goods. "I am buy British goods," he stoutly declared, "in very front of nose of raving political walla. Long years I am serving His Majesty the King, along with my good Master, therefore will I buy the British goods for ever and ever." His purchase of a plus-four suit, the queer story of which is set forth in the following correspondence, seems to have been partly inspired by his determination to defy the boycott.

"I am writing for inform Master of most important arrangement I am making for good of my business. There is tailor fella coming here whispering for me for buy it the plus-four suit. I am at once saying, "No, no," and proceeding with business. But bold chap is continuing with telling the tale of fine chance for buy it the pukka British goods and of advertising my business with plus-four suit. Newspaper, he is saying, is coming with stories of me and my plus-four suit. Every day all man is reading of Fusaldar is doing something and always he is wearing the plus-four suit. All man is getting puffed and bursting with information of me, same like story of village blacksmith of week by week they can hear his bellowses blow.

"Now I am recognising chance of supporting British goods with combining immense benefit of advertising stunt. Therefore I am giving order for quickest delivery of plus-four suit. Then with much baksheesh I am making secret with newspaper Babu for print of all sort and kind of information about me.

"For Master will understand cute dodge, and well knowing will treat with gravest confidence, I am sending forecast of stories as follows that Babu is already preparing for suitable time for putting in newspaper:—

"'That distinguish Cheap John fella, Fusaldar Khan, has now got delivery of new plus-four suit of exact same replica of Blighty Sahib.'

"'Yesterday morning Fusaldar Khan, of notorious Cheap John Shop, is proceeding for railway-station with plus-four suit for take delivery of large consignment of latest soap.'

"'The brave old Cheap John Fusaldar Khan, of celebrated plus-four suit, has trouble with mouth and is extracting two double teeth without noise or fuss.'

"'Our famous Cheap John Fusaldar Khan is continuing busy with greatest record of customer, and is left with no time for the strolling about. For not disappoint population he will make exhibition of plus-four suit in window and all man will see gratis.'

"Now I am praying Master will make suggestion of more story of my capers with plus-four suit. This is greatest trick for good of my business."

Considering the primitive nature of his clientèle, I felt that Fusaldar's idea of a publicity campaign was by no means extravagant. I was about to send him a note to that effect when I received the following communication:—

"This is painful news I am sending for Master. One day plus-four suit is arriving. Next morning I am set out in it, arrayed like lily of field for public promenade. Then is revealed perfidy of tailor devil. First I am seeing one fella, then two fella, then three fella, and every man jack is adorned with plus-four suit. Then I am catching distant aspect of hungry dog Subrati [a gentleman who carries on a Cheap John business in opposition to Fusaldar] in monstrous black-and-white garments of same apparel, making pompous to and fro in front of his shop. At this point I am doing rapid retreat for hiding sudden misery in seclusion of own premises. But I am finding no rest for weary heart with sight of newspaper that is chokeful and stinking with dirty lies of butcher and baker and candlestickmaker and their plus-four suit, including howling beast Subrati.

"Only spark of light in these gloomy days is consolation of knowing many man is buying the British goods in shape of plus-four suit."

MAY MEMORIES.

(By a Beanfeaster.)

THE month of May to anglers
Brings rich and rare delights,
To dainty drawing-room danglers,
And crawling carpet-knights;
But I, unmoved by seasons
In Mayfair or on Test,
Have other cogent reasons
For loving May the best.

May ripens fruit and berry
And amply justifies
The bard who called it "merry"
In the greengrocer's eyes;
And, as a crowning mercy,
It gives to Kings and Queens,
To Tom and Dick and Percy,
The blessing of broad beans.

The berry of the whortle
Allures our rustic weans;
Stout magnates guzzle turtle
From silver soup-tureens;
Fruitarian freaks go munching
Mangoes and mangosteens;
But I take joy in lunching
Off bacon and broad beans.

There is a certain truculence,
Which makes the eater wince,
A certain lack of succulence
About the uncooked quince;
The parsnip is plebeian,
Though rich in vitamines;
I raise my loudest pæan
In honour of broad beans.

I know not why PYTHAGORAS
Condemned this blesséd pod,
For any normal nag or ass
Must think him very odd;
Life loses its *amarum*
Even for gloomy deans,
Si pleni sunt fabarum—
Replete with Broad (Church) beans.

The works of ARISTOPHANES
Are broad as they are long,
Unlike the painter ZOFFANY'S
Or TUPPER'S stainless song;
But neither art nor letters
Nor theatres nor screens
Achieve a poise that betters
The blameless breadth of beans.

Our hatters book no orders
For broad-brimmed hats to-day,
But, Norfolk, in your borders
Breadth still maintains its sway;
For, though in faltering metre
I've sung your "brecks" and "denes,"
Your Broads to me are sweeter;
They make me dream of beans.

O Yorkshire, noble county,
Dear to the hikers' feet,
Why clamour for a bounty
To bolster up your wheat?
Your harassed money-makers
Might multiply their means
If more of your "broad acres"
Were planted with broad beans.

O month of May, though cheerless,
Yet your revolving moon
Has brought to me one peerless,
One unexampled boon;
No envy did I harbour
Of EINSTEIN or of JEANS
When lunching in my arbour
Off bacon and broad beans.

And, though Sir PHILIP SIDNEY,
Who loved the Gallic foe,
May have preferred the "kidney"
The "French," or "haricot,"
Though in botanic phrase* you
Are classed with common greens,
One humble bard shall praise you,
Broad, mammoth, long-pod beans.

C. L. G.

* *Faba vulgaris.*



Minister. "I'LL ASK YOU NOT TO WHISTLE ON THE SAWBATH, DONALD."
Donald. "I WAS WHUSTLING 'THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST,' WHICH, YE KEN FINE, IS A LAMENT."

IN THE GREEN FREE STATE.

IT is quite easy to take a motor-car to Dublin, or Baile Atha Cliath. One has merely to go to the A.A. and receive from them a packet of papers about the size of a small portmanteau containing a body of literature more or less equivalent in bulk to the Pentateuch, sign one's name all over it in about a hundred places, pay a certain sum of money, fasten a few tin plates to the wind-screen and the rear mud-guard, pass a driving test, which by an act of grace covers not only the Free State, but Uruguay, Lithuania and Lebanon, drive to the quay at Holyhead, and the motar-feithicle is immediately ripe for transport to Dublin, or what I said just now.

It travels in a ship apart, and one meets it with tears and rejoicing at North Wall. Nobody appears to have harried or rifled it *en route*. It might apparently be sent over full of bombs or indecent literature or chocolates, all of which are dutiable or else prohibited in the Saorstat Eireann. On receiving it, one begins to sign papers over again, buys a ticket for the Derby Sweep, is placed aboard with encouraging cheers, travels to an hotel, buys a ticket for the Derby Sweep, and is ready to start on the road.

But I have my doubts whether it improves the look of a car to take it to the Western World. Or, at least, not ours. Looking at the side of it, I perceive the place where the town crier of Ballyconn—if it is Ballyconn that I mean at all—gave it a great blow by chance with his bell on the eve of Ascension Day. He was a grand ringer and worthy of a better task than announcing the play in the Town Hall, not, in my opinion, one of the best melodramas of our time. At 9.30 P.M., when he had been ringing for about

an hour-and-a-half, I had the curiosity to inquire when the play started, and was told that it would have started at half-eight maybe if all the people were there. At half-ten, when the bell was still ringing, I suggested that the play must at all events have started now. And the waitress made answer: "I am sure he is an old man, and he is deaf, and that is all the work he has, ringing the bell."

There seemed to be a certain unfairness about this, but I thought maybe that some fairy echo of the bell came to him from time to time when he had it close to his ear, like the ringing on a far-off strand. But even so I was surprised when he began to ring the bell as early as half-nine in the morning of Ascension Day itself. And why not? they asked me. It was a great day this day, and he would be wanting the people that came in from the country all round to hear the bell. Allowing for intervals, the bell-ringer rang all that day until eleven o'clock at night. He was one of the raggedest old men that I have ever seen, and that is a great thing to say of an old man in Connemara. But he need not have dinted the mud-guard of my car with his bell.

I will say this for him, however: his notion of time was not unique in that country at all. One of the clocks at O'Flaherty's hotel had stopped permanently at half-two, and the other kept the old Irish and English summer-time. The cuckoos also cuckooed continuously in the mountains until nearly midnight, and, waking once long before dawn, I heard them cuckooing still.

Our car keeps also the reverent finger-marks of Kate and Mary, the daughters of Joyce-on-the-hill, printed with admiration on the paint of the bodywork. They came out, the two of them, on to the lake shore road, the one being about eight and the other about nine, and stroked the car as if it had been a new cat. Kate, when asked if she liked the car, said simply, "I do, mush," and, on being given a short ride, brought offerings of daisies and violets, and fastened them in the corners of the wind-screen, while Mary insisted on fetching a pail of milk and an earthenware cup from the cabin of Joyce-on-the-hill. It was good milk, tasting of peat, and peat alone. We wondered if she could milk the cow herself, and Kate, speaking for her, replied that she could, mush.

The other principal Irish mark on the car is where, owing to a large stone in the road, it tried to leap a bank, but failed. We ripped a tyre irreparably, and the steering-gear seemed looser after that.

Less elegant in outward appearance, there is none the less a richer atmosphere about my car within. Remains to it something of the fragrance of the half-bottle of whisky which the boatman spilled on the floor. It must have been strong stuff and fit for the high kings. What was the boatman's loss was doubly our gain, for beyond the libation he gave us a gift of words. He said there was a multitude of fishes in that lake and he was just after seeing one as great as a cow, and maybe it would be a week that it was waddling up and down the river until it would seek its natural place. All that gift we got from him, and from a boy, to whom we also gave a lift, a piece of green Connemara marble which scratched the cushion a good deal; and from a woman the blessing of God Almighty and the Holy Mother Mary, because it was a weary thing to be walking all day in the bog.

There was also a road that had no turning-place at all, and when finally turn we must the back wheels were fixed in wet earth. So two wild boys who were peat-cutting sprang up out of the bog and heaved the car round for us, but when I offered them a shilling they would not take it at all. It was a Free State shilling too, with a great bull on one side and a harp on the other.

Not every Irishman was so proud. On Galway bridge a man took a shilling from me for showing me a salmon which I could see very plainly for myself, and in Dublin the man who put the car aboard the boat, which did not take cars because it was Thursday, had no objection to silver, and by the same token was pleased to sell me a ticket for the Derby Sweep. And the man who drove us thereafter in a side feithicle and bumped into the back of a motor-lorry and said his horse might have been killed, and indeed it was a miracle that it was not, and maybe a buckle or two of the harness was broken on it, named four shillings as the price of half-a-mile's drive in the wind and the rain.

He also sold me a ticket for the Derby Sweep.

EVOE.



Customer. "JUST LOOK AT THIS BLUE SUIT I 'AD OFF YOU—IT'S GONE PURPLE."

Tailor. "VY, AIN'T THAT VONDERFUL—AND NOTHIN' EXTRA TO PAY!"

"A PAINFUL SCENE.

Here was a kettle of fish. Mr. Shahani is a respected member of the House, no one had guessed that he had this bee in his bonnet, and everybody was distressed to see him recklessly diving off the deep end."—*Indian Paper.*

But why be distressed? It seems a very good way of getting rid of the bee.

"Hampstead. Detached Freehold Residence in retired position, just removed from Finchley Road."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

Personally we think these portable mansions a trifle flimsy for our wind-swept Northern Heights.

MR. DE FOREST was taken to task by *The Times'* Golf Correspondent for slow play in the Amateur Championship, but in the Final he was commended for his marked acceleration. "Down in de Forest something stirred."

TAT FOR TIT.

[A successful attempt was recently made to broadcast a nightingale. The song was heard all over Australia.]

DEEP in a Surrey glen
One evening, after ten,
A nightingale outpoured his highest song
With such a wealth of sound
That men for miles around
Said they had never heard him go so strong.

Again and yet again
(What triumph!—hark! what pain!)
Forth from his leaves he sang, with none to say
That wireless men had placed,
Not in the best of taste,
A microphone hard by, to catch his lay.

Our Australasian kin
By clever tuning-in
Caught up the rapturous music as it flew,
And, though it came to them
At some queer hour A.M.,
The incongruity escaped their view.

Wot you the herded ox,
The sheep's innumerous flocks,
Untended went; the cow with grave unease
The absent pail bemoaned,
And a strange spell postponed
The manufacture of New Zealand cheese.

For when the first wild note
Rushed from that peerless throat
All ears were turned to listen; and, as loud
Speaker to speaker gave
(Once they had got the wave)
The full song forth, the toughest head was bowed.

O brothers oversea,
Strong as you are and free,
What of this offering from our English woods?
We are of course effete,
Hopeless and obsolete;
You can produce, and are, in fact, the goods;

But here's a thing in which
We still can come out rich;
This voice from England, did it knock you flat?
Can you show aught to swop
For such a bird?—but stop;
You have a laughing jackass; send us that.

Our hearts may yet be stirred
By that sardonic bird;
Some latent good, however far to seek,
May have a glad new birth,
Stung by its acid mirth,
The sniggering scorn from that derisive beak.

DUM-DUM.



Husband. "I CAN'T VERY WELL WHACK THE BOY WITHOUT KNOWING WHAT THE OFFENCE WAS."
Wife. "MY DEAR, IT WAS A WORD I CAN'T REPEAT, AND HE HAS PROMISED NEVER TO SAY IT AGAIN."

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE WIDOWER.

Mr. and Mrs. Dingleby had been married for forty-nine years, and there had always been peace in the home because they had made a rule never to interfere with one another, and as long as Mr. Dingleby did exactly what Mrs. Dingleby told him to there was never a cross word. And they were looking forward to having their Golden Wedding and seeing it in the papers, but Mrs. Dingleby fell ill and the doctor said he didn't think he could keep her alive for it though he would do his best. And Mr. Dingleby said oh do try, it is only for another seven months, I shan't so much mind after that because I shall be quite comfortable with Lizzie and Sophie and Eliza and I shall be able to see more of my old friends.

Well the doctor just couldn't do it, and Mrs. Dingleby died, and when Mr. Dingleby got over his grief which he did fairly soon he bought himself a pair of white spats which she had never let him do before and had one of her diamond earrings turned into a tie-pin and shaved off his beard. And he went to a bookseller's and asked them to recommend him a really spicy novel. And they recommended him one called *The Seven Sins of Signora Sinopia*, and he thought he would like to read about that, although he would rather she hadn't been an Italian, so he bought the book and settled himself down in an armchair to read it after dinner.

Well it wasn't quite so spicy as he had hoped for, as the Signora's sins didn't amount to much and she always repented of one before she started on another, but still he kept on hoping that the next one would be more spicy so he went on reading and at eleven o'clock he had come to the fourth one.

Well Mrs. Dingleby had always made him go to bed not later than ten o'clock, so he was really enjoying himself, and he thought he would enjoy himself still more if he had a little whisky to drink. So he rang the bell, and it was answered by Lizzie who was the cook and had been with Mr. and Mrs. Dingleby for thirty-five years. And the other two servants, Sophie and Eliza, had been with them nearly as long.

So he told Lizzie what he wanted and she said I never heard of such a thing, and fancy you sitting up at this time of night, I have sent the other two girls to bed and it is time you went too Mr. Dingleby, we all promised the mistress we would look after you when she was gone and I see it is quite time we began to do it.

Well Mr. Dingleby was rather ashamed of himself for forgetting all about Mrs. Dingleby so soon, so he said oh very well Lizzie I suppose I had better go up now, and he went. And when he got up the next morning and wanted to go on reading about the Signora he couldn't find the book, and when he asked Sophie if she had seen it she said oh yes I did, and I burnt it because I didn't think the mistress would like you to be reading books like that, lunch will be at a quarter to one to-day as we are all three going to the pictures, but we shall be back at five o'clock to give you your tea.



"LIZZIE AND SOPHIE AND ELIZA BURST INTO THE ROOM."

Well Mr. Dingleby was furious at this but he didn't like to say anything as he wasn't used to doing that, because if there had been anything to complain about Mrs. Dingleby had always done it. So he said oh very well I hope you will enjoy yourselves. But he said to himself it can't go on like this, I shall give them all notice. But he knew he wouldn't dare to, and it did go on like that and got worse, and at last Mr. Dingleby didn't even dare go out of the house for a little walk without asking them if he might, and if they weren't in a very good temper they said no certainly not, and he had to stay at home. And he could never ask any of his old friends to the house because they said they had quite enough to do as it was, but they asked plenty of *their* friends and he thought it was very unfair, but he dared not say anything about that either.

Well one morning when Mr. Dingleby was going for a little walk he met one of his old friends called Colonel Blueblack, and he was feeling so miserable that he told him all about Lizzie and Sophie and Eliza and asked him what he would advise him to do about it. And Colonel Blueblack said oh sack the lot, and he said he didn't like to do that as they had been with him for so long, besides they wouldn't go. So then Colonel Blueblack said well I should advise you to keep a secretary, and I know the very one for you. She is called Miss Unicorne, she is about forty and fairly good-looking except for a large mole at the corner of her mouth, but as you won't want to kiss her that won't matter, and she won't stand any nonsense from servants.

So Mr. Dingleby engaged Miss Unicorne and the servants said they had never heard of such a thing and he must choose between her and them. So he chose her, and they left in a body but Miss Unicorne engaged three others, and they didn't pay much attention to Mr. Dingleby but they did whatever Miss Unicorne told them to so he was more comfortable.

Well that went on for a little time and then Miss Unicorne said she thought Mr. Dingleby had better marry her so as to save talk. So he did that, and the very day they were married she locked him up in his room and went out to a night-club, and the next morning she wrote out a cheque for a hundred pounds and made him sign it, and went straight off to Monte Carlo by herself to do some gambling, which reminded Mr. Dingleby of the Signora Sinopia and one of her sins. And when she had gone the servants didn't take any trouble about him at all and didn't even make his bed till the afternoon, and he was worse off than before and felt very miserable.

Well one morning about half-past ten o'clock Mr. Dingleby was sitting in the dining-room waiting for his breakfast when the door opened and Lizzie and Sophie and Eliza burst into the room. And what had happened was that they had heard about it all from the milkman and had made up their minds to come and rescue Mr. Dingleby and he was so pleased to see them that

he burst into tears. And when they heard that he hadn't had his breakfast yet they were so indignant that they turned the other servants out of the house neck and crop and Eliza went out and arranged for the greengrocer's cart to fetch their luggage, and when Miss Unicorne came back the next day without a penny there they all were and it was quite like old times.

Well that very morning Colonel Blueblack had called round to say that he had found out that Miss Unicorne had married two husbands before she had married Mr. Dingleby, so she had really committed trigamy and it was quite easy to get rid of her by threatening her with the police. But as she had borne Mr. Dingleby's name for about a fortnight, though she wasn't really entitled to it, he gave her some money so as she shouldn't starve, and she went straight back to Monte Carlo with it, but he didn't know that.

And soon afterwards Colonel Blueblack came to live with him on condition that Mr. Dingleby paid all the expenses, but it was worth it because he had been married so long that he had lost the habit of giving orders, but if anything went wrong Colonel Blueblack didn't mind saying so, and Lizzie and Sophie and Eliza soon got used to doing what they were told so everything was much more comfortable all round. A. M.

MODERN DÉCOR.

(By our Society Contributor, the Hon. Petunia Potts).

[Our readers will welcome this original article by the Hon. Petunia Potts, whose bachelor flat in a converted stable, amidst the distinctive surroundings of Soho, is the last word in modern furnishing.]

DON'T you adore chromium staircases? Mine has a lozenge design in lacquered tinfoil. The walls are covered with hexagonal sheets of mirror, and it is really quite difficult to know whether one is coming or going.

The dining-room was once the hayloft. The walls were stripped, varnished with phosphorescent glue and picked out with stripes of court plaster—so definitely adhesive, don't you think? The window shows an unusual treatment, the curtains being of fibre matting dyed a warm litmus purple. The dining-table is of stripped and weathered zinc in a labour-saving cubist design. Each chair, made of nickel-plated gas-piping, has the seat formed of a single sheet of glass, beneath which is an electric light. When guests are seated the lighting is quite delightfully indirect and restful. Altogether the room has that marvellous *intime* air of the dental surgery, so chaste and free from unnecessary elaboration.



THE UNDEFEATABLE.

Exasperated Tourist. "LOOK HERE, MY LAD, IF YOU FOLLOW ME ANOTHER INCH I'LL GIVE YOU A PUNCH ON THE NOSE. D' YOU UNDERSTAND THAT?"

Dragoman. "YES, SAIR, AN' AFTER YOU HAVE GAVE ME THE PONCH ON THE NOSE I SHOW YOU ROUND ALL DAY, AN' I CHARGE YOU ONLY FOUR SHILLING—YES?"

The cocktail-bar makes a most piquant sitting-room, the walls being stencilled in an undulating tram-line design, the simplicity of it varying according to the length of time spent at the bar. A feature of this room is a delightful still-life group of *hors d'œuvre* in oils.

Housewives will appreciate the ultra-modern kitchenette, the enamelled cork-screw and chromium tin-opener being the last word in labour-saving cookery equipment.

The bathroom shows great restraint, with its restful walls of black sheet-iron. By means of an ingenious trap-



"WELL, MUMS, BETTER NEWS THIS TIME!"
"DARLING, I'M SO GLAD. YOU'VE PASSED AT LAST?"
"WELL, NOT EXACTLY PASSED, BUT I'M TOP OF THOSE THAT FAILED."

door an acrobatic descent may be made to the bedroom below, thus relieving the tedium of the "daily dozen." So slimming and effortless.

In the sleeping apartment the bed is of super-resilient rubber, draped with sun-kissed asbestos sheeting, the multi-coloured walls of this charming room forming an effacing background for one's lotions and other decorative necessities. The general effect is definitely impersonal and uncluttered. Don't you agree?

The All-Red Poultry Run.

"Special Offer of Pedigree Rhode Island Red Chicks from trap-nested blood-tested stock, 9*s.* dozen; with bloody hen, 14*s.*"
Lancashire Paper.

Misplaced Mercy for Microbes.

"——, THE DRESS CLEANERS.
Dirt and wear marks removed, colours revived, microbes destroyed, or dyed any fashionable shade, or black, and finished like new without delay."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

"WHIT MONDAY A DAY OF GOLDEN SUNSHINE
BUT NOT AT NIGHT."
West-Country Paper.

It was too much to expect.

"THE CROWN."

THERE's a bed at the old "Red Dragon"
Was slept in once by a queen;
I have had my modest flagon
At the sign of "The Horse and Waggon"—
You will know the place I mean.

And good men meet at "The Feathers"
Whose hearts are sound and true,
Their calves are cased with leathers
And they talk about tups and wethers,
As honest men should do.

But whenever I leave the city,
Whenever I travel down
To Wotton, which is so pretty
And stands on the River Chitty,
I always stay at "The Crown."

For the long stream flows sedately
Through the water-meadows there,
And I like "The Crown," though lately
They say it has gone down greatly
And is not so good as "The Bear."

I stay at "The Crown" in Wotton
And gaze in the quiet gloom
At the pictures unforgotten,
And most of them rather rotten,
That hang in the smoking-room.

My bed is beneath a gable,
And the water is rather cold
And the bar is a regular babel,
And *The London Mirth* on the table
Is nearly a twelve-month old;

But there's always the eggs and bacon
At a fairly moderate cost;
There are always the men who've taken
A trout, or have been forsaken
By a larger trout they lost.

And the boots is a friend and tireless
And dates from the times agone,
The lounge is never fireless,
And the landlord has the wireless,
But he does not turn it on.

They have suffered a bit from vandals—
I count it rather a sin
That the bath-taps have new handles,
And I slightly missed the candles
When they put the electric in;

But the silver there shines brighter
Than the sheep on the upland farms,
So, although they may be politer,
I shall never put up at "The Mitre"
Nor stay at "The Talbot Arms."

EVOE.



THE NEW RELIGION;

OR, THE VIGIL OF SWEEPSTAKE EVE.

THE ROMANCE OF TRAVEL.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. ST. JOHN ERVINE's thrilling accounts of his journeys in "The Observer.")

BORETON-IN-THE-BOG.

ALL the way to the terminus in the bus I was worrying because I had not packed my antigropelos. Ever since I had announced my intention of visiting Boreton-in-the-Bog my friends had warned me to prepare for mud. In vain I pointed out that I had been a dramatic critic for many years and was inured to mud. "Ah," they replied, "but not the sort of mud you get at Boreton." And now here I was—how like me!—with my antigropelos forgotten. Why, I wondered, were they called antigropelos? "Leggings" is intelligible and "gaiters" capable of some sort of explanation—but antigropelos! Was there perhaps a Mr. Antigropelo—or more probably a Monsieur Antigropelos, a famous Balkan statesman renowned for his taste in leg-wear? Such attractive antigropelos they were too! I had bought them at Peebles, on that visit to Scotland which readers of *The Observer* will remember I described in such enthralling detail week by week in these columns. How I should miss them in the quags of Boreton! For that there would be quags the very name of the place assured me.

At the station I installed myself in a corner-seat, with my back to the engine and my bag—antigropelos-less, alas!—on the opposite rack. My head is too valuable to my readers in *The Observer*, and I am too old a traveller to run unnecessary risks. I had brought EINSTEIN's *Defence of the Theory of Relativity* to read in the train, but the day was drowsy and my missing antigropelos haunted my mind. About one o'clock I went along to the luncheon-car, but I was driven back by a sickly waft of boiled cabbage to resume my somnolent grapple with EINSTEIN. Once we stopped for a few moments outside a station and in the silence I heard a man in the far corner remark to a friend in a bowler hat, "I tell you what—Birmingham ought to have won the cup." "How do you make that out?" inquired the other—but at that instant the train started again and the clanking of wheels drowned his companion's reply. So now I shall never know why Birmingham ought to have won the cup, or indeed what cup they ought to have won.

Late in the afternoon we slowed down as we approached our destination. Eagerly I thrust my head out of the window for a first glimpse of Boreton-in-the-Bog, with its promise of a drab melancholy worthy of IBSEN at his noblest. Finding my view obstructed by a large truck containing fish-manure I realised, with the dramatic critic's lightning grasp of a situation, that I was on the wrong side of the train and hurried across the compartment to the other. In the foreground a huddle of sheds, mostly labelled "Coal Order Office," nestled between vast mountains of coal. Further off more substantially-built council-houses, apparently in permanent occupation, were backed by a tower and spire of grey Cotswold stone, while in the distance green fields lay empty and illimitable in the steady spring rain. Of the famous bog there was no sign.

The train drew up (oddly enough) at the platform. Handing my bag to a porter and my ticket to a ticket-collector I entered the bus from "The Critics' Arms," which a friend had assured me was the most fashionable hotel in the town, where I should be certain of seeing Boreton life at its smartest. How far he was right my readers shall learn next Sunday, if they can bear to wait till then.



Lady (to upholsteress engaged on loose cover). "I WAS WONDERING IF YOU COULD DO ANYTHING FOR THIS OLD CHAIR?"

Upholsteress. "AH, THAT'S MORE IN MY HUSBAND'S LINE. YOU SEE, I'M LOOSE AND HE'S TIGHT."

"HOW CAN I BECOME A WRITER?
By URSULA BLOOM."
Literary Magazine.

We cannot advise her.

CHURCH *v.* STATE.

"WHERE's my tot?" called Able Seaman Harris, arriving on the mess-deck somewhat late for his dinner; "I needs stimulatin', I does."

"In the rattle again, are yer, Chats?" asked a loving messmate.

"No," replied Chats, "but I've 'ad a very exhaustin' forenoon, I 'ave;" and he took a large and appreciative gulp of grog. "I feels just like that there Mer-cure-ey—the messenger of the blinkin' gawds."

"I thought you was messenger in the Admiral's lobby."

"Well, ain't that what I'm sayin'?" retorted Chats. "You coves what only works part of the ship don't savvy what's expected of a bloke like me what 'as to take messages for brass 'ats. Yer don't appreciate the tac' that's needful in the discharge of the dooties."

"Still you moves in the best circles and gets a glimpse of 'igh life."

"That's a fact," said Chats, and finished his grog at a draught.

"What's the breeze this mornin', then, Chats?" asked Daisy Bell.

"'Church *v.* State,' a bargin' match," explained Chats, "between the Admiral and the Chaplain as to what was the proper rig of the day in hymns for church next Sunday."

"Go on."

"Fact. I'd just passed the remark to the leather-neck on sentry that we was 'avin' a nice peaceful forenoon when the Admiral's buzzer goes, and I 'ops in to see what 'e wanted.

"'Take this to the Chaplain at once,' 'e says, and 'ands me a chit, on which I reads as I goes forrard, 'Please arrange for the following hymns to be sung at church next Sunday forenoon,' and then the numbers of four 'ymns, A. and M. I knocks at the Chaplain's cabin door, and when 'e 'ollers 'Come in,' I pulls back the curtain and finds 'im readin' an improvin' book—improvin' for parsons, that is—broadenin' to the mind like.

"'From the Admiral, Sir,' I says, and 'ands 'im the chit.

"'Thank you,' 'e says, and takes it and looks at it. Then 'is face goes redder than a Cardinal's workin' rig.

"'Well, I'm ——,' 'e says, and stops, seeing me still standin' there. 'All right, messenger,' 'e says. 'Thank you; I'll deal with this.'

"So I salutes and hexits, and as soon as I was the other side of the curtain 'e said *what* 'e was. Then 'e comes flyin' out of 'is cabin with the chit in one 'and, an 'ymn-book in the other, and 'is cardboard lid all down by the bows, and starts a full-speed trial aft to the cuddy.

"I follows pretty slippy, expectin' to see some fun, and I weren't disappointed. It fair made my 'air stand on end to see the way 'e sailed into the old man without a by-yer-leave and plunked the chit down in front of him.

"'I've just been given this 'ere,' 'e says.

"'Yes,' says the Admiral, pleasant like, 'those are the 'ymns——'

"'I'm vicar of this parish,' cuts in the parson, meanin' the blinkin' ship, I suppose, 'and I'm afraid I don't allow nobody to dictate 'ymns to me.'



THE "LIBERAL FLYING SQUAD."
POLICE-INSPECTOR LLOYD GEORGE AND P.C. NATHAN GOING ALL OUT.

"Well, at that the Admiral, 'oo 'adn't meant no 'arm, I'm sure, was took flat aback. If yer bit o' buntin' flyin' at the mast'ead don't mean that you can 'ave what 'ymns you like, what the 'ell do it mean, I should like to know?

"'Look at this,' says the Chaplain with 'is cable runnin' out fast, and pushes the 'ymn-book into the Admiral's 'ands, indicatin' one of the 'ymns 'e'd chose. The Admiral takes the book, adjusts 'is pince-knees and examines the 'ymn.

"'What's wrong with that?' 'e asks with a touch o' quarter-deck in 'is voice; '"The Strife is o'er, the Battle Won"—a very favourite 'ymn of mine.'

"'D' you realise what season this is?' asks the Padre, 'aughty like.

"'Of course I do,' snaps the Admiral; 'the Spring Cruise.'

"At that the Chaplain ruddy nigh bursts out of 'is collar. 'Spring Cruise!' 'e thunders, lookin' just like THOMAS-a-what-not, the turbulent priest, 'Spring Cruise be ——!' and checks fire. 'No, it's Lent—LENT! And this 'ere's an Easter 'ymn, and'—'e goes on, thumpin' the Admiral's desk with 'is fist—'you can take it from me that the Strife is NOT o'er, NOR is the Battle won.'"

OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE.

BIG GAME: OLD AND NEW VIEWS.

WE have always in our Colony been staunch upholders of the best traditions of big-game shooting, and now my niece Annabel expects me to break with the habits of a lifetime.

We take hunting seriously even in conversation, never referring to lions and leopards except as "lion" and "leopard," however many of them there may be, and we are careful to use only the correct nouns of assemblage, talking of sounders of wart-hog, and so on. We realise that a shooting trip is a strenuous undertaking requiring plenty of time and also an adequate domestic staff of personal boys, personal boys' assistants, cooks and cooks' personal assistants; light porters for the water-bottles, sandwiches, measuring-tape and weighing-scales; heavy porters for the food, tents, clothes and bedding; a headman to look after the party, or, as we always say, the *safari*, and a complement of gun-bearers. We are also very orthodox in our choice of weapons, varying these with the kind of shot, the distance and nature of the game, and we dress for the *bush* or country as those who are aware that the equator occurs just overhead.

In the actual or suspected presence of game certain precautions are invariably taken. In thorn *bush*, should a large but rather squat animal charge down on him, the *Bwana*, as the white man is called, would proceed on these lines. Having made up his mind that this was a rhinoceros he would peruse the list of authorised animals printed on the back of his Game Licence. Finding that there are certain areas in which a Special Licence is required before a male black rhinoceros—and then only one—can be hunted he would study his map to see if he happened to be in one of those areas at that moment. If he were, and had omitted to procure the Special Licence,



Captain of Tramp. "YE 'LL WORK YER PASSAGE."
Stowaway. "CERTAINLY, SIR. HAVE YOU ANYTHING IN THE CLERICAL LINE?"

he would pay no more attention to this particular rhinoceros, however male or black.

If in dense forest the air suddenly resounded with loud crashings and trumpetings, the *Bwana* might suspect that elephant were in the neighbourhood. His first step would be to verify his possession of the Special Licence requisite for elephant-chasing. He would then consult his diary to see what was his balance of elephant for the current financial year, and only if it showed there was still a vacancy would he make the next move, that of examining the herd closely to make certain that there were bull elephant present with not more than two tusks apiece, each tusk not less than thirty pounds in weight.

Or, again, supposing the *safari* was passing through a dense belt of high grass and it was brought to the *Bwana's* notice that this grass was being trampled down all round him and that the earth was shaking under the beat of hooves, he might come to the conclusion that there were buffalo about. After turning up the appropriate legal and personal references and finding these in order, he would proceed to make sure that the sounds were really emanating from buffalo. He would then go carefully through the herd to find if it contained animals having a spread of horn comparable with those given in his pocket copy of *Game Records*.

In short, with us sport has always been a dignified pursuit.

Annabel descended on me out of a clear sky this evening. She had just flown from Croydon in three days, she announced, and had thought it would be nice to drop in on me in passing. To-morrow afternoon she proposes going on to have a look at the Victoria Falls, and I gather she thinks it would be rather fun to fly back to London by way of South America and Australia. She can spare our Colony a few hours to-morrow morning, however, and would like to shoot some of our animals.

Her suggestion is that she should take me up in her aeroplane so that we can cast an eye over the "prairie," as she puts it. I won't be cold in the air, she promises me, as she has a spare fur coat and an old "crash hat" with ear-flaps which I can put on. Then, if we spot any "nice flocks of giraffes or deer" (her very words), she will glide close over them and I am to turn the handle of her cinema camera.

We, however, have always faced our game on their own ground, and it shall never be said of me that I went behind or over their backs in an aerial motor-car. I will not do it.

A Very High Churchman.

"WANTED

Assistant priest at Queenstown. Stipend, £240. Height, 3,500 feet. Apply Rector, ——."—*South African Church Paper.*

"More than 150 dead roach were seen yesterday floating in a pond on Mitcham Common. The pond is frequently used by bathers."—*Daily Paper.*

Still, it may not have been that.

"Sophie Tucker gives a testimonial to life every time she opens her mouth. She gives a wide and generous view of it all."
Manchester Paper.

It sounds more like a testimonial to her dentist.

AT THE PICTURES.

GEORGE ARLISS AND RALPH LYNN.

IT must be set down to the credit of the films that now and then they give us back some of our Lost Property. Mr. GEORGE ARLISS, for example. Mr.



THE PUMP CURE.

(Sick Millionaire buys a Filling-Station.)

James Alden . . MR. GEORGE ARLISS.
Peterson . . . MR. NOAH BEERY.

ARLISS is an English actor of high distinction with a rich sense of character who many years ago settled in America and might never have acted in London again had it not been for the late WILLIAM ARCHER'S melodrama, *The Green Goddess*, which provided a part so much to his liking that he crossed the Atlantic with it. Not for long, however, could we keep him; he went back; but now, as a consequence of the invention of the talkies, he is here again and, although only in photographic guise, very vividly himself. It is true that the rest of the world has him too; but we mustn't object to that. Gradually and quietly, but surely, Mr. ARLISS has been establishing himself as a master of the screen technique—in *The Green Goddess*, in *Disraeli*, in *Old English*, and now in *The Millionaire*, at the New Gallery, a picture which I hope has been seen by as many film-actors as possible, for Mr. ARLISS's performance is a lesson in timing and the significant gesture.

The story, by the American novelist with the extraordinary name of EARL DERR BIGGERS (the creator of that most persuasive of detectives, *Charley Chan*), is both attractive and peculiarly well suited to the screen, and it has had the advantage of being provided with dialogue by one of the best of living American writers—and to my mind the most engaging—Mr. BOOTH TARKINGTON (who invented that most persuasive of schoolboys, young *Master Penrod*). The result, with Mr. ARLISS's sympathetic and humorous treatment of the part, is one of the most exhilarating and satisfying talkies I have yet seen. Another result will be the promotion of Mr. ARLISS to first place in the film public's affections, from which, I should guess, it will be a long time before he is dislodged.

He is well supported by Miss EVALYN KNAPP as the millionaire's daughter, *Barbara*, who has just the right mischief and even more prettiness than would have sufficed. Mr. DAVID MANNERS as *Bill Merrick*, garage-owner and lover, is well cast too; but I hope that Mr. IVAN SIMPSON'S *Dr. Harvey* is not typical of American medical practitioners. If so, and I ever cross the Atlantic again, I shall strive to be very well.

Mr. BEN TRAVERS, England's leading farce-maker for the stage, has been devising a story directly for the screen with the promising title, *The Chance of a Night Time*. Why the Aldwych theatre should be deprived of it I fail to see, for it is of a piece with *Rookery Nook*, *Turkey Time*, and its companions, and the leading parts are in the hands of Mr. RALPH LYNN and Miss WINIFRED SHOTTER, with the inspired idiocy of Mr. KENNETH KOVE in the



THE SO-CALLED "MILLER'S" DAUGHTER.

Barbara Alden . . MISS EVALYN KNAPP.

background. Perhaps, although there is no *rôle* for Mr. TOM WALLS, the ordinary process is merely being reversed and the stage proper will get it after all. Meanwhile in talkie-shape at the Plaza it is very funny, thanks to Mr. LYNN'S consistent belief that family lawyers should behave like lunatics. One of his most amusing lapses from professional concentration is when, on leaving his client's house, he carries away the garden gate in lieu of his attaché-case. Such men may be bad as legal advisers, but they are good for



ATMOSPHERE.

(The Eskimo dance gets a chilly reception.)

Louis Bolero . MR. DINO GALVANI.
Pauline Gay . MISS WINIFRED SHOTTER.
Henry . . . MR. RALPH LYNN.

movie audiences. Miss SHOTTER, as a professional dancer with a passion for Mr. LYNN which would be inexplicable were it not instantaneous, is as charming as she always is, while Mr. DINO GALVANI as her real partner brings with his earnestness some moments of reality into the TRAVERS' realms of fun.

E. V. L.

Things Which Could Have Been Said Less Brutally.

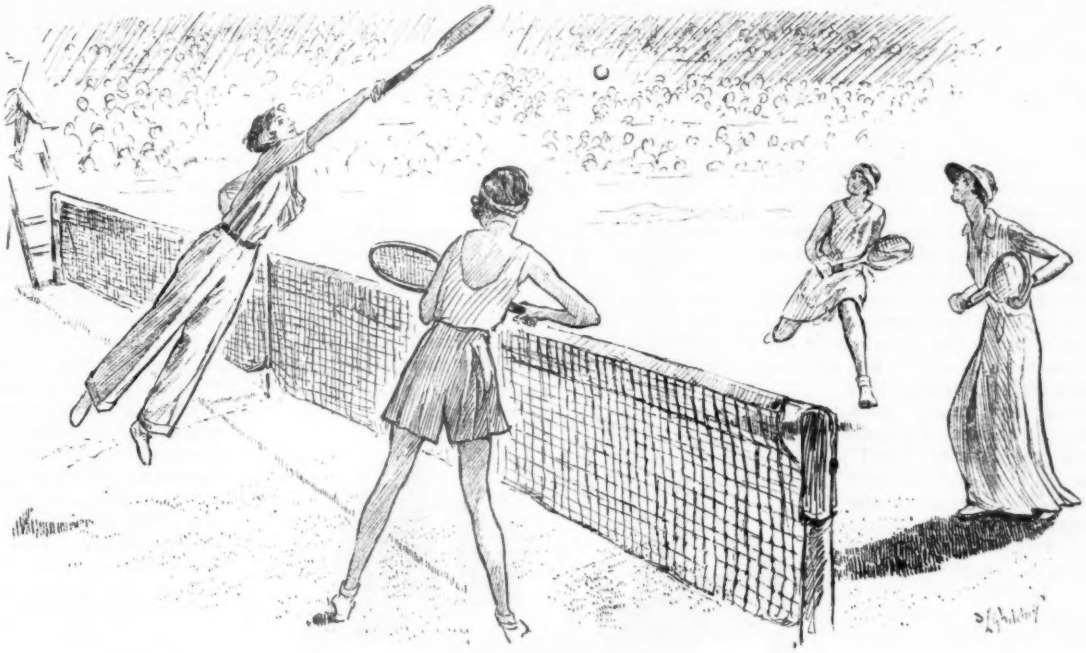
"In response to enquiries Mr. —— has enlarged his premises with the object of fulfilling a long-felt want in this neighbourhood—the provision of facilities for
BEAUTY CULTURE."
Advt. in Blackheath Paper.

"Lord Darling, had he not been a brilliant judge, would have earned a big reputation as a literary genius, a poet and a wait."
Midland Paper.

Now we know what our judges miss in the Christmas vacation.

"The hero of the day is a south-westerly wind from the Polar region."
Evening Paper.

Mr. Punch's offer to lead an expedition to the South-West Pole has been politely declined by the Royal Geographical Society.



A WIMBLEDON MEDLEY.

IF *ALL* THE FASHION PROPHETS ARE CORRECT.

AT THE BALLET.

"PULCINELLA, CHOUT AND EL AMOR BRUJO" (LYCEUM).

WE shall have to establish besides Greenwich and WILLETT time a third time-category, "Paris Russian Opera Company time." It can be found approximately by a relatively simple calculation. The time of a given performance having been duly determined and announced, the directors think it will be amusing to pretend that it is going to be half-an-hour or so earlier. The Press obligingly announces the change. The performance will in fact begin not very much earlier than the time originally announced. That seems the general idea.

The PERGOLESI-STRAVINSKY-PICASSO-MASSINE *Pulcinella* is an old favourite with us. Here is a new version: the *décor* by M. GEORGES DE CHIRICO, the choreography by the present ballet-master of the company, M. BORIS ROMANOFF, who is also an accomplished mime and takes the part of the resourceful hero. It is a bizarre, headlong, not to say restless affair, with the dancing of the tall and graceful Mme. FELIA DOUBROVSKA for its one touch of satisfying beauty.

We seem to miss the precision of movement and concentration on their work of the subsidiary members of the company which we remember gratefully in the DIAGHILEV days. Perhaps under-rehearsal is the cause, though the same effect is evident in the new version of *Chout*. The new decorations of this are by M. LEON ZACK, and admirably perverse, vivid and satisfactory they are—particularly the room in the Rich Merchant's house and the refectory of the seven credulous Buffoons. M. ROMANOFF'S new choreographic version lives up to the general scurry, apparent formlessness and occasional cacophonic frenzy of M. PROKOFIEFF'S.

Concentration on this for something like an hour is a feat of endurance for the audience as well as the company. One is not bored, but distinctly battered. Mme. E. MARRA'S grotesque dancing as the wife of a Buffoon was entirely delightful. The Seven Buffoons seemed a little tiresome, their grotesque movements too distracting and lacking in controlled pattern. Their seven daughters, in M. LEON ZACK'S charming costumes, gave a much-needed point of rest to this hectic affair.

A welcome peace descended on us with *El Amor Brujo* (Love, the Wizard)—new to London. The traditionalist finds MANUEL DE FALLA'S atmospheric music soothing after the over-stimulation of the "neo-classicists."

The beautiful Andalusian *Candelas* (Mme. FELIA DOUBROVSKA) is wooed by, and wooing with Southern initiative, the romantic *Carmelo* (M. BORIS ROMANOFF); but the *Spectre*, an old flame of *Candelas*, persistently spoils sport by appearing at the most inopportune moments. The pale resolute ghost is laid, at the suggestion of an old shepherd magician, a sort of Andalusian *Churdles Ash*, by the self-sacrificing flirtation of *Lucia* (Mme. MARRA) with the *Spectre*, who cannot resist her hospitable eye (or Mme. MARRA'S provocative dancing), and, thus distracted and outwitted, allows *Candelas* and *Carmelo*, steadfastly ignoring the embarrassing curiosity of their friends, to find a happy issue to their love.

Mmes. FELIA DOUBROVSKA and ELEONORE MARRA were the heroines of the evening, and Mr. EUGÈNE GOOSSENS, by common consent of the audience and the company, the hero—though I cannot feel quite sure that his orchestra did not sometimes show that lack of precision which we more definitely noted in the dancing teams.

T.

"Old Masters of any well-known school wanted to purchase by American buyer (at present in London) with almost unlimited funds."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

This offers an agreeable alternative to the schoolmasters' pension scheme.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE OLD MAN" (WYNDHAM'S).

MR. EDGAR WALLACE wastes no time in getting to the point. The curtain rises upon an angle of a corridor in Arranways House, dark save for the fitful gleams of a half-hearted moon. The window opens softly to admit one old man complete with beard. He hears a noise and slinks back into the shadow. A most beautiful lady glides apprehensively to the door of a bedroom, knocks furtively; a gentleman opens. They embrace hurriedly and disappear within. That gives the old man something to think about. The curtain falls before we have any clue to his intentions. The intentions of the other parties are made quite clear. . . . Later: the same corridor. Alarm of "Fire!" The crackling and hissing of flames. Gallant local innkeeper (Mr. ALFRED DRAYTON) breaks open door of bedroom, brings out young man nearly, and, later, young woman completely, overcome. Lies stoutly as to where he found the beautiful lady and appears to convince suspicious husband. So far, prologue.

Act I. The party from Arranways House has taken refuge in the excellent local inn—*Lord Arranways* (Mr. CECIL HUMPHREYS) and his lady (Miss FRANCES DOBLE), her brother, *Dick* (Mr. HAROLD WARRENDER), and an unspeakable cad and cadger of the name of *Keller* (Mr. JACK MELFORD), who, has been travelling with the *Arranways* as their guest for some time—a most unlikely thing, we promptly decide, having had a good look at him. Nor is it too likely, we think, that the beautiful *Lady Arranways* should have surrendered to this peculiarly offensive villain (for Mr. WALLACE, in harmony with the general spirit of the affair, lays it on pretty thick); but then in these matters of the heart it's never safe to be dogmatic. For these two, it is now made clear to us, are the rescued pair of lovers of the previous night's adventure. Also we learn that it is not *Mr. Keller's* fault that *Lady Arranways* was not left to burn to ashes—he seems to have thought it would have been convenient if the evidence of his indiscretion could be destroyed! He has been borrowing large sums of money from her; he is busily and successfully engaged in seducing the pretty housemaid in the inn; you can see blackmail in his eye; he has evidently lived through a lurid past and has motives for serious apprehension.

It begins to look as if something was coming to our *Mr. Keller*, and coming soon. Possibly from that quiet American detective on holiday (Mr. FINLAY CURRIE) who has just arrived at the "Arranways Arms." Possibly from *Lord Arranways*, who has a killer's streak in him which he had, we are told, tried to display when unlucky with his first wife. He has also a noted collection of stabbing weapons conveniently saved from the fire. The abrupt and chivalrous inn-keeper also hardly conceals his hostility to his guest, our villain, under the veil of professional politeness. Can these two have met before, we wonder? And who on earth is the Old Man? And who the mysterious burglar whom rumour credits with putting back into their owners' houses goods that he has formerly stolen, baffling all the efforts of Scotland Yard, which is accustomed to deal with the taking away of property, and is put out of its stride?

Well, we see our villain foiled and chastened—rather too lightly for his offence. We are supposed to suspect by turns the peer, the detective, the betrayed housemaid's brother, the innkeeper, of the stabbing incidental to his punishment. And we get a reasonably satisfactory explanation of the old man—reasonable in the circumstances, that is.

If this is rather a machine-made drama of crude design, it is competently assembled and offers us a sufficient exercise of our wits. The author has also, according to his now usual custom, invented characters which are not mere counters in his ingenious game—the brusque competent innkeeper, a man of energy and principle, able to win respect on his merits as a human being and always maintaining the conventions of his position (Mr. ALFRED DRAYTON cleverly built up this character); and the delightful old promoted charwoman, *Mrs. Harris*, with her tolerant philosophy, her outrageous innuendoes, her incurable habit of eavesdropping and butting into people's conversations and affairs—with the happiest and unlikeliest result in the reconciliation of the injured husband and his faithless but repentant wife. Miss MAISIE GAY was this bizarre heroine. We laughed at her so consistently that the seriousness or sham-seriousness of the general situation was a little jeopardised. But we all knew that didn't much matter. Can anybody as competently as Miss MAISIE GAY show us the reactions of a lady of the people to her first bottle of champagne which reminds her so of ginger-ale? I doubt it.



AT "THE COAT-OF-ARMS."
(Two supporters sable, sejant haurient.)
Mrs. Harris . . . . . MISS MAISIE GAY.
Charles . . . . . MR. ARTHUR STRATTON.

We all enjoyed Mr. FINLAY CURRIE's well-observed study of the quiet American detective and admired the effective repose and restraint of his acting. Miss DOBLE did not trouble to give us any clue to the strange lapse from taste and common-sense of *Lady Arranways*, but looked charming enough to be forgiven anything. The weary blank mask of *Charles*, the waiter (Mr. ARTHUR STRATTON), was of value to the piece. T.

"THE MILLIONAIRE KID" (GAIETY).

The first-night audience for Mr. LADDIE CLIFF'S presentation and production of *The Millionaire Kid* had all the appearance of a successful family party. The show was approved by the family fans as a typical modern Gaiety confection. A warm, indeed an affectionate, welcome offered to Mr. BARRY LUPINO on his happy return from exile was a feature of the evening.

The composition of the book was even more perfunctory than usual. It might even conceivably have been an experiment in technique to prove how little this part of the business matters.

The *Devenishes* of Devenish Court, in the county of Devon, are on the brink of insolvency. *Lord Devenish* (Mr. WYN WEAVER) and his formidable consort (Miss VIOLET FAREBROTHER) are bent upon making a brilliant financial match for their daughter, *Gloria* (Miss MADGE ELLIOTT), whose heart is already given to the personable and penniless *Hon. Aubrey Forsyth, Lord D.'s* agent (Mr. CYRIL RITCHARD). The Millionaire Kid, *Albert Skinner*, has fallen in love with the printed image of a Miss Devenish in an illustrated weekly and assumes she is the daughter of the old gentleman, *Lord Devenish*, who appears with her. He did not know, poor fellow, being an American, that *Gloria* would inevitably have been labelled the Hon. Gloria, so he proposes to *Lord* and *Lady Devenish* for their daughter's hand and is accepted with indecent promptness. But it is *Jane*, the daughter of the peer's reverend brother, *Alban*, who is the original of the photograph, and a good deal of time is spent in complicating and unravelling this simple problem, which is finally solved by decoying the henpecked peer, who is only too willing, into a *cabinet particulier* of an exceedingly odd restaurant—odd because Mr. LADDIE CLIFF and Mr. BARRY LUPINO are the waiters—and blackmailing him into consenting to break off his daughter's engagement—a base (and quite superfluous) plan disedifyingly suggested by *Rev. the Hon. Alban*. Clearly none of all that matters much.

The ladies of the Chorus seemed in the First Act to lack the sprightliness we look for. I think they were hampered by the frumpish day-dresses of the present mode. Things improved when we arrived at the Main Hall of Devenish Court for the revival of the polka and the lancers. Here the charming dresses had apparently been designed to mitigate for the worldly-minded the disappointments incident to the prevailing full-length fashions.

The music seemed reminiscent; three numbers, however, "Thank You Most Sincerely," "Life is Meant for Love," and "I'd be Lost Without You" had pleasant new phrases that stick in the memory. Jokes, on the whole, seemed a little thin and perfunctory—one about a wine being "pre-war vintage—if there's another war" standing out bravely. Though I must in fairness add that a jolly lowbrow behind me laughed at everything with such abandon that his neighbours began to fear for his dissolution.



GRASSHOPPERS ON THE LAWN.

Gloria Devenish . . . . . MISS MADGE ELLIOTT.
The Hon. Aubrey Forsyth . . . . MR. CYRIL RITCHARD.

Success was built rather upon the guileless clowning of Mr. LADDIE CLIFF and Mr. BARRY LUPINO. Mr. LUPINO walked off balconies, sat on spurs, planted pens dartwise in obvious targets on retreating footmen, put on spring-bowlers and sat on collapsible campstools and back-chatted with his partner with a touch of inspired idiocy. Mr. LADDIE CLIFF assumes so pleasantly the air of an exceedingly friendly and ingenious monkey that he is irresistible.



THE KID DOES A FRAME-UP.

Charlie Bang . . MR. BARRY LUPINO.
Albert Skinner . . MR. LADDIE CLIFF.

The dancing of Miss MADGE ELLIOTT, with the rhythmic sensuous movements of her gloriously long limbs and her courageous confidence, not misplaced, in her graceful partner, Mr. RITCHARD, was admirable; as were the clever steps and cartwheels of that pretty romp, Miss VERA BRYER. An "interlude de Ballet" in the ultra-modern manner seemed to me a good musical and choreographic joke. Altogether a cheerful and cheering affair.

T.

A BRIDGE PARADOX.

[A writer on Bridge says, "Then there is the depressed partner, who is always grousing about his bad luck. I have known him positively elated by losing yet another rubber."]

THE cards by the player dealing
In four little heaps were piled;
When, studying mine, I saw no sign
Of a picture card, I smiled.

Nor did I attempt concealing,
When my hand turned out to be
Without a trace of a single Ace,
The pleasure it gave to me.

A further survey revealing
The fact, which I missed before,
That I'd no Ten to assist me, then
I laughed with a hearty roar.

And whence the jubilant feeling?
Where was the piquant jest?
I can only say that I felt so gay
Because I was so depressed.

C. B.

Mysteries of Anatomy.

"The Polish Minister for Foreign Affairs being unable to take his seat on the Council owing to a sore throat."—*Sunday Paper.*

"Sir Harry Lauder will be greeted by the familiar skirt of the bagpipes as he arrives on the ground."—*Natal Paper.*

"Kilt" is the better word.

"Exchange report from Innsbruck says Piccard descended 10 o'clock last night. He is now on way to Gurgl."—*Evening Paper.*

And not to Gargl, as was at first thought.

THE TECHNICAL SIDE OF WIRELESS.

IT may be as well to make it clear at the outset that this helpful little article is hardly intended for those who have reached the advanced or senile stage of wireless technique, but rather for those who have only got to the point of lifting the lid or removing the back, as the set may be, and wish to become more familiar with the names and functions of the contents.

Once inside the set you will find it fairly safe to touch the dull-looking parts and the celluloid bits, also any lengths of wire that appear to be decently clad; raw pieces of wire should be given as wide a berth as possible. Never touch two bits of the inside at once, for by the medium of your body you will thus establish what electricians call a "connection," and this is one of nature's more painful little wonders.

Those retired electric-light bulbs, as you will doubtless have gathered from illustrations in the technical journals, are known as "valves." They are very expensive, considering the limited amount of illumination of which they seem to be capable. The one with the knob on the top is the most expensive and should always be dropped last in case of accident.

Somewhere inside you will probably come across a little cribbage-board affair with attractive coloured pegs which may be moved about quite freely without any apparent loss of efficiency in the reproduction. This thing is called the "Grid-bias," and is comparable with the human appendix, taking up little room and having no noticeable function.

That stern little armour-plated thing is called the "Transformer," as far as I have been able to make out. It may quite often be touched with safety. It carries out its functions in an unassuming though dignified manner; but what precisely those functions are must be left for explanation in another article.

You may notice some reels of brightly-coloured thread here and there among the dead bulbs. These lend a finishing air of gaiety to the *ensemble* and are called "Coils," because, when you come to think of it, they really are coils. The bright colours are designed to attract the sound-waves in the same way as the petals of a flower attract pollen-bearing insects.

The remaining inside components, although they are all of them interesting and not a few of them definitely useful, stand rather outside the scope of an article such as this.

Emerging from the set, then, we come to the "Dials," which Mrs. Dwerryhouse, in her slim though invaluable volume, has rather beautifully called "The Combination Lock to the Ether." By a judicious manipulation of these dials various sounds may be, and indeed often are, obtained. The knob in the middle of the dashboard is the Loud-pedal, or "Reaction," from which a further selection of surprising but not unamusing noises may be produced.

Underneath the table are batteries and accumulators. The little one, filled as it is with a peculiarly diabolic acid, is not very expensive until it burns the carpet. It will last approximately until the evening (not included) when you have stayed in specially to hear a good programme. The big things are safer and will last quite a good long time, though, as in the case of razor-blades, the problem of their disposal when past their first youth is one that is coming home to thinking men more and more as the years go by. Rock plants will not thrive on them, and the only means of disposal at present known to science is to cover them with a good cretonne and send them to bazaars as door-stops.

All the things of which we have just spoken are connected to the set by strings marked with red or black labels bearing plus or minus signs. But here we are wandering into the sphere of algebra. The main thing to remember is that, if you get the pluses where the minuses ought to be the valves blow out and impaired reception is very apt to result.

Of extra-mural fittings we have the one that keeps blowing down and the one that keeps coming up. They are called the "Aerial" and the "Earth" respectively. The former leads the more exciting existence, grabbing at the sound-waves as they pass. The earth merely deposits the used pieces of music reverently in their last resting-place. The Aerial, by the way, sometimes acts as a lightning-conductor of the more malevolent sort, in which case either you or your dependents receive a certain amount of insurance-money and as many as six lines in the London Press.

In conclusion we come to what is by far the most essential part of your wireless. This is *The Radio Times*, which, by a careful reference to your watch, taken in conjunction with what is coming out of the Loud-speaker (a now familiar article of furniture which I have forborn to mention separately) at the time, enables you to tell which station you are receiving; always provided, of course, that you recognise the tune or can make a fair guess as to the subject-matter of the talk in progress.

GUN DOGS.

IV.—THE COCKER SPANIEL.

KING CHARLES THE SECOND,
Like *King Cole*,
Was always reckoned
A merry soul;
He had some very
Little dogs, had he,
Who were just as merry
As he could be.

They were black-and-white;
Their friends were Peers;
Their eyes were bright
And they had long ears;
When the KING advanced
And said, "I' fegs,"
The little dogs danced
Round his black-silk legs.

To Mistress NELL'S
They often went,
His Spaniels,
To their content;
Small globes of gold
They fetched again
Which NELLIE rolled
Down Drury Lane.

Sweet oranges,
You see, and such
Trifles as these
Were just as much
As dogs so small
And white and black
Could lift withal
And carry back.

And *that* is why
My little "Shot,"
Though hard he'll try,
Thinks hares a lot;
And why also
Your little "Rock"
Can carry no
Fat pheasant cock.

But
KING CHARLES THE SECOND
Was like *King Cole*,
And was always reckoned
A merry soul;
He loved his merry
Little dogs, a whim
In which we're very
Much like to him. P. R. C.

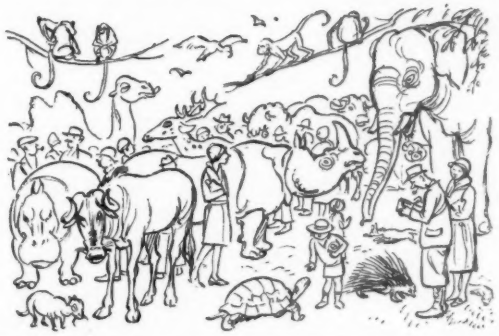
Things that might be more elegantly expressed.

"THE GREAT CONVENTION.
CENTRAL HALL.
Opening Meeting to-night at 7.30 p.m.
Owing to the indisposition of the Rev. —— there will be an Overflow Meeting if necessary at the Y.M.C.A. Hall, Mount Pleasant."
Lancashire Paper.

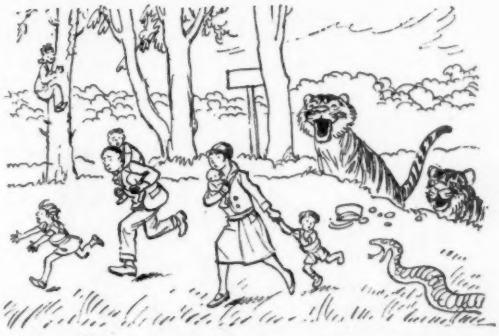
"COTTON WINS AT SOUTHPORT."
Daily Paper.

We should all like to see Cotton winning everywhere in Lancashire.

THOUGHTS ON WHIPSNADE, BY ONE WHO FAILED TO GET THERE.



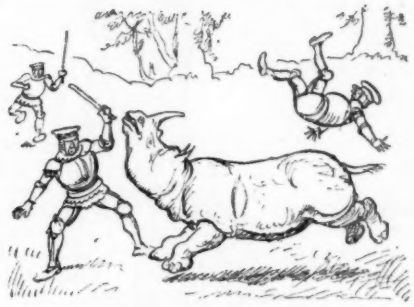
WHEN WE FIRST HEARD ABOUT WHIPSNADE WE HAD VISIONS OF A KIND OF GARDEN OF EDEN BEFORE THE FALL—



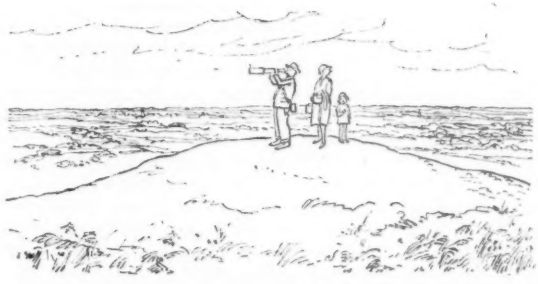
ENLIVENED OCCASIONALLY BY SUCH INCIDENTS AS THIS WHEN VISITORS DISREGARDED THE NOTICE-BOARDS.



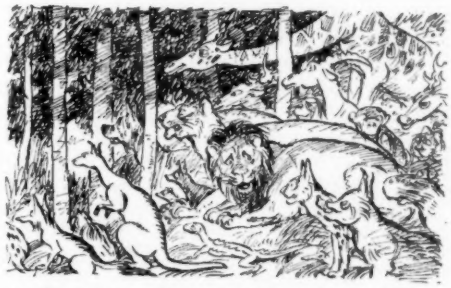
YET WE HAD SOME MISGIVINGS ABOUT THE WISDOM OF ALLOWING THE INSECTS TO MINGLE WITH THE PUBLIC—



AND WE HOPED THAT THE KEEPERS WOULD BE PROVIDED WITH SUITABLE ARMOUR TO RESIST THE HORSEPLAY OF ANIMALS INTOXICATED BY A SENSE OF COMPARATIVE FREEDOM.



BUT WE ARE TOLD BY RETURNED TRAVELLERS THAT IT IS POSSIBLE TO SPEND HOURS AND WALK MILES AT WHIPSNADE WITHOUT SEEING A SINGLE WILD BEAST—



BECAUSE THE DENIZENS OF THE FOREST CONCEAL THEMSELVES IN COVER WHERE THEY CAN OBSERVE THE DISCOMFITURE OF DISAPPOINTED VISITORS WITHOUT BEING SEEN THEMSELVES.



ALSO THAT, IN VIEW OF THE DIFFICULTY OF APPROACHING MOST OF THE ANIMALS, CLASSES ARE BEING ESTABLISHED FOR THE PRACTICE OF LONG-DISTANCE BUN-THROWING.



Careful Wife. "BEFORE I PLANT THIS ROSE-TREE, GEORGE, WILL IT INCREASE OUR LAND-TAX?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT is not often I get the chance of welcoming so delicate and symmetrical a piece of work as Miss V. SACKVILLE-WEST's new novel. The method of *All Passion Spent* (HOGARTH PRESS, 7/6) is the method of the intaglio, and the gem is worthy of its workmanship. Imagine an old lady of eighty-eight, wife of an ex-Viceroy and Cabinet Minister, who (perhaps for that very reason) has never been suspected of any outstanding personality. Imagine the Cabinet Minister dying, the family convened to discuss what is to become of mother, and mother taking her fate into her own still beautiful hands and arranging her future for herself. It is, of course, a future necessarily curtailed; and the old ex-Hussar who becomes *Lady Slane's* devoted landlord in Hampstead is all against her making expensive and permanent arrangements. But between a present rendered exquisite by its precariousness and a past which has novel leisure to reassert itself, *Lady Slane* does very well; and so does *Genoux*, most admirable of antique French maids, and *Mr. Bucktrout*, the landlord, and his *protégé*, *Mr. Gosheron*, the builder. The heroine's family is not intended to fulfil its promise. It blooms only to fade. But her second spring surrounds her with old and new lovers, of whom *Mr. Fitzgeorge*, surreptitious millionaire, art-collector and remnant of her vice-regal past, is the principal. His death and the re-intrusion of the family shatter the dream. But an epilogue, delivered before the least congenial of her children, ironically allows two of the old guard the last word on their mistress.

If ever a lady was bent on making one's flesh creep, that lady is Mrs. NESTA H. WEBSTER. In reading *The Surrender of an Empire* (BOSWELL, 15/-) I find myself about half the time quite cordially shuddering, yet so often is the evil dream relieved by obvious exaggeration or too facile remedy that, in that easy-going way which Mrs. WEBSTER very rightly deplores, I can shake it all off with the realisation that it is a fine morning and the lady not infallible after all. In the policy of granting self-government to Ireland or India, in the desire to live and let live with Germany and Russia, in the determination to grant a Labour Government at least a fair field with perhaps a little favour, the writer sees nothing but betrayal and intrigue, a horrible conspiracy between Boche and Bolsh dancing down old England. A Socialist party moderate merely to deceive and licking the Russian foot that spurns it is as essential an element in the nightmare as a League of Nations leagued only to betray, or a Hidden Hand, presumably Semitic, that casts on Mr. BALDWIN and his colleagues a numbing paralysis in the moment of opportunity. Longingly Mrs. WEBSTER looks for a rescuer, only to find disunion and distrust; and she herself unfortunately does not approve of women entering Parliament. But even she, it seems, is in the grip of the Hidden Hand, for her book is bound in staring red, while a taunting crimson banner, a quarter-inch wide and fastened at the top, has crept between her pages. I found it handy, and wish all publishers would adopt it.

Mr. W. B. MAXWELL's talent for subdued and careful analysis of character shows to advantage in *The Concave Mirror* (HEINEMANN, 7/6), a novel in diary form. Its hero

is an unambitious business-man in the boring forties, who pursues a mediocre job with dull industry and a philosophic detachment which lose him his chances almost as soon as they are offered. His real life is lived in the world of his head, a rich and varied existence, conjured up by a habit of speculation on the stocks and shares of life and an inherent inability to apportion any permanent rate of exchange to the dividends of experience. In the concave mirror of his mind the images are well-defined but constantly distorted. Easy friendships are beyond him, and the one person with whom he could have shared his inner life is his wife. It is only after years of self-delusion that the true shallows of her mind become tragically apparent to him; and then, though money comes to them, his happiness has gone. The diary is rambling and introspective, but never dull; and young Freudians might benefit from Mr. MAXWELL's graceful untwining of the twins Complex and Inhibition.

E. TEMPLE THURSTON takes the view
That crime as novels show it
Is overdone
And he's the one
To let his readers know it;
And so by way of something new
A constable's presented
With cheery chat
Of this and that
And crimes that he's prevented.

John Boddy, that's the Robert's name,
And thus his brew is labelled,
Which WARD, LOCK mix
At seven-and-six,
And ten short tales are tabled;
His yarns are not, though seldom tame,
Exceptional narrations,
But he himself
Goes on my shelf
Of lovable creations.



Gallery Attendant. "NO, SIR, IT AIN'T ALLOWED, NOT WITHOUT PERMISSION. YOU SEE, IF WE WAS ONCE TO ALLOW IT, WE SHOULD HAVE EVERYBODY A-SKETCHIN'."

To be allowed to look at *Landscape in English Art and Poetry* (CORDEN-SANDERSON, 7/6) through Mr. LAWRENCE BINYON's spectacles is to me no mean privilege. But the fact that the spectacles have been particularly adjusted to suit the sight of Japanese students lends an additional rarity to their delightful revelations. In 1929 Mr. BINYON delivered a course of six lectures at the University of Tokyo, and, by way of giving his listeners the most intimate, lovable and heroic idea of this England, he introduced them to her most disinterested lovers, the English landscape-painters and poets. Poetry, he admits, is England's crowning glory; but, his audience being less conversant with our painting, it is painting he emphasizes. His book is essentially an account of the rise of English landscape-painting, with parallels from contemporary verse. It is exquisitely illustrated—at first with such accessory and subordinate hints of Nature as the fauna of a missal-margin or the flora of a tapestry. Then, preluded by the poets—the hedge-row elms of MILTON, the mossy roots of MARVELL's apple-trees—*viâ* RICHARD WILSON, who died poor through forsaking Italianate landscape for Wales as she was, we arrive at COZENS, GIRTIN, CROME, TURNER, CONSTABLE, BONINGTON and the moderns. Clarity of design, intimacy of detail, infectious enthusiasm—the book possesses the happiest qualities of scholarship. Perhaps a little less was due to BLAKE and more to the Pre-Raphaelites; and an extenuating word might be said for the bourgeois patrons of the nineteenth century. TURNER himself, I feel, was unthinkable without RUSKIN *père*.

Even allowing for the idiosyncrasies of human nature, I find it difficult to believe that any people could jerk through life quite so oddly as do the people in Miss MARY GRACE ASHTON's novel, *The Lonely Journey* (CASSELL, 7/6). Most of them have one peculiarity in common: they are able to change their natures nearly as quickly as a chameleon changes colour. There is, for instance, the vicarage-bred *Kate*, who is engaged as nursery governess by *Mr. Walton*,

whose wife is in an asylum, and presently becomes his mistress. *Kate* is very calm about the whole thing; but as soon as she discovers that she is going to have a baby she dashes back to the vicarage because "a lifetime of sin was not the same as a passing episode. She dare not face a lifetime of sin." Then there is *Harry, Mr. Walton's* son, who, after a distressed childhood, followed by five years' torment, during which time he believes he will inherit his mother's mania, has a short talk with a priest, and is quickly convinced that he has nothing to fear. *Mr. Walton* is the strangest of all: we are told that he "practised the highest virtues for the most uninspired motives," yet he thwarts his son, is horrified at his illegitimate daughter's choice of a stage career, and, because he lacks the courage to visit his demented wife when she is dying, allows *Harry* to go to the asylum in his place. Miss ASHTON'S story is fairly interesting, but the people in it are too inconsistent to be anything but irritating even as acquaintances in fiction.

"Sir, you may have a plain style or a decorated style," said Dr. JOHNSON. "Suppression of the superfluous is the essence of good writing," says Mr. L. B. NAMIER, and proceeds to put his preaching into practice in a collection of essays entitled *Skyscrapers* (MACMILLAN, 6/-). Nobody, I suppose, would be willing to forgo completely the distinguished line of decorators from Sir THOMAS BROWNE to *Kai Lung*, but in a diffuse age there is much to be said for the school of condensation. In the small compass of one-hundred-and-eighty-three pages, America, TROTSKY, President MASARYK, the Peasant Outlook and divers other topics are treated in the same crisp comprehensive manner. The reader is at once aware of being in contact with a mind saturated with knowledge. But the learning is sweetened with a gentle humour and the issue is never shirked. A welcome change of emotion is to be remarked in his essays on Zionism; otherwise the appeal is apt to be to the impartial mind alone. Towards the end of the volume we are given as a special treat a single essay dealing with eighteenth-century politics, a realm over which Mr. NAMIER presides unchallenged. Then we see the author in his masterful mood dealing forcibly with his subject and ticking off humble competitors with these words: "Amateurs in history-writing are primarily people who take themselves more seriously than their subject." Among this puny generation there is at least one survivor from more virile days.

Mr. L. S. HARRIS approaches his subject, *The Nature of English Poetry* (DENT, 5/-), with an almost unnecessarily whole-hearted avoidance of academic idiom and illustration—even for "an elementary survey." The shapes and patterns of verse are, for instance, likened to golf-clubs, such a form for such an effect. This at first sight might seem discouraging; but the author shows himself to have a genuine passion for his subject; his many carefully-chosen examples are intelligently analysed; he devotes much attention to form, in implicit protest against the latter-day contempt of it; he has wise things to say of the colour and associations of words, and you may judge him perhaps best by his definition of a poet as one who has "sharper feelings than normal man," "a gift for using words" and "an instinct for making a beautiful thing"—which is to say craftsmanship. The little book will help to clarify the ideas of the true amateur and should increase the number of those who are wise enough to seek, and lucky enough to find, their pleasure in the reading of poetry.

The Man in the Mirror (THE BODLEY HEAD, 7/6) confirms my belief that Mr. WILLIAM GARRETT has a keen and observant eye for the funny side of life, though I am bound to admit that the main idea of this story is too extravagant to give opportunities for really subtle humour. *Jeremy Dilke*, we are asked to believe, was suddenly faced by a precise reflection of himself; moreover this reflection was composed of flesh and blood and possessed considerably more enterprise than the original *Jeremy*. Here, then, is a situation that provides countless chances of complications, and Mr. GARRETT misses none of them. In fact his tale is excellent in its way, though perhaps I ought to register a protest against the remark of one of its characters. Speaking of literary criticism, *Stenhouse Lee*, a celebrated novelist, declares, "There 's only one independent critic left in England, and he 's nearly always drunk." As one who is addicted to sobriety, I find this statement rather discouraging.



Shameless Tipster. "AN' WHEN I WAS 'AVIN' A CHAMPAGNE BREAKFAST WITH THE OWNER THIS VERY MORNIN' 'E SAYS TO ME, 'E SAYS, 'BERT, THE JOCKEY DON'T KNOW 'E'S GOING TO WIN, THE 'ORSE DON'T KNOW 'E'S GOIN' TO WIN, ONLY YOU, BERT, AN' ME, BERT, KNOWS.' AND THAT'S THE INFORMATION I'M HOFFERIN' YOU FOR A BLINKIN' TANNER."

Christopher Darley was none too contented with the world when a man whose acquaintance he made on a bus presented him with a magic coat. And in *A Certain Man* (HEINEMANN, 7/6) you will find how completely this wonderful garment changed *Darley's* attitude towards life. His wife and children, for instance, were, in spite of their extravagances and eccentricities, at once observed through rose-coloured spectacles, and so was a certain lady whose charm led *Darley* to strain the magic properties of his coat to breaking-point. Of the changes and chances caused by this raiment Mr. OLIVER ONIONS writes with his customary ease, but a theme so grotesque seems unsuitable to his natural abilities, and, to be frank, I found *Darley's* adventures more bewildering than amusing.

A Barmecide Feast.

"Instead of eating anything—why not try our special lunch and dinner—come and see ——, reasonable price."

South American Paper.

CHARIVARIA.

ACCORDING to a naval writer, sailors have less to spend on luxuries than they used to. Indeed it is said that nowadays they can only afford to have a wife in every other port.

* * *

The Daily Express found the Birthday Honours List respectable. It contained no Press Peers.

* * *

A Moscow scientist has discovered a new tribe which has not been in touch with civilisation for eighteen years. We can assure them they haven't missed much.

* * *

Recent floods, we are told, brought out Russian boots in their thousands. Nature can be very cruel.

* * *

General DAWES's alleged statement that diplomacy is easy on the brain but hell on the feet is expected to lead to some amelioration of the conditions under which ambassadors are required to explore every avenue.

* * *

We are reminded that there is practically no close season for football in Scotland. Nothing has come of the efforts of humanitarians to have it stopped while referees are nesting.

* * *

Registrars are said to be finding that it pays them to furnish their offices more attractively for weddings. A probability of the near future is that registry-office ceremonies will be choral.

* * *

Relief was felt that the dispute in the lace-curtain industry was settled before a corresponding spirit of unrest infected the aspidistra-plantations.

* * *

In the women's cricket-match between the North and the Midlands a bowler just missed doing the hat-trick; but we are authorised to contradict the rumour that the M.C.C. is considering the advisability of appointing a Millinery Selection Committee.

* * *

Many of the spears and halberds used at Covent Garden, we learn, are real antiques, not property fakes. This adds greatly to the interest of Grand Opera.

* * *

King IBN SAUD'S revenue is stated to be depleted this year by a marked falling-off in the number of pilgrims to Mecca, on whom he levies toll. It is believed that a "Go to Mecca" campaign would have his support.

* * *

The manuscript of a play has been stolen with a dramatist's car in the West End. It is not thought that the thief will risk detection by attempting to have it produced.

* * *

A middle-weight pugilist is described as looking like a mild clerk. Even more deceptive are some of the pugilists who look like pugilists.

* * *

The broadcast song of a Surrey nightingale was answered by a bird near Geneva, and the suggestion is made that the response of Swiss nightingales should be transmitted. As an extension of this idea, it would be interesting to note the reactions of British milkmen to a broadcast yodel.

* * *

Yolk of egg is recommended for the hair. But not, it should be noted, for the moustache.

* * *

Now that warmer weather is promised we understand that several of the more hardy London taxi-drivers have decided to discard some of their overcoats.

* * *

"Fish are not very communicative," says a nature student. Anglers will have noticed this.

* * *

Professor NASSAU says it is his belief that the moon interferes with American wireless. We shouldn't have thought it would have dared.

* * *

A political writer draws attention to the saying that to understand is to forgive. We are not so sure. A lot of taxpayers understand Mr. SNOWDEN all right.

* * *

Two men accused of fighting in the street pleaded that they had an argument over a newspaper puzzle. This looks like dirty work at the cross-words.

* * *

A youth charged with shoplifting was said to be the son of a convicted burglar. It is sad to see a boy following in his father's finger-prints like this.

* * *

An American millionaire has a mission in life—to do "one good turn a day." We wish his ambition were followed by some of our music-hall artistes.

* * *

AL CAPONE has been fined for leaving his car in an unauthorised place. We thought it would not be long before this notorious gangster got into some trouble or another.

* * *

A New York judge ruled the other day that a married man has a right to go down-town two nights each week. It is understood that shortly after the judge arrived home that evening the ruling was reversed.

* * *

"Wood is a dangerous carrier of germs," we read. If this sort of thing gets about, school-boys will soon be insisting on sterilised canes.

* * *

A party of explorers which is starting for Africa is taking two steel cages from which the wild animals can be observed in safety. The fauna of Africa are earnestly requested to refrain from teasing the exhibits.

* * *

A gossip-writer says that on a visit to his bank he found the building so cold that he caught a chill. He must have been standing between a couple of overdrafts.

* * *

A naturalist declares that bees are stone deaf. So it is no good telling them to buzz off.

* * *

It was reported last week that KING ALFONSO had won £100 in the Irish Derby Sweepstake. Having previously lost a crown, he is £99 15*s.* to the good on balance.



"HAROLD, IT SOUNDS TO ME AS IF SOMETHING'S HAPPENING TO THAT GINGER-BEER."

ANSWERS TO IMPENDING CORRESPONDENCE.

BARGAIN BASEMENT—It is, as you say, an accepted principle that the passing of any Bill for Electoral Reform should be followed immediately by a General Election. For it would be ridiculous to have an Act upon the Statute Book requiring Members to be elected in a certain way while a Parliament continues to exist that has been elected in a totally different way. Yet it is generally understood that the Electoral Reform Bill which has just passed its Third Reading in the House of Commons was part of the bargain arranged between Mr. LLOYD GEORGE and the Socialist Party, by which, in return for this concession (among others), he undertook to keep the Government in office for an indefinite period.

It may well be that the Liberal Leader did not repose sufficient confidence in his friends to postpone his own share of the bargain till they had enjoyed theirs and were more inclined than they feel just now to appeal to the country. But, whatever reason (if any) he may have had for insisting on the present schedule, the position now is that, if the Bill becomes law, he will have forced upon the Government an immediate General Election that is desired neither by him nor by them, but only by a third party whose convenience you might think he would be the last to consult.

There remains the House of Lords. They can reject the Bill on the ground that admittedly it does not represent the true feelings of the Government and was never so much as mentioned at the time of the last Election; in which case they will be charged with once more attempting to thwart the Will of the People expressed through its chosen representatives. Or they can say, "Election Reform is not the concern of a Chamber that is above the need of being elected, and we will therefore let the Bill go through"; in which case they will be charged with once more playing into the hands of the Conservative Party, this time by hastening a General Election.

A LORD-IN-WAITING.—We appreciate your indignation at the omission of new peerages in the recent Honours List. With your case before us, we cannot bring ourselves to believe that this omission was due to the absence of outstanding merit in at least one candidate for this distinction. It is just possible that the PRIME MINISTER, contemplating the abolition of the House of Peers as the most popular plank in his next Election platform, did not care to insult you by the offer of accommodation in a Chamber so soon to be obliterated.

But we can better understand why he created no political peers from among the ranks of his supporters in the House of Commons. This we attribute to a lack of eager response on the part of those to whom he offered this honour. And indeed, when one considers that it would entail the surrender of a regular Parliamentary income (with travelling allowances to and from constituencies), one understands a little why they should regard the mouth of this gift-horse with suspicion. We have it on the authority of BURNS (ROBERT—but JOHN no doubt would endorse it) that in any circumstances to be formally stamped as noble means nothing to nature's noblemen; but the old tradition of chivalry, *noblesse oblige*, takes on a new and sinister significance when such sacrifices as these are included among the obligations of nobility.

AURI SACRA FAMES—We do not pretend to a perfect understanding of high finance, otherwise we should be prepared to add one more to the scores of incontestable reasons advanced by professional economists in explanation of the present crisis. As it is, we are inclined to accept the theory of Lord D'ABERNON, that it is due to what he calls "maldistribution of gold." This valuable metal is apparently being hoarded and nobody can get at it. Lord D'ABERNON'S view is, on the face of it, the most simple and convincing, and our own experience bears it out.

He accuses French and American banks of having made a corner in gold. But we also suspect our own bank, for it is years and years since we were handed a golden sovereign across its counter. And what of the Bank of Ireland? Here is Dublin distributing millions of sweepstake money, and all of it paper. That certainly looks like maldistribution of gold.

Meanwhile the Government seems to be doing nothing about it. Yet they could easily increase the popularity, already enormous, of the dole if only they shovelled it out in gold.

DAILY SWEEPSTAKE.—We have no leisure at the moment to discuss the moral aspect of lotteries. But, if they become a daily habit, we foresee certain dangers: for instance, that the fecundity of the goose with the golden eggs may tend to become exhausted. Even a man of the meanest intelligence will ultimately recognise that by subscribing ten shillings a day he can only hope with average luck to secure a consolation prize of a hundred pounds once in every three years (the larger prizes may be disregarded as likely to come his way not more than once in the course of several lifetimes); and the merest smattering of the elements of arithmetic will show him that this does not pay. He will then give up the lottery habit and return to the simple and less speculative existence which he had abandoned; just as motorists are returning to the railways after finding all the arterial roads choked by other motorists.

His disillusionment may of course be delayed for a time by the pure delight of breaking the law; but even so he can never know the joy that Americans experience under the Prohibition Act; for to the pleasure of lawlessness they add the satisfaction of getting their glass of bootleg poison for spot cash, and don't have to remain dry till they can get a triennial barrel of it. O. S.

AGAINST BEAUTY-COMPETITIONS.

[A motion against these was recently submitted to the League of Nations.]

THE keen pursuit of Beauty's crown
At Mayday pastoral survivals,
The fête at which the Latin town
Enthrones its Queen above her rivals,
The more extended shows wherein
The fair compete from every nation,
Are vanity for those who win
And for the losers mere vexation.

When Beauty joins with Strife, the chart
Is clearly marked for stormy weather;
The two are better kept apart—
Why bring them purposely together?
Why ask for trouble, since we know
From ancient Greece's early story
The first recorded Beauty-show
Was in its sequel grim and gory?

Three entrants, goddesses who bribed,
Strove for the prize that Discord threw in—
An apple suitably inscribed—
And Paris judged them to his ruin;
But for that contest he'd have stayed,
Without a thought for Helen's flitting,
Contented with his shepherd's trade,
While she proceeded with her knitting.

But, as it was, to Troy she went
And brought the city to perdition
All through that frivolous event,
A female beauty-competition,
Which Zeus might well have kept in hand
And scratched, assisted by his eagle;
And, settling this, he might have banned
All future contests as illegal.



WITH THE LORDS' LABOUR BRIGADE.

GENERAL LORD PARMOOR. "WHAT ABOUT THOSE REINFORCEMENTS?"
GALLOPER LORD PASSFIELD. "NOTHING DOING, SIR."
LORD PARMOOR. "TATTOO—I MEAN TUT, TUT!"

[To the general consternation there were no new Peers in the Birthday Honours List.]



The Girl. "WELL, HAVING AN AMUSING TIME?"
The Man. "LOST EVERY BEAN I'VE GOT. TOO HILARIOUS."
The Girl. "LUD! WHAT A *SCREAM!*"

THIS WEEK IN THE GARDEN.

MOST daily papers run either a small column every day, or perhaps a page once a week, dealing with the garden. In the old days—in the days before I became horticultural, that is—these used to annoy me. One never seemed to be able to follow up any question of the day without turning a page and suddenly finding oneself metaphorically tripping over box hedges and pushing through sweet-peas. Something like this: "Continuing, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE said that the problem of unemployment was being wrongly faced, and that the only remedy was . . . drastic pruning, which should be given annually. *Forsythia viridissima*, on the other hand . . ." Well, too much of that sort of thing puts one off the whole idea of gardens. Certainly it did so with me, and it was not till I acquired a garden of my own that I came to look upon articles headed "THIS WEEK IN THE ROSE-GARDEN, by *The Lady with the Secateurs*" as anything more than obstacles to the search for news.

And now how different! I open my paper with unrestrained eagerness. Labour stalwarts may have become Knights, Kings may have become Dons, but I flutter the pages unheeding till I get to "POINTS ABOUT PEONIES, by *The Gentleman with the Large Trowel*," and am at rest. Gone is the superior annoyance of the town-bred person, who just knows what a nasturtium looks like, but thinks myosotis is a disease affecting the memory. I welcome those articles. I just love every bit of them, from the highly aristocratic opening paragraphs, generally accompanied by photographs of the "17th Century Antirrhinumery at Braose Castle," down to "Next Week in the Radish-Bed," and finally "Answers to Correspondents."

These last, I must confess, are what really interest me. Somehow I don't feel my antirrhinums will ever rival those at Braose Castle, even as seen in black-and-white, which antirirrh—curse it! *snapdragons*—seldom are; while, do what I will, my radishes refuse to rad. They either grow eagerly down towards Australia, maintaining only the girth of a piece of string, or else they develop to the size of a Rugby football in about five days and have to be carved into manageable chunks with the bread-knife. And, quite apart from having to put up with people looking over my radish-bed and saying how well my beetroots are looking, I find that radishes that size do not "eat well." They taste something like gunpowder. Bad gunpowder. On the other hand—and at the other end—my radishes invariably spring up and flower beautifully. I once entered a fine bunch of *Raphanus Sativus* at the local flower-show and nearly got away with it—but that's neither here nor there. . . . Where was I? Oh, yes, "Answers to Correspondents."

By studying the answers given to inquirers each week by "The Man with the Mulch" (or whoever it is) one can learn so much about other people's difficulties, and that is always cheering. It is nice to know that all the diseases, blights, pests and other horticultural adversities are not confined to your

garden alone, as, judging by their virulence, you have hitherto considered must be the case. Here, for instance, is "AJAX (Lower Slubhampton)," whose apple-trees apparently are covered with scab and/or suffer from Bitter Pip. He is advised, so sympathetically, to "cut out all shoots and spurs showing cracks during the dormant period," and also to "spray with Bordeaux just before the buds open." This sent me off hot-foot to my own apple-tree. I don't think it has scab. No shoots or spurs show cracks; indeed only one bough has a crack and that was where I leant the ladder last gathering-day. Still, I feel some advantage ought to be taken of a nice helpful answer like that, and if not on my apple-tree, why not on me? I shall certainly remember next dormant period to spray my throat with Bordeaux (St. Estèphe for choice).

Moreover, "The Man with the Mulch" is such a friendly soul that he doesn't mind having things sent him for identification. For instance, I see this answer: "MISS M.W.—The daffodil flower was rather faded and crushed when it reached us, but we have no hesitation in saying it is one of a species of early bloomers which . . ." Well, well! And lower down: "BURBAGE.—The grub you sent"—(it sounds like the opening of one of Smith Minor's letters home)—"was a nearly mature specimen of *Melolontha vulgaris—et quam vulgaris*. . . ." I appreciate also the significance of the word "was" in this last.

There is only one fault I have to find with the kind-hearted "Man with the Mulch." And that is, he is occasionally a little upstage. I mean, remarks like: "Of later flowerers I would draw attention to the following: the tall yellow millefoil; the perennial coreopses, of which grandiflora looks well among (*his* grammar, ladies, not mine) the much bigger and sturdier Coreopsis Mayfield Giant and its almost equally tall fellow hybrid, Coreopsis Auriculata Superba. . . ." All this is very good for experienced gardeners, but it's the inexperienced ones who want the help, and the above means very little to them. It is a friendly chat among experts, not a solution of the beginners' basic problems. Now here, for instance, are some of the answers I would like to see in future:—

CURIOUS. — The fauna you send which has been eating your lettuce was *Limax Agrestis*, popularly known as the grey or field slug. It can be discouraged with salt and luck. Please post early when sending fauna: the specimen you sent was rather faded and crushed when it reached us.



Local Player (*looking for Visitor's ball*). "I'M AFRAID OUR DAISIES ARE RATHER A NUISANCE THIS TIME OF YEAR. YOU OUGHT TO COME DOWN HERE ABOUT SEPTEMBER."

Visitor (*unappeased*). "WHAT DO YOU HAVE THEN—MUSHROOMS?"

NOVICE.—From your description the flower would appear to be a dandelion. This is considered by gardeners to be a weed, and we should not advise forming a border of it.

INQUIRER.—St. John's Wort will suit your requirements. A pleasant show without much labour may be made of a line of Greater Dolegettas or Outer-Worts.

PUZZLED.—The flower you sent is a mature hollyhock (*Hollius Hockus*). We are returning the five-foot crate in which you sent it and suggest you might have folded it into eight and used a long envelope. No, it is not a usual or advisable plant to grow in your rockery and must have got there by accident. It is equally out of place in a crazy pavement. A. A.

Al Capone's Prototype.

The first recorded gangster was Atlas. He held up the entire world.

"IN ANSWER TO INQUIRY.

Band of Hope.—The present Bishop of Glasgow and Galloway is unmarried."

Scottish Church Paper.

There can be no harm in hoping.

". . . Blasco Ibañez, the famous Spanish author, best known to English readers by his war-time work, 'The Four Horses of the Apocalypse.' " . . .—*South American Paper.*

We would prefer to qualify this statement with four riders.

The advertisement of a Manx Riding Academy asks: "Why not see the Isle of Man on Horseback?" To do so would of course settle the moot point as to where the third stirrup should be placed.

"WE ARE NOT LIKE THAT!"

THE THEATRE-GOER TURNS.

By Wallace Spoofer, the Omniscient Dramatic Critic.

A LITTLE while ago at the Royalty Theatre, as the curtain fell on *Tiger Cats*, a woman shouted from her place in the dress-circle, "Women are not like that!" The next day I wrote: "This protest is important. The theatre-goer is on the turn. Unless I am mistaken, there will soon be a big protest against caricature on the stage." I was, of course, not mistaken. A big protest has occurred, which has put one dramatist right out of business.

The piece was called *The Unnamed Play*, at the Colodeum. After the very first scene I said to myself, "There will be trouble about this. The public won't stand it. I can't stand it myself." And trouble there was.

I am proud to say I started the ball rolling, though I was not quite prepared for the immense avalanche I set in motion. Jumping up on to my seat in the front row of the stalls, I faced the audience and cried, "It's true I'm here by invitation. But I have not sold my conscience. I retain my independence. I've had a good deal to do with genuine ghosts in my time. I believe in ghosts. And I say straight out that the ghost we have seen to-night is an outrage. I protest. Ghosts are not like that!"

I had no time to climb down before a handsome young woman swung herself up on to the ledge of a private box. She reminded me of a woman M.P. Perhaps it was her Scottish accent. "We have hearrd to-night," she cried, "the most absurrd sentiments placed in the mouth of what is called a heroine. We are asked to believe that a young woman has as much pairrsonality as a stuffed rabbit. We are asked to believe that she depends implicitly on her brother's opeenion, that she is dominated like a puppet by an imbecile father, that she wastes all her time on a rideeculous lover, who cannot make up his own mind or put his clothes on straight, and that finally she sings the most idiotic morrbid songs and drowns herself from sheer silliness. In the name of all Britain's young womanhood, I protest! No girl on airth is like that!"

By this time an archdeacon was gesticulating in the gangway. "I wish to make it quite clear," he said, "that the glimpse of a clergyman we have been vouchsafed to-night on the stage is utterly unauthorised and divorced from all contact with reality. The Church has too long suffered from this misrepresentation, as if all her servants were spineless bigots. I beg to add my protest to the preceding. I also feel it incumbent upon me to register a protest on behalf of gravediggers, who are not here to defend themselves. In all my parochial experience of thirty years I have not come across a tithe of the misplaced levity with which this indispensable fraternity has been stigmatised to-night."

A cough secured attention for an elderly gentleman politely drooping in the middle of the stalls. "My name, in block letters," he announced, "is SIR SAMUEL SLUG; date of birth, November 5, 1869; British-born parents on both sides; Perpetual Secretary to King Alfred's Bounty. With reference to the allegations contained in the play of the present evening concerning the status and qualifications, mental, moral, domestic and diplomatic, of Civil Servants, or those holding a rank equivalent to Civil Servants for purposes of pensions, who are, or have been, at the time of inquiry, parents, or performing the functions of parents, more especially with regard to Act I., Scene 3; Act II., Scenes 1 and 2; Act III., Scenes 3 and 4, containing specific charges of meanness, espionage, secret diplomacy, misdirection of daughters, contempt of professional dignity, I am authorised to state that these charges are entirely without foundation."

Ten young Americans were on their feet shouting, "We are idealists——" when the whole audience rose as one man. A bookmaker, as the most representative, took the word. "We've been guyed to-night," he said. "We've seen an audience on the stage looking at another play inside our play, and pretty bad fools they were. As an audience, I ask you, are we going to stand it?" He was answered by a tremendous cry of "No!"

Some of the actors then came forward. "We also protest," said the leading lady. "We had no idea our own profession was to be so ridiculed. The so-called actors who obtrude themselves on our play with a play of their own are not actors. They are buffoons, and we disown them."

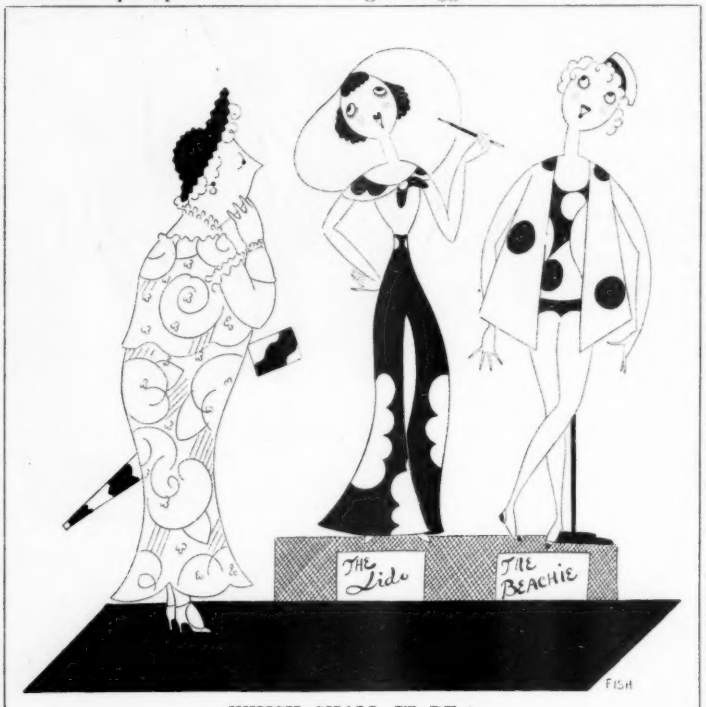
During the tremendous uproar which followed I slipped round to the manager's office. I asked him point-blank "Who wrote this rag? To-morrow morning the public will be saying, 'What does Spoof think about it?' I must have all the facts right now."

He removed his cigar. "Spoof, old man," he said, "I don't know who wrote it. It came to me with the title of *Hamlet*. I understand the same fellow has written a whole heap of plays."

"Gee!" I said. "Let him burn them."

I hope he has taken my advice. ROCKEFELLER would go bankrupt in a year if he backed such stuff.

WALLACE SPOOFER.



WHICH SHALL IT BE?

Pearls before Swine.

"In return for his work in the parish the vicar is given a stypen."—*Schoolgirl's Essay.*

"LIVING FOSSILS OF TO-DAY."
Headline in Daily Paper.

No connection with "Dead Survivors of Yesterday."



Very wealthy Person (to seaside chair-attendant). "HAVEN'T YOU ANY *better-priced* CHAIRS?"

GUN DOGS.

V.—THE CLUMBER SPANIEL.

If a dog were a difficult thing to choose,
If ever it did occur
That I'd question the kind of a dog to use
To find me feather or fur,
I would say again what I've said before
More times than ever a man can number,
That, if it were not for a Labrador,
I would certainly choose a Clumber.

A Clumber's manners are marvels all;
His motto is just "*Obey*";
He never runs into a fall at all,
He never goes far away;
When he sits to see where the high birds soar
A "slip" is merely a useless lumber;
Yes, if it were not for a Labrador,
I would certainly want a Clumber.

When scent is thin and cover is thick,
With a nose that naught can fog,
To a line, though faint and fine, he'll stick,
Will the slow white stately dog;
So, though manor and moor be wintry hoar
Or asleep in a golden August slumber,
If I didn't pick up with a Labrador
I would certainly need a Clumber.

Oh, did not I go with a mind made up,
Oh, were I not sure as could be,
I'd certainly train a Clumber pup
To gather my game for me;
So here I say what I've said before
And will say again while I've days to number,
That, if it were not for a Labrador,
A truly-black bluely-black Labrador—
That, if I did *not* love a Labrador,
I would *certainly* love a Clumber. P. R. C.

Chopin at Sea.

"Miss —— —— excelled particularly in Chopin's 'Ballade Afloat.' "—*Notice of Concert in Provincial Paper.*

Unrest in India.

STOMACH TROUBLE RELIEVED.

"The unsettled conditions in the central parts of the Boy of Bengal have disappeared."—*Indian Paper.*

An Epsom Glimpse of the Obvious.

"Nothing showed a greater amount of muscle than Pomme d'Api, and the fact that he failed to work his way into the first three must be attributed to a certain lack of speed."—*Daily Paper.*

Another Peremptory Apology.

"A great many Society girls who have made a success of their work go on with it after marriage instead of giving up spare time to bridge parties and scandal, like the Hon. Mrs.—— ——, Lady —— and Lady —— ——."—*Weekly Paper.*

Lord Rothermere Speaking.

"Mr. Joel did not leave a fantastic fortune as has been suggested in some quarters, and when death duties are paid there will probably be not more than £6,000,000 left."—*Daily Mail.*

"FOR SALE: Ideal home in the most healthy district in Kenya. . . . Paddocks and excellent spring water pumped to the house and stables."—*Advt. in Nairobi Paper.*

We confess ourselves foolishly sensitive to paddock in the bath-water.

MY DERBY DAY.

Oh, how I did enjoy my Derby day!
My surface, ere the sun had chased away
  The dews of early morning,
  I set about adorning
In comfortable countrified array.

My staff for the occasion being free,
The office was as peaceful as could be,
  No distant typists' tappings
  Nor intermittent rappings
Of knuckles on the door disturbing me.

My partners were away—good luck to them;
Their merry-making I'd no wish to stem,
  But silently I thanked 'em
  And, shutting up my sanctum,
Was on the course myself by 1 P.M.

Lest you should misinterpret what I say,
The course was not the one down Epsom way—
  The tout and racing toff course,
  But my suburban golf-course . . .
Oh, how I did enjoy my Derby day!

C. B.

GOLF GARB.

THE whole golfing world is, I gather, in a ferment of indignation. It awoke one bright morning last week to discover that a Kent professional had equalled the best score for the day in the Open Championship whilst wearing a dark lounge suit of ordinary pattern and a cloth cap on his head.

There could be no mistake in the matter. The photograph of this young man in the act of completing his swing was published all over the popular Press. The nasty affair could not be hushed up. And this too at a moment when the beauty and *bravura* of golfing attire throughout the whole civilised globe is beginning to recall the great days of the Regency, the Court of LOUIS XIV. or the period of the MEDICI.

Golfing tailors were summoned to a secret conclave, to which only the most talkative representatives of the Press were admitted, as soon as the terrible tidings became known, and telegrams were hastily sent to the leading professionals and amateurs all over the world. Happily they sent reassuring replies:—

"Puce stockings are practically essential to a crisp iron play," answered one.

"I find it almost impossible to keep my eye on the ball without wearing a sky-blue béret," wrote another.

"Piebald brogues and a sombrero produce the perfect follow-through," said a third.

It was noticed with some relief that the professional in question has not been chosen to represent this country in the Ryder Cup Tournament. What would have been the effect, it was argued, in America if a man had been sent to represent us who was capable of returning a score of seventy-two on a testing-green in clothes which neither resembled those of a pantomime comedian nor of a mediæval troubadour? The prestige of the Old Country would have received an irrecoverable blow.

Many of the ablest outfitters were in tears at the thought of such a possibility.

"I never pass a check," said one of them, "for golf-wear in which the squares measure less than six inches, ascertained by the ordinary stymie rule."

Mr. Gagg, of Gagg and Son, was equally emphatic. "I am just putting on the market," he observed, "the EINSTEIN sleeveless pull-over, designed to improve the short game and make par figures a relative certainty. It has a pattern like this—

$$\frac{\partial^2 P_{12}}{\partial x_1^2} + 2\frac{\partial^2 P}{\partial x_1 \partial x_2} + \frac{\partial^2 P_{12}}{\partial x_2^2} - \frac{1}{c^2}\frac{\partial^2 P_{12}}{\partial t^2} = 0 \quad (1)$$

$$\frac{\partial^2 P_{12}}{\partial x_1^2} + \frac{\partial^2 P_{12}}{\partial x_2^2} - \frac{1}{c^2}\frac{\partial^2 P_{12}}{\partial t^2} = K\rho \quad (2)$$

$$\left(\frac{dP}{dt}\right)^2 = 2^2 \frac{P_0 - P}{\rho} \quad (\text{aus } (1))$$

woven in orange crimson on a background of purple or dark blue. Hundreds of Oxford undergraduates have promised to use them. Playing in one of these pull-overs at Bosham last week one of my young men not only broke the record for the course, but shattered all the previous notions of distance at the long fifteenth. ARCHIE COMPSTON and CHARLES WHITCOMBE have both promised to use it in America, and we feel sure that it will be a wow."

A prominent scratch amateur player expressed similar concern: "If the ordinary lounge-suit habit creeps into class golf, the game will go to the dogs. One of the surest ways of preserving a regular pivot and transferring the weight at the proper moment from one foot to the other is to have the right bag of the plus-fours coloured differently from the left. Whilst I depended on having them both bright pink I found it nearly impossible to maintain a rhythmic movement of the body. I now wear an electric-blue bag depending from the left hip and a magenta bag from the right. The visual aid to memory has helped me marvellously from the tee."

"Stockings are not a whit less important," said a well-known hosier in Jermyn Street. "Many of the best club-players now insist on going to the turn in one colour, changing on the ninth green and coming home in another. Again, I have one well-to-do client who always wears canary-coloured stockings for the short holes and changes them for old rose at the long. He uses cedarwood peg tees painted in colours to match and affixed to a bandolier slung round the shoulder of a white silk chemise belted into the plus-fours with a cherry-coloured band. His head is enshrouded in a simple snood."

Variegated footwear, our representative is informed, is regarded by the modern brogue-monger as of almost equal importance to a perfect style. Hyena skins and zebra hide are being largely imported to serve this end. A very pretty shoe for summer wear is composed of soft open-work morocco in pastel shades, with portions of the natural foot showing through, and fitted underneath with asbestos studs to ensure a uniform grip on the fairway.

Special bunker kit is also being worn a great deal. Many golfers change from head to foot when they find themselves in one of these formidable obstacles, donning beach-pyjamas, bathing-shoes and a light gingham bonnet to keep the sand out of the hair. In casual water, gorse or heathery places anti-gropeloes may be used.

On a very hot day at Pebbleborough recently a mild sensation was caused by a competitor for the Captain's Spoon who turned out in a pith helmet, braces in his old school-colours supporting, over a white singlet, crossword pattern plus-fours, white socks, and the carpet-slippers of a college dining-club. Long handicap players who tend to be adipose might do worse than imitate this attire.

In the meantime the case of the Kentish professional is to be brought before a mixed tribunal of golfers, golf upholsterers and golf photographers at the earliest opportunity. It is not improbable that he will be forbidden to enter for the Open Championship again unless he consents to adopt a toilet more in keeping with the honour of the ancient game; as, for instance, some bright kind of cummerband, mocassins and fez. EVOE.

Nice Social Distinctions.

"This case, said the Recorder, should operate as a warning to investors, especially people of small means, because of the cunning, cruel and merciless frauds by which they had succeeded in obtaining money from widows, butlers, nurses, respectable citizens, retired Civil Servants or anybody else."
Newcastle Paper.

"The new ballet, 'El Amor Brujo Manuel de Falla,' was the most enjoyable and the most appreciated."—*Daily Paper.*

It should rival in popularity "L'Après-midi d'un Faune Debussy."



Harassed Film-Producer. "THIS BUSINESS CAN BE SUMMED UP IN TWO WORDS: IM—POSSIBLE."

PHILOMEL CONFIDES

TO OUR REPRESENTATIVE IN A SPECIAL INTERVIEW.

"You find me at practice."

Yes, it was the voice that holds the listeners of four continents spell-bound. Three feet above me the Master's quick observant eyes were looking down into mine, and I noted the slight graceful figure, smart and débonnaire as ever in its well-tailored brown morning-coat and trim grey waistcoat.

A trilling laugh and then the glorious voice, now modulated to conversational pitch, was thrilling me once more in answer to my questions.

"Yes, I admit I find some difficulty in conforming to radio technique; though it's kind of you to tell me that any hesitation I may feel is seldom apparent in reception. Of course we singers learn to adapt ourselves to acoustical circumstances; but we are cursed with temperaments. For instance, I often find I can't sing a note unless the microphone is hidden and the engineer invisible. Indeed, I've been told that some of my greatest triumphs have been on nights when I had actually forgotten the presence of the mechanism. There are other nights too when I feel that I'm not in the vein—the jugjugular vein, if I may put it so."

The Master's famous and irresistible chuckle gave evidence here, *con brio*, of his exquisite sense of humour.

"But," he continued, "I will never disappoint my public if I can help it. I hate to think of my millions of listeners in May and June having to be content with mere Grand Opera or Vaudeville." (And here I thought I detected perhaps the *faintest* undertone of professional jealousy.) "At times I am conscious of a certain emotional monotony in my lower register. Lower registers are capricious things; terribly susceptible to outside influences, like the weather or the Berlin station—'atmospherics and Germanics,' they call them at Savoy

Hill." (Again came the chuckle, *allegro* this time, *ma non troppo*.)

"Diet is another thing I have to be careful about; only the very lightest meal before singing—a berry-salad, say, with perhaps a little, a very little, vermicelli. Yes, those noises from passing cars are most distracting, both for artiste and listener. The other night, one unspeakable speed-hog actually gave two hoots right in the middle of my best *coloratura* passage! Two hoots! The insulting significance made me quite furious.

"No, I never sing at matinées, except occasionally in concerted pieces. My gift is more appreciable at night, in solos, with now and then a short duet. Yes, my wife sings too: but, poor darling, she's so dreadfully self-effacing that the public seldom has an opportunity of getting to know her voice. What? you imagined —— Ah! I know what you're thinking of; that ridiculous old story of Procne and Philomel*a*. How do the lines go?—

'The well-tuned warble of her nightly sorrow . . .'

My dear Sir, the whole thing's quite apocryphal! SHAKESPEARE should have known better. *Her* well-tuned warble indeed! My wife never aspired to be a first-class singer, though I can assure you she's most solicitous for my reputation with the public.

"Oh, yes, we spend the greater part of the year abroad: North Africa chiefly, though we often visit our relations—the Bulbuls, you know—in Syria. You see, we're both sun-bathers and prefer the more dependable weather south of the Mediterranean. But every April we leave for the North again for my annual engagement here. I generally come on ahead. My wife is a leisurely traveller, and then there are contracts and household arrangements and so on to see to. For in May and June I must keep faith with my English public.

"No, I never sing in Scotland; they prefer the bagpipes there, and besides the Scotch impresarios are a *leetle*—what shall we say?—*close* in the matter of terms. No, nor in Ireland or the U.S.A.; though, indeed, musical taste in those countries is steadily improving; there was quite a pæan of praise of my broadcasting in a letter to *The Times* from an American listener the other day. Yes, it's only some half-dozen years ago that I was first induced to broadcast; Sir JOHN was *so* persuasive, and he provided a quite delightful 'cellist to accompany me. But, if you'll believe it, I'm scarcely used to it yet. One day no doubt I shall get habituated to the microphone. Who knows? Perhaps I shall ultimately become an 'Uncle.' 'Children, here's your Uncle Phil come to sing to you this evening.'" (Once more the chuckle, *molto vivace*.)

"Well, I must be off now to keep my tryst with the teeming millions. No, I've plenty of time. You see, I'm up-to-date: I fly to my work. Good-night, *Good*-night! How's that for an announcer?"



Lady of the House (*sympathetically*). "ARE THOSE THE BEST CLOTHES YOU HAVE?"
Tramp. "YES, MUM. I PUT 'EM ON SPECIALLY TO CALL ON YOU."

And, rising to his full height—of certainly six-and-a-half inches—the Master left me with a melodious whistle, and the next moment I was watching the graceful undulations of his flight in the direction of his *al-fresco* studio.

Feverish Activity at Savoy Hill.

"7.45.—A Flue Recital, by Edith Penville."
Wireless Programme.

"BACH'S MASS BY ORATORIO SOCIETY.
. . . Scipione Guidi acted as concert-master and played the obbligators."
New York Paper.

We hope he landed these rare fish successfully.

"Dog kennel, suitable for dog."
Notice at Wisbech.

Not, as you might think, designed for the accommodation of canaries.

THE NEXT CRAZE BUT ONE.

IT was a pleasant and commendable thought on the part of the man who conceived the idea of reviving in this country the sport of Chariot-racing, as practised by the late *Mr. Hur* of the leading Roman tracks. Knowing my films, I hope to benefit considerably by this revival, as I shall make a point of having a drachma or two on the *auriga* with the least criminal face. It may seem strange that we should have to go so far back for our amusements (look at backgammon, for instance, and then put it quietly back into the box); but since there seems to be a craze for the revival of the sports of antiquity, I too have one to suggest, which is based upon a long-established institution. I refer to the pastime of Engine-Driving.

The need of a locomotive (Latin: *loco*—"an engine," and *motivo*, meaning something else) to drive is the first difficulty that will be encountered by a beginner. There are very few privately-owned locomotives (which we shall refer to as "engines" hereafter for the sake of simplicity) on our lines to-day. This lack of individual enterprise, however, will probably be discounted by the facilities offered to followers of the new pastime when it really gets a hold on the imagination of the country.

Having obtained an engine and a suitable length of line, the beginner will find that the first essential is to get the engine to puff. The right number of puffs to the yard is a matter that can only be gauged by actual experience, so that beginners will find it useful to have an old hand with them on the footplate.

Our English engines are provided with a whistle in preference to a horn or a bell. The sound of this whistle, besides lending a businesslike air to the proceedings, is used for signalling a sort of code of freemasonry among drivers, as follows:—

One short blast.—"I am prepared to set down passengers at Spondon on informing the guard at Reading."

A "sennet" (as in Shakespeare).—"I am going to risk this tunnel."

(*Continued on page* 628.)



HIGH-SPEED LOVE.



REMARKS THAT DON'T RING TRUE.

Struggling Artist (to very rich person). "MUCH AS I NEED THE MONEY, MY CONSCIENCE WILL NOT ALLOW ME TO ACCEPT A COMMISSION TO PAINT YOUR WIFE'S PORTRAIT. I COULDN'T HOPE TO DO HER JUSTICE."

A fugue.—"I like this tunnel and shall probably make a night of it."

A continuous heartfelt blast.—"I have got my finger stuck in the whistling thing and can't get it out."

A joyous tootle.—"I am carrying registered readers of a really powerful daily paper and so I don't care what happens."

One cannot advise too much whistle for beginners.

The beginner should never lose sight of the fact that the driver is the person of supreme importance on the train. Passengers are, as a matter of fact, allowed to take a part in controlling the destinies of the train on payment of five pounds, but this is a privilege rarely indulged in. There is, of course, a guard, but he is only there to answer silly questions for old ladies out of humorous journals and to look after the luggage placed in his kennel.

The beginner should not be too downcast at first if he finds himself only in charge of a goods train. Many of our best-known and most respected drivers have started in this humble way. Besides, good fun may be had even with a goods train. On a still night he can make a noise that will be heard for miles simply by slowing up suddenly from time to time and letting all the trucks bang together.

When promoted to a passenger train he will encounter the additional difficulty of having to stop at stations. It is comparatively easy to stop at a terminus.

As in motoring, the right or left hand should be extended according as the driver wishes to proceed to the right or left. Also, the right or left hand (according to the position of the platforms) should be extended to indicate the driver's intention to stop.

Keep a look-out for little signposts on the edge of the track saying "1 in 25." This means that only one train out of twenty-five gets to the top, so that you may find it better to pause a little before making the attempt. One method is to detach all the coaches and take the passengers along in the tender.

Finally, a word of advice to those who are going to buy their own engine. In the catalogues they are described like this: "Tanker....0–6–0."

The figures refer to the number of wheels; in this case, six in the middle and none on either side. Always compare the number of wheels specified with the number actually supplied. A warning, too, while we are speaking of wheels. When resting in a station be very careful that a man with a hammer does not come along and try to smash your wheels. This is a practice that would seem to be on the increase, and is as much to be condemned as that of "getting at" racehorses. Only the other day at Leeds I had to speak to a mischievous old gentleman who walked along an entire train dealing cruel blows at the wheels; and from what he said in reply I gathered that he was not pleased at being found out.

In conclusion I would say that I hope readers will enlist themselves enthusiastically in a stirring campaign to bring about the popularisation of this manly, clean and altogether typically British pastime.

NINTH WICKET.

THE bowling looks exceptionally sound;
The wicket seems unusually worn;
The balls fly up or run along the ground;
I rather wish that I had not been born.
I have been sitting here since two o'clock;
My pads are both inelegant and hot;
I do not want what people call my "knock,"
And this pavilion is a sultry spot.
I shall not win one clap or word of praise;
I know that I shall bat like a baboon,
And I can think of many better ways
In which to spend a summer afternoon:
I might be swimming in a crystal pool;
I might be wooing some delicious dame;
I might be drinking something long and cool—
I can't imagine why I play this game.

Why is the wicket seven miles away,
And why have I to walk to it alone?
I hope that Bottle's bat will drive today—
I ought to buy a weapon of my own.
I wonder if this walk will ever cease;
They should provide a motor-car or crane
To drop the batsman on the popping-crease
And, when he 's out, convey him back again.
Is it a dream? Can this be really me,
Alone and friendless in a waste of grass?
The fielding side are sniggering, I see,
And long-leg sort of shudders as I pass.
How very small and funny I must look!
I only hope that no one knows my name.
I might be in a hammock with a book—
I can't imagine why I play this game.

Well, here we are. We feel a little ill.
What is this pedant of an umpire at?
Middle and off, or centre—what you will;
It cannot matter where I park the bat.
I look around me in a knowing way
To show that I am not to be cajoled;
I shall play forward gracefully and pray. . . .
I have played forward and I am not bowled.
I do not like the wicket-keeper's face,
And why are all the fielders crowding round?
The bowler makes an imbecile grimace
And mid-off makes a silly whistling sound.
These innuendoes I could do without;
They mean to say the ball defied the bat,
They indicate that I was nearly out;
Well, darn their impudence! I know all that.
Why am I standing in this comic pose,
Hemmed in by men that I should like to maim?
I might be lying in a punt with Rose—
I can't imagine why I play this game.

And there are people sitting over there
Who fondly hope that I shall make a run;
They cannot guess how blinding is the glare;
They do not know the ball is like a bun.
But, courage, heart! We have survived a ball;
I pat the pitch to show that it is bad;
We are not such a rabbit, after all;
Now we shall show them what is what, my lad!
The second ball is very, very swift;
It breaks and stands up steeply in the air;
It looks at me, and I could swear it sniffed;
I gesture at it, but it is not there.
Ah, what a ball! Mind you, I do not say
That BRADMAN, HOBBS and RANJI in his prime,
Rolled into one, and that one on his day,
Might not have got a bat to it in time. . . .
But long-stop's looking for my middle-stump,
And I am walking in a world of shame;
My captain has addressed me as a chump—
I can't imagine why I play this game.

A. P. H.



Lady (with trunk). "I WANT THIS PUT ON THE THREE-THIRTY."
Porter (with sporting paper). "I WOULDN'T IF I WAS YOU. IT'S A VERY OPEN RACE."



He. "I SAY, I'M AWFULLY SORRY TO HAVE BROUGHT YOU TO SUCH A DUD SHOW, OLD THING. BOBBY SIMPSON TOLD ME ONLY THE OTHER DAY THAT THIS PLACE WAS ABSOLUTELY 'IT.'"

She. "THE OTHER DAY! WHY, MY DEAR LAD, HALF-A-DOZEN PLACES HAVE COME AND GONE SINCE THEN!"

BOOSTING THE TELEPHONE.

"WHAT do you think of this new scheme of the POSTMASTER-GENERAL'S?" asked Widgeon. "I see that he's going to start a great campaign for boosting the telephone."

"If he cared to consult me about it," said White, "I could tell him a lot."

"For instance?"

"Well, he'd have to begin with a few slogans and catch-phrases, which could be plastered all over the place. Things like 'A 'Phone in the Home is worth Two in the Pub,' or, 'Has the Girl-Friend Forgotten? Ring Her up and Make Sure.'"

"Or just 'Give Her a Ring,'" said Widgeon, "which would be more concise and also, I think, rather witty."

His joke was received with modified enthusiasm and White proceeded:—

"And then of course the Stage would have to be brought into it. There's nothing like an actress for really boosting a commodity. On certain days they could get musical-comedy stars to be temporary operators at some of the exchanges, and people would be dialling 'O' all day in the hope of speaking to EVELYN LAYE or BINNIE HALE."

"Rather bad luck on the regular girls," I suggested. "I mean they'd have to admit that they were just ordinary operators when some bright young man was longing to hear the voice of his favourite actress."

"And then," continued White, "there ought to be a theme-song for JACK PAYNE to play on the wireless, 'Phoning the Blues Away,' or something like that. But far the best boosting medium is the coupon. If only the P.M.G. could invent a telephone which would give you a coupon every time you initiated a call there'd be telephones in every house before you could say 'Number engaged.' The whole country would be full of people ringing up their friends and relations so as to get the last batch of coupons needed for a new umbrella or an ormolu clock."

"And naturally," I interposed, "there would be some of those life-story advertisements in the papers. You know the kind of thing: 'Everybody in my office used to laugh at me and say I would never make good. But all the time I was steadily saving-up to have a telephone installed. Soon after I had got it the manager wanted a clerk one evening to carry out some important and confidential work. All the clerks had gone home, and I was the only one in the 'phone-book, so he called me up and gave me the job. I did it and made good, and now, thanks to the telephone, I have been given a junior partnership.'"

"Quite so," said White. "Really, it's all very simple when you come to work it out. Why shouldn't we write to the P.M.G. and give him our ideas?"

"Or we could ring him up," said Widgeon.

Unfortunately we got the wrong number.

"PASSENGERS LOOK RIGHT BEFORE CROSSING."
Notice at Hyde Park Corner.

That may be: but how do they look after they've crossed?

"OXFORD: No pay to-day."
Cricket Scores in Evening Paper.

Cambridge, as far as we can gather, is still an amateur team.

"BIG CROWDS VISIT CARNOUSTIE.
Motor cads were much to the fore."
Scots Paper.

We hear that the road-haggis menace is becoming very serious in Scotland.



THE HALF-HEARTED HIKER.

SIR HERBERT SAMUEL. "THAT LOOKS VERY WELL ON YOU, SIR."

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD. "WELL, IF YOU SAY SO, NO DOUBT IT DOES. BUT I'M NOT GREATLY ATTRACTED BY THE IDEA OF GOING TO THE COUNTRY WHILE THE WEATHER IS SO DOUBTFUL. I SHALL JUST POTTER ABOUT WESTMINSTER."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, June 2nd.—It was with some evidence of languor that our Solons, wrenched from the persuasive sunshine of holiday haunts, bent their indifferent attention to contraventions of the Coal Mines Act, 1930, as to which Mr. GRAHAM told Mr. SMITHERS that he could express no opinion until information had been collected and tested in the Courts. One confession of impotence led to another, Lady ASTOR observing (*à propos* of the Government's inability to come to any conclusion about the treatment of pit ponies) that the subject had been under review for the thirteen years that she had been a Member of the House.

Inspissated nebulosity was indeed the feature of Question-time, pervading even such important topics as oil from coal, if any; the Imperial Economic Conference, if any; the reorganisation of the cotton trade, if ever; house-building, unemployment and the like. Definite results, on the other hand, were recorded in the case of the salute-firing guns at Stirling Castle, which Mr. SHAW informed Major COLVILLE he had ordered to be restored. Mr. SHAW was also able to assure Mr. SMITHERS that recruiting had improved. Definite results, it appeared, though not of a positive character, had also been obtained in the case of Bermuda, which, Dr. SHIELS explained to Miss RATHBONE, insists on confining the franchise to six per cent of the male population and none per cent of the women. Only Parliament, the MINISTER explained, could compel the island to "bring itself into line with modern opinion," as Miss RATHBONE put it. It seems more than likely that Parliament, emerging from the throes of the Representation of the People Bill, will be prepared to let the still-vex'd Bermoothes lie.

The Third Reading of the Bill in question provided poor Mr. CLYNES with what can hardly be a labour of love, however much it may be, in respect of the Liberal Party's insistence on it, a labour of cupboard love. Mr. CLYNES began by declaring that the House's discussions, though conducted with knowledge, had in the main been unexciting—a somewhat lukewarm summary of a debate whose tone, when in fact it was instructed, was largely derisive. This was obviously inadequate, and, warming to his task, the HOME SECRETARY declared, more oratorically than accurately, that the Bill was the "culmination of a century of effort." Mr. CLYNES himself looked rather like the mouse that has resulted from this prolonged gestation of the mountain. Nor could the ranks of Tuscany forbear to snigger when he solemnly announced that the Bill would "put an end to minority government," the whole object of the measure being to prevent the national instinct to return to two-



MUS APOLOGETICUS.
MR. CLYNES.

party government from wiping out the Liberal Party.

Captain BOURNE twitted the HOME SECRETARY with having made a speech "like that of a foundling hospital governor about the future of an infant of doubtful paternity for which he had



THE RED KNIGHT.
WITH MR. PUNCH'S COMPLIMENTS TO SIR BEN TURNER.

no use himself," and, ably assisted by Mr. DUFF COOPER, set about the Bill and all parts thereof in a first-rate fighting speech.

Sir HERBERT SAMUEL found Mr. DUFF COOPER's restoration to the House more satisfactory than his speech. While defending the Bill with greater fervour than Mr. CLYNES he employed much the same arguments. He seemed less troubled by the enormous number of Liberal votes it now takes to return a Liberal M.P. than by the numerical discrepancy between University and other constituencies, ignoring the fact that the franchise of the former was never intended to be a question of numbers. He might well have left that topic to Sir ERNEST BENNETT, whose thirty years' fellowship of a college has given him a mature, if unflattering, opinion of the composite intelligence behind the University franchise.

Captain EDEN's view of the Alternative Vote was that, "if you are a Conservative and believe in Conservatism, there can be no second vote; if you are a Socialist and believe in Socialism there can be no second vote; but if you are a Liberal and do not know what to believe in, there can be scores of votes." Lord ERSKINE misquoted BYRON at the Liberals and Mr. BUTLER quoted *John Gilpin* at the HOME SECRETARY. Mr. CHURCHILL, on the strength of "the melancholy distinction of having fought more contested Parliamentary elections than anyone else alive," offered the House the benefit of his guidance. Mr. CHURCHILL agreed that the Liberals had a grievance—it took twenty thousand votes to return a Socialist to Parliament and a hundred thousand votes to return a Liberal. The result was that they were "suffering from the evil of a party which, necessarily perhaps, was concerned with little else but preserving its own existence." A change was desirable, but Proportional Representation and even a Second Ballot were preferable to the Alternative Vote, which meant that the decision of the constituencies was to be determined "by the most worthless votes given to the most worthless Candidates." This method was the child of folly and would become the parent of fraud.

A maiden speech by Mr. BUCHAN-HEPBURN of Toxteth, and a sort of three-sided debate on how university votes are acquired between Sir C. OMAN, Mr. LONGDEN and Mr. MUFF, carried the debate along to the concluding if somewhat nebulous assertion of the UNDER-SECRETARY FOR THE HOME OFFICE that the Bill would "go a long way to facilitate the rapid progress of democracy to a higher level"; whereupon the House retired to the Lobbies and declared its preference for a higher democracy by 278 votes to 228.

Wednesday, June 3rd. — Scottish

Estimates are not as a rule productive of any notable exhilaration of spirit among Members, but every rule has its exception, and the debate on Scottish Fisheries, with special reference to the Moray Firth, proved to be one of them. It was the more exceptional in introducing Sir HERBERT SAMUEL to our notice as the arch-humorist of the piece.

It appears that while British trawlers who venture to trawl in the Moray Firth are visited with extreme penalties the alien trawler can do so at will, and to the extreme detriment and loss, both as to fish and gear, of the local cod-net fishermen. This was "intolerable" (Major MACKENZIE WOOD) and "an affront to Scotland" (Mr. IAN MACPHERSON), and all because the Government had not the nerve to announce boldly that the Moray Firth was territorial water under British jurisdiction. Mr. ADAMSON, Secretary of State for Scotland, had declared that the Government had the matter under consideration, but detailed discussion of it was "undesirable at the moment."

Sir HERBERT SAMUEL said there was a grievance and the Government should deal with it. It was quite futile for the SCOTTISH SECRETARY to talk about having the matter "under consideration." He (Sir HERBERT) envisaged the day when Mr. ADAMSON'S activities might be transferred to the House of Lords. He would need a coat-of-arms, and he (Sir HERBERT) suggested that the shield should show three herrings gules rampant on a sea azure, and that the crest should be a tortoise couchant somnolent proper. His supporters would naturally be two officials of the Scottish Office passant gardant, and his motto should be "Under Consideration."

Highly entertained by this sally, but with no sort of assurance that it was likely to leave the Scottish Office tortoise less properly somnolent than before, the House passed as it were from the fish to the meat course, a brief discussion of the marking of Scottish beef being followed in natural sequence by a few well-chosen words from Major COLVILLE on Scotch dessert.

Thursday, June 4th.—"*Se non è vero, è molto Ben trovato,*" murmured hon. Members as the rumour stole through the Lobbies that Batley's most revered citizen had consented to be enrolled in the honourable order of Knights Benedict. The Birthday Honours List confirmed the report and friends rushed to congratulate Comrade TURNER on his well-deserved dignity. But how to address the new ornament of the Knightage? "Sir BEN" sounded all wrong. "Sir BENJAMIN" sounded just right, but it too was all wrong, because, as he explained, he was christened "BEN" and "BEN" he intended to remain. His innumerable friends—for BEN has the largest heart as well as the most promiscuous whiskers in the whole House of Commons—decided that the new knight, however called, would still be the pride of Westminster as well as of Batley.

Mr. SMITHERS of the unwrung withers returned to the anti-Russian dumping charge, armed on this occasion with formidable information about what Sir N. GRATTAN-DOYLE called "Asiatic parasites" in Russian butter. Mr. GREENWOOD intimated that his Department was doing something, but rather pooh-poohed the suggestion that one dead parasite could import infection into the country.

Mr. LEES-SMITH provided the House with another example of terminological exactitude. Sir KINGSLEY WOOD asked if he had begun negotiations in respect of non-provided schools and the Education Bill. "I am having *conversations*," the MINISTER replied guardedly.

The Opposition made a brave attempt to engender an impressive heat over the PRIME MINISTER'S proposal to guillotine the Finance Bill debate, but, as always happens on these occasions, Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN had to explain away precedents set by his own Party. The real heat came from Mr. E. BROWN, whose zeal for the tradition of unrestricted debate on Finance Bills impelled him, he declared, to divide for once against his own Party. The House, he said, had already lost control of expenditure; it was now to lose control of taxation.

The mellow periods of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL did something to allay the uneasiness aroused in the House's torpid conscience by the booming eloquence of the Member for Leith, and after a few graceful concessions had been made and Mr. SANDHAM had been invited by the SPEAKER to make an ungraceful retirement from the proceedings the Government got its resolution.



BUSTER BROWN.
MEMBER FOR LEITH.

THE PINK PEARL.

TO-DAY as we lingered at brekker
Perusing our bundle of bills,
As I thought of my dwindling exchequer
And mourned my financial ills,
My heart to her rapture responded
When Alice announced with a shout,
As she looked to the lawn and the laurels beyond it—
"The Pink Pearl is out!"

I found myself ready to caper
With joy in this floral event;
I tore up the bills, took the paper
And read with a new-born content
How SUTCLIFFE and HAMMOND and HENDREN
Were knocking the bowling about.
All was couleur-de-rose since our new rhododendron,
The Pink Pearl, was out.

W. H. O.

House, Sweet House!

"CHRIST CHURCH COLLEGE.—Generally known as 'The Home,' was founded by Cardinal Wolsey."—*Guide to Oxford.*

"During the interval that followed, Misses —— took round boxes to collect donations to the S.P.C.A., Miss —— leading a donkey rescued by the society and wearing a lovely old-world costume with a pink sunbonnet."
Cairo Paper.

So much for the widespread rumour that mokes are wearing toques this year.



Wife (*bitterly*). "LOOK AT 'IM! AND THEN 'EAR WHAT 'E SAYS WHEN I ASK 'IM TO GIVE A 'AND WITH THE CHILD'S PRAM!"

A GUIDE-BOOK TO INSOMNIA.

WHEN last I couldn't sleep I created a dismal diversion by cataloguing the stages of my state. There were circumstances and tendencies, many of which so constantly accompany insomnia that I can only conclude that at least some universal symptoms are to be found among the purely superficial differences contingent upon our various private and business affairs:—

1.—VAIN REGRETS.

(11.30 P.M.—1 A.M.)

My age. Agonising. Nothing to be done about it, so futile to worry. Go on worrying. Shall I get the elderly spread when I am forty? They do on paternal side of family. When my sight goes will people be kind to me? There are two grammatical mistakes in the fourth chapter of my new book. I never saw them till now. And the proofs have gone back. The book is in the press. *The book is in the press.*

I ought to have made that speech they asked for at the Quill Club. I could have written it and read it. And now the dinner's over and they'll never ask me again. And I shall only be remembered as a surly crab who never goes anywhere.

My age, my age. . . .

2.—MISCELLANEOUS APPREHENSIONS.

(1—2 A.M.)

How easy it is for trustees to ruin one! I bet my Will will be mishandled by my executors.

I know I shall be cremated by mistake. Or buried alive.

How hateful it would be if there were a person under my bed! I know it's not possible, as there was nobody there when I got into bed, *but I don't like it.* Or if the wardrobe-door slowly opened and a voice said, "And *now* we can have a talk." Or if a marionette-show suddenly began on the top of the wardrobe. Italian puppets and horrid tinkling music. . . . (*Five minutes consumed in composing with a dreadful felicity the tiny overture.*) It will be hurried *sotto-voce* music; cheerful, until you give it your whole attention, when you perceive that it has the sinister world-without-end quality of the music of the harlequinade—

Diddle-dee-*dee*!
Diddle-iddle-iddle-o?
Diddle-dee-dee??
Diddle-iddle-o,

B flat minor, with a multitude of dotted notes. . . .

3.—VOICES FROM NOWHERE.

(2—2.15 A.M.)

These occur on those spasmodic occasions when at long last one is on the verge of dropping off to sleep. They are clear, thin, faintly telephonic remarks which have no known bearing on anything, as—

"But hospitals *don't!*"

and

"James wouldn't like that."

4.—THE CLOCK;
or, Tick Douloureux.

(2.15—2.30 A.M.)

If they are conscientious and truthful most people will bear me out when I state that the behaviour of any clock at night is completely different from its behaviour during the day. In a word, it varies its *tempo* in the small hours, presumably to make our insomnia more interesting. Note this: that, whereas it occasionally indulges in a trifle of syncopation at night, its principal feat is a greatly accelerated action of the works and an incredibly increased volume of sound.

In the day (*piano, allegro*). Tick-tick, tick-tick.

At night (*forte, prestissimo*). *Tick*-tick, TICK-tick.

The reactions of the insomniac are (*a*) A remote expectancy of the clock blowing up, and (*b*) The conviction that



"IF I DIDN'T HAVE OIL, NANNY, SHOULD I SQUEAK?"

it may know the Morse or some psychic code and be sending one some urgent and unpleasant warning.

5.—THE FURNITURE.
(2.30—3 A.M.)

In the small hours the objects in one's bedroom, led (in my case) by the spring-mattress, the bookshelf and the shoe-cupboard, with intermittent assistance from the siphon on the washstand, have a really heavenly time, in which they get off their chests the accumulated opinions of hours, to which one listens in a sweat.

It is a musical evening in which minstrelsy and good talk play equal parts.

The spring-mattress commonly opens with a not too discreditable passage of roulades taken from the prelude to *Valse des Fleurs*, from the *Casse-noisette* suite or from the *Danses Sacrées et Profanes* of DEBUSSY (also arranged for the harp), to which the bookshelf, after a pause of appreciation, responds "Lock!" The mattress, gratified, says "Bilk," adding "Ping."

This exchange goes on for some minutes, with agonising pauses filled in by obscure rustlings and creaks from the shoe-cupboard. When they have apparently talked and played themselves out a fourth voice says hoarsely, "Urk! URRRR—URRR."

I ponder this, unhappily, for ten minutes. Then—"Flip, flip, flip. Frizzle-wizzle-wizzle. . . . orr—rrrrr."

I finally identify it as being the siphon.

6.—CONCERTO.
(3—3.45 A.M.)

This represents a pot-pourri of the evening's repertoire and is only suffered in acute cases.

"Urk!"

"*He never said so!*"

"Ping!"

(My age!)

Fiddle-diddle-o??

(I *won't* be cremated.)

"*Tick*-tick, ticktick-tick. . . ."

"*Wholemeal puddings.*"

"Lonk!"

(The proofs have gone back.)

At this point sleep really comes—until the dawn.

The dawn! Why will nobody be honest about it? Grey, depressing; too light to sleep, too dark to read, too early for the milkman (though not for the cats), and rendered tiresome by the birds, who never seem to be willing or able to perform their awakening simultaneously. There is always a leader who is perennially unsuccessful in his efforts to get them up. He is supported by one bird only. Always.

Leader. Heep! (*Long pause.*)

Leader. Heep-heep!!

Supporter. Chip. (*Dead silence for fifteen minutes.*)

Leader. Fritter?

Supporter. Fritter-witter. (*Nothing doing for another quarter-hour, when all awake, and fritters and chips are made in incredible quantities and at top speed.*)

By the time one is asleep again it is also time to get up. RACHEL.

An Historical Rarebit.

"FOOD AND FAME.

. . . It could be said, for instance, that 'The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire' was practically written on toasted cheese."
Literary Article in St. Helens Paper.

A striking contrast to the Babylonian records, which were carved in stone.

"The climate is so mild that bamboo, aloe, prickly bear and other subtropical plants flourish."—*Daily Paper.*

A pity that Whipsnade is so far north.

"Pomme d'Api, one of the most heavily-backed horses in the race, which is strongly fancied by everyone connected with R. C. Dawson's table."—*Local Paper.*

We are asked to say that this slight on Mr. DAWSON'S cuisine is totally unfounded.

"The historic Tudor stained glass is to be installed in the great cloister of the Gloucester Cathedral as the result of a grant of $2,050 by the Pilgrim Trust. Dean Chapter has been unable to find funds from its limited income for the restoration and adjustment of stone-work to take the glass."—*New York Paper.*

Our view is that Archdeacon Verger could raise the cash if he liked.

THE MAN AT THE BAR.

"IF you was Archbishop of Canterbury, I shouldn't wonder,"
Said the man at the bar,
"If you was the Lord Chief Justice, and, by blooming thunder,
I dessay you are!
I tell you, it ain't any use for me to go racin',
For as soon as I gets on a cert,
Flat racin' or hurdlin' or chasin',
That 'orse is dirt.

"There's 'orses I've backed in my time as were taken with measles
Right on the middle of the course;
I'd safer put money on ferrets, I would, or on weasels
Nor wot I would on a norse;
There's jockeys turned round in a race and went back to the stable
An' asked for a cup o' tea,
'Cos why? 'Cos they knew I was on 'em; and none wasn't able
To ride against me.

"There was horses were out-and-out naps from the very beginning,
The papers they all said so,
They said nothing on earth as was foaled could prevent 'em from winning,
But they didn't know.
There was 'orses could win in their sleep without waking nor warning
And roll past the judge on their head;
They were scratched, 'cos the owner took ill on the very same morning
And died in 'is bed.

"I've followed their form, man and boy, for some forty-two seasons,
An' I'll tell you one thing, my lad,
There's many a tipster will give you a dozen good reasons
Why horses run bad;
But there's only one reason which causes a reg'lar commotion
To trainers and so on; ho yus!
'Alf Smith on that 'orse?' says the bookies, 'well, that's a fine notion!
That's money for us.'

"So whenever you bet on a race, and there's something you fancies,
Over the sticks or the flat,
You ask what Alf Smith has a quid on afore taking chances,
And don't bet on that;
And I'd tell you the same—Here, Missy, another small brandy!"—
Said the man at the bar,
"If you was the ex-KING OF SPAIN at this moment, or if you was GANDHI;
And I dessay you are!"

EVOE.



THE HISTORY OF SPORT.

THE WINNER OF A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY FLAT-RACE HAS HIS PORTRAIT PAINTED BY SIR ÆLFRED DE MUNNYNGES.

AT THE PLAY.

THE CRIME AT BLOSSOMS (PLAYHOUSE).

THE Crime at Blossoms, by MORDAUNT SHAIRP, which has moved to the Playhouse from the Embassy, has the merit of novelty of situation and ingenuity of presentation, and keeps us guessing to the end as to what the character which appears on the programme as *A very late Visitor*, and is justifiably assumed to be a murderer, will have to tell us when he arrives. It suffers however from the fact that the author has not quite made up his mind whether he is presenting us with a joke or a tragedy; with real characters to attract our sympathy or mere tesseræ to be moved about into an ingenious plot-pattern.

Two young married people, *Christopher* (Mr. COLIN CLIVE) and *Valerie* (Miss JOYCE BLAND), return to their charming flower-girt little Elizabethan cottage, "Blossoms," in a peaceful village on a Sussex headland (and this surely is an anachronism, quiet Sussex coastal villages being now as extinct as the dodo). While they have been away there has been a murder in the house, possibly two murders. Their cheerily ghoulish housekeeper, *Mrs. Woodman* (Miss MARGERY PHIPPS-WALKER) is full of it.

Valerie feels that the ghosts of the murdered man and of the woman (their tenant), whether murdered or not, will haunt the place, that she can never again be happy there. *Chris*, an irresponsible, laughs at her fears and at the unpaid bills that have been accumulating. She is not to worry. Everything will be all right. He is obviously devoted to her. And he will do anything in the world to make her happy. Everything, that is, except work.

But "Blossoms," ghosts or no ghosts, is no longer a place of peace. The morbid curiosity of the public has fastened upon it. The charabanc-owners of neighbouring towns, whose agents have vainly bawled in the market-places invitations to visit "the highest point in Sussex," find that they can fill their machines to overflowing by promise of a peep at the house of death.

And then *Valerie*, worried with her burden of debt, gets her great idea—to capitalise the tragedy, to organise the show business thoroughly, and to give the gaping vulgarians, at a shilling a head, with sundry extorted extras, a dramatic reconstruction of the crime—a reconstruction that has no reference to the proved facts but is designed to cater for the popular blood-and-lust market. Result: gross takings of over sixty-three pounds a week—admission charges, sale of pens with which the last love-letter was written, of records of the last tune played on the gramophone, of picture-postcards, of pink "Blossoms Rock." Work-shy *Chris*, who has decent instincts, is bundled out of the house when the "performances" are given by sombre-robed *Valerie* with tragic emphasis, to the sobbing strains of SIBELIUS'S *Valse Triste*, with much comic business by charabangers; and only after a month of this sort of thing, and a visit by the Vicar, begins to think of putting his foot down.



IN, DAMNÉD SPOTS!

(Bloodstains receive a fresh coat of paint.)

Mrs. Woodman . . . Miss MARGERY PHIPPS-WALKER.
Valerie Merryman . . Miss JOYCE BLAND.

And when *Valerie* learns on the best authority that her reconstruction is a gross libel on the dead woman, who was a faithful wife, not a wanton, she is overwhelmed with remorse, and the two lovers, *Valerie* softened and penitent, *Chris* protective and forgiving and even, in the stress of the moment, promising to find a job of work, fall into each other's arms.

But while we have been entertained, particularly by one of those clever studies of quiet pathetic ineffective little men which Mr. IVOR BARNARD does so well, by Mr. COLIN CLIVE'S easy presentation of the feckless *Chris*, and by a most discreet and satisfying performance by the veteran Mr. H. O. NICHOLSON as the decent human padre of the little village, we are not taken in. There are some things that people like *Valerie* will not do for money—even for sixty-three pounds a week—and basely exploiting morbid interest in murder (to say nothing of defying the opinion of all her decent fellows) is one of them. Possibly if the thing were presented to us as a joke (though there are obvious difficulties about this), or a grim satire with other characters and situations, we might accept it all. But not, I think, with just these people in just this particular situation. T.

"THE SIGN OF THE SEVEN DIALS" (CAMBRIDGE).

This is a queer pot-pourri compounded of very good, good, and much less good material. A revision of the recipe is, I think, required in the interests of true gaiety. After a musical prelude by Mr. RAYMOND NEWELL, Miss BETTY STOCKFELD and Miss RENÉE GADD, as two fashionable young women of the hour straying into that old scene of squalor and violence, the Seven Dials, now in process of further transmogrification, hold discourse with the oldest inhabitant, who deplores the absence of murders and fights, and resents the intrusion of beauty, order and smartness which are relatively so dull—a dialogue with musical interludes produced with an admirable finish unusual in these introductory episodes. Mr. REGINALD ARKELL'S little "book" is soundly pointed. A promising beginning. Then "Miss CARSON and Miss CARSON," blonde and brunette, work at their piano and their singing with perhaps too much conscious effort and too elaborate facial contortions, simulating rather than expressing joyous emotion.

Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS, fresh from his long tour and looking well and as if he were in the early forties, now offers us a fantasy, "The Temptation of Anthony," "freely adapted from the French of SACHA GUITRY by REGINALD ARKELL."

Sitting-Room of a Paris Hotel. To *Anthony* (Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS), having said good-night to an admirable wife and about to toy with some literary work, enters an unknown adorable lady (Miss BETTY STOCKFELD), suggesting in her rich languorous voice an expedition to MAXIM'S. (This little study by Miss STOCKFELD was an admirable piece of deft suggestion and characterisation. She has that excellent rare gift of repose and controlled movement which is so effective.)

Anthony is desperately tempted (and no wonder!), but bravely, if irresolutely, dismisses the unknown fair, who is by no means inclined to accept the decision as final. Nor, naturally, are we. Enter *Anthony's Imagination*, a pretty zany (Miss RENÉE GADD), and a nun-like figure, his *Conscience* (Miss RENÉE ROBERTS), who present their different points of view. *Conscience* wins; congratulates her charge. He opens the door of his wife's bedroom. She sleeps. Nay, more; she snores. . . . Gathering swiftly his hat and cloak and cane, he capers joyously off—in the direction of MAXIM'S. This is the sort of thing, clearly, that Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS does better than anyone else, and almost as well as ever—with his Gallic shrugging of shoulders, pursing of lips, flutterings of hands, ingenuities of approach and retreat.

Of the Revue—a somewhat Pierrotic and amateurish affair (with Mr. RONALD FRANKAU as author and engaging enough *compère* with a quiet sly humour)—perhaps the best turns were a bizarre account of Police, Parks and Prudery, and the production, out of sight and in sight of the audience, of the effects of the approach, halting and departure of an express train. Mr. NEWELL again obliged, with *L'Amour* by RUDOLF FRIML. He was in excellent voice, much too good to be torn to tatters *con troppo espressione*. One understands, however, the double temptation — the FRIML saccharinity and our tradition of applauding the top-most and the fruitiest notes, fondly held and exhibited for our unsophisticated admiration.

In "The Hampton Club," from a French Guignol version of R. L. S.'s story, Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS plays the journalist who enters the Suicide Club for copy and remains to draw the fatal ace and die by his own hand, unable to bear the suspense of waiting for the expected stroke at the hands of the sinister *President* (Mr. SAXON-SNELL).

This grim affair hovered on the edge of complete success and relative failure



THE ST. ANTHONY STAKES.
(2 to 1 against Conscience.)

Anthony's Imagination . Miss RENÉE GADD.
His Friend . . . . . Miss BETTY STOCKFELD.
Anthony . . . . . Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS.
His Conscience . . . . Miss RENÉE ROBERTS.

—a certain amount of giggling (as when the corpse of the last departed member was carried out by the club-servants) suggested that the spell of horror was not complete. Perhaps those who did not know the original imagined that Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS was there to give some comic twist to the affair—an impression for which in some measure the actor was responsible, having not quite laid aside his earlier manner of the fantasy. However, he died in a satisfactorily horrific way, and showed signs of his ordeal when he came forward to tell a few good stories.

For the critical the best turn of the evening was unquestionably Miss ELIZABETH POLLOCK'S really brilliant series of characterisations of Miss LILIAN BRAITHWAITE, Miss SYBIL THORNDIKE, Miss GLADYS COOPER, Miss MARION LORNE and Miss MARLENE DIETRICH (of the films). Mr. HERBERT FARJEON had provided the impersonator with a witty script, gaily spiced with malice not beyond the bounds of fairness, which was at once good parody and good criticism. And Miss POLLOCK'S genius (no more pedestrian term seems to me adequate) lifted her performance high above the usual essay in this kind, which so many do so passably well, into quite another category—which is, after all, the peculiar job and stigma of genius.

It should be added that the stage decorations by Mr. CLIFFORD PEMBER were admirable; and that, now we are tactfully re-discovering a waist-line, the long dresses are beginning to extort our admiration. Miss GORDON CONWAY was responsible for those here shown. T.



POLICING A "PERFECTLY LOVELY PARK."

Mr. RONALD FRANKAU KEEPS HIS EYE ON Mr. BILLY LEONARD AND Miss RENÉE ROBERTS.

Clerical Manipulation.

"In the evening the pastor will give a Mother's Day massage. Appropriate music will be rendered . . ."—*Vancouver Paper.*

"A household help need not be large or costly to be of real value."—*Sunday Paper.*

The teeny-tweeny may be a perfect treasure.

"PERTH ROAD BOARD.

The toast of Mr. Hamer's health was honoured, and he was presented with a framed photograph of embers of the board and its executive officers."
Australian Paper.

How the Australian mind runs on ashes!

"Sir Napier Shaw, the eminent meteorologist, discussing Professor Piccard's ascent, said: 'If he has been able to study the comic rays from the great height of ten miles his work may be of immense importance."
Daily Paper.

For Mr. Punch it is naturally of extreme interest.

SARAH'S WAY.

THE centenary of the death of Mrs. SIDDONS—the first of the divine Sarahs of the stage—having brought out again the old story of her habit, in ordinary life, of breaking out in blank verse, has had such an effect on me that I find myself continually breaking out in blank verse too. The famous example in Mrs. SIDDONS' case is her reprimand to the waiter:—

"You brought me porter, boy; I asked for beer."

Or was it—

"I asked for porter, boy; you brought me beer?"

It doesn't matter which beverage the tragédienne craved; what matters is her ten syllables and their accentuation.

With this line firmly fixed in the head I defy anyone to talk in any other way. Wherever one is, whatever one is doing, one lisps or bellows in heroics, for the heroics come.

In the bus :—

Conductor, do you go to Hammersmith?
Or
Conductor, am I right for Edgware Road?

To the taxi-driver :—

You are too long, my man, in finding change.
Threepence I call a quite sufficient tip.

At the milliner's :—

Not dead would I be seen in such a hat.

At Wimbledon :—

The centre court has only standing-room;
And what's the good when people are so tall?

Meditating on future entertainment :—

Which shall it be—LUPINO or RALPH LYNN?
Or
They say that *Autumn Crocus* is a peach.
Or
DU MAURIER is never really bad.
Or
We can't go there; the man has lost his voice.

At the box-office :—

I want two tickets for the show to-night.
Or
I want a stall for Thursday afternoon.

At the play itself :—

I cannot see till you remove your hat.

At the station :—

Convey this bag to yonder Brighton train;
Smoker, first-class, with engine at my back.

In the restaurant :—

I want a steak; it must be underdone.
Or
I want a chop; it must be overdone.
And
Champagne is useless if it isn't dry.

At the library :—

What is the latest E. M. DELAFIELD?
Or
I want a book that WALPOLE doesn't like.
Or
I want a novel leaving sex alone.

At the post-office :—

I want a telegraphic form for France.

At the dentist's :—

To stop it aching: that is all I need;
I can't believe you ought to take it out.

On the links (really in the SIDDONS manner).

I asked for brassy, boy; you gave me cleek.

After the game (an occasional rhyme being permitted) :—

And now, my dear, good news I have for you,
I did the thirteenth hole, the beast, in two.

At the House of Commons :—

The Honourable Member told a lie.

In the drawing-room :—

Pray say if you take sugar in your tea.
Don't mind the dog; it's but his playful way.

In the home :—

Do be a lamb and find my spectacles.
I'll bet my boots I've caught the world's worst cold.

At Lord's :—

By Jove, that was a corking hit to leg!
And hits to leg are very rare to-day.

At Newmarket :—

My luck again; the favourite has lost!
I had a hunch that other beast would win,
But lacked the pluck to put a penny on't.

E. V. L.

PUNCH'S WARNING TO SLIMMERS.

[Dr. KINZO SAZA, of Fukuoka, in Japan, as the result of prolonged investigation has come to the conclusion that fat men are seldom to be found among criminals, who are nearly always lean, but are capable of moral regeneration if treated with a fattening diet.]

O HEARKEN, my brothers and sisters,
Give ear to the Sage with the Hump,
Though you can't all be KELVINS and LISTERS
You still may be pious and plump;

If, eschewing the fashion of thinning
Which threatens to spread and increase
The grievous sum-total of sinning,
You choose to be good and obese.

From lovely Lucerne to Alassio,
From China right round to Peru,
The verdict of CÆSAR (*de CASSIO*)
Has proved in the main to be true.

There *have* been exceptions: *Count Fosco*,
For instance, was bulky and bad;
But Falstaffs are missing from Moscow
And absent from lean Leningrad.

I exclude the mad Mullahs of Mocha,
A portly but dangerous clan,
But the doc. who adorns Fukuoka
Has proven the rule for Japan.

For his careful inquiries, when tersely
Expressed in this tittuping rhyme,
Show that corpulence varies inversely
With human indulgence in crime;

While a liberal regimen mellows
The prisoner, acts as a purge,
And turns into honest "stout fellows"
The victims of criminal urge.

Thus the perilous precepts of BANTING
The ranks of the lawless recruit,
For the lean are too fond of levanting;
The fat never lust after loot.

And the angular lines of the slender,
Prescribed by the milliners' code,
Are a sign of the chronic offender,
Of ways that corrupt and corrode.

Rotundity never can hurt you;
It lessens the shock of a fall;
It is also an index of virtue,
Of sweetness untainted by gall.

So *Punch* cannot possibly wish you,
Bright youth, a more excellent gift
Than abundance of adipose tissue
To heighten your moral uplift.

C. L. G.

The Hara-Kiri Season Overdue.

"For the first time for many years I have not yet seen a field of grass cut the week-end after the Bath and West Show. I have always reckoned to commence cutting myself the Monday after the Bath and West."
Farmer's Paper.



ROSEMARY.

Rosemary, sweet Rosemary,
Went crying up the aisle;
She knew not if the carpet
Were made of rope or pile;
She only knew she'd walked and walked
A long way from the door,
And she was very "mis'able,"
For she was only four.

Rosemary, the bride's sweet "maid,"
Had never thought at all
What brought her to this strange place—
She was so very small;
She'd never seen a lady like
This tall one dressed in white—
So tall, so white, her little heart
Was beating fast with fright.

Rosemary, sweet Rosemary,
Was told at last to stop,
And on her "Tudor" satin
She fell down with a flop;
And when some voice, admonishing,
Bade her get up again
She blew her microscopic nose
Upon the bridal train.





Ernest H. Shepard



Magistrate. "I REGRET THAT I CANNOT, AS A MAGISTRATE, GIVE YOU THE HEAVY PUNISHMENT YOU DESERVE."
Malefactor. "WELL, YOU SHOULD 'A' WORKED HARDER AN' BIN A JUDGE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

FOR many children there is an imaginary world which exists by way of compensation for more humdrum spheres of activity. Mr. RALPH ARNOLD (whose sex, like *Mr. Henry Beechtree's*, is, I feel, a matter for himself and his Maker) shows himself on every page of *House with the Magnolias* (HEINEMANN, 7/6) unfeignedly at home in this adolescent twilight. Indeed I have seldom known youth's conflict between visions and reality more sympathetically encountered than in this talented first novel. The book opens with a mildly derisive account of *Leo Firmian's* prep—which is just like any other prep. Yet *Leo* at twelve, diverting his subconscious envy of luckier boys by inventing for himself more sumptuous parents with more opulent cars, is speedily perceived to be some beginnings of a poet. The magnolia house, which is a real house imaginatively exalted, soon takes the place of the fictitious Rolls-Royce; and by the time *Leo* is eighteen a girl, to whose perfections those of the house are but a prelude, begins to permeate the setting which is seen to have been but awaiting her. At this point we leave *Leo* and retrace the past of *Caroline*, from the château in Mayenne, where she was a child, to the magnolia house when she became a woman. Finally the two lives fuse—with consequences so tragic that only its rare sincerity of handling saves the climax from wanton sensationalism. A flight whose modest take-off gives inadequate idea of the height to be attained, but whose completion is an exploit to be noted.

Prince BUELOW's falsity, his time-serving nature and his almost criminal nonchalance in dealing with grave affairs have now suffered a relentless exposure in the correspondence between *Prince Bülow and the Kaiser* (THORNTON BUTTERWORTH, 12/6), edited by the unknown "SPECTATOR." Whoever "SPECTATOR" may or may not be, he has given the world a damning commentary on BUELOW's own memoirs. That amazing egotist, beside whom MEREDITH'S *Sir Willoughby* is a paltry shade, poses in his autobiography as a figure of rectitude and wisdom. BALLIN thought the KAISER too clever not to see through BUELOW's flattery. Unhappily for Germany and the world at large, WALDERSEE, who did not share in BALLIN's opinion and disgustedly declared that "the Kaiser hitherto has never had too much of it," was proved right. Contemptible in many ways as is the astounding effusion sent by the KAISER to BUELOW after the latter had threatened to resign unless the Björkö Treaty was abandoned, it is also the cry of mingled rage and bitterness uttered by a man who has been stabbed in the back by his best friend. It was BISMARCK with his wonderful knowledge of human nature who summed up BUELOW in the words, "a snake in the grass."

Mr. C. A. KINCAID has written a very readable history of the State of Nawanagar. As his practice is, he gives a certain amount of rein to his romantic temperament and is apt to be a partisan rather than an umpire. But such a course is by tradition imposed on authors who set themselves to compile official histories likely to be used in schools. Mr. KINCAID cannot, however, be congratulated on his choice of a title, *The Land of Ranji and Duleep* (BLACKWOOD, 12/6). We are prepared, of course, to recognise that life is merely a by-product of cricket, but we cannot assent to the particular proposition that the struggles of the Jams and their subjects through the ages were

directed to the production of two cricket stars. Any cricketer who purchases this book in the hope of reading the annals of a cricket paradise will be taken aback by finding himself presented with a series of bloodthirsty narratives and zenana intrigues. Frankly, there is an impassable gulf between the adulatory references to "His Highness" which stud the text and the affectionate "RANJI" of the title. "But," it will be replied, "what Englishman is going to bother about Nawanagar apart from RANJI?" and one cannot but admit a practical difficulty. Perhaps it would have been wiser to forgo an English circulation and call the volume quite simply "A History of Nawanagar." The jazz title of present fashion is warping the fate of many otherwise excellent works.

Viewing *The States through Irish Eyes*—
An old theme with new variations—
Miss SOMERVILLE once more supplies
Fine food for mirth to kindred nations.

Far from the citadel of "King Crime,"
From AL CAPONE and his minions,
She spent a truly glorious time
With Carolinians and Virginians.

The warm South gave her of its best;
Her holiday had not one blemish;
And here we see a perfect guest,
Gracious and grateful and *R.M.*-ish.

There's not a page you'll want to skip,
And "shining moments" by the dozen
Recall the fruitful partnership
With her immortal Irish cousin.

HEINEMANN'S firm the volume sells,
With sketches in the vivid manner
In which the authoress excels—
And all for eight-bob-and-a-tanner.

The critic is, I think, admirably advised in criticising *Thomas Hardy* (FABER AND FABER, 12/6) as primarily a poet. But only a mind peculiarly cognisant of essential poetry and the essential HARDY could be brought, I feel, to admit that HARDY the poet put the best part of his poetry into his novels. Mr. ARTHUR MCDOWALL, in a critical study of exceptional grace and discernment, has been brought (almost reluctantly, it would seem) to appreciate this fact. *The Dynasts* and those eight or nine volumes of intimate revealing lyrics were, he reminds you, pioneer work. They are even now modern. The novels are cast in a mould probably obsolete—if any art form can be obsolete, which I doubt—to which HARDY condescended in the interests of bread-winning, and to whose evolution he contributed no more than did SHAKESPEARE, similarly situated, to the evolution of the Elizabethan drama. Yet HARDY'S hack-drawn vehicle became the vehicle of unforgettable excellences: a spirit of contemplation akin to WORDSWORTH'S, a vision of natural beauty as sensitive as the immortal DOROTHY'S. And Mr. MCDOWALL only cedes to a *force majeure* he cannot resist in lending (as he does) his highest interpretative skill to the novels. Yet amateurs of the poems will find him amply aware of their sovereign virtues; and both poems and novels will undoubtedly be better appreciated for his two basic chapters on HARDY'S world, and the man who both discovered and created it. The book arouses expectations and fulfils them. It would be difficult to devise a tribute more sympathetic.



Considerate Lady. "ARE YOU QUITE SURE YOU WON'T FALL?"
Sailor. "WE CAN'T BE SURE OF ANYTHING IN THIS WORLD, MUM."

Mr. HENRY FORD, a gentleman associated, as you may call to mind, with the manufacture of automobiles, has many surprising paradoxical and at times rather amazing things to say about the trend of modern industry in general and large-scale production in particular. In *Moving Forward* (HEINEMANN, 8/6) a book which, though not without its dull patches, is to be urgently commended for its tonic

qualities, he disposes very convincingly, for instance, of the legend that craftsmanship has been destroyed by machinery, and of that other gloomy proposition that the brisk young worker is necessarily to be preferred to the veteran. "At seventy a man should possess something more valuable than strength," he says, "and a modern machine is not labour-saving but labour-serving, a more finely-designed tool that only a master in his craft can handle to full advantage." In his bold avowal that the market never is "saturated" with a good article, he is drawing too much, it may well seem, on his own experience with a product singularly sympathetic to his methods and beliefs, yet his now familiar thesis that high wages, short hours and good service mean a lively demand and general prosperity is one which must be studied and re-studied on this side of the Atlantic. It may or may not be true that we can all be rich if only we will mutually agree thereto, but, such a result not being in itself objectionable, Mr. FORD'S authority seems to be sufficient ground for earnest consideration of his theory.

The novel of the party-coloured life of Chelsea, Bloomsbury and the Tottenham Court Road has evidently come to stay. I am even thinking of writing one myself, for the subject possesses the advantage of not requiring any expert knowledge, since no critic has the courage to deny attendance at such parties, however wild, and one can therefore paint the orgies of the intelligentsia as vividly as one pleases. It seems also to be a fairly certain way of obtaining general credence for one's publisher's inevitable assertion that one is an exceptionally brilliant and highly-gifted young man. That is how his publishers present to us Mr. ANTHONY POWELL, a new novelist who partially survives this introduction. His *Afternoon Men* (DUCKWORTH, 7/6) rises considerably above the average of whoopee-literature, and his metallic style is well suited to his mode of satire, which is levelled pretty accurately at those young Londoners (or, as Mr. POWELL would have it, "londoners") who, wallowing in the Waugh of smart despond, thinned-down and ginned-up, float rudderless from orgy to more tepid orgy through the shelving shallows of alcoholic illusion. In Mr. POWELL'S party-conversation there are traces of the inspired inconsequence of which FIRBANK was the master, and his atmospherics are gained by the same use of personal epigram. But I think he should bear in mind that the staccato style is not a comfortable one to read.

In *The Dreyfus Affair* (HEINEMANN, 10/6), M. JACQUES KAYSER, a nephew of Colonel DREYFUS, gives a complete record of what was at once a personal and a national tragedy. It is an illuminating chronicle and throws a lurid light on the paths of justice in the France of some thirty years ago. "France," BJOERNSTJERNE BJOERNSON declared after the ZOLA trial, "has become the object of universal exasperation." And it is impossible to read this book without recognising the truth of that statement. The Affair, to quote M. KAYSER'S concluding words, was "an impulse to the conscience of mankind. It has become a part of history. It will become a legend." This volume, admirably translated from the French by Miss NORA BICKLEY, is written with power but without undue passion, and it will certainly be used in the years to come as a book of reference.

Mr. CHARLES KINGSTON is an expert in the contrivance of dramatic situations, and *The Great London Mystery* (THE BODLEY HEAD, 7/6) is a story which, if a little far-fetched, is unquestionably ingenious and exciting. *Caryl Mansel*, a girl without money or prospect of getting any, answers an advertisement from the managing director of a film company for "a woman who has been tried for murder and acquitted." In short she tells a deliberate lie, and, considering her starving condition, it is difficult to blame her. But, having mixed herself up with one murder, it is no wonder that she was suspected by her employer of being responsible for the death of *Bradley Elcot*, when he was stabbed during a great Victory Ball. So far Mr. KINGSTON takes his readers more or less into his confidence, but he then proceeds to give them one or two difficult problems to solve. They were too difficult for me.

"Clean fun" was the motto of *Cousins Limited* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6), and the gay folk who belonged to the company certainly sought their amusements in ways that, if sometimes drastic, were never dirty. In forming this small league to punish people whose manners and so forth annoyed them, they may from time to time have disregarded the strict letter of the law, but there is no denying that the results of this neglect were invariably justified. Bright young people they were, but their brightness had a definite purpose and often led to amusing situations. My appreciation of the entertainment that Mr. ADAM HUGHES has provided is increased by the fact that he has not unduly protracted it. A story most suitable for holiday reading.



Assistant. "I'VE SOLD ALL THAT CONSIGNMENT OF STRAW HATS, SIR."

Manager. "SPLENDID! THAT 'S WHAT I CALL REAL SALESMANSHIP."

Assistant. "YES, SIR. I GAVE AWAY AN UMBRELLA WITH EACH."

How to Avoid Monotonous Menus.

"A postcard sent to the address on page 15 secures a week's supply of dental cream free. Get variety into your cooking."
Daily Paper.

We always prefer shaving-cream with our méringues.

"Its setting [Whipsnade] is some of the most beautiful country in England. By the Dunstable Downs, on the edge of the *Cotswold Hills.*"—*Daily Paper.*

The italics are ours, the geography is *The Daily Blank's.*

CHARIVARIA.

AN authority states that the recent earthquake was caused by the passing of a celestial body. This absolves the Government of all blame.

***

We are told of large salaries paid to scenario-writers for doing nothing. Even more surprising are the large salaries paid to scenario-writers for writing scenarios.

***

It appears from a news item that if a New York policeman gets his uniform torn or riddled with bullets he has to buy a new one. Of course in the latter case they sometimes have to get a new policeman.

***

The B.B.C. arrangements for broadcasting strange sounds have been fairly successful, but all attempts to catch the faint notes of a post-office assistant saying "Thank you" to a purchaser seem to have failed.

***

OLIVER CROMWELL'S back-scratcher has been on exhibition in London. It is thought that Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE might care to utilise it for mutual application.

***

The man who works the score-board at Lord's is described as sitting in front of a wheel, as though driving a motor-car. As yet, however, the Brighter Cricket movement has failed to give him the impression of being at Brooklands.

***

We read of wireless receiving-sets which are practically fool-proof. Another widely-felt want is the fool-proof microphone.

***

"Sea-bathing," says a medical writer, "usually implies a holiday by the sea." Our experience is that there are few facilities for it inland.

***

Among improvements at Wimbledon we learn that the laundry service for lawn-tennis stars has been speeded up. Our own laundry is weak in its returns.

***

Ten monkeys were reported to have left King's Cross for Skegness the other day. Their reactions to an environment so bracing will be watched with interest.

Brunettes, we are told, are sticking to their sunburnt shadings. Nothing looks worse than a complexion coming away from a non-adhesive brunette.

***

In a topographical article it is pointed out that Bloomsbury, though well above the river level, is almost as flat as Chelsea. The intelligentsia of both localities protest, however, that the essential difference is in height of brow.

***

It is not an easy matter to train wild birds, says a nature student. This tempts us to give up all hope of getting the lark to rise a little later in the day.

***

The modern welsher's practice, recently disclosed, of falsifying his books instead of running away, is regarded by welshers of the old school as unsporting.



First Art Student (to Second Ditto). "I SAY, OLD MAN, SURELY THAT CHAP'S A BIT OUT OF DRAWING?"

Smart and well-educated girls are said to be working single-handed as burglars. At the risk of seeming old-fashioned, we feel impelled to express our strong disapproval of this career for girls.

***

Illinois scientists are conducting experiments in extracting the truth from prevaricators by means of an anæsthetic which induces a state of intoxication comparable with the effect of six gins. Yet we should not easily be convinced by the effect of six gins on an angler.

***

The Mr. JACKSON of the United States, who is credited with the desire to erect eighty-storey buildings in London, should not be confused with the other STONEWALL JACKSON.

***

The Pretoria Government has forbidden the importation of hard-pressed cheeses. There is nothing more dangerous than a gorgonzola at bay.

We read of an office-boy whose clothes were singed by lightning during a recent thunderstorm. It takes a streak of pretty good lightning to catch up with the average office-boy.

***

It has been discovered that, if fed with certain vitamins, rats never go grey. This will be good news for all those who object to having grey-haired rats about the house.

***

The campaign against slugs and snails now being waged by gardeners is reported to be having its effect. We hear that these molluscs are so scared that they only venture out in couples.

***

The Rev. C. Z. BROWN of Washington recently preached a sermon lasting twelve hours and ten minutes. It is said that one of his congregation complains that he finished rather abruptly just when he was leading up to something.

***

A domestic servant who left her employer after working a month complained to a magistrate that she was only paid a month's wages. What did she expect? A pension?

***

There is said to have been much heart-burning among the Directors of WOOLWORTH'S because in converting their company into a public concern they had to break their rule of not offering anything for sale at more than sixpence.

***

A Sheffield man recently swallowed three safety-razor blades. The problem of what to with these things seems to be driving men to extremes.

***

An R.A.F. officer broke his wrist when he fell out of a hammock at home. Parachutes for garden-sleepers seem to be indicated.

***

"Not one in a hundred could tell how many upper teeth a cow has," says a writer. This definitely establishes the view that the instruction given at our universities and public schools is absolutely futile.

***

A nature-writer says that the clover plant foretells the weather and contracts its leaves during rain. Another way to tell if it is raining is to go out and see if you get wet.

OUR GALLANT PAUPERS.

WHEN, as economists agree,
Our case is that of Gadara's swine
Which headlong to the hungry sea
Rushed in a galloping decline;
When by the interim report
Of Labour's frankly-shelved Commission
We're shown as hiking down a short
Cut on the route to sheer perdition;

To me it's like a soothing balm,
Softly distilled, to muse upon
The fine and philosophic calm
With which the country carries on,
Perceiving in the threats of Fate
Nothing that need disturb its leisure,
Firmly refusing to abate
The stout resolve to take its pleasure.

As though about to join the dance,
With laughing lips and eyes serene
The aristocracy of France
Went gaily to the guillotine:
So too our Britain's flower and pride,
Lest to their race they do a treason,
Gaily in motor-tumbrils ride
Straight through the programme of the Season.

A moving thought! and in my soul
(The rest of me is never there
With these brave martyrs to the dole,
But working like a black elsewhere)
Most proud am I of England's breed,
Proud of the grit they show in facing
Imminent ruin, when I read
How gallantly they still go racing.

Almost it lifts the ambient gloom,
This courage, faithful to its code,
That dashes on to meet its doom,
Taking a Hunt Cup on the road;
And I shall wear the badge of pluck
Pinned to my chest by way of mascot—
A red carnation—wishing luck
To all the picture-frocks at Ascot.

O. S.

MORE ABOUT AMERICAN.

YESTERDAY as dusk fell I came to a great decision. I resolved that, instead of complaining about the eccentricities of Transatlantic speech and the attempt to foist it upon this country, I would sure make it my life-work to blend the two idioms into one harmonious whole, so that their niftiest flowers of diction should be interchangeable, and no phrase that is lovely and desirable on one side of the swan-path should sound phoney on the other.

In carrying out my task let me say at once that I do not mean to be deterred by mere quibblers. If I like an American phrase I shall use it. If not, not. I have received letters from correspondents in New York, in Philadelphia, in Boston, in Chicago and similar high-grade centers and flourishing burgs. Some of them have praised my efforts to write American. Some of them have blamed me. One of them, for instance, says, "The word 'guy' is long dead. What do you say about that?" I say nothing at present about that. I am not at all sure that I shall permit the word "guy" to perish. It may look good to me in my amalgam of the two languages, and if so I shall allow it to remain; for it is not my wont, when the fruit of a great ambition is well-nigh within my grasp and the harvest is about to be gathered in, to allow myself to be played for a sucker by some stiff who sends wise-cracks through the mail. No, Sir.

The cause of literature is, in my opinion, paramount. Here are two great languages with a common origin which have drifted apart, which are likely to drift further apart, unless we fix it so they can get together again. The talkies are not enough to effect this union. We cannot be listening to talkies all of the time, and the spoken word is too easily forgotten by the careless mind.

I want, then, to form a lingua franca which shall be familiar in any joint or hang-out where Anglo-Saxon men and women may meet, that shall not seem strange either in the offices of a commercial outfit or at the counter of a speakeasy; that shall become the common speech, so far as I can make it, of the man on the side-walk, the man in the drug-store, the man on the surface-car and the man in the elevator; of the suburban commuter, of the up-town clubman, of the senator, of the Society bud and of the night-life queen. If I find an expression that pleases me, whether it comes from the lips of SHAKESPEARE or those of AL CAPONE, I shall do my utmost to internationalise it, to establish the use of it, to graft it with a sure cinch on the common stock. That is the great idea.

I know that opposition will arise. People who refuse to take any project of mine seriously, people with little minds, people who are always ready to carp and cavil at a mighty undertaking, at an epoch-making enterprise, will tell me that I am bughouse and only fitted for the looney-bin. But, as I said previously, I shall not quail. A stream of faultless prose in the language of the future shall pour nightly from my pen. Simps who rubber the EVOE residence in this section will see me sitting, as darkness pales to dawn, ever at my buhl escritoire, engaged on my monumental labor. Under the wheeling stars I shall be there in my little living-room, just off the foyer, endeavouring to capture the gleam, until I am disturbed by the milk deliveryman coming round the corner of the block. And if any yegg aims a rod at me through the window I shall communicate the occurrence immediately to the bulls.

For it is not easy to make a new language, and there are many, I know, who cannot rumble beauty when they see it. They are the roustabouts of this earth. It is to the he-men, or rather I should say to the him-men, that I look for recognition and applause. I shall try to throw a party of such men, and explain how the dream came to me as we sit in our sleepy-hollow chairs drinking our Scotch highballs and chewing on our cigars. I figure that they will appreciate the service I am rendering to culture and the uplift of the world. The great invasion, I am told, of London by American visitors is about to begin. There must be, surely, many of them who would like to wish me well. They have only to ring the Homicide Bureau at Scotland Yard to find out where I dwell and hurry right over to my down-town shack. I shall welcome anybody after nine P.M. in a fedora, patent Oxfords and a tux.

But even if my project fails, if all men living frown on the task I have set before myself, a day will come, and come soon, I think, in the hereafter when I shall be honoured for my selfless devotion to the cause of truth. "Here was one," posterity will say, "who, realising that two splendid languages, one old, one youthful, arising from a common stock but separated by thousands of miles of sea-water, and thus of necessity taking a different trend, had the great hunch of shaking them up together into a common snifter, just as orange-juice is shaken up together with gin. His contemporaries, more shame to them, were unable to sense the majesty of his diction. They handed him the cold mitten. They gave him a raw deal. A later generation has perceived that he was the big noise in Anglo-American literature, and time has placed him securely upon the map."

In full confidence that historians will speak of me in this way long after the mortician has placed me in the glass-wagon, I ask myself, Is it worth it? And I answer, Yeah.

EVOE.

Things We have never Dared to Say.

"JOLLY NOT TO GO TO AMERICA."
Daily Paper.

Is Crime Worth While?

"MORRIS DANCING IN GAOL.
FEWER PRISONERS UNDER IMPROVED SYSTEM."
Headlines in Daily Paper.



THE DAY OF DOOM.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR. "I SEE YOU 'RE BRINGING OUT A NEW EDITION OF MY DOMESDAY BOOK."

MR. SNOWDEN. "YES, AND IT 'S NOT SUCH A SOFT JOB AS YOURS; YOU WEREN'T TROUBLED WITH BY-ELECTIONS."



Hostess (to departing guest). "WELL, GOOD-BYE. REMIND ME TO ASK YOU NEXT TIME."

TEA.

IN spite of all the warnings of experience, women, and even men, continue to drink tea. It may therefore not be out of place to explain how tea is grown.

Tea is grown in the high hills of Ceylon. There is a tale of a young planter's bride who carried to Ceylon a parcel of a kind of weed called China Tea and offered it to her lord; but you may take it from me that tea is grown in Ceylon.

The tea industry is full of surprises. Tea is cultivated by Public School men who dislike tea intensely; and it cannot be grown by anyone who has not been educated at a Public School. The tea-country presents an extraordinary spectacle—thousands of square miles of steep hills covered with the obnoxious little tea-bush and by Public School men, who have to live on gin owing to the climate. Every few miles there is a charming bungalow, inhabited by a charming Public School man, with a charming wife; and at longer intervals there is a charming country club, where in the evenings the planters and their wives endeavour to forget the miseries of exile, the name of tea and the hardships of their lives. These hardships it is difficult to exaggerate. Few of the bungalows have more than ten native servants, more than two motor-cars or two bath-rooms. Four thousand feet up, their gardens are ablaze with the garden-flowers of England; the constant sight of these familiar blooms cannot fail to remind them painfully of the Homeland far away; and most of the flowers grow obstinately all the year round. I have seen planters weep as they showed me their honeysuckle, carnations and violets; many of them root up their rose-trees rather than be reminded of home. They look out over deep valleys, gorges, rivers, waterfalls, at the high peaks crowned with virgin jungle; but the grand prospect is ruined for them by the loathsome seas of tea which surround them. Not even their hot baths, electric light, golf, gramophones and wireless can reconcile the exiles to the spectacle of so much tea. So in the afternoon they repair to the club, and try to forget tea with rugger or cricket-matches, tennis or bridge, and even gin. And they drive home rather late at night so that in the darkness they may not see the tea.

But in the morning the tea has to be faced. The planter emerges from his bungalow and surveys with disgust about seven mountains covered with tea. And he says, "Why the —— did I plant so much tea? Why not, for example, gin?" He then looks at his morning paper and, observing (*a*) the price of tea and (*b*) the price of gin, he repeats his query with increased emphasis. And indeed there is no answer to it, except that Ceylon has no luck, and, if Ceylon planted gin, gin at once would go the way of rubber.

However, there is the tea, and something has to be done about it. And now we have to be rather botanical.

Tea is planted by sprinkling tea-leaves in straight lines on a hill-side. It will be seen therefore that before anything can be done someone has to have a pot of tea. This is what the planter's wife is for. But the thing is not quite so simple as that. The fact is—and no one yet has been able to explain it—that tea will *not* grow *except for a Public School man.* Experiments have been made in what is called Board School planting, but the bush is always anæmic and frail. The moment, however, that an old Cheltonian

or Wykehamist puts on his tie and drives round the estate the bushes shoot up vigorously and bear quantities of fresh green tea-leaves. There it is, one of the inexplicable devices of Nature, and you can't get away from it. Nor is it any use for a Board School boy or one Educated at Home to wear an Old Etonian tie. The thing has been tried, but Nature is not deceived, and the bush perishes of a malignant blight.

One or two things have to be done before the tea can be exported; though, given the Public School man, the process is delightfully simple. The bushes must be pruned every year or two and the leaves are plucked constantly. The actual pruning and plucking are done by native labour (not by the natives of Ceylon, who have never understood the dignity of labour, but by Tamil coolies from Southern India). But the labour to be effective has, of course, to be watched by an Old Carthusian or Marlburian. Given one Old Carthusian to ten thousand acres, or two Old Marlburians to six hundred coolies, the system has been proved to be highly satisfactory.

When the leaf has been plucked by Tamil maidens it is carried to the factory by oxen and coolies. There the leaf is placed on a hot tray and *withered*. The *withering* is a fairly simple process and can be watched by an Old Harrovian. After withering, the leaf is placed in a large mangle and *rolled*. *Rolling* is a highly scientific process and must be supervised in the proportions of one Old Wykehamist to two Old Westminsters (or four Old Salopians). What with all this withering and rolling the process of

FERMENTATION

now begins.

I am sorry to have to use that ominous word in connection with this well-advertised "Temperance" drink. But it is the scientific and the accurate word: and you may as well face the fact that *tea is a fermented liquor*, like all the others. It is to this quality in tea that we may attribute all that deplorable back-biting, tittle-tattle and fish-faced malice which are associated with tea-parties. Having been thoroughly fermented the leaf is placed in an oven and baked. Everybody puts on the old tie for this and a telegram is sent to the Headmasters' Association.

The leaf, when placed in the oven, resembles chopped seaweed and smells like a bad orange; and there is no doubt that the first man who made tea was under the impression that he was making a new kind of manure. At this stage certainly he cannot have imagined that it might be fit for human consumption. When it was taken out of the oven, however, the planter discovered that he had been making *tea* all the time. Even now, I believe, there are days when the planter wonders gravely whether there can really be women who will pour water on such a mess and drink it. Probably, if it was now re-rolled or put in a freezer or trampled by mules, it would ferment again and turn into something quite different—gum or leaf-mould, a new explosive or a dangerous alcoholic drink. It may be that a fortune awaits the planter who will take the treatment of the tea-leaf a stage or two farther.

But by now it is time to go to the Darrawella Club, and the present state of the tea is such an improvement on the former that most planters decide not to risk any more. It is therefore disinfected, graded and packed. The long bits of manure are put on one side and called Broken Orange Pekoe (on account of the smell already referred to). The short bits are called Orange Pekoe, and both are sent to England in wooden boxes, there to interrupt the labours of the kitchen and inspire the envy, hatred and all uncharitableness of the drawing-room. After that the planter puts on his House XV. tie and goes to the club for a healthy gin.

A. P. H.



Spartan Mother. "GO TO SLEEP AGAIN, DARLING; IT'S ONLY AN EARTHQUAKE."

Hints for the Holidays.

"——'s NEW TOURS.
BIARRITZ SMELLS."
Advt. in Sunday Paper.

"HARE UPSETS CYCLIST."
Headline in Daily Paper.

That's the worst of eating game out of season.

WITH MALLETS AFORETHOUGHT.

WHEN last I watched croquet, the real solemn thing, the balls had to be played in due order, and if one of them went out of bounds the turn was over. But at Roehampton last week I found the swells playing with blue or black as was the more convenient, and crossing the border line without any penalty. I have no doubt that the Croquet Association knows best, but to give up such an elementary principle as the strict rotation of colours seems to me a very curious concession in a game which is rigid or nothing.

All games except those played by the young have for the spectator an element of oddity. Men of fifty, with beards, trying to save a boundary on a village ground are not dignified figures; the groups of golfers, attended by their beasts of burden, passing from green to tee, pausing, stooping, waggling and driving, remind one, seen from a distance, of grotesque visitors from another planet; a lawn-tennis champion delivering two faults is not an object for respect. A series of croquet-lawns, as at Roehampton, where every lawn has a single player, usually of mature years, would strike the new-comer, suddenly entering from the London streets and unfamiliar with the game, as the home of ritual rather than a pastime. The solitariness of each player, or each priest or priestess, is perhaps the most curious feature. In every other outdoor game there is company; but in croquet, and especially crack croquet, the adversary fades away when the break begins. Here one of its resemblances to billiards may be noted, for when LINDRUM has established his position it is the custom of WILLIE SMITH, or whatever player he is meeting, to slip quietly into the professionals' room until, some hours later, he is needed; which reminds me that croquet as played in America—curtailed to "roque," as O.K. is curtailed to "Oke"—approximates to billiards more closely even than the English game, for the ground is surrounded by a low wall lined with rubber, from which the ball rebounds as from a cushion. Perhaps these ramparts will one day be added to the English game, for an Association which takes away the rotation of balls and removes the penalty for going out of bounds could do anything.

Looking into the authorities after the riot of gravity and stern purposefulness on the Roehampton lawns, I was astonished to find that croquet is a mere infant compared with other games. Billiards is mentioned by SHAKESPEARE; Bishop KEN, as a boy at Winchester in 1650–5, was playing cricket; the first football kicked in Britain was kicked by a Roman, and as long ago as the reign of EDWARD II. the game was being forbidden as a public nuisance; polo—which they were playing recklessly just across the way, at Roehampton, while the staid croquet was in progress—was a Persian game in the dark ages; golf can be traced to the fifteenth century. But croquet is a babe. We borrowed it, like real tennis, from France, and the first game played in England was in 1852, in the gardens of the LONSDALE seat, Lowther Castle—a sinister event which seems to have escaped the notice of Prince VON BUELOW. By 1856 other people were playing it, but not till 1868 did it have a code of laws. In those days and for many years afterwards the hoops were accommodating, the balls were made of wood (and if left out in the rain, as they usually were, chipped easily), and the mallets were rather like auctioneers' hammers greatly exaggerated. At any rate there is no suggestion of the scientific precision which one sees now: the hoops only a trifle wider than the balls, the balls made of composition, and the mallets armatured like weapons. I can remember no newspaper crossheading, "Murder on Croquet Lawn"; but, thinking of these metal-bound clubs and not forgetting the exasperation that can be caused by an adversary's success and the fact that husbands and wives often play together, I can see that there might easily be one.



THE MODERN ADVERSARY "FADES AWAY WHEN THE BREAK BEGINS."



ADVERSARIES IN "THE BAD OLD DAYS."

The croquet, in short, that France lent us would not be recognised if she took it back again, especially as France has difficulty in making such lawns as England boasts; not the fault of French gardeners but of French climatic conditions.

But croquet probably would not have reached its present state of perfection and—shall I say?—piety if Major WINGFIELD had not been so busy in 1874 in inventing his sphairistike; for it was sphairistike that for many years was to oust croquet from the English gardens—sphairistike being the original name of lawn-tennis. In a moment hoops gave place to nets and for many, many years croquet was seen publicly no more, but, when played, was played in refined seclusion by diehards. But it was not dead; it was sleeping, and in its sleep was perfecting



LONG RANGE AND HIGH VELOCITY.

itself, so that now it has come to its own and is played only by the elect. It is not a game, it is a vocation; but it is as interesting to watch as a battle. Frivolous youth, racquet in hand, leaps and squeals; but at croquet mature ladies and gentlemen, their foreheads furrowed with tactics, move silently with sedate steps in the pursuit of the pleasure and pain which have become their heritage. If it were true that by taking thought cubits could be added to our stature, the Roehampton experts would be giants and giantesses. Next perhaps to a chess match there is no opportuity so favourable to the study of the human mind in the toils. Championship croquet favours also the study of the human organisation in perfect accord, eye and hand truly wed. The accuracy of some of the long shots which I witnessed, and the precision with which balls were "rushed" to the right spots—these were ecstasies comparable to those at Thurston's and with far more fresh air. All the same I shall myself stick to golf-croquet, where there is one stroke for each player and no harm done if you "jump" a ball. The holy ground of Roehampton can be too awe-inspiring. E. V. L.

"RECTOR WASHED OUT OF DOORS."
Devon Paper.

Mr. Punch has always set his face against compulsory ablution.

"POPE DROPS A BOMB.
'NO GOOD CATHOLIC CAN BE A TRUE OCIALIST.'"—*Daily Paper.*

It knocked the head off one Socialist anyway.

"The doctor replied that the Committee System in his opinion would work. It had to be given a trial. If they had seven patriots it would work well but if there were seven wolves flying at each others' throats it would be a bear garden."—*Ceylon Paper.*

And not, as you might carelessly assume, a wolfery.

QUEBEC.

A GUIDE FOR TOURISTS OF THE FUTURE.

["The historic city of Quebec has never known an occasion like that of last night, when the British liner, *Empress of Britain*, completed her maiden voyage. . . . It was Douglas Fairbanks and his wife, Mary Pickford, that everybody wanted to see."
Daily Paper.]

HIGH over where the waters of the great St. Lawrence run
This city stands on guard, renowned since 1931;
Her townsfolk had the honour then of welcoming to their banks
The celebrated Mr., and the famous Mrs., FAIRBANKS.

Though many years before a few historic *rôles* were played
Upon the city's ramparts, these were put into the shade—
A point on which historians' opinions little vary—
Completely by the incident concerning DOUG and MARY.

A British army once contrived to scale the city's height
Beneath the Frenchmen's noses in the darkness of the night;
At dawn a battle started and the French defeat was utter,
And for a while the news of it created quite a flutter.

To WOLFE, most valorous of men, that day was victory's palm
Conceded by the equally redoubtable MONTCALM—
A moving tale that, were a man a muddle-pated mug, he
Might rank with MARY'S coming and compare with that of DOUGY.

Some hold that, had the French emerged as victors from the scrap,
The U.S.A. might never have appeared upon the map;
But, granting this, the little fray is hardly worthy, is it,
Of mention on a par with DOUG'S and MARY PICKFORD'S visit?

One might of course contend that, if humanity to-day
Had been obliged to get along without the U.S.A.—
An idle flight of fancy of the speculator this is—
It also might have never heard of DOUGLAS and his Missis.

And this perhaps excuses those romanticists that still
From WOLFE'S heroic escapade experience a thrill;
But only just, for battles are a thoroughly effete art,
While DOUG is DOUG and MARY is the universe's sweetheart.

This most historic city, then, derives her glory from
The frightfully historical parade along the prom,
Inside a gilded carriage, or at least a very spick Ford,
Of Mr. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS and his wife, Miss MARY PICKFORD.

C. B.

Record Indiscretion.

"B3577 In going to my lonely bed (*Unacc.*)."
Gramophone Catalogue.

The italics are not ours.

"Shortly before three o'clock on Sunday afternoon a man saw smoke issuing from 1a, —— Station-road, ——, so he promptly called the Penge Fire Brigade from the adjoining telephone kiosk."—*Beckenham Paper.*

Our view is that firemen on duty should be forbidden to play "Button B."

"I am just a little bit of a gardener, and I know the use and abuse of the pruning-fork."
MR. LLOYD GEORGE, reported in Daily Paper.

Does he mean a pruning-fork or a tuning-knife? This question threatens to divide the United Liberal Party into two camps.

GUN DOGS.

VI.—THE SPRINGER SPANIEL.

MR. GEORGE MARKLAND* was stalking a pheasant
To shoot it *in situ*, the mode of the day,
But Tracie the Spaniel, he bounced the quiescent
Old bird, who, up-rising, flew loudly away;
Then the poet, on impulse he could not restrain,
Fired his piece and the pheasant fell dead on the plain.

MR. GEORGE MARKLAND said, "Excellent Tracie,
Had you not sprung the bird, ne'er the *Art* I'd have known;
Man's joy," Mr. MARKLAND observed, "in the chase he
Redoubles who fires not ere pheasants be flown;
Now to gather our spoils. . . ." "I am yours to command."
Wagged Tracie, and found them and brought them to hand.

GEORGE MARKLAND sat down and said, "Since I am poet
I must weave of a surety such sport into song;"
So he wove; then arose with a wreath to bestow it
On Tracie, but Tracie had gotten along;
"Never mind," Mr. GEORGE said; "henceforth in two words
He is Tracie the Springer and Bringer of Birds."

* * * * * * *

And Tracie runs on through the thick that is treble
With bramble and whinbush and briar becurled;
He'll push through a rough, be it never so rebel,
He's as bright as a pin and as game as a pebble,
In fact, he's the best little dog in the world;
And we'd say, did but *one* dog be all of our gun-dog
To spring us a bird and retrieve us the same,
That no dog so canny'll go as the Spaniel
Tracie the Springer and Bringer of Game. P. R. C.

* The author of *Pteryplegia; or, The Art of Shooting Flying* (1727).

STRANGE BREAKFAST MOOD.

[A recent cable from *The Times'* Correspondent in New York announced that in Mr. EUGÈNE O'NEILL'S new trilogy of plays there are no asides, as in *Strange Interlude*. An attempt is here made to recall the attractions of this discarded device.]

SCENE—*The morning-room of* Mr. Theodore Runchman's *home in an English Garden Suburb. A heavy lifeless apartment with cadaverous green hangings and a dark puce carpet obviously dyed. The place has a sickly gruesome atmosphere. There is a fair-sized table in the centre, at which* Runchman *and his wife are seated eating their breakfast. The table is laid for three. On it are a brown coffee-pot and a white milk-jug, a rack of toast, some imported butter and four ordinary-looking boiled eggs on a greenish plate.* Runchman *is seated on the right of the table and* Marion, *his wife, at the head. They both have newspapers, which they look at from time to time but do not read. He is of middle-age, red-eyed and grey-haired. His face is of the convulsive type and the formation of his ears is undecided.* Marion, *once a handsome woman, is now in the late forties. She has full grey eyes, varying slightly in intensity.*

Runchman (*in a purposely poised voice*). Toast, Marion, if you please. (*Thinking furiously*) How terrible she is! She wants to speak to me, but I won't have it. Not at breakfast-time. I don't want to be alone with her. I'm afraid. If only Mother didn't live at Highbury. . . . (*Pulling himself together*) Hey, there! Get calm and play the game, can't you? Get calm now! (*Stares before him at the breakfast-table.*) Eggs, butter, marmalade. Eggs, butter—— (*Starts visibly.*) Four eggs? For three people! How that reminds me of the first year we were married! Only then there were three eggs for two people. What does it all mean? Her love reborn? No, no. I couldn't bear that. My head feels bursting. I ought to get out more. If only I could catch the nine-fifteen!

Marion (*passes the toast-rack to* Runchman, *her jaw set in an expression of unchanging repulsion: thinks icily.*) There he sits. My husband. Quite dead. Eating toast. How his poor corpse hides from itself behind the noise called eating! Father was always so respectable. "Marriage isn't everything," he said, "but anyway it is something. And this looks to me like a good egg, Marion," he said. Good egg. . . . (*Laughs a strange wounded laugh, but stops suddenly and stares before her, thinking passionately.*) Four eggs! And Cook knows we are only three. How terrible she is! She wants to break me. (*Too utterly preoccupied with her own bitter thoughts to notice what she is doing she speaks directly to her husband*) Butter, Theodore?

Runchman (*winces, thinking*). How that hurts! How she does love to humiliate me! Mother always said it was inexcusable to forget my diet. (*Loudly, caustically*) Thanks, no. No butter.

Their daughter Kathleen *enters sullenly from the back. She is a tall young woman nearing thirty, with the shoulders of a thinker and the knees of an athlete. Her pale face is noticeably narrow at the temples and broad in the jowl. Her coffee-coloured hair is unbrushed at the moment and her gaily-striped sports-clothes sag gloomily upon her. Exchanging glances of imperishable distaste with both her parents, she seats herself at the table, exclaiming tersely :—*

Drink, someone. (*Thinking wildly.*) How terrible they are! If only I could pray for them! Somehow I've got to stay here. Cups and saucers. Civilisation. Father's little Kathy kitten! What a tragedy Father is! . . .

Marion (*stares ruthlessly at* Kathleen, *thinking coldly*). How abandoned her face looks! She hasn't done a thing for it again this week. The raw truth. It's almost animal. She didn't get that from me. But then (*slyly*) perhaps she didn't get anything from me. (*Horrified.*) What's that I'm thinking? I say . . . I say . . . What's behind what I'm thinking? (*In cool casual tones*) Milk *and* water this morning, Kathleen?

Kathleen (*making a wide reckless gesture*). Each. Either. Neether. Nyther. (*Laughs out loudly and sardonically, but stops sharply, her eyes fixed before her, thinking dreadfully.*) Four eggs. Why four eggs? Four into three. It's no use, I tell you. It won't go. Nothing goes. Father—Mother—Kathleen—Home. Always too near, too far, too late or too soon. [*Rises from the table and hurries from the room.*

Runchman (*looks distractedly at his watch, thinking frightenedly*). She'll make a scene in here some day. God, what a scandal! What a life for a man like me! I'm so alone. (*His face twitches uncontrollably.*) I'm not the man I was. If only I could call in and tell Mother. . . .

Marion (*brightly, sensing his distress with a savage pleasure*). More coffee, Theodore? (*Thinks fascinatedly.*) If only I could speak to Cook—just once! That cold sick feeling! But I'll try. . . . I will try . . . now. (*Rises from the table, then leans across it to* Runchman *and speaks in a harsh taunting voice.*) An egg, Theodore? Or two eggs? Or four?

[*He shudders violently. With a cruel smile she goes slowly from the room. As the door closes behind her* Runchman *swallows desperately and pushes the plate of eggs fiercely to one side so that they topple and fall about the table. Tears come suddenly to his eyes and he conceals himself behind his paper and wipes them quietly away.*

CURTAIN.



Little Girl (after hearing banns published). "MUMMY, WHY DO SO MANY OF THE SPINSTER FAMILY GET MARRIED?"

CAPE HORN DAYS.

VIII.—ICE: THE BOSUN'S STORY.

"ICE," said the bosun, sniffing like a dog
Across the rail to wind'rd in the Cape Horn fog,—
"Ice," said the bosun, "wot sunk the *Skerryvore*
Time I sailed on board 'er back in 'seventy-four.

The Ol' Man was a looney—worst I ever knew;
'E cracked on to blazes when it was thick as stew.
'E bunged through it blindfold—fourteen knots we ran
Till we fouled a berg bigger 'n the blinkin' Calf o' Man.

We run our bows on it in the middle o' the night,
An' a fallin' spar killed 'im—an' dam well sarve 'im right!
We took to the longboat, and it was jump or drown;
She 'd 'ardly touched the water when the ol' ship went down.

We made land at daylight—ice an' sand an' stones,
An' seabirds wailin' an' a wind that chilled your bones.
An' for two blessed months there we lived like fightin'-cocks
On the winkles an' seaweed we gathered off the rocks,

Till a spouter chanced to sight us, cruisin' round that way,
Or else we 'd be stiff 'uns layin' there to-day.
An' ice," said the bosun, sniffing once again,
"Is a thing I 've had no use for, no, never since then."

C. F. S.

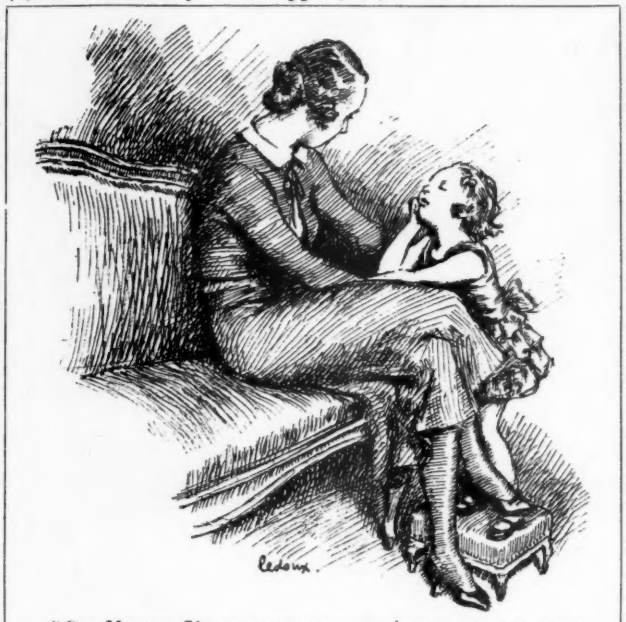
APPLE GOES BACK.

A SHORT while ago Apple went back to his old school on a visit; and I may say that he had not once been back to the jolly old penitentiary since he left. Indeed it was nearly twenty years ago that young Apple (*ma.*), full-fledged at last and on the threshold of life, finally turned his back one April afternoon on the old headmaster of Downingham School. A painful scene in very truth, though not nearly so painful for Apple as the three previous occasions when he had turned his back on the old headmaster of Downingham School during the final straightening-out of some little differences of opinion about (1) consistent lateness for chapel, (2) misplaced drawing-pins coupled with low risibility, and (3) consistent lateness for chapel. However, like the large silk muffler he carried at the time, Apple has put all that behind him now. Let bygones, says old Apple, coining a phrase, be bygones.

Now there is a recognised line of strategy adopted by all old boys visiting the Dear Old School. They go straight from the station to the local inn, where they ask the Management to reserve a room, which the Management mournfully does. Mournfully, because it knows just what will happen.

The Old Chap's reminiscent steps will take him first to his Old House, where his Old Housemaster will ask him to stay the night. He will say he already has a room at "The Slip and Catchit" or "The Shoulder Arms," or whatever the hostelry is, whereupon, after a few brisk rounds of "But, my dear fellow, you *must* . . ." and "No, no; I couldn't. I never thought . . ." and so on, a message is sent to "The Tout and Torpedo" to say that Mr. Apple is staying the night at High Meadow, and can he have his bags, please? Whereupon the Management delivers up the luggage with a resigned sigh and declares Room No. 10 open for play once more. That Management must have emotionally a lot in common with anglers; it cannot help feeling that the innumerable "ones that get away" are the biggest—the kind that would have Hot Baths Extra and Meals Served in Rooms (Service 1/-), or even Special Dishes If Ordered in Advance.

This matter arranged to the satisfaction of all except the embittered Management, the Old Chap will embark upon a tour of visit and inspection; and at once he will notice the big fundamental truth about all Dear Old Schools. The schools themselves change, but the personnel does not. In Apple's case, for instance, new buildings about the size of the Albert Hall had sprung up everywhere. In contrast, well-remembered houses, towers, and blocks of class-rooms, which to him had seemed as firm as the Rock of Gibraltar and twice as impressive, had vanished. Others had been definitely moved about twenty yards to the left from where they had been in the good old days when Apple (*ma.*) ruffled it in the Quadrangle, though this may possibly have been due to deterioration of the Apple memory; while the Old Chapel, from being little smaller than Westminster Abbey, had shrunk considerably with the years, though this again may possibly have been due to improvement of the Apple stature.



"OH, MUMMY, I'M SO SLEEPY; COULDN'T YOU LET ME OFF MY BATH AND JUST DUST ME?"

The personnel, on the other hand, appeared quite unchanged. It seemed that most of the same masters were there, looking exactly the same. Except one, who was very definitely much younger, but turned out during conversation to be his own son. One of Apple's ex-Form-masters, moreover, who had often assured him that large doses of VIRGIL as forcibly translated by Apple were killing him painfully and by degrees, was very much alive, and actually recognised Apple with a grim smile and without any staggering or clutching at the throat at all. Apple was quite relieved at this; the thing had preyed on his mind pretty considerably at the time. Indeed every single one of the masters he met spoke quite decently to Apple; he means they were awfully decent to him—you know, not a bit condescending. In fact some of them might almost not have been masters at all, they were so—well, so *decent*, you know.

They had much younger boys at the School too, Apple noticed. In the days when Apple (*ma.*) was a shining light of the Upper Fourth—practically a fixed star in the opinion of his Form-master, who with a kind of vague awe had watched him whizz up as many as four places in five terms—there were *big* boys at the Old School. Præpostors were perfectly enormous fellows, getting on for nineteen, who shaved on Sundays; whereas now—well, Apple could hardly believe his eyes when he saw the absolute *children* they were making præpostors. Kids of barely eighteen, with mere down on their upper lips that wouldn't need removing much more than about once a month. And as for the new kids—well, absolute pram-fodder!

Apple spent two perfect days mooning round scenes of old triumphs, and was beginning to think he could stay there for ever—possibly his House-master thought by then he was going to—when suddenly the whole thing began to get him. The strain of picking up all those years in one flash proved by the end of the second day too much for the Apple Upper Fourth brain. On several occasions, when bells rang imperiously, Apple broke into a smart run in the direction of his old class-room. Being observed with grins, he turned off down side-turnings to hide his shame, only to discover he was then out of bounds and to slink cautiously along forbidden byways till he could emerge circumspectly into the High Street once more. Finding this empty he next realised that everyone was in school and that he had no exeat or sick-permit to explain his position, whereupon he caught himself trying to dodge prowling masters—well, as you can see, it was all pretty wearing, and the Old Piece definitely began to break up under it.

The climax occurred next day when Apple came abruptly upon a master in



Host. "THAT'S TINTERN, THAT IS."
Visitor. "TINTERN! WHY, WHAT A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE! THAT'S THE NAME OF OUR HOUSE AT TOOTING."

full cap and gown and at once, as tradition had it, raised his hat. The master stopped, surprised. Apple stopped too, wondering what had been found out now, then collected himself, said, "Ah, hullo!" choked back a too deferential "Sir" and cast about for a suitable explanation of his hat-raising to a perfect stranger.

Then Fate came to Apple's aid. The master's face was familiar; he had been at Downingham when Apple was. Moreover, the master recognised Apple.

"Why, Apple, isn't it?" he said.

"Oh, yes, Sir, please, Sir," said Apple, quite the respectful little lad to one who, while he had never, as far as Apple could recollect, actually instructed him, had, at any rate, once been in general authority over him. They chatted about this and that, Apple politely deferring to everything, and parted. And then it was that Apple decided that he really must leave the place by the next train or he'd be buying school-books and gate-crashing Latin Verse classes. For, as the fellow walked off, Apple suddenly placed him more exactly. True, he had been at Downingham when Apple was, but not as a *master*. Oh, no! As a *boy*. Worse still, as a small boy. A boy very, very junior to that Olympian, Apple (*ma.*) of the Upper Fourth. A. A.

OH, YES, I SLEPT:

A RUSTIC THRENODY IN REPLY TO A HOST.

OH, yes, I slept.
If anything disturbed me in my sleep
It was a little thing which I had kept
Secret till now,
And should not care to mention, anyhow.
It was the tiny cheep
Or twittering of the feathered herd
Which, as I lay in bed, I overheard
Because my slumber was not deep;
Let me remember, if I can, the row. . . .
At something fairly small, A.M.
A tit—
If that was it—
A tit which had been thinking in the dark
Of the dim, delicate park
For several hours,
Evolved a really pointed apophthegm
On chestnut flowers,
A *mot* about the may,
And yelled it to a second bird,
And that one woke a third
And that one roused a jay.
Then, by the powers,
The whole innumerable gang
Of awful bipeds in the sad strange trees
With a wild clang
Took up the wheeze.
A woodpecker awoke,
At once perceived the joke,
Uttered a roar,
Struck eight resounding blows upon an oak
That shook the house from floor to floor.
A thrush began to bay,
The cuckoo started bellowing in the wood
"That's good! That's good!"
(The thing's had tonsilitis in its throat
For many a day,)
And round and round my room there rolled,
As if to overwhelm
All other noises manifold,
The cachinnations uncontrolled
Of pigeons in the elm. . . .
Oh, yes, I slept.
I slept from twelve o'clock till half-past two,
And then from half-past two till half-past seven
There was a howl of birds that rocked the heaven
And ripped it through and through.
At half-past seven there came the blessed rain
And put a stop to all the hullaballoo,
And after half-past seven I slept again.
Oh, yes, I slept. EVOE.

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE ANCIENT BRITON.

ONCE there was an Ancient Briton called Curricula and he had a very beautiful daughter called Morvethe who was just old enough to get married. So he went to the chief Druid in the parish where he lived, which they called a wapentake because they didn't know any better then, and said to him do you know of any fairly rich young man who would do for Morvethe? I should want several hides of land for her as she is better looking than most girls and clever at dyeing herself with woad, but I will give you some of it for a commission if you can do anything about it. And the Druid said oh yes certainly, leave it to me.

Well Curricula didn't know it but the Druid was a very evil man who was in the pay of the Romans, and what they wanted him to do was to stir up Curricula to do something that would annoy them so that they could have an excuse for taking him into captivity and seizing all his hides of land, but Curricula rather liked the Romans he knew and used to send them presents of quails for their banquets and they gave him bottles of Falernian in exchange and sometimes invited him to have a hot bath, so he didn't want to offend them and the Druid hadn't been able to think of anything that would make him but now he thought he could manage it.

So he went to a Centurion he knew and said to him how would you like to marry a very beautiful British maiden? And the Centurion said not much. And he said she has fair hair and blue eyes and I know most Romans like that. And the Centurion said well I do myself, it is a change, and perhaps I might think of it if her father were to come down handsomely, I have got to be here for another four years with my Legion and I am rather tired of living in barracks, but I should like to see the girl first. And the Druid said oh I can easily arrange that for you. And he said I suppose it doesn't matter me having a wife already does it? I left her behind in Rome because I had got rather tired of her. And the Druid said perhaps it would be better if you didn't mention it, in my position I have to be careful about things like that, but if you don't say anything about it I shan't.

So the Druid went to Curricula and said he was giving a picnic for young people in his grove and if Morvethe came to it he thought he might arrange for a rich young man to marry her. And as the Druid was as near to a clergyman as they had then, and Curricula didn't know how wicked he really was, he let her go.

Well the only other person the Druid asked was the Centurion, but he brought his armour-bearer with him whose name was Publius, and he was a very handsome young man who belonged to the Equestrian order and was only serving in Britain for a year's practice. And directly he saw Morvethe he fell



MORVETHE SEES HER FATHER AMONG THE CAPTIVES.

in love with her, she was so beautiful, and he looked so handsome in his tunic and breastplate that she fell in love with him.

But the Centurion fell in love with her too, and he was so dissolute that he made up his mind to get hold of her at once, and when he had kissed her under the mistletoe, which was always done in the Druid's grove and she didn't think anything of it except when Publius kissed her too, he made up his mind that he would give the Druid anything within reason if would help him to carry her off like a Sabine woman. So he told Publius to take Morvethe for a little walk and teach her the First Conjugation while he talked to the Druid.

So he and the Druid sat under the oak-tree and bargained about it, and the Druid was quite sharp enough to see that the Centurion meant to have Morvethe anyhow, so he doubled the number of denarii that he had meant to ask for helping him, and after a long time the Centurion agreed to pay him what he wanted. And directly he had signed the piece of papyrus that the Druid had brought with him he said where is the girl? I want to give her another kiss under the mistletoe. And he shouted for Publius, and the Druid shouted for Morvethe till the grove rang with their cries, but nobody answered.

Well what had happened was that Publius had taught Morvethe the First Conjugation as far as amo, I love, and he knew a little Ancient British himself enough to ask for what he wanted in a taberna, and he made her understand that he wanted her to run away with him, because he knew how dissolute the Centurion was and what he was up to, and also about his wife who was a sort of cousin of his, but until he had seen Morvethe he had thought it didn't much matter how many wives the Centurion had, but now he thought differently.

Well he knew the only thing to do was to run away with her at once, and she was quite ready for that, so by the time the Centurion and the Druid had finished their conversation Publius and Morvethe were a good many miles away galloping along on Publius's horse, and they hadn't brought any mistletoe with them but they did without it.

Well Publius disguised himself as an Ancient Briton and pretended that Morvethe was his sister until they came to Camulodunum which was short for Colchester, and one of the Augurs attached to the Legion there was his uncle and he persuaded him to marry them, and the Augur wasn't sure he wouldn't get into trouble for it but Morvethe was so beautiful that his heart was melted so he did it. And then they went to Hastings and by saying they were trippers got a boat and sailed over to Gaul. And presently after plenty of adventures among Visigoths and people like that they arrived in Rome. And Publius went straight to his father who lived at Tusculum and made a clean breast of it. And Morvethe was so beautiful, and she could talk Latin so well by this time, that his father forgave them and he made them a wed-



"WHERE DID YOU GET THIS FISH?"
"I BOUGHT IT AT THE DOOR."
"HAD IT KNOCKED MANY TIMES?"

ding present of a nice villa at Baiæ and they settled down there and were very happy.

Well about a year afterwards the Emperor had a Triumph and Publius and Morvethe went to Rome to see the procession. And who should be walking in it but Curricula loaded with chains! And what had happened was that when he had found out that Publius had run away with Morvethe he was so angry that he rose against the Romans, but of course they were much too strong for him and they took him captive and seized all his land, so there he was.

Well directly Morvethe saw him she rushed out of the stand where they had taken tickets and threw her arms round his neck and burst into tears, and when the populace heard the story they made such a clamour about it that the Emperor set Curricula free to pacify them and gave him a pension. And he quite liked living in Italy and soon picked up the language and became clever at playing at knucklebones.

And when it came out about the Centurion he was recalled from Britain and would have been thrown off the Tarpeian Rock if his wife hadn't interceded for him and said she would keep him under her eye for the future. So he was only exiled to Tomi, where he got to know OVID, but as he didn't care about poetry they didn't see much of each other.

And the Druid simply told lies about it all, but nobody believed him and he was dismissed from his wapentake with ignominy. A. M.

BACK TO THE LAND AND ALL THAT.

"THIS Land Tax is a pretty good thing in its way, I suppose?" asked Marion.

I looked up in some alarm. "Of course, if you're going Red, Marion—but no, you look no rosier than usual."

"What I mean is, why *should* a few people own all the land, after all?"

"All which land?" I demanded.

"All the land they own," she explained. "Or rather stole—I've been reading about it."

"We didn't steal ours," I pointed out.

"Ours?" she queried. "We haven't any land, have we?"

I waved my hand to where, beyond the crazy-paving and the little gnomes and things, the lupins were making a brave show in an indifferent June.

"But that's the garden," she protested. "That goes with the house surely? You don't mean they can tax *that*?"

I said sadly that, if I understood Mr. SNOWDEN aright, that was part of the idea.

"But doesn't the tax you pay on the house include the garden? I always thought it did. You *do* pay a tax on the house, don't you?" she asked.

"Not exactly a tax on the house," I explained. "Income-tax under Schedule A on the income from it."

"But do we get any income from it? I thought you said we were still paying off the mortgage. How can you pay income-tax on income that doesn't come in?"

This was rather a difficult one and I braced myself for the necessary effort.

"You see," I tried, "it's the notional income you would have from it if—if you had any. But, look here—*must* we go into all this, Marion? It's really frightfully complicated."

She disdained my question.

"And this—er—income-tax which we pay on income that doesn't come in but goes out—this doesn't include anything for the garden, you say?"



Milliner. "YOU CAN NOW SEE, SIR, HOW ENTIRELY THE CHARACTER OF THE LITTLE HAT IS CHANGED WHEN PLACED AT WHAT WE CALL A 'SAUCY' ANGLE."

"I wouldn't go so far as that," I demurred. "I fancy that, if you have a bigger garden frontage, you would pay more under Schedule A than if you had a smaller."

"Now you're making fun of me," she protested, hurt.

"Not at all," I assured her. "My idea of fun is quite different. This is the Government's."

She seemed damped. Then suddenly she brightened.

"But it says in the paper," she went on, "that land worth less than £120 will be exempted. The garden wouldn't be worth £120, would it?" she asked hopefully.

"The man we bought it from thought so. And now that the road has been made up it will be worth still more."

"But *we* paid for that to be done," Marion objected. "They made us."

"Quite," I said. "And as the result we are deemed to have enhanced the value of the land and so we shall be entitled to pay more land-tax. You see how logical it all is if you only take the trouble to work it out. The more you pay in one way the—the more you pay in another. Nothing could be fairer than that."

"Well, anyhow, I suppose we shall pay only on the value over a hundred-and-twenty pounds," she said.

"Wrong again," I replied. "I'm afraid, you know, that you haven't quite got the hang of this new-style legislation. The tax is to be a penny on each pound, and if the amount due by you on this basis would be ten shillings you are excused it all. If it would be ten-and-sixpence you pay it all. That is what is meant by social reform, of which you have probably heard."

"I see," she said a little doubtfully. "But tell me, even if we do have to pay this little extra now, won't we gain in the long run? I mean the country will be ever so much better off, won't it, with all this money, and we shall all get our payments back in other ways?"

"Ah, yes," I said. "I know what you mean. You mean rare and refreshing fruit. Bigger doles and old-age pensions. But 'the flowers are not'—I mean the fruit is not—'for you to pick.' At least not just yet, though our turn will no doubt come."

She was silent again.

"I'm sorry," I said, "if I seem to shake your faith in this thing. But you asked me, you know."

"I know," she admitted. "Well, I suppose we must just pay, if there's no way out."

"There's none, I fear. A burial-ground is exempt from tax, but I doubt whether just Pongo taking his last rest under the apple-tree brings us within the meaning of the Act. And the only other thing, I imagine, would be to grow nothing in the garden but vegetable-marrows or something of that sort and claim relief on the ground that the land had an agricultural value."

"I loathe vegetable-marrows," said Marion. "Let's keep the rose-beds and be stung."

"Very well," I replied.

Things which might have been Said Less Inflammatorily.

"A memorial to the martyrs who were burned at Amersham was yesterday unveiled in the field where they were martyred by Mrs. L. A. ——."—*Daily Paper.*

"Recently a series of acts of vandalism were committed in this neighbourhood. . . . The sewage tanks near Pensarn have also been tampered with."—*Welsh Paper.*

Some people will never learn to respect true Beauty.



A NASTY JAR.

"ALL THE INTERIM IS
LIKE A PHANTASMA OR A HIDEOUS DREAM."—*Julius Cæsar, Act II. Scene 1.*

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, June 8th.—Answering Mr. REMER, the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA explained that, while the Foreign Piece Goods Export Company, Ltd., had been formed, it had not yet acquired any stocks for re-exportation. Members were slightly surprised, when Mr. BENN read out the names of the directors, to find that it included that of S. D. SAKLATVALA. One associates this name with the exportation, some time ago, of a very fancy piece of goods to a party in Battersea.

The projected sale of picture-postcards by the P.O. brought several protesting questioners into the field, but Major ATTLEE with soft answers turned away their wrath. No decision had been come to, he said, and he would consult with any trade association that desired to be heard on the subject. Altogether it seems unlikely that the Post Office will be permitted to break in upon a line of business immemorially associated with the dispensation of spades and buckets, bathing-caps, souvenir mugs and other maritime desiderata.

Mr. LANSBURY found himself less trammelled in the matter of picture-posters of historic buildings prepared by his Department and recently exhibited in the House of Commons' Tea-Room. There were, declared the businesslike FIRST COMMISSIONER, a limited number of sets of these posters for sale, and, what was more, he was quite prepared to reduce the price to Mr. EDE or anybody else who would take a quantity.

With all parties sitting back and honing their snickersnees for the struggle *à outrance* that is to be waged over the Land Tax clauses of the Finance Bill, to-day's bickerings over other portions of the measure proved relatively abortive. A strongly-supported plea to exempt turpentine and white spirit from the increased duty on hydrocarbon oils was resisted by Mr. GRAHAM on the sole ground that the money must be got from somewhere—an admission, declared Mr. KINGSLEY GRIFFITH, the Liberal Member for Middlesbrough West, that the Budget was too precariously balanced for any concessions to be made.

The matter presented itself in a different light to Sir ROBERT HORNE, who charged Mr. GRAHAM with progressive lapses from Free Trade virtue. In the matter of the Coal Bill he had been excused as a first offender. Now, it was all too evident, the virus of Protection had ruined the fine character they once admired so much.

Various other clauses were agreed to under protest, and still louder protests, which the Government forces did their best to shout down, heralded what Mr. E. BROWN indignantly declared to be "one of the worst examples of the use



"HIS FIRST OFFENCE."

(*After the painting by Lady STANLEY in the Tate Gallery.*)

MR. GRAHAM AS SEEN BY SIR ROBERT HORNE.

of the guillotine that the House had ever witnessed."

Tuesday, June 9th.—Lord PARMOOR had no great difficulty in getting a Second Reading for the Merchant Shipping Bill. Several noble Lords de-



SELF-PORTRAIT OF TRAGIC COMEDIAN.

"On the road we are tramps; off the road we are trespassers."—MR. JACK JONES.

nounced the projected change in helm orders, but agreed that it was worth some sacrifice of tradition to get the International Conventions adopted. It was interesting to hear Lord READING gravely declaring that he much preferred the old-fashioned method of helm orders, and it would have been more interesting still if he had given their Lordships his own experience in taking helm orders from the bucko mate. Lord BANBURY was another objector, but it is hard to envisage *him* in a maritime *rôle*—except perhaps as the bucko mate.

The Commons listened without surprise to Mr. THOMAS'S announcement of the postponement of the Imperial Economic Conference at Ottawa to 1932. A bright suggestion by Mr. WISE, that, as the Conference was evidently being postponed indefinitely, the Government should publish its own proposals for the better organisation of the import and export trade, elicited no response.

Dr. ADDISON informed Brigadier-General CLIFTON BROWN that the Committee's report on the marking of foreign butter would be published in a day or two. But why bother to mark foreign butter, asked Lieut.-Colonel HOWARD-BURY, when it can so easily be distinguished by the lepidoptera to be found in it?

Mr. MANDER got leave to introduce a Bill to set up a Domestic Service Commission—presumably a sort of back-stairs bureaucracy—and Miss WILKINSON opposed it on the ground that the Trade Boards Act did all that was necessary; but she did not vote against it. This outraged the feelings of Mr. ERNEST BROWN, who thought that Sir G. HURST, who acted as teller against the Bill, should have been allowed to do the opposing, not the lady who did not intend to vote against it. The SPEAKER ruled that the Standing Order said nothing about what the speakers for and against a Ten-minute-rule Bill should or should not do once they had spoken.

In Committee on the Finance Bill the House got to work on the Land Tax proposals (Clauses 7 and 8). To be more particular, Sir JOHN SIMON got to work on them. If the Liberals finally decide to insist on substituting an increment value tax for the Government's "penal tax on the ownership of land" (as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN described it), it will be because they are shamed into a sort of belated honesty by Sir JOHN'S mordant and devastating logic. As a result, cold shivers go down the Treasury Bench spines whenever Sir JOHN gets on his feet. He spoke to-day on a motion of Sir BASIL PETO to secure that the tax, instead of being at the rate of a penny for each pound of the land value of every land unit, should be at the rate of a shilling for each pound

of the annual value of every land unit calculated at five per cent on the land value. The Government, said Sir JOHN, proposed to penalise the buyer, not the seller at a profit, of land, apparently on the principle that it was more blessed to have received than to have given. The Bill penalised every form of charity. Did they seriously intend to levy a tax on Tom Quad or the Great Court of Trinity, Cambridge, or on the Inns of Court gardens on the basis of what an American would pay to be allowed to erect his house in them, or what a speculative builder would give for their frontages?

Unmoved alike by legal eloquence and capitalistic logic, Mr. JACK JONES



"HOW DID GOD GIVE THE LAND TO THE PEOPLE?"

SIR CHARLES OMAN STATES THE CASE FOR NEOLITHIC MAN.

denounced the descendants of those whose ancestors had stolen the land from the people. "On the road we are tramps; off the road we are trespassers," mourned the tragic comedian—a *cri de cœur* that would have been really poignant if the House were not well aware that the hon. Member for Silvertown is not one of those who solve life's troubles by walking.

Sir CHARLES OMAN called on history to destroy the absurd suggestion that God had given the land to the people. To what people? To the neolithic Goth, to the Britons, Romans, Saxons, Normans, Irish, Scots, Huguenots and others who had come in and possessed themselves of it? Nobody knew; but, if God had given the land of England to anybody, it was demonstrably to Sir CHARLES OMAN, lineal descendant of *Pithecanthropus Britannicus*, and not to Mr. JACK JONES.

Wednesday, June 10th.—It is a shade hard on a harassed Government to be called upon suddenly to tell the House of Lords what it has been doing at Geneva in the way of protecting national minorities. Fortunately for Lord PARMOOR, Lord DICKINSON, urging that minorities were down-trodden and neglected communities, and Lord CECIL, urging in effect that they were an unreasonable lot of grievance-mongers who got all the protecting that was good for them, rather cancelled one another out, and he was able to announce, with a flash of diplomatic insight almost worthy of Geneva itself, that he accepted all the views that had been put forward.

Mr. HENDERSON told the House of Commons that the Government had decided to support the convention for the establishment of a world mortgage credit company. Presumably the usual arrangements will be made so that a nation that wishes to pop itself for a bob or two will not be seen by the client in the next booth.

In Committee the House again considered the Land Tax. Its threatened penalisation of farmers in suburban areas, allotment-holders, owners who had improved their property, payers of tithes and others was variously discussed, among others by Viscount WOLMER, who acidly declared that he knew now what hon. Members meant when at the last General Election they declared that "farming was going to be made to pay."

It was not the tyranny of the Land Tax, however, but the tyranny of the CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES in his relentless application of the guillotine that roused the Opposition to loud and prolonged manifestations of anger. Sir ROBERT YOUNG faced the storm with Olympian calm, and the uproar, as usual, died down without having effected any tangible result.

Thursday, June 11th.—With Mr. LLOYD GEORGE saying, "Climb down or I'll shoot," from Edinburgh, and Mr. SNOWDEN reputed to be snarling, "Shoot and be damned!" from the fastnesses of Downing Street, the small straws of Parliamentary business take on a new significance as showing which way the wind blows.

Thus there was a sort of foreboding silence when Miss BONDFIELD informed Sir KINGSLEY WOOD that the Government would have to ask for an extension of the Unemployment Insurance Fund's £90,000,000 borrowing power early in July. It deepened when the PRIME MINISTER, asked by Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY how he expected to ascertain the views of the Opposition on the Royal Commission's report, replied tersely, "By debate in this House."

Derisive cheers which greeted the new Labour Member for Gateshead, Major EVANS—returned with a majority reduced from 16,749 to 1,392—were shrewdly interpreted a moment later by an ebullient Labour Member who, when Mr. BALDWIN asked the PRIME MINISTER what would be the business for next week, exclaimed, "A General Election."

As to the further progress of the Finance Bill in Committee, Opposition Members, realising the futility of either speeches or divisions, allowed a considerable amount of ground to be covered. Nevertheless some useful Amendments were accepted by the



MOLTO MODERATO.

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS.

SOLICITOR-GENERAL, who contrived to impart an air of ingratiating detachment to his replies without giving away anything of importance. Nothing indeed could be of much importance until the issue of the Liberal "stand or fall" Amendment is settled next Tuesday.

More American Precocity.

"Both General Dawes's adopted children started life at an early age."
Evening Paper.

"BLUNT'S LEG BREAKS."
Daily Paper.

Mr. Punch wishes him a speedy recovery.

"Mr. J. H. Thomas, Secretary of the Dominions, has promised to tear on his forthcoming Canadian tour two of the suits which are to be made in the West Riding in the bid to beat America's high-speed record."
Sunday Paper.

For the sake of Mr. THOMAS'S sensibilities, we hope they are not dress-suits.



THE INVENTORS.

ON HEARING THE NEWS OF THE DEFEAT OF THE PERSIAN FLEET AN OLD ATTIC SALT INVENTS THE ORIGINAL HORNPIPE.

TIMBUCTOO.

A FABLE.

THERE was once a Youth who had survived the Cognomen of Blenkinsop for twenty-three Summers and as many Winters. He was a lifelong Orphan and a Celibate, and Thanks to the timely Decease of the Grand-author of his Being he had early on been placed beyond the Tentacles of Need. Apart from a trifling Obliquity of Vision his Person was unexceptionable; but in Reality his Case embraced a Pathos uncommon in a Youth standing on the Threshold of Experience. For in the clouded Shallows of his Mind a sole Ambition was in constant Ferment. He would be a Maker and Breaker of Drawing-Rooms, the Hub of every Rout. And he was Not.

From Time to Time it happened that a Hostess of strong Character or absent Mind would bid him make up her Table at some dim Gathering of impecunious Consanguinity. But on these Occasions the Sallies which he had fabricated in the Privacy of his Apartment invariably failed to get across an Audience not noticeably critical; and an ugly Gloom banked impenetrably over every Party at the Conclusion of his several Wisecracks.

At one of these Affairs a sage Matron, excited to Compassion by his evident Distress, took him on one side and spoke briefly but to the Point, remarking "The prime Fertiliser of the Intelligence, Mr. Blenkinsop, is Travel. What you require is a social Gambit too arresting to be ignored. If you could cause it to be known, for Example, that you were freshly returned from journeying to Timbuctoo, say, in a converted Bathing-machine drawn backwards by a Team of wild Hartebeests, there could be no Salon but would clamour for your Presence."

Though Originality had but a small Part in his Equipment, he was ever susceptible to the Forces of Suggestion; and the Passage of a Week sufficed to see him creaking to his Goal over the unnumbered Sands of Africa, transported in the erstwhile Pride of Brightlingsea and drawn by the Cream of Whipsnade, in Reverse. . . .

After a due space he was seen again in the Metropolis, a Wealth of golden Fibre obscuring the southern Slopes of his Chin, and strikingly discoloured by the Ferocity of the semi-tropical Orb. On his Attaché-case, which he was at Pains to transport, stood out a picturesque TIMBUCTOO. And with a Reticence which was eloquent of Desert Hardship he referred nonchalantly to the Rigours of his Expedition as it might have been to those attendant upon a Day-Excursion to Peacehaven.

The Success of the Stratagem was beyond his most Perfervid Expectations. No Ball, no Banquet, no Reception achieved Unity without him. The Haut Monde well-nigh disintegrated in its Efforts to secure him at its Functions. As Day succeeded Day he regaled himself without Respite on the right Hand of Mayfair, each Night he engaged in Saltatory Exercise upon the Parquet of the Upper Ten, and soon the Lactic Fraternity came to recognise with growing Concern his Tanned but Haggard Features, illumined by the Dawn.

He knew Success, but only for a brief Duration. No Constitution, of whatever Buoyancy, can confront the Ravages of incessant Gaiety and not be undermined. As he made his way one Morning from the Kipper-Whoopee of a Duchess, Dissolution came upon him in a One-Way Thoroughfare, and suddenly he Passed On in the Arms of an Officer of the Law.

In the Forenoon, with becoming Simplicity, he was interred by the greater Portion of *Debrett* in the Yard of Saint Hildegarde's, Mayfair, his final Resting-place bearing only the poignant Phrase—

"Blenkinsop of Timbuctoo."

Morals: The Pomegranate of Notoriety is bought with Strange Coin. And No Candle has three Ends. ERIC.

A PLEA FOR PURE ENGLISH.

THAT many of our post-Victorian crazes
Have method in their madness, I admit;
Fashion, that in its earliest stage amazes,
May finally prove sensible and fit;
And similarly many modern phrases
Are justified by point and pith and wit;
Yet all the same our growing verbal debt
To Uncle Sam I view with deep regret.

"Shyster" arrides me, and I acquiesce
In the mouth-filling melody of "blurb";
"Jay-walker" seems most aptly to express
The rash pedestrian who deserts the kerb.
"Storm-pan," again, suggests the hours of stress
When wind and wave the inner man perturb;
But "sundaes"!—there appreciation stops;
Give me "bull's-eyes" and English "lollipops."

I want no better word than "whipper-snapper"
For the rude motions of the vulgar boy;
"Dinky" is good, though Scots, since "dink" for "dapper"
BURNS of immortal memory employs.
I have no quarrel with our English "flapper,"
But "cutie" does not make me jump with joy.

In fact the more I learn of alien argot
The more it seems to call for an embargo.

Words like "rumbunctious" or "gallivanting,"
Which have no Transatlantic substitutes,
Are part of our great heritage, with BANTING
And BOYCOTT and the Jumblies and the Jutes;
They set my pulmonary system panting,
They thrill me to the marrow of my boots,
And bid my earth-bound Muse embark on flight
Through the wide realms of barmy blatherskite.

Old words are best, and in the ancient spelling
They carry an incomparable weight,
In their suggestiveness by far excelling
The terminology in vogue of late;
And when earth's crust is perilously swelling
And scientists of "seismic tremors" prate,
I turn to records, written long ago,
About the "yerthquacke" in the page of STOW.

C. L. G.

"A rather strange phenomenon was witnessed on the Golf Course at Melrose on Saturday afternoon, when a group of players saw to their amazement the ground rise in front of them, but whether this was a prelude to the tremor or the result of some hidden spring it is difficult to say."—*Scots Paper.*

This euphemism for the nineteenth hole is a new one on us.



REMARKS THAT DON'T RING TRUE.

Jobbing Gardener (putting in half-a-day's work). "TELL YOUR MISSUS I'VE FINISHED MOWIN' THE LAWN AND WEEDIN' THE BEDS, AND I'VE CUT THE 'EDGE, AND THERE'S STILL TWENTY MINUTES OWIN' HER. WOULD SHE LIKE ME TO CLEAN THE CAR OR SOMETHING?"

AT THE PICTURES.

TALLULAH.

"SHE talks so enthusiastically," says the Carlton Theatre programme about Miss TALLULAH BANKHEAD, "that the muscles of her neck often reflect her earnestness." This idiosyncrasy I did not notice during the actress's first talking film, *Tarnished Lady;* but, for the rest, the management's account of her is accurate, although the thousands of her London admirers, and in particular the ecstatic young women who have made a habit or rite of waiting outside the stage-door on the first nights of her new plays to express their adoration, will regret the use of the past tense: "In London Tallulah Bankhead *was* the darling of the footlights"; "during the eight years she *spent* in England," and so forth. One cannot read sentences like that without realising that the Paramount studio has very definitely made a capture and means to hold to it. TALLULAH has widened her sphere; she can appeal now, through the medium of the talkies, to all the world at once instead of to a single audience; but she has lost her emotional allies; and they have lost her—for I suppose that even such allurement as hers,



THE TALLULAH BEDSTEAD.

MISS TALLULAH BANKHEAD (*NANCY COURTNEY*) INTRODUCES HER CUSTOMARY STAGE PROPERTY.

when translated into photography and phonography, lacks most of its appeal. The gallery may still be crowded by sympathisers and devotees, but there is no communicating current. TALLULAH is no longer *en rapport;* she is thousands of miles away across the sundering sea.

But when her contract with Paramount is finished and she returns to the London stage—if to one who will then be a millionairess such a course has any attraction—or if during her cinema



A MODEL FINANCIER.

Norman Cravath . . MR. CLIVE BROOK.

career she makes, like one CHAPLIN, a personal visit to inaugurate a new picture, how the streets will be congested, how the doors will be besieged, how those long-suffering servants of the public, the London police, will be called upon to exercise firmness with tact!

In *Tarnished Lady* TALLULAH has been fitted very carefully with a part. Every mood in her not extensive repertory is provided with material, and by turns she is insolent, pitiful, reproachful, disdainful and, if not loving, desirous. But always—as I used to find her on the stage—tragic. I can remember no face, certainly not the face of any actress playing in tragedy, so tragic as hers. The bitter words, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity," are written all over it, and Mr. GEORGE CUKOR, the Paramount producer, is, I fancy, going to have some difficulty in diversifying her *rôles*. But perhaps he will not try. "The mixture as before" is a time-honoured prescription.

If in *Tarnished Lady* TALLULAH begins her screen career well, it is not a little because she has as an ally Mr. CLIVE BROOK, who by the way would have his queues too were he to desert the camera and come to life. At the moment this suave, reserved, clean-shaven actor is to millions of people all over the world the typical English gentleman, although in *Tarnished Lady* he plays the part of an American super-financier, *Norman Cravath*. He plays it so blandly that he might easily have such an influence on the American youths who see the film as to mould them anew. Every American youth wants to be a successful and daring operator of dollars, but before the rise of this English actor they had no models beyond the Babbitts and the rough-and-ready magnates of their own neighbourhood, who put wealth before style. But *Norman Cravath* is perfectly dressed, perfectly composed even in momentary adversity when the market is against him, perfectly civilized, whether at the jeweller's or the opera, and he speaks with the perfect enunciation of a cosmopolitan of culture. No "Yep," no "Yeah" degrades his clean-cut firm lips. Let the markets prepare for a change!

The odd thing is that *Nancy Courtney* (TALLULAH BANKHEAD), who is an exceedingly undesirable girl for such a man to marry, ever wants any one else. But if she did not there would be no story; and so we have to see her as much in love as she can be with a short-story writer named *De Witt Taylor* (ALEXANDER KIRKLAND), who, however, with the psychological acumen which sometimes goes with his calling, sees through her and selects another.

The title of the film is slightly misleading. For the heroine is not tarnished. *Nancy Courtney's* caprices



NANCY'S INFANT REGISTERS ANTIPATHY TO THE FILMS.

under disappointment and frustration lead her towards tarnishment; but that is all. I do not put her forward as a model of virtue, but her inclinations toward depravity do not become deeds. No doubt there will be plenty of opportunity for that when she is *Mrs. Norman Cravath.*

E. V. L.

AT THE PLAY.

"A KNIGHT PASSED BY"
(AMBASSADORS).

THIS is a fantastic-romantic play which avoids undue sentimentality—an attractive *genre* of which our stage sees too little—by JAN FABRICIUS, *the* dramatist *hors concours* of Holland. Mr. W. A. DARLINGTON has made a smooth-flowing adaptation from a dog-English version. The title refers to a picture—possibly popular in Holland—of a woman who sits up in bed beside her sleeping husband and sees through the window a knight riding by. We might suggest a sub-title: "A Lesson for Don Juan."

The *Stranger* (Mr. NICHOLAS HANNEN) has met at a fancy-dress ball *Peter* (Mr. DAVID HORNE), an actor-manager, with *Anne*, his young wife (Miss PEGGY ASHCROFT). The *Stranger* was dressed as Robin Hood; *Peter* as a green Pierrot; *Anne* was ravishing in crinoline and pantalettes.

There is symbolism in the costumes. The *Stranger* is bent on taking from the rich and (shall we say?) giving—to himself. Pierrot, not bright and heartless but uxorious and dull, is an arch-egotist; perhaps he is rather meant to be that Pierrot who is a butt and a failure in love. *Anne* is just awaking out of girlhood to a sense of dissatisfaction. Robin Hood has made a bet with Pierrot that in three short hours he will present the actor with a play of his own composing with more of real action than he has ever known in his unreal life of mumming. Pierrot, fuddled with champagne, accepts the challenge. The stage shall be the actor's own country cottage. It is Robin Hood-Don Juan's device for the easier pursuit of his amorous design.

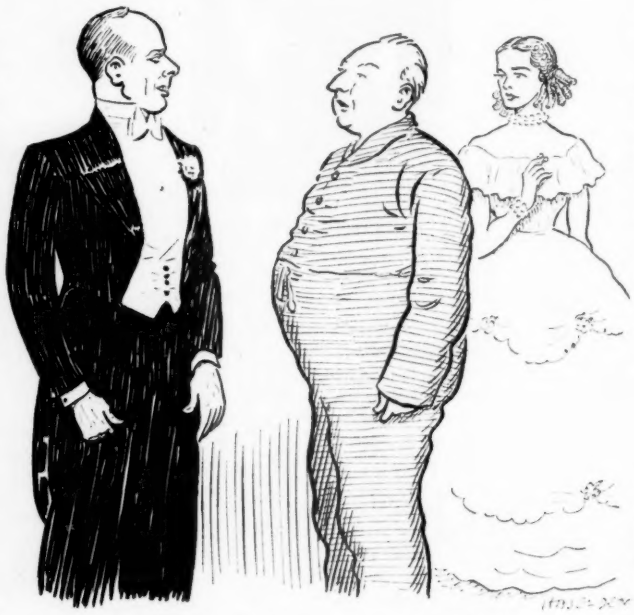
Anne comes home from the ball (and here our play begins) moody and dissatisfied. She has seen the knight riding by. She sits up to read and think. Pierrot climbs a little unsteadily to bed. The *Stranger* enters, unrecognised by her. He opens with the *Raffles* gambit—all women are to be moved by the outlaw in his circumstance of danger and courage. He relieves her of her jewels; restores them courteously; interprets her mood and crisis to *Anne*, listening reluctantly—but listening. She has loved the *Othello*, the *Hamlet*, the *Mark Antony* in her actor-manager. She has found the real man a domestic tyrant, kind but crass. She needs liberty to find herself. Pierrot is finally summoned by her to deal with the *Stranger*. Looks strangely unimpressive in his pyjamas and bare feet. The bland *Stranger* smiles; reveals himself as the maker of the bet, and this as the First Act of his little play.

And now the author, having set his scene, cleverly keeps us guessing as to the real intentions and relations of his characters and the issue of the strange challenge. The Second Act ends with the flight (next day) of *Anne* to Town with the *Stranger*—according to his prophecy made to the complacently incredulous *Peter*. The Third begins with *Peter* sitting disconsolate—it is the evening of this second day—and anxious. *Anne* returns late to confess her infidelity. The *Stranger* joins them, imperturbable, triumphant. Romance has won the day.

But the author has his surprises in store, and without an easy sentimentality, without, too, leaving us with a sense of being unfairly beguiled into a false reading of the interplay of motives, brings his fantastic comedy to a satisfactory and, in the fully revealed circumstances, dramatically inevitable conclusion.

A queer, complex and delicately-patterned business, the balance of which might very easily have been disturbed by less sensitive playing. Miss PEGGY ASHCROFT takes the honours of the evening for her perceptive study of the romantic girl at a crisis of her emotional fortunes. Nor does she wander from the fantastic key of the piece. I venture to suggest that a tendency to "bat the eyelids" wants watching. Mr. NICHOLAS HANNEN resisted with his usual nice discretion any tendency to overplay a temptingly flamboyant part. Mr. DAVID HORNE, with the more difficult unsympathetic part, did perhaps seem a little to fail to explain his hold over his young wife, except that women are kittle-cattle with a prejudice on the whole for fidelity. A clever little sketch of a giggling country maid by Miss JOAN WHITE in a pleasant subsidiary episode—skilfully fitted in by the author, with his unerring sense of the theatre, by way of informal Prologue and Epilogue—won high merit for the player.

This is a play in a new mood by a skilful man of the theatre which ought by no means to be missed. T.



A KNIGHT DROPS IN *EN PASSANT*.

A Stranger . . . . . MR. NICHOLAS HANNEN.
Peter . . . . . MR. DAVID HORNE.
Anne (his wife) . . . . . MISS PEGGY ASHCROFT.

"MARRY AT LEISURE"
(HAYMARKET).

The pattern of Mr. VOSPER'S light (but not really so very light) comedy is more plausible than the characterisation. Let us assume him to be experimenting as a Symbolist; or a Symmetrist maybe, for he provides us with clear-cut, balanced if highly unlikely situations, and displays a trick of repeating little joke *motifs* after the manner of the musicians.

He makes incidentally a few good jokes, one or two of a pleasant outrageous intent. And those who are ready to take the pleasantries, mild or spiced, as they come and not worry about the whole, will get most enjoyment out of this affair. "Marry at leisure; repent in haste" is the text of it.

It is awkward for *Geoffrey Barrowdale*, a young riverside nobleman (Mr. CHARLES HICKMAN), when *Marjorie Forbes* (Miss ELVIRA HENDERSON), breaks it to him that she is illegitimate. Won't his parents rather object to their union? The young man thinks it probable. *Marjorie's* parents, *Alan* and *Helen Forbes* (Mr. GRAHAM BROWNE and

Miss MARIE TEMPEST), an ideally affectionate pair, have been living in a free union for twenty years. There is an *Ursula Forbes* in the background, *Alan's* lawful wife, of whom we learn that she is rather spiritual and austere, drinks like a fish and has done so for at least twenty-three years; has also a prejudice against divorce. Happily a telegram towards the end of the first Act announces her death . . . Good. *Helen* and *Alan* will marry at once, thinking inaccurately that this will legitimise *Marjorie*. Oh, well, anyway the gesture will be appreciated by the boy's parents and everything will be all right. We learn later with some surprise that this optimistic calculation is well-founded.

Even silken bands, as we all know, chafe the free spirit. The characters of *Helen* and *Alan* deteriorate with surprising suddenness. She has become house-proud and conventional; he a golf maniac, a golf snob and a bickerer to boot. Six months of it and they part in a furious quarrel.

Each is solicitous to save the other the shame and worry of providing the evidence for the Courts. *Helen* persuades her effeminate painter friend, *Claude* (Mr. ALAN NAPIER) to simulate the guilt that the law requires. *Alan* persuades his friend, the virile, not to say coarse, *Joanna*, to do him the like office. They meet in the same dull improper hotel—a rather mournfully comic scene if the truth must be told.

Six months later: The *decree nisi* has been made absolute. No longer married the two can live in peace again. Not, mark you, says Mr. VOSPER, that there's anything wrong with marriage. It's only the silly conventional social habits that married people fall into, asking people to dinner, putting servants in uniform and calling them by their surnames, being polite to the Vicar's wife, which cause the mischief. So don't let anybody run away with the idea that this is a piece of subversive propaganda!

Miss MARIE TEMPEST is provided with material to show to her loyal admirers her many moods, from gentle affection to insurgent hysteria, the range being the wider as the author shows little or no conscience about likely characterisation. It cannot be denied that the play shows signs of having been written in haste. A well-invented little part for *Marjorie's* young brother, *Nigel*, played with a charming naturalness by Mr. LEWIS SHAW, and a quiet study of the congenital imbecile, *Lady Challow*, by Miss ISOBEL OHMEAD, seemed to me sound pieces of work. The too formidable *Joanna*, the tiresome effeminate *Claude*, the lamentable Vicar's wife—these (and other) characters seemed to be in a vein of caricature beyond the bounds of the *genre* and perhaps hardly gave their interpreters a fair chance. T.



DIVORCE DE CONVENANCE.

Helen Forbes . . . . MISS MARIE TEMPEST.
Claude Spencer . . . MR. ALAN NAPIER.
Alan Forbes . . . . MR. W. GRAHAM BROWNE.

CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER (ST. JAMES'S).

It must be annoying for this clever American *diseuse*, who has special gifts of her own, that one must needs begin by comparing her work with that of her distinguished countrywoman, Miss RUTH DRAPER. It is the highest compliment to the younger woman that she does not come badly out of the comparison. Miss DRAPER'S range is wider undoubtedly, her humour more vivacious and she is the better showwoman. Miss OTIS SKINNER, who has a rich cultured flexible voice and a gracious presence, does her work more quietly—I think it almost possible to claim that she does it more subtly—and perhaps has the power of suggesting deeper feeling. In her sketch of a young girl "in trouble" (in the technical sense), the whole trembling body from head to foot was cleverly used to convey the girl's tragic, helpless agitation, without any forcing of the note of pathos. The tangle of emotions caused by a woman meeting with her divorced husband at the bedside of their sick child was admirably suggested, but because MISS OTIS SKINNER'S method is so quiet the subtler points may be missed if she is not watched narrowly. Her timing is perfect and the tense stillness of the house is a tribute to it. In the study of the mad old lady with the system at the roulette-table (a portrait from the life, we are told), the actress without make-up put on forty years to her age; her very body seemed to shrink.

There was a jolly malice in the presentation of one of our complacent, incompetent countrywomen babbling an ill-prepared lecture on some futile expedition or other—one knows and recognises the type. Nor does she spare her own compatriots.

The portrait of a mother "helping" her twelve-year-old boy to solve a simple homework problem—one of those disastrous A, B and C affairs—was rich in humour.

If this gifted lady writes her own "book," she writes it on the whole very well. A very attractive, intelligent, discreet and sensitive performance. T.

"There was a capital attendance of spectators."—*Daily Paper.*

The game was also remarkable for the non-attendance of a large number of absentees.

"Five hundred Wafdists and Liberals endeavoured to entrain for Tanta (the Wafd stronghold) in defiance of government prohibition. They rushed the guarded entrance and some got past the police who were armed with sticks and others were disappeared by a charge of mounted police."
East African Paper.

Probably wafded away.

THE PURSER.

YES, that is the Purser—with lots of gold lace
And nothing whatever to do;
Not an officer really, but quite a nice face,
And matters immensely to you;
For he is the one who is really to blame
For whatever annoys you at sea,
But the joy of his life is to remedy same,
And he will for a moderate fee.

So go to the Purser and slip him a tip;
His temper is terser with every trip,
But bang on his door,
For that's what he's for,
And say what you think of his horrible ship.
And if there is nothing to make you profane
Invent an excuse, if it's only the rain:
The man isn't happy unless you complain—
So go to the Purser.

The moment the steamer is clear of the wharf
Proceed to the office and say,
"My cabin would be a small size for a dwarf;
You cannot expect me to *pay*;
I would not confine a white rabbit of mine
To a prison so meagre in plan;
I am told that they snore in the cabin next-door,
And something is wrong with the fan."

Go to the Purser and be impolite;
Call at the office from morning till night;
Tackle the chap
While he's having his nap—
The Purser is wrong and the passenger's right.
Make it quite clear that you are not a mole
And cannot exist without air in a hole;
Add, by the way, that the ship mustn't roll—
That's the fault of the Purser.

As the voyage proceeds you may find that your needs
Take even more time to explain;
The food as a rule is the work of a fool;
It is foggy again and again;
The sailors will trek overhead on the deck
Just as sleep is approaching your eyes;
Your boy is too fond of that staggering blonde—
And what does the Purser advise?

Go to the Purser and give him some lip—
After all, you have paid for this odious trip,
And you never allowed
For a positive crowd
Of Parisian vamps in this part of the ship.
A man at your table's unpleasant to see,
So either you go to another, or he;
And why is fresh milk not provided at sea?
Inquire of the Purser.

And don't hesitate to pop in and relate
Any personal matters you can;
Describe all the rows you have had with your spouse
And ask him to speak to the man;
If your daughters insist upon staying up late,
If your husband will love you no more,
If you cannot digest or are putting on weight—
Well, that's what the Purser is for.

Go to the Purser and sing him this song—
The passenger's right and the Purser is wrong,
And, alone of the crew,
He has nothing to do
But listen to nice little speeches from you.
The Captain has only the ocean to fear;
A furnace is fun to the Chief Engineer;
But the Purser has people to manage, poor dear—
And Heaven help the Purser!

A. P. H.

OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE.

HOW WIRELESS STRIKES THE NATIVE IMAGINATION.

OUR natives had always approved of the northern hemisphere's inventions when these reached our Colony, welcoming all such as designed expressly for their entertainment, but their reception of our portable wireless-set was unexpectedly lukewarm. This was disappointing, for they had loved our gramophone (they called it "the little piano"), in which, they first of all thought, the artistes actually dwelt, holding it inhuman of me that I would not let them put maize down the tone-arm for the nourishment of the singers. They had then decided that the merit lay in the "plates," and thought they would boil down the record of *The Laughing Song*, which tickled their fancy, and eat it so that they too might laugh like that; but I thought not.

They were not averse from profiting by the broadcast programmes, of course; in fact Malidadi, the house-boy, rather startled us one night, on retiring after waiting at table, by changing his usual Kikanzu valediction to "Goood nait, olll, *Gooood* nait"; but they took it all very much as a matter of course.

We had thought that the set, having no visible means of communication with the outer world, would have amazed the boys, as it did us. After all, they knew that, with a gramophone, a record must be put on before pleasing sounds are emitted. If the needle is just laid on the baize of the turntable, and the motor started, the result is not satisfactory, as they themselves were ready to admit after trying this experiment in my absence.

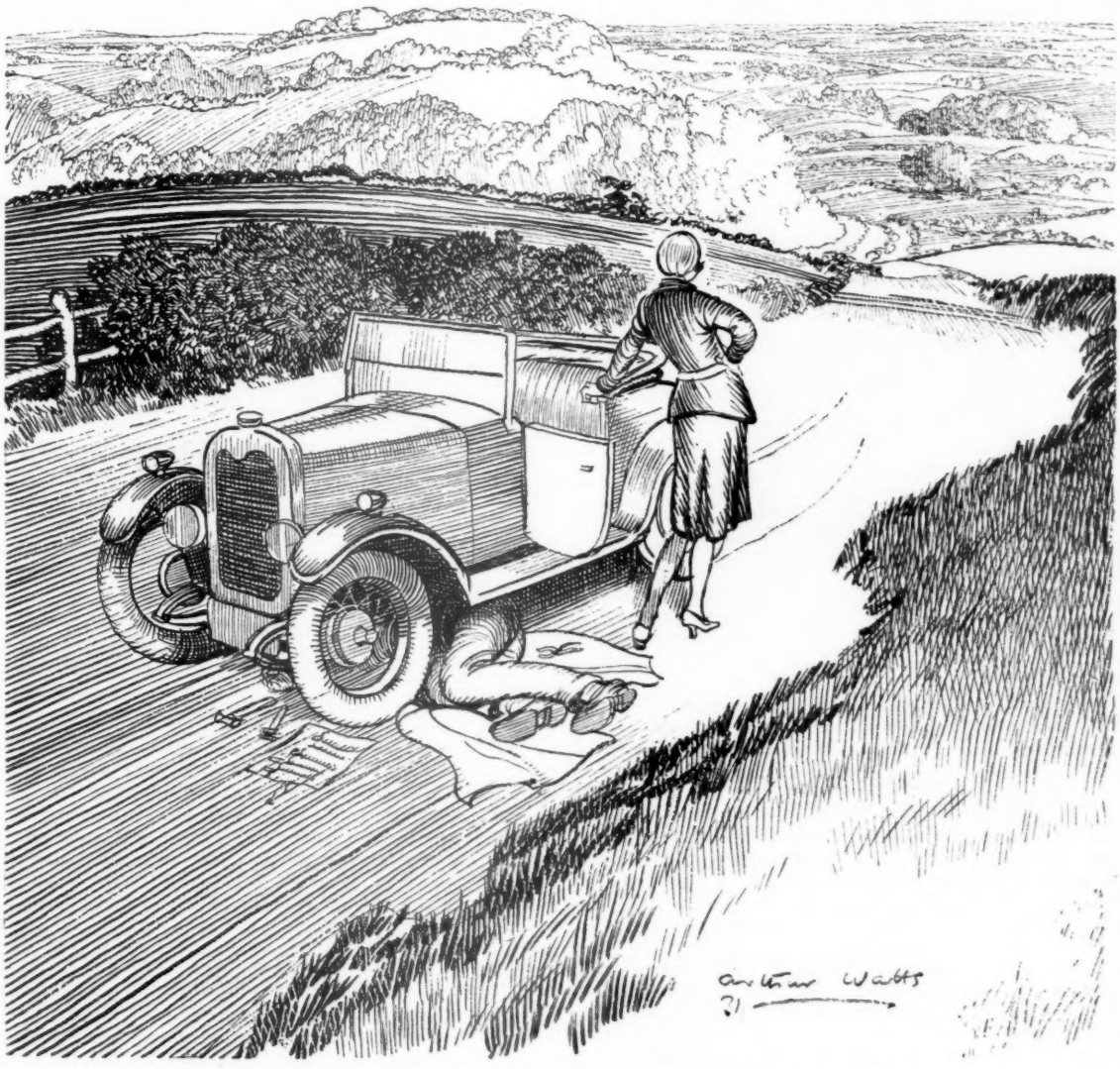
But no, they were not intrigued. This was, in a way, a relief, for though Kikanzu is an easy and beautiful language, spoken by striking the teeth smartly with the butt of the tongue, its vocabulary is limited, and only those who, like myself, have tried to explain in this medium the principles of gramophone-recording and reproduction know what it means to be let off a disquisition on ether waves and what not.

It was not until much later that the mystery of our boys' lack of enthusiasm for wireless was explained. It struck me one evening that there was an unusual amount of drumming going on in the bush, and I called Malidadi from his housework to ask him what was the reason. He listened intently for a time and then told me that "The Very Big Bwana" (he meant the Governor) was coming on *safari* through the district, and this news was being passed on from village to village. The sounds perhaps conveyed nothing to me, Malidadi said, but the drums were sending a definite message which those whose ears were trained to them could catch; "just," he added surprisingly, "like Bwana's box."

I asked him what he meant by that. He opened the back of the portable set. "We WaKanzu have only two small ears," he said (I am sparing you his actual words), "and we cannot hear very far, but the Bwana's box," pointing to the valves, "has eight lovely large ears so that it can hear what people are saying in England, a long way off, and then it tells the Bwana, as the little piano did."

"Alfa Romeos arrive. Mr. G. Field talking to Sir Henry Birkin (on right), who arrived yesterday morning with two Alfa Romeos, which he will drive himself."—*Caption in Irish Paper.*

We frequently roller-skate to the office on our pair of Babies, but Sir HENRY BIRKIN seems to take a larger size.



"OH, HENRY, DON'T YOU *LOVE* THESE GREAT OPEN SPACES?"

HIKE LABOR, HIKE OPUS EST.

MADAM, will you hike, if you like, with me
Across the breezy down or beneath the greenwood tree?
With never skirts or gaiters, with throats all collar-free,
With shirt and shorts and shoes, and socks for lingerie,
A rücksack and a rug and a kettle for our tea—
Do not motor, do not bike, come and hike with me!

Madam, will you hike down the pike with me?
We'll leave the cars to honk as their weary weird they dree,
And the painted petrol pumps shall not fill us for a fee;
Shanks' mare is the steed for our rustic chivalry,
Four miles an hour down-hill, and up-hill it's three,
And an unknown way we'll strike if you'll hike with me.

Madam, will you hike by the dyke and sea,
On the green fenland meadows to the song of bird and bee?
Will you plant hefty hobnails on the scar or the scree,
When three of us are company, just the wind and we?
Two can walk together, though they are he and she,
So, for the love of Mike, come and hike with me!

"BUFFALO FLY IN QUEENSLAND."—*Australian Paper.*

Buffalo (to DE ROUGEMONT'S *Wombat).* "Fly with me!"

We are asked to deny the rumour that Lord BEAVERBROOK has joined the staff of *The Daily Herald.*

"Lady —— —— will open the annual garden fête of Richmond Parish Church with St. Matthias, in the Vicarage garden on Friday, June 26th."—*Surrey Paper.*

We wonder what St. Matthias will wear.



The Girl. "I SUSPECT YOU 'RE A BIT SHOCKED AT US NOW YOU 'VE COME BACK AFTER YOUR LONG ABSENCE ABROAD?"
The Man. "NOT A BIT; YOU FORGET I'VE BEEN LIVING AMONG NAKED PRIMITIVES."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A DELIGHTFUL childhood—and one, alas! whose enchantment will never be repeated—is chronicled in Miss MARY MCHUGH'S *Thalassa* (MACMILLAN, 7/6). The old-fashioned life of an old-world family on the west coast of Ireland, old retainers, old customs, the idiosyncrasies (good and bad) of almost unbroken isolation on a beautiful sterile seaboard—these are the staple inspiration of a tender memory and a deft and delicate pen. With the affectionate humour which England keeps as a rule for *Tray* and *Tabitha*, Miss MCHUGH recounts the foibles of "craythurs" more rational and exquisitely Christian, but not withered out of all spontaneity by modern devotion to Mammon. She writes of fishermen, all keen beachcombers, who risked their lives in coracles for the crew of a French castaway; menservants and maidservants whose antique deference to "their honours" the gentry was not even intended to disguise a very good conceit of themselves and their position; ancient families with banshees appurtenant and more solid hauntings of crazy and illegitimate relatives; patriots with grisly stories of pikemen and pitch-caps, but nothing of up-to-date Nationalism. These, with their flowery cliff-bound coast and hinterland of bog and mountain, made a strange but on the whole lovable world for a little girl. The writer, wrenched from it all at twelve or so and consigned to school in Dublin, was transplanted too late to flower bravely in her new surroundings, and the interpolated school-days are perhaps a mistake. Without them the little book has a unity of spirit and place as rare as it is memorable.

Academic benedictions on modern commercial enterprise have inevitably a Transatlantic air; but here is an English Professor of Psychology who has compiled a scientific treatise on *Voice and Personality* (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 10/6) as they emerge (or fail to emerge) on the wireless. Professor T. H. PEAR is apparently convinced that what issues through the medium of all this mechanism still deserves the humane appellation of art. In any case, he adds—but I am afraid this strikes me as rhetoric—the voice itself is, after all, a mechanical product. A formidable egalitarian, he cannot confront an unstandardized pronunciation without brooding darkly on class-distinctions. And his diatribes against dialect come ill enough from a popular educationist; for where, looking back, was the stigma attached to dialect till your popular educationist got going? The chief objective here, however, is to find out how an audience visualizes the producer of the disembodied voice, in pursuit of which aim nine "mystery voices" were broadcast from Manchester and a percentage of listeners-in induced to fill up a questionnaire as to the personalities of the speakers. Their conjectures, reproduced in full, exhibit more intimacy than unanimity; one listener going so far as to accuse of partial baldness a speaker whose "unruly hair" had struck another as "unaccustomed to brilliantine." I am afraid my own attitude towards this type of research resembles that of *Little Peterkin* towards the Battle of Blenheim; but, given a reader with a bent for psychology and a passion for radio, I can imagine a more appreciative reaction.

The Caterpillar Club is an unofficial American society, dating from 1922, of which every person is a member who

saves his life by jumping with a parachute from a disabled aircraft. The origin of the name has some connection with silk (the material of parachutes) and the action of the silk-worm when it emerges from its cocoon and flies away. The analogy is not quite clear to me, but the club, which has really nothing more tangible about it than a collection of records in the U.S. War Department, has adopted it and grows in numbers. There were 204 members in 1930, and their qualifications provide a collection of thrilling stories which Mr. DON GLASSMAN has embodied in a very readable volume, *Jump!* (ARROWSMITH, 10/6). He gives also the history of the parachute from the time of LEONARDO DA VINCI to the present, and all sorts of information which will be useful to aspiring Caterpillars.

Mr. BERG has written
Such a book of birds;
Badly I've been bitten
By his charm of words.
Forth from Öland faring
With the cranes we can
Take a southward bearing,
Shape for the Soudan.

Here we find an Eden;
Birds of every style
With the cranes from Sweden
Sit beside the Nile.
Would you be acquainted
With them? Would you know?
Here in words they're painted,
Photographed, they go.

With the Migratory
Birds to Africa
Is their loving story,
Is their book that—ah!
But you'll surely try it
Just as I advise;
Ten-and-six will buy it;
CAPE this boon supplies.



"PLEASE, I TELL YOUR FORTUNE?"
"NO, THANKS, I'VE JUST HAD IT TOLD."
"BUT I TELL YOU BETTER ONE."

The devastation of Central Europe and the disappearance of the German peoples, with massacres, famines, plagues and revolutions beyond conception for all the white races, are foretold in careful detail in *The Coming War* (FABER AND FABER, 6/-). Three contending supernational forces which cozen the "mayfly" nations into war are preparing a greater Armageddon in which armies totalling tens of millions, wrestling backwards and forwards across the soil of unarmed Germany, will work out their mutual destruction. None of the tender mercy with which, as you may remember, chivalrous German invaders cared for their *protégés* in Belgium and France, will be exercised, but whether it is the Grand Orient of Paris with its inner ring of Jew financiers and its outer circles of Freemasons, or the Papal G.H.Q. at Rome with its Jesuit generals and its Fascist lieutenants, or the absolutist leader of the Bolsheviks, the policy will be extermination, the final objective a unified control of the earth, the result mere chaos. It is all to happen, I am sorry to say, next year, and only one man—the author of this book—the man who could have given Germany the victory, so he is assured, in the last war, is able to prevent it. His warnings alone may avert, or at any rate defer, the impending doom. One has to turn to NAPOLEON playing table-games at St. Helena for an anticlimax as pitiful as is furnished by this product of a great mind overstrained, for this was another man that half the world feared—General LUDENDORFF.

Mr. JOHN DRINKWATER has followed up his American

studies of LINCOLN and LEE with *The Life and Adventures of Carl Laemmle* (HEINEMANN, 10/6), the Film Magnate—little old "Uncle Carl," as he is affectionately known in the Trade. The salient part of the story is the fine courage, jolly insolence and dogged persistence with which LAEMMLE, with no material resources to speak of, challenged the tyrannical American Film Trust, a gang of financially powerful and stoutly entrenched pirates, made it first contemptuous, then faintly apprehensive, then resourcefully vindictive; fought it to a standstill, and finally put it out of business, the Administration, enlightened by the damning indictment piled up by LAEMMLE and printed broadcast in a gorgeous idiom in the advertising columns of the trade journals, taking up the matter under the SHERMAN Anti-Trust Laws. An epic fight, no less; a David-and-Goliath affair—adapted for the films. LAEMMLE went to America from his native Württemberg at the age of seventeen, was nearly forty before he had any but undistinguished routine commercial experience and was actually out of a job when he saw a future in films, beginning modestly with film-hiring and ending with large-scale production in a "city"—Universal City, California—built by him for the purpose. The kindly features in the reproduced photographs confirm what the author has to tell of his subject's generosity and integrity.

The crux of the eternal contest between East and West is the view taken of the phenomenal world. The West, in books and lecture-rooms, may deny its objective reality — and Bishop BERKELEY'S followers are legion — but yet continues to behave as though metaphysic were mere mental gymnastic. The Eastern idealist, on the other hand, easily escapes from his material background and becomes absorbed in various psychic states which are substantially different from ours. Mrs. ALEXANDRA DAVID-NEEL, herself a Buddhist, is the latest interpreter of the East to the West. Her book, *With Mystics and Magicians in Tibet* (JOHN LANE, 15/-), contains three-hundred-and-twenty pages, and after reading them this Westerner is as much a stranger to the Eastern mind as when he began. The diffuseness of transcendental thought and writing is proverbial, and the author's statements are rarely exact or precise. One simply cannot see the point or purpose of merging oneself in new psychic states which are not always pleasurable. The Westerner may not prefer physical adventures to mental, but fundamentally he considers the body, after all, a worthy thing, and is loth to leave it. Our author is evidently struck by the practical advantages of being able to keep warm in high altitudes by mind-power and long practice alone. The feat is not incredible, but is it not on the whole less wasteful of resources to build a fire and make oneself to that extent less self-sufficing? Or, better still, live lower down the slope.

I suppose that the *Friends and Relations* (CONSTABLE, 7/6) to whom Miss ELIZABETH BOWEN introduces us in her new novel of that name are not more inexplicable in their actions than our own belongings often seem. And yet, in spite of all the modern instances to the contrary, I incline to the view that it is part of a good novelist's business to go one better than he can in everyday life and, assuming omniscience, make his characters' motives perfectly clear for the benefit of his readers. Miss BOWEN evidently does not agree with me. Her story is of two sisters and their husbands. *Edward* marries *Laurel*, but has, before that, dallied with the thought of *Janet* and won her heart. *Janet* becomes engaged to *Rodney*, finds that his uncle has figured as co-respondent in *Edward's* mother's divorce, yet still marries him. The suppressed love between *Edward* and *Janet* leads to trouble some years later, but, as far as I can make out, the story ends happily and neither hearts nor marriages will be irretrievably broken. As a creator of character Miss BOWEN has all my admiration—I will say no less—but her style almost at times defeats my comprehension. And as she is quite clever enough not to need obscurities to give her the air of cleverness I am all the more inclined to regret the fact, unless what I ought to be regretting is my own obtuseness.



"THAT'S MUCH TOO BIG; IT'S NOT AN OMELETTE, IT'S AN OM."

Miss GERTRUDE ATHERTON at the top of her form is delightful to read, and in *The Sophisticates* (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 7/6) she has given us a story both ably written and constructed. Six Forks, a proud and prosperous city in America's "Middle West," was all agog because *Julius Abbey* had been poisoned and his young and beautiful wife was accused of murdering him. Owing to a confession by a dying man she was acquitted, but almost without exception the gay young band of people over whom she was queen thought that she was guilty, though they remained loyal to her and considered that she was justified in removing her obnoxious and elderly husband. Indeed it seems to have occurred to only one of these extremely sophisticated people that *Mrs. Abbey* had not committed the crime. Miss ATHERTON'S studies of the young Americans of to-day are as pungent as they are amusing, and with a theme nicely in accord with her talents she has written a novel remarkable for its observation and insight.

The Stolen Cellini (BENN, 7/6) is a welcome change from the majority of current sensational novels, for it is concerned with the fracture of the Eighth, instead of the Sixth, Commandment, and its readers will not have to puzzle their brains in guessing by whom the theft was committed. The story, however, is thoroughly ingenious, and the pursuit of *Sir Julius Venn* by Mr. ALAN THOMAS'S two detectives, *Maurice Arbuthnot* and *Cyril Fortescue*, is cleverly and amusingly conducted. But, while I cordially applaud the manners and methods of those exquisites *Maurice* and *Cyril*, I wish that the latter had not so frequently indulged in the deplorable habit of flapping his hands.

CHARIVARIA.

IN connection with the cruise of *The Daily Mail* yacht, *Wild Duck*, round seaside resorts, a rumour is current in Fleet Street that *The Daily Express* is secretly fitting out a rival yacht, to be called *Canard*.

* * *

Regret is felt in Shoe Lane that Ascot should have been permitted to clash with the publication of Lord BEAVERBROOK's Diary of 1916.

* * *

Speaking at Farnham, Mr. GREENWOOD, the Minister of Health, said that he strongly disapproved of golf. It is hoped that he will not decide to make it a notifiable disease.

* * *

An American visitor says London policemen are the most courteous body of men he ever struck. Rather a risky way of testing their affability.

* * *

A cormorant has been seen catching fish in the Thames at Richmond. This confirms the belief, long held by anglers, that there are fish in the Thames at Richmond.

* * *

A correspondent in a picture-paper describes PHIL SCOTT, the boxer, as a fine business man. He certainly seems to know the ropes.

* * *

In his contest with LARRY GAINS at Leicester, he was knocked out in four minutes. It is not known what caused the delay.

* * *

A doctor declares that he isn't bored when people discuss their ailments with him. Many patients, on the other hand, have difficulty in keeping their doctors off this tiresome topic.

* * *

A worm has been discovered which can tie itself in a knot. The idea is to give the early bird indigestion.

* * *

Recent atmospheric conditions are said to have had the effect of making clocks and watches slow, thus causing late arrivals at the office. Office-clocks are, of course, unaffected by atmospheric conditions.

* * *

Mr. LANSBURY announces that he intends to beautify the Terrace of the House of Commons. Conjecture is rife as to how he means to dispose of the M.P.'s.

* * *

Mr. LANSBURY can't understand how England has managed so long without a planetarium. Yet England struggled on for years without a LANSBURY.

* * *

Federal officials point out that AL CAPONE'S last year's income would have enabled him to enforce the Volstead Act, leaving something over for himself. It is not believed, however, that he would have even considered this proposition.

* * *

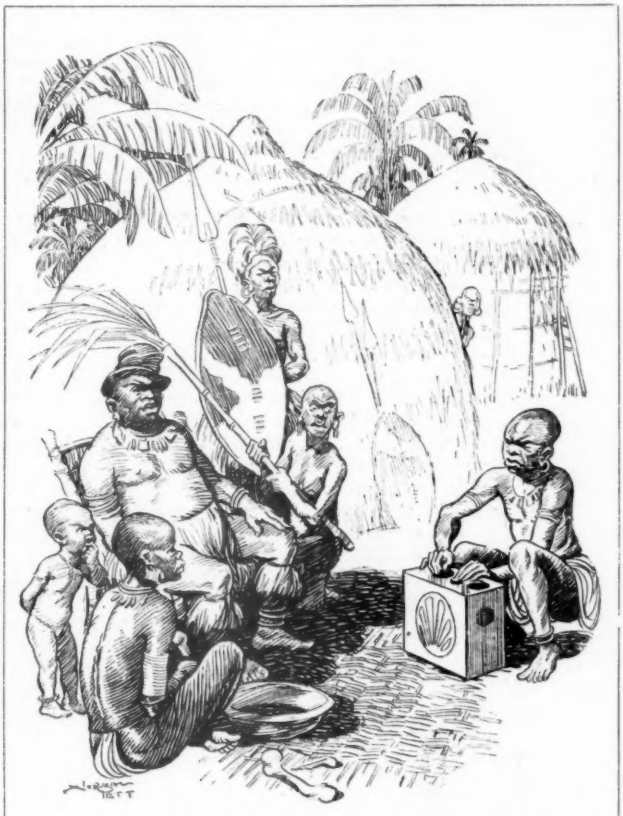
There are no rabbits in Russia, we learn. This relieves us from the immediate fear of dumped bunny.

* * *

Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS considers journalism the richest, fullest and most glorious life that man or woman can live. This is the spirit that has made our popular Sunday papers what they are.

* * *

Lady —— —— has been told that her little boy has a film-face. There is hope, however, that he may outgrow it.



Loud-speaker. "PROFESSOR SOLUSKI WILL NOW GIVE HIS TALK ON 'THE BENEFIT OF SUN-BATHING.'"

In urging Irish hotels not to describe native produce on menus in obscure French terms the Irish Tourist Association is understood to be actuated by the view that visitors prefer plain Erse.

* * *

With reference to a recent prediction of the meteorologists we are asked to point out that the promised heat-wave was postponed owing to the weather.

* * *

LEE TSING-YAN claims to be two-hundred-and-fifty years of age. It is said that he well remembers when things used to be what they were.

* * *

The collecting of mascots is still reported to be growing in popularity. Perhaps this is the real answer to the question, "What can she have seen in him?" so often asked at weddings.

* * *

A rare old decanter recently came under the hammer. It was therefore not the cat's fault.

* * *

"It is the whole rhythm of English life that has to be changed," says M. ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED. Perhaps the B.B.C. will give a lead by putting more verve and abandon into the fat-stock prices.

* * *

An American film-actress has been married nearly five years. There is some talk of the happy couple celebrating their celluloid wedding.

* * *

A new London theatre seats only 150. The building is so small that people in the audience can overhear what the players are saying to each other.

* * *

The decision to produce Signor MUSSOLINI'S Napoleonic drama in London is thought to be prompted by the DUCE'S desire to know what Mr. SWAFFER thinks about it.

* * *

An expert declares that the standard of dancing is higher in London than in any other city in the world. The girl who is lucky in her partners can often make one pair of feet last her the whole season.

* * *

"There is something about the modern woman that gets her anything she wants," says a writer. We think it must be her husband.

THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG.

["Once the land tax is instituted it can be expanded as in the case of death duties."—*Daily Herald.*]

FEW things induce in me a mood
Of more profound distress
Than lack of candour, clean and nude,
In organs of the Press;
I hate their use of Nay (or No) instead
of Yea (or Yes).

It matters not at all to me
What is their party flag;
Blood-red, for all I care, may be
The colour of the rag,
If only they will let their cat come
bounding from the bag.

I want to have their candid view
Of Mr. SNOWDEN's chin,
And what will happen when his new
Extortions once begin;
I want his wedge's working end frankly
described as thin.

And in my *Herald* such a brand
Of honesty I've found;
They hint that later he'll expand
His penny in the pound
(As with the duties when you die) to
something large and round.

In thus comparing land with death,
They mean, if rightly read,
That, whether or not you draw your
breath,
You're similarly bled;
So, if you own a bit of soil, you might
as well be dead. O. S.

LATIN AND GREEK.

A LAST PLEA FOR UNITY.

I AM told that the University of Yale has just put an end to compulsory Latin and Greek in its entrance examinations.

This grieves me. I cannot feel happy about it at all. Changes of this kind are going to render even more difficult my task of welding those two other languages, English and American, into a composite whole. I am definitely snooty with the University of Yale.

The New York American, commenting on the decision, has observed, "All that is needed of Greek and Latin can be learnt by an intelligent boy in one week."

I doubt it, brother. So many thousands of Anglo-Saxon words are derived from the tongues in which Demosthenes and Cicero penned their immortal prose that the mere notion of bumping off the classics strikes me as pie-eyed in the extreme. It seems to me that Latin and Greek are the berries. From a purely literary point of view, when we consider the surge and thunder of the *Odyssey* and all the charm of all the Muses so often flowering in a lonely word of the *Æneid*, it is hard, very hard, to believe that a gang of high-grade thinkers like this Yale bunch has done well in giving the kayoe to wop-stuff in their smalls.

Is it indeed even possible to do so? The whole trend of modern civilisation, with its immense reliance upon scientific terminology in order to describe mechanical inventions and the processes of chemistry, appears to involve boning more and more words from Latin and Greek. The stuff that these old authors pulled on their public is the stuff we pull to-day. We have telephones and megaphones and microphones. Just what sense is there in compounding these words in this particular way if college boys are never to learn the derivations from which they pop? Batty, if you ask me.

To take but a single instance. If that which we now call a telephone were to be called something else—say a farspieler—the meaning would be precisely the same and we should sure get the wrong number just as quick. But would it be so satisfactory? I should smile.

There must have been some magical beauty, some intricate cunning, some marvellous flexibility about the language of Sophocles and Plato that made the high-hats fall for it so long, whilst Latin has woven so fast a hold on our everyday speech and thought that it is difficult to contemplate a get-away. We are heirs of the ages. We are bound up with our past. There is no English sophomore who, treading the velvet sward of his college campus, looking up at the cute old-world buildings which surround him, can fail to be aware how the spirit of bygone scholars, nursed in the grand old classical tradition, speaks to him more and more in each succeeding semester. Neither in English nor in American universities ought we to put the skids under those great grammarians of the past.

Social, political, commercial life are equally bound up with these Mediterranean tongues. We cannot snap out of them at a moment's notice nor give them the razz. There is no boss of any ward who does not bring the form of Latin procedure into his committee-room when he wants the boys to hustle around on a job. Where is the dignity of the senator if he does not remember that the very title of his high office has been nicked from the burg upon the Seven Hills, and that men of like dignity, of like gravity, snooped around the residential sections of the greatest city in the world?

The Romans were business men. Their stuff was big-time stuff. The industrial life of a modern go-getter is indebted to them for a thousand ideas which they have bequeathed to the Anglo-Saxon tongue. Percentage, investment, director, fluctuation, depreciation, reconstruction, inflation—what phrases should we have for noble conceptions like these if those hard eggs on the Tiber had not driven their roads and sent their legionaries through Europe, with a broadsword in one hand and the other held open for graft? We cannot mull over the old books without observing what a rake-off all of the prominent Roman magnates took from their dealings with provincial boobs. Oh, boy! I hope to tell you. Wherever they toted the eagles they took with them the ideal of service and salesmanship. They set up department stores.

Society. What is that? Each familiar word is linked with the tradition of Greece or Rome. Mansion, aristocracy, millionaire, cosmopolitan—have they any meaning for the poor hop-head who does not realise that the Lucullus residence was famed for its eats long, long before the present era commenced; that the home of Pericles was a swell joint to which only the most zitzy uptown belles were invited; that Ovid was sent into exile for becoming goofyover an emperor's niece, and that Horace was wont to sleek his hair and crown his head with blooms when he had a date for a petting party with Lalage and Chloe and the rest, or invited old man Mæcenas to have a snort with him on his Sabine farm?

I cannot but hope that the University of Yale even now will alter its decision. If not, one of two things will occur. Either its students will continue to welter in a quagmire of obsolete phraseology, the meanings of which they will never discover in all their puff, or else the American branch of the Anglo-Saxon tongue will go high-tailing away further and further from our own.

I have shot off my mouth. I have given the University of Yale an earful. I will say no more. EVOE.

Mr. Punch's Bedside Bookshelf.

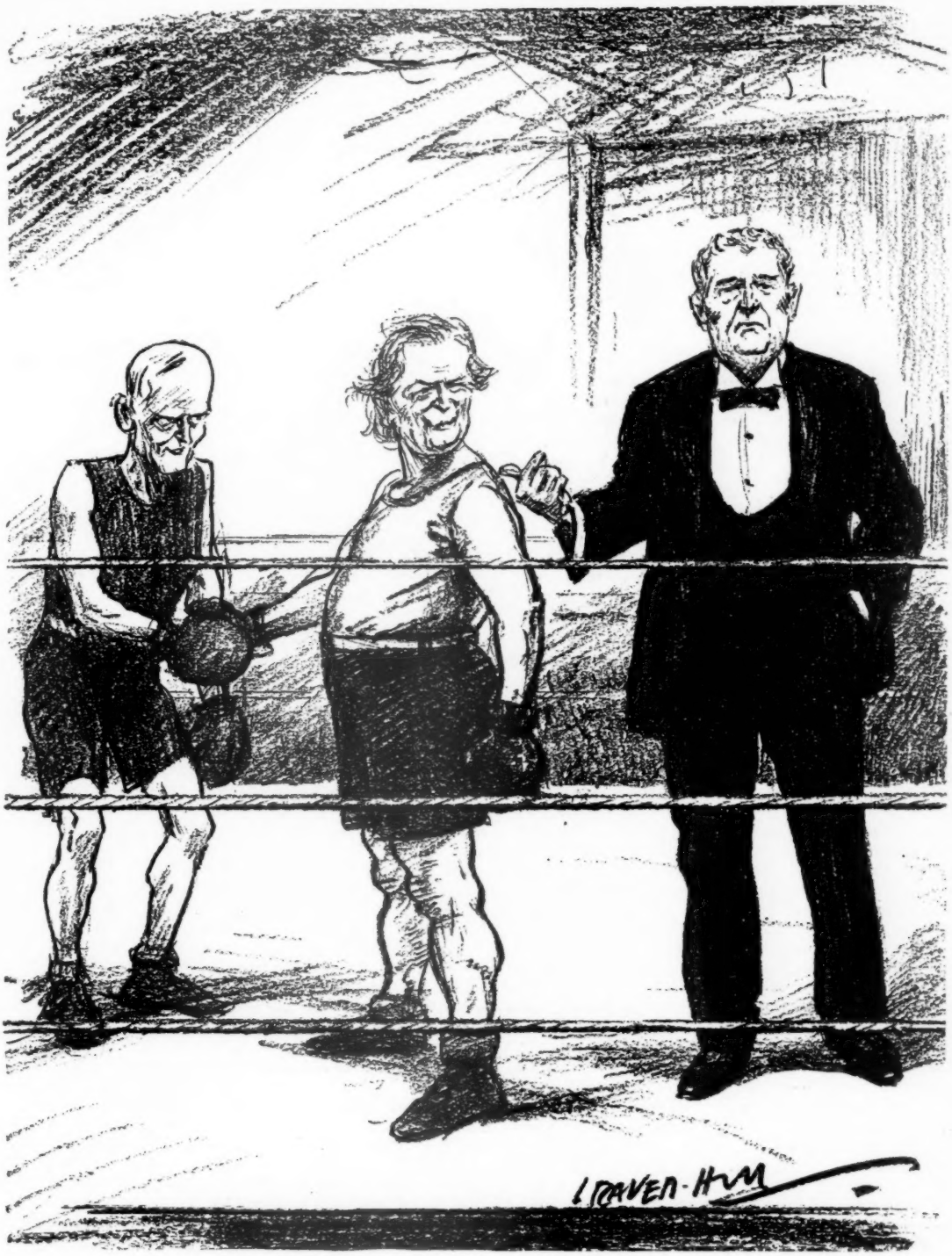
"TAGORE-RABINDRANATH — Stray Birds (slightly worm-eaten), 6*s*."
Booksellers' Catalogue in India.

Perhaps a shade too high.

"Mr. D. R. Jardine has had the honour of hitting his hundred for the Gentlemen both at Laird's and Kennington Oval."
Glasgow Paper.

Hoo's that?

"Cricket umpires should get together and stick out for their rights," says a speaker. This is where the United Umpire Party really comes into its own.



ANOTHER BIG FIGHT FIASCO.

JOHN BULL. "GENTLEMEN, I HAVE THE ASSURANCE OF THIS CHAMPION THAT HE CAN ALWAYS BE RELIED UPON TO FIGHT TO A PRE-ARRANGED FINISH."



Adorer (to girl who is doing her hair differently). "I SAY, I DO *LOVE* YOUR EARS STICKING OUT LIKE THAT."

MY IDEAL WAYSIDE INN.

YOU come to my inn on one of those yellowy-orange country roads which connect two grey asphalt ones. It is easily accessible to the right sort of people and at the same time unpopular with the wrong sort. For the yellow road only meanders indeterminately along the foot of the Sussex Downs and is a trifle narrow for obese and shiny cars; while the two grey ones, wide as rivers, plunge arrow-like over the hills to the bungaloid growths and the sea. Moreover, these two grey roads have on them such popular hostels as "The Jolly Week-end," where there is ample parking-space for charabancs and a mechanical piano in the saloon-bar, or "The Jew and Chorus," which offers a five-course lunch and a fellow who can really mix a Bronx.

My inn has none of these. It is not even heralded by flamboyant "TEAS FOR CYCLISTS—100 YARDS" on yellow boards at any distance up to a quarter-of-a-mile on each side. No, just when you are saying to yourself, "By Jove, what an ideal spot for a little country inn!" the road winds out of the pine-wood where the wild rhododendrons grow in great purple bastions, and there it is.

Its swinging signboard, "The Frog and Tuppence," beckons up and down the road, but the inn itself stands back a little from the wayside and smiles upon the open space thus left in front. This patch of sward, laced into yellow paths by thirsty feet, is not for the pompous meditation of limousines while Mr. Abrams and Miss Footlyghte drink gin cocktails. It is for honest wayfarers with dusty boots to sit on wooden benches and stretch their legs under plank tables fairy-ringed with memories. An old man with his hand clasped over a stick usually suns himself in one corner and takes toll of the stranger in exchange for reminiscence. His imagination and his capacity for beer are both unplumbed.

Upon this suntrap long low windows, cool in whitewashed walls, look out and rambler roses blush against the shadow behind. A porch covered with jasmine gives entrance to the inn; another, half hidden under tangles of clematis, leads to the public bar. There are here no disfiguring exhortations to drink proprietary brands, no pretentious notices about Saloon Bars or Smoking Lounges, no attempt by means of "aged" pewters on shelves or fake mead-horns on the walls to graft a fictitious impression of "Ye Olde Englysshe Inne." There are only honest glass mugs as thick as your hand, honest brown beer drawn straight from the cask and not through beer-engine pipes, and honest men with earthy boots to drink it.

There is no lunch menu; who wants a menu for cold roast beef and new bread and country butter and cheese and good amber ale? There is no dinner at all—at least no meal flaunting that name which begins with two tinned olives, a sardine and pickled cabbage and ends with something which the pseudo-waiter refers to as "caff." The meal is called supper, and it is what you had for lunch with the addition of celery, lettuce and cucumber from the garden. The landlord himself will serve it, not a barman dressed up in a dickey, and as you crunch celery-stalks that are really crisp you can look out over the garden to the smooth swelling curves of the Downs.

The garden of "The Frog and Tuppence" is of course open to anyone who cares to go down the brick-floored passage from front to back of the inn, turn to the right, duck to avoid the oak beam and step out straight on the one path. It is not much of a garden compared with the smooth lawn walks and expensive flower-beds of the main-road hotels, but then you aren't paying for

its upkeep by that extra shilling on every breath you draw. The grass is far too long; the path is the ash from long-dead fires, edged by broken bricks set corner up like the jagged teeth of some strange monster; and the beds are crammed to overflowing with all the homely old-fashioned flowers of a true cottage-garden. There are, in their season, asters and peonies and pale dancing columbines, benign sunflowers and lavender and mignonette and fat double poppies, and sown in with them all are the herbs for the kitchen—parsley, sage and thyme, the last originally stolen according to immemorial tradition. You can sit out on the grass here too and order more beer with the assurance that no grubby shirt-front will desecrate the view with a cheap plate salver; but that the picture will simply be completed by either Rosemary or Mary Rose, the landlord's plump and pretty twin daughters.

At the end of the garden is a stream which separates you from the first sweeps of thyme-threaded turf, and from here you can look back on the red roof and white walls of the inn set in a frame of pale-green beech and dark pine.

By way of a white gate, which drags on a wire-netting skirt and offers a nightly puzzle to the rabbits, you may pass the last green wall of runner beans and reach the old cobbled stable-yard. There are here no chromatic petrol-pumps, advertisements of lubricating-oil or other signs of civilisation, but there is this concession to an age which sees more and knows less of the countryside than its ancestors: you can—I whisper it—buy petrol. True, you buy it from an old man who still hisses between his teeth if he washes a car; and generally the car needs it, for this I will say about the people who come to "The Frog and Tuppence" in cars: they are those whose cars are old, dirty, unreliable and beloved, because they are family friends, not means of transport or ostentatious emblems of wealth.

You may stay an hour, a night or a week at my "Frog and Tuppence," and you will know a peace you have never known before in this age of worry and haste. For it is the Ideal Wayside Inn.

As soon as I have enough money I shall start to build it; at the moment, alas! it is only in my brain and heart.

A. A.

"ACTS OF GALLANTRY.
PRESENTATIONS TO A WOMAN AND A POLICEMAN."
Daily Paper.

Our cook complains that the gallantries exchanged between her and the village constable have not yet been officially rewarded.



Long-winded Explorer. "WE FOUND OURSELVES IN AN ALMOST IMPENETRABLE JUNGLE THROUGH WHICH WE HAD TO HACK OUR WAY——"
Imperfect Listener. "COULDN'T YOU LIFT AND DROP?"

PRIDE BEFORE A FALL.

AMID the traffic's welter
I wore a placid air,
Not rushing helter-skelter,
But calm and debonair;
It might have been a wide steppe,
So unperturbed was I,
When with a tardy side-step
I let a bus whizz by.

The driver of a taxi
Who missed me by an inch
Became extremely waxy,
But could not make me flinch,
Nor did I let the lorry
That seemed to think I might
Be its appointed quarry
Impel me into flight.

My pride distinctly welled up
When on that afternoon
I actually held up
A plutocrat's saloon,
And it was with a feeling
Decidedly elate
That, safely back at Ealing,
I oped my garden-gate.

But pride too soon abating
Fell plumb to earth again,
For Nemesis was waiting
Within my own domain;
Unwarned of horn or hooter,
'Twas there that I was run
Down by the reckless scooter
Of my misguided son.

SEEING THE ENGINES.

I.

TO-MORROW the Chief Engineer is going to show me his engines. I cannot imagine why. We are nearing Colombo; the temperature in my cabin is eighty-seven degrees and even the sea is eighty-five degrees. But there are some things immutable in the life of the sea; and one of them is that the Chief Engineer is stout and Scots, pretends to be alarming, and is mild and irresistible. And sooner or later one goes below with him and "sees the engines."

Nobody knows why one "sees the engines." Not because one knows about engines or cherishes a passion for engines. One doesn't. And it is never suggested that one does. I have clambered up and down scores of engine-rooms in my time, and I am no wiser about engines than I was before. I remember nothing whatever about them, except that in the old days there used to be a lot of very hot and dirty men shovelling coal into furnaces, and nowadays there are a few very cool clean men fiddling about with things like spirit-stoves. I must have had the turbines explained to me about fifteen times; but I could no more explain turbines to someone who had not heard about them than I could explain the digestive system of a dromedary. I am one of that vast majority of the human race on whom turbines have made absolutely no impression, and never will. Yet to-morrow I have no doubt the Chief Engineer will explain the turbines to me again.

Why is this? The Chief Officer does not invite me on deck and show me the ropes. The ropes in this vessel are much more simple than the engines; but the Chief Officer assumes that I don't understand ropes and don't care. Nor do I ask the Chief Engineer to come down to my cabin and see how I write light verse. He might live in my house for weeks without my attempting to explain to him the laws of prosody or the canons of criticism. But just because I like to travel by sea he thinks I want to look at condensers and understand about steam.

True, if he were my guest, I should probably show him the study sooner or later, to prove that there is a place where I work. And that may be the idea behind this showing the engines. Those passengers who only see the Chief Engineer in the smoking-room about cocktail-time or just before lunch may get an idea that he has nothing much to do. One passenger, I know, said innocently to him the other day, "Do you ever go down to the engine-room?"

And then there is the old feud with the Chief Officer, who fondly thinks (the Chief Engineer thinks) that his sailors and ropes and things are the important part of the ship. All the Chief Officer's part of the ship is obvious to the view; one can scarcely walk about the vessel without noticing the decks, the lifeboats, derricks, rigging and so forth. But the engine-room is comparatively hidden; and really in this smooth ship one might travel for weeks without knowing there was one. I dare say that these things rankle; and it may be that the Chief Engineer takes me down to the engine-room (*a*) to make it clear that he really has a great deal to do with the forward movement of the vessel and (*b*) to make it clear that the Chief Officer has nothing whatever to do with it.



Ex-R.A.F. Officer. "FLYING CLUB, EH? SPLENDID! WHAT MACHINES HAVE YOU GOT?"
Collector. "'TAIN'T MACHINES, SIR; IT'S PIGEONS."

Yes, I can understand that. But why not stop there? Why is it necessary to explain his beloved turbines to me? If I were going to show myself the engines to-morrow I should lead me to the door and say, "You see all that shining brass and things going round? That's the engine-room. This is what really matters in this ship. I'm responsible for it, and I'm rather marvellous. Most of these things are turbines, but you wouldn't understand that. Why should you? But it's spotless and you can see that. That's all. And now I'll show you the smoking-room."

But to-morrow, I have no doubt, I shall hear all about steam. . . .

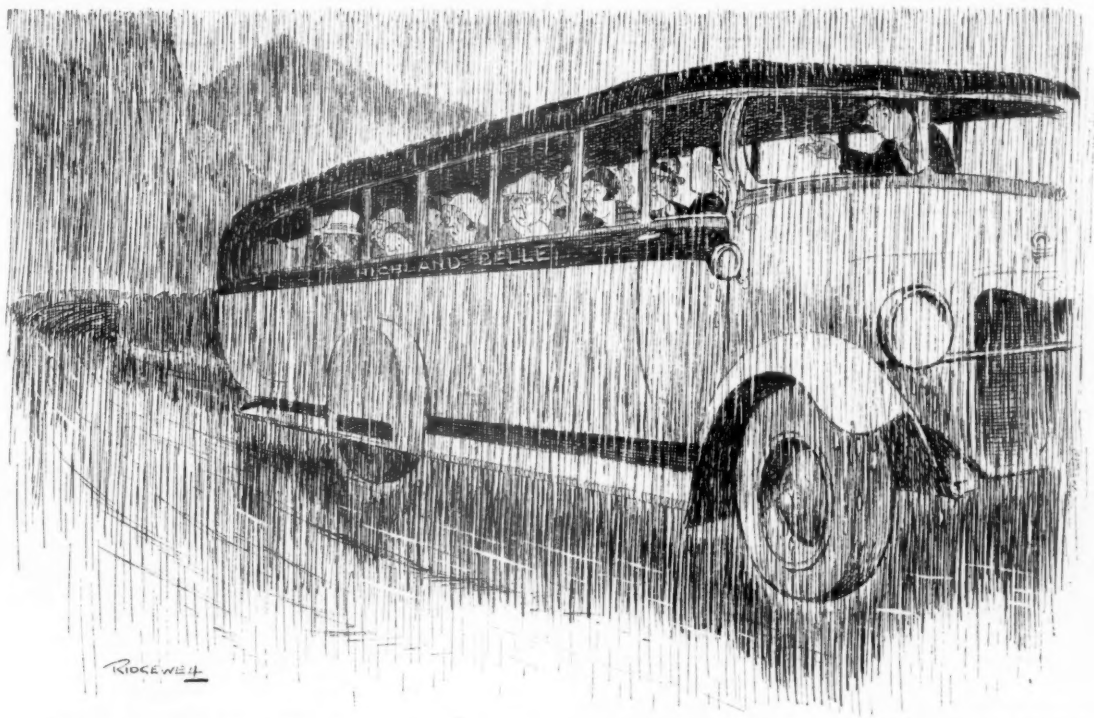
II.

"*Too* right," as the Australians say.

The Chief goes on his rounds at seven A.M. The temperature was eighty-seven in the cool. I woke like an island in a sea of sweat. I put on a flannel shirt and trousers. They clung to me almost before I got them on. One is a sort of walking fly-paper these days, and the less walking one does the better. I joined the Chief and we walked about four miles.

We walked all round the Chief Engineer's enormous domain, he like a large round animated sponge and I like a long thin animated loofah. Gosh, it was hot! We saw the laundry and the bakery (both busy and boily); we dripped all over the printing-press and the freezing-machinery; we inspected the ventilating-plant and the steering-gear and the dynamos and the dairy and the Iron Cow which makes the ship's milk. We walked and walked and walked about the bowels of the great ship, and everywhere we walked we sweated and dripped and mopped our brows.

Disgusting! And at last we came to the engines. Even before the engines there had been a certain amount of explanation-trouble. There was one room full of (I *think*) the steering-gear. The dear old Chief has a soft shy little voice and is inclined to mumble. The whirr of the ventilating-plant quite drowned his modest pipe; but I stood for a long time while he mumbled at me (between mops) the complex secrets of the steering-gear. I watched his lips moving, and odd isolated words reached



Conductor (doing his best). "NOW, IF YOU LOOK T' YER RIGHT YOU WILL OBSERVE ONE OF THE FEATURES OF THE HIELANDS—FALLING WATER."

me now and then—"condensers" . . . "pump" . . . "hydrant" . . . "pump" . . . "condensers" . . . "pump" "electrical" . . . "pump" . . . "connection" . . . "pump." Almost everything in the Chief Engineer's department is a pump, and I gather that even the steering-gear is mainly composed of pumps. That, however, is all that I could tell you about the mechanism by which the ship is steered. Strange, is it not, that I could not say simply, "Sorry, dear old Chief, but I can't hear a word you're saying, and what I do hear I can't understand"? But nothing could have persuaded me to say it—life is like that.

So we came to the engine-room. This engine-room, like all engine-rooms, is just an impossible muddle of masses of things going round. It is quite clear that no one can really understand what all the things are for, and it would be much more straightforward if nobody pretended. (And not only are there masses of things going *round*—I could endure them; but you keep coming across horrible unnatural little bits of machinery doing furtive things in *corners*, things that wiggle and jump and hop and look at you and then miss a beat.)

Suddenly I found myself clinging like a monkey to a shiny rail and looking down at an enormous muddle, all of which was going round and round (or else going woggle on the sly). We hung there while the Chief explained about the nature of turbines. I heard the words "pump" . . . "steam" . . . "condenser" . . . "steam" . . . "pipe" . . . "steam" . . . "condenser" . . . "steam" "boilers" . . . "pump" . . . "steam." Every time I heard the word "steam" or "pump" I nodded intelligently and said, "I see."

Then we descended the ladder and wandered about in the basement; and the Chief explained nearly everything that went on in the engine-room, including many of the gadgets going woggle in corners. I dripped all over the engines, but knew no more about them than I did before. The Chief, however, seemed thoroughly to enjoy himself.

And at last we left the engines and, wondering if it was possible to be any hotter and live, I followed the Chief to a quiet place at the blunt end—the place, to be exact, where the propeller-shaft goes out through its little hole to meet the propeller outside. No noise here; no engineers; nobody. Only the long, smooth, shiny, steel shaft going round and round for ever and ever.

"Propeller-shaft," said the Chief with pardonable pride.

I gazed at it also with satisfaction. At last I had seen something the purpose of which was really clear to me.

We laid our hands on the circling shaft; it was slightly warm, like the back of a horse, and I patted it.

We sat down and mopped the brows and gazed at the shaft.

"That shaft," I said, getting it quite clear, "by going round like that, turns the propeller round—and that drives the ship along?"

"Ay," said the Chief softly.

"Yes," I said, "I understand that."

"That," said the Chief, "is the thing that matters."

We gazed at the shaft in silence for a long time.

And I said at last, "It's a pity perhaps the Chief Officer's not here."

"Ay," said the Chief Engineer strongly, "it is." And I think we are friends for life. A. P. H.

"The Shortest of all Seasons—the Potted Char from Lake Windermere has arrived at —— and ——'s."

Advertisement in Daily Paper.

Our char, though well-preserved, failed to arrive this morning from Kentish Town.

GUN DOGS.

VII.—IRISH WATER SPANIEL.

Maria.

WHEN Genius makes a dog, then Genius takes
Unto the task the elfin ink and pen
And makes, maybe, a dog to love while men
Love dogs and laughter and the bells it shakes;
Thus, red, disreputable, wise as snakes,
The immortal spaniel was; thus ever, when
Men name her name *Maria*, there and then
They add that *here*'s the dog that Genius makes.

Come, virtuous *Rab!* Come, *Gelert*, prince of dogs!
Maria shares the crowns with you to-day
(The crowns that bookmen but to you accord);
Poor little pirate sportsman of the bogs
Now leashed to the Elect, how must she pay
The penalty of Greatness, greatly bored! P. R. C.

THE PSYCHIC BID.

HEALTH permitting, Smythe played bridge six days a week at Allcracks' Club, and one memorable afternoon he dealt himself these cards: Spades, none; Hearts, A, K, Q, J, 10, 9, 8; Diamonds, A, K, Q; Clubs, A, K, J. He called six Hearts and pulled off a Grand Slam, only to meet the baleful glare of an obviously indignant partner.

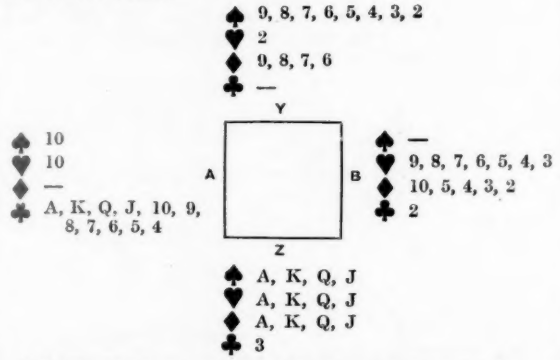
"What's the matter now?" he asked.

"My very poor fish," retorted his *vis-à-vis*, "do you not realise that the Psychic Bid has been formally adopted by our Card Committee? I therefore suggest that your correct call at any score was 'One Spade,' and also invite you to tell me how you otherwise propose to indicate your weakest suit. May I further add that, unless you employ the recognised conventions, team-work—the bedrock of sound bridge—becomes impossible."

This really annoyed Smythe. "I refuse, Sir," he spluttered, "to associate myself with such a pernicious and ridiculous innovation. The discussion is closed."

But worse was to follow. A week or so later Smythe, in a rash moment, introduced an old and valued friend to Allcracks' Card-room, and Smythe had failed to warn him of the wild men and their methods.

With the score 10 all in the rubber game the following hands were dealt:—



A (a Psychic), managing with extreme difficulty to suppress a grin, called "One Diamond," Y (another Psychic) said "Two Clubs," B (Smythe), knowing something of A's methods, said "No Bid," and Z (his friend), relying upon Y's Clubs, felt that "Two No Trumps" was indicated. A promptly snapped out "Double"; Y and B said "No Bid"; Z's "Redouble" closed the auction, and A led the King of Clubs.

It can be claimed for Z that he exhibited the true British fortitude as a stream of Clubs flowed from A's hand with monotonous regularity. And it was only when faced with the difficult problem of discarding one of his three Aces to the lead of A's last Club—the Four—that Z showed symptoms of distress by wriggling uneasily in his chair. If he had known that A's original bid of One Diamond was a "psychic" declaration of weakness in that suit he would have selected the Ace of Diamonds to discard; but when he chose the Ace of Spades, A naturally followed with the Ten of that suit. Z, now faced with yet another discard, again guessed wrong, and the final result was therefore A—B 13 tricks; Y—Z none; a Psychic Pslam.

THE LADY OF THE VOICES.

MANY magicians have I heard or seen
From JEFFERSON and SOTHERN and TREBELLI
Down to KARSAVINA and CHALIAPINE,
From LISZT and JOACHIM to GROCK and JELLY;
But one with special force my fancy fetches,
RUTH DRAPER in her multilingual sketches.

She comes and goes, she never has outstayed
The welcome her Protean genius earns;
Laurels like hers endure, they never fade,
But are renewed, each time that she returns,
By fresh proofs of a study that embraces
Two hemispheres and half-a-dozen races.

She takes us to the heart of old Madrid;
She brings three generations from the Ghetto,
And all rings true; naught from our eyes is hid;
The scene might have been limned by CANALETTO;
She has the spell that touches or rejoices,
Mistress of many moods and many voices.

The languid English drawl, the Kerry brogue,
The rustic dialect of the Coasts of Maine,
The jargon of the latest modish vogue,
The sad Dalmatian striving to speak plain;
French, Spanish and Italian—*tutti quanti*—
All tongues are yours, O female MEZZOFANTI!

Intent on shooting folly as it flies,
But much more sympathetic than censorious,
She views the world with shrewd but tolerant eyes;
Virtue is not invariably victorious;
And yet the humble heroines in her gallery
Outshine the conquering siren, *Mrs. Mallory.*

If the "gigantic daughter of the West,"
America—as hymned by ALFRED TENNYSON—
Does not at all times give us of her best,
Here she deserves our very warmest benison,
For we forget the talkie and skyscraper
In the magnetic presence of RUTH DRAPER. C. L. G.

Rod-men at Fenners.

"A.A.A. BEAT CAMBRIDGE.

Price . . . 300 yards from home . . . shot Hedges and steadily increased his lead until the race became a magnificent procession down the straight."—*Daily Paper.*

We think PRICE should have been warned for bumping off.

"The world's biggest air-liner, Hannibal, one of the 'Forty-two's,' will take wing for Paris on his (since he bears a Roman general's name) first commercial journey."—*Daily Paper.*

HANNIBAL'S reaction to the insult of being called a Roman would almost certainly have stampeded the elephants.



"DO YOU KNOW THAT WOMAN?"
"ONLY TO TALK ABOUT."

READING AT THE REGIUS.

(Presenting Another Library Problem of National Importance.)

THE Rotunda, as you know, is the reading-room of the great Regius Library. Portia thus describes it:—Outside, a smooth bulging dome like half-a Brobdingnagian melon; within, an immeasurable accumulation of erudition and dust. Thither, according to Portia, explorers go to observe the Great Primordial Students, Dons, Mastodons, and Diplodoctissimi of Law and Letters, whose brains are also Rotundas (outside, smooth bulging domes like Brobdingnagian half-melons; within, immeasurable accumulations of erudition and dust). Most of them are enrolled as "Permanent Readers."

Portia began visiting the Regius originally in the hope of reading some of the world's oldest and largest books; she had been told they were indispensable for her thesis. The Regius Library, however, has cured her completely of her thesis, and left her with only a slight theorem, which is at present latent.

A pity; because if Portia's thesis had turned out anything like her description of the Rotunda it would have made an oasis in some examiner's desert.

This, she says, is what happens when she wishes to consult some great work such as *The Culpeper State Papers, Vol. I.* First, she writes the title on a slip of paper; then she sits down while a troupe of very small boys with very large heads search the building for the great work.

Inside the Rotunda a kind of husky silence prevails. The fact is, no one is permitted to TALK there at all, but anyone with a large walrus moustache may WHISPER, if he must. Portia, not having one of these, is technically dumb.

The mastodon on her left, however,

is exceptionally well qualified; like a forest of saplings his moustaches thresh and shiver as he whispers in a voice like an autumn gale that "she has taken another lady's seat." She prepares to move, but the gale continues: "The lady has gone away for three hours." The other readers turn round and frown at Portia. Then, just as she is sitting down again, the lady in question appears and, breaking the rules irrevocably, whispers loudly, "You have taken my seat." Again Portia is preparing to move when the lady adds, "You needn't move: I am going away for three hours."

The other readers turn further round in their seats; they are shuffling their feet now and frowning with their whole bodies at Portia. The Mastodons weave and grunt alarmingly.

When she has been waiting for an hour-and-a-half for *The Culpeper State Papers*, a small boy with a large head returns her slip of paper to her with "The book does not exist" written on it. Portia is dubious; waiving her technical disability she interviews a senior librarian in a stage whisper and explains that, since a number of authorities refer to the book, it must at least have existed once. So she waits for another hour, and the slip of paper returns with "Lost since 1891" written on it.

Once more Portia argues the point, and the librarian promises to find the book. She goes away for lunch and comes back to find her slip awaiting her; this time they have written on it, "A Permanent Reader is using the book." Presently it appears that the Permanent Reader is the mastodon on her left with the exceptional moustache. She is undaunted; she writes him a little note saying, "Will you want that book all the afternoon?" He turns and typhoons at her hoarsely, "Yes, I regret I shall want it for three weeks." Permanent Readers stamp their feet in all directions, their moustaches rise and fall menacingly, their domes glow . . . and a small boy comes up quietly to report that the first volume is not in use after all: on the contrary, it is in a cupboard very high up, almost in the ceiling of the Dome. So a ladder is brought and a librarian swarms up and up till he is almost invisible. But not inaudible; he is endeavouring now to open the cupboard, very loudly, with the help, apparently, of a hammer.

The shattering noise is still going on when a librarian approaches stealthily and announces to her that there has been some little mistake; actually, he says, the book does exist and has not been lost since 1891, but it is kept in the Regius Building and not in the Rotunda at all.

Portia picks up her belongings and moves to the very Regius itself. Here all is gloom; there is a rule that no artificial light may be introduced into the building. She grapples in Egyptian darkness with a catalogue of terrifying weight and dimensions. Under the name of CULPEPER there are 3,136 books mentioned in the catalogue; when she has run through two thousand of these a librarian who reminds Portia irresistibly of an ostrich stalks up to her and whispers mournfully, "The library has closed for the night." Portia creeps out in the ostrich's wake, congratulating herself on a narrow escape.



Lady of the house (consulting gardening manual). "NOW, TO-DAY I WANT YOU TO TRAIN, TIE AND THIN THE CLIMBING ROSES, WATER THE BORDERS, FEED THE CHRYSANTHEMUMS, DIVIDE THE PINKS, TAKE UP THE RANUNCULUSES AND KEEP THEM FOR AUTUMN REPLANTING, THIN THE PARSLEY, TRANSPLANT THE LETTUCE, TAKE UP FULL-GROWN ONIONS, MULCH THE RASPBERRIES AND SOW THE CALCEOLARIAS, CAMPANULAS AND OTHER BIENNIALS AND PERENNIALS."

Jobbing Gardener (a bit of a Bolshevist). "EXCUSE ME, MUM, BUT IS THAT A DAY'S WORK OR A FIVE YEARS' PLAN?"

Early next day she is back again and, having at last located the book in the catalogue, she finds more slips of paper to be filled in, but no pencil. Quite close an ancient vulture dozes before a desk on which there are twenty-nine pencils. One must not speak, and Portia decides to write the vulture a note asking him to lend her a pencil. But a thought comes to her in the darkness: Without a pencil how can she write a note? Courageously she whispers, "Can you lend me a pencil?"

He is very important indeed; he runs his hand importantly up and down his shiny beak and asks austerely, "How long do you want it for?" Portia is tempted to say "Three weeks," which is evidently what he expects. "Three seconds," she replies humbly.

"Very well," murmurs the vulture, "but don't lick it." Portia humbles herself again; she undertakes not to lick it.

Then she is informed that it may take a long time to find the book. With supreme self-control she expresses surprise at this. . . .

Vacation comes. Portia leaves a slip of paper at the library announcing that she is going away for three months.

When she returns she finds a note awaiting her, intimating that *the book is not in the Regius Library* at all; it has been *stored, temporarily, at the Chichele Museum.*

But at this point she abandons the chase; she has, to tell the truth, regretfully abandoned her thesis. Instead she has evolved a theory about *The Culpeper State Papers, Vol. I.*, and other works which it is impossible to lay hands on. In the Rotunda, Portia maintains, there is a very low stool beside a very high desk; on the very low stool there is a large pile of books; on the large pile of books sits a very small librarian. . . . Of course, Portia asserts nothing; she accuses no one; she has a theory, but (not having a walrus moustache) she remains silent about it.

She would like it known that she intends to remain silent about it for *three years.*

W.C.S.

"RISK OF EXTERMINATING THE WHALE. SWALLOWS A MILLION SHRIMPS AT ONE MEAL."—*Jersey Paper.*

The Pan-Crustacean League is unanimously of the opinion that the risk is worth taking.



MANNERS AND MODES AT ASCOT.

REEFING TOPSAILS IN BREEZY WEATHER.

OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE.

ICED POLLY.

Austin and I are just home from Nigeria on leave. One goes out there all clothes and no money and comes back all money and no clothes—with a parrot.

The parrot is inevitable. The quaint pottery you bought at Kano is smashed on the way down country. The bundle of spears you left outside your sleeping-compartment on the train has been sold to someone in the third-class by the train-steward. The skin of the crocodile you shot two months back, inoffensive to the noses of your black staff, raised such a storm of protest on the platform at Kaduna that you joined in the outcry of the Europeans gathered there, even to participating in the search for the miscreant owner, and left it there.

Therefore you are left on the wharf at Lagos, devoid of any tangible evidence of ever having been in Darkest Africa. You cannot turn up in Little Ditchling like that. You might as well have been at Southend.

So you hurriedly purchase a parrot, African, grey, with red tail, complete with cage ("Five bob, Sah! Savvy talk-palaver too much!"), from the many hundreds on the wharf, and proceed up the gangway and into the smoke-room of the boat with an embarrassment that slowly fades as you remark that a Resident, Northern Provinces, and the Director P.W.D., are similarly laden and embarrassed.

Written law has decreed that, be your livestock anything from an elephant to a tortoise, it shall be handed to the care of the ship's butcher for the voyage home. Cabins are barred. This came about when the West Coast grew respectable, as the unregenerate Coaster of old, seeing strange animals in his cabin, was delayed in his recovery by uncertainty as to whether they were real or not.

Austin and I, with some score of other parrot-fanciers, sought the underworld and deposited our links with Africa under the protection of the butcher, who swore a fortnight's devotion to their care and forthwith consigned them to the hold. Identification of grey parrots being impossible, we pencilled initials on the wooden cages.

Two days afterwards, at breakfast, the table-steward passed the stirring news that pets were taking the sun "forrard." We found them—some monkeys, a small wart-hog and the parrots—regarding the creaming surface of the Bight of Benin with disapproval. The parrots seemed a disconsolate lot, rheumy-eyed, and any desire to talk was well-dissimulated. Austin cheered his up by prodding it with a piece of straw. Mine, I noticed, kept one eye closed in a permanent wink, appearing dead if approached from the left, and of a startling malignancy viewed from the right.



"WENT OFF IN THE NIGHT, 'E DID, SIR. IT'S THESE 'ERE COLD WINDS."

Shortly after that the weather grew cooler. I was playing deck-tennis when I saw the head and shoulders of Austin appear up the ladder-way from the lower-deck.

"Alphonse" (his bird came from French Dahomey) "is no more," he said. "The butcher thinks he ate some rope. But he's a good bloke, the butcher; he let me have one of his own for seven-and-six."

Next morning I went down to the hold. In the dark interior I heard the butcher talking to someone. "Very 'ard luck, Sir! but they goes off terrible about 'ere. Delikit lungs, Sir, 'as parrots, and when we gets into the Trade winds we mostly loses 'arf of 'em."

I heard a voice make reply. "Well, chuck him overboard. There's no need to slow down the boat. And here's something for your trouble. You don't happen to know if one of the crew wants to sell a parrot, do you?"

"I *was* taking a couple or so 'ome for myself, Sir; but if you wants one bad—well, 'ow'll ten bob suit, Sir? Thank you, Sir. I'll put one in your cage during the day."

Full of foreboding, I approached my cage. An aura of death hung about it. On the bottom, his head pillowed by sunflower seeds, and both eyes closed, lay the bird. I lifted him out. He must have been dead some time, for he was remarkably cold and stiff. He had apparently died in a cold sweat, as an icy dew lay upon his plumage.

Over my shoulder the butcher was talking. "I was a-coming to look for you, Sir. Went off in the night, 'e did, Sir. It's these 'ere cold winds. If they gets past the Islands they're all right, but it's the sudden change."

I fell, too. He said he would "try" to let me have another, and did so. Fifteen shillings.

Two days later it became a panic. Three or four died a day, and were found stiff and cold by their owners. The butcher had replaced about a dozen, and could be urged to use his influence with the crew for replacements. The price went to a pound.

Sorrowing knots of parrot-owners met in groups of sympathy about the deck, to endure the gibes of their fellow-men.

"The butcher's sold another couple of brace," one would say.

"Yes. It's a chill wind, etc.," would be the reply.

Then some ass said it was paratyphoid, and suggested that the survivors should be cremated under the boilers.

My first suspicion of the ramp was when I went below with Bennington, to give our parrots a final look over. We were landing at Plymouth next day, and didn't want to take corpses ashore. I had a look at his bird.

I could have sworn to the owner of that solitary evil eye.

"Bennington, where did you get that bird?"

"From the butcher, old man. Third replacement. C3, I know; called up in the last lot."

Going ashore next day, I made for the landing-stage carrying overcoat and parrot. In an attitude of expectancy by the head of the gangway stood Sims, deck-steward, receiving largesse.

"Parrot all right, Sir?" he grinned.

"Yes, Sims. Tough bird, this. One of the butcher's own. He must have sold about forty."

Sims thrust his face forward, talking low, "'Im! 'E never 'ad no forty parrits! Keeps 'arf-a-dozen frozen ones on ice, 'e do, reglar, in the refrigerator. Swops 'em round, like. Out comes yours and in goes a stiff 'un! And you buys another gent's parrit because you've got a empty cage."

"LADIES' INTERNATIONAL MATCHES.

The leading match, between Miss Diana Fishwick and Mrs. Watson, made everything worth while, for in it the open champion accomplished a wonderful recovery from a seemingly hopeless position and won a great match on the 10th green."—*Daily Paper.*

Yet the last time we lost on the tenth
green our devastator had won every hole.

SPRING SONG.

[From a somewhat disgruntled golfer whose links are enjoying a special course of beauty-culture as prescribed by experts from an agricultural research station.]

THE bigwigs have been to our beautiful course
Discussing new methods and means
By which the Committee may best reinforce
The grass on the fairway and greens;
When watered and rolled as it was in the past
It looked very tempting and sleek,
But SCIENCE has come to the rescue at last
With stunts that are not so antique.

Chorus:

Little sacks of sulphates,
Little loads of coal,
Much improve the contours
Of a modern hole;
Spread it on the fairway,
Sift it o'er the green,
Till a modest slag-heap
Ornaments the scene.

They dump it alongside each green in a heap
And spread it with shovel and spade,
While even the mild and incurious sheep
Stand plainly perplexed and afraid;
They say it will shortly work into the land
And grass will come burgeoning through;
But meanwhile we putt over pebbles and sand
And cinders and sulphate of glue.

Chorus:

Little sacks of cinders,
Little loads of sand,
Make a pleasant fairway
And a green that's grand;
Never mind the divots—
Those are just a joke;
Please replace the boulders
And the lumps of coke!

The Slow Fade-Out.

"Malcolm seeks Brenda, and tells her that he had shot the betrayer of his sister and for fifteen years he had made expiration for his crime."—*Cinema Bill in Bangkok.*

More Muscovite Corruption.

"KENT CHAMPIONS.

. . . with Miss Joan Ridley, he [V. G. KIRBY] won the mixed roubles final from Olliff and Mrs. L. A. Godfree."—*Daily Paper.*

"The bridesmaids carried bouquets of pink sweets."—*Lincolnshire Paper.*

Peardrops look best, but they do come
away on the gloves so.



Wife (shipwrecked on desert island, to Husband). "WELL, ANYHOW, GEORGE, WE *are* EATING MORE FRUIT."



REMARKS THAT DON'T RING TRUE.

Cinema-Producer (to Stars). "SEE HERE—WE MUST CUT OUT ALL THAT EXTRA BIT I PUT IN YESTERDAY. IT'S GETTING TOO FAR AWAY FROM THE AUTHOR'S STORY."

THE WICKET-KEEPER'S STORY.

"IT was back in the nineteen-thirties," the old man began, "in the last year when I kept wicket for Loamshire. And if any of you young fellows know your cricket history you will remember that in 1931 the Gloucestershire and Yorkshire captains discovered a new method of playing the game. In a match which was reduced to one day owing to rain, they both declared their first innings closed with only four byes on the score-board, so as to push on with the second innings and get a definite result.

"Well, a year or two later there was a terribly wet summer; you could never count on more than one fine day in three. Now the Loamshire captain had been greatly impressed by that Yorkshire and Gloucestershire business, and he made up his mind to try to finish every match. So when the first day was blank he arranged with his opponents on the second day that each side should declare its first innings closed at a score of four byes, if it wasn't still raining.

"I was always one of the two who went in when the first innings was going to be declared at 4. I got quite used to facing the bowler and watching him send down his usual boundary bye, while the fieldsmen stood about in knots and helped each other to do crossword-puzzles.

"As a matter of fact that was most of the batting that I did, for I was Number 11—being in the team purely for my wicket-keeping—and very often our second innings was declared or the match was all over before it was my turn to go in again. The result was that "0 not out" was my usual score, and when we came to the last match of the season my batting average read like this: Innings, 20; times not out, 19; aggregate, 0; highest score, 0 not out; average, 0·00.

"Well, you can guess that I wasn't too pleased about this. Even the fast bowler had a better batting average, and I didn't want to go down in history as the man who had had twenty innings and failed to score a single run. So in the last match, which was against Mudshire, I resolved that I *would* score.

"Two days were spoilt by rain, but at last we began; and when the Mudshire bowler sent down his usual ball for our first innings I made up my mind to hit it to the boundary. I knew that the fieldsmen would be too busy with their crossword-puzzles to stop it.

"But a most unfortunate thing happened. I hit the ball all right, but I misjudged the strength of my stroke, and, instead of rolling to the boundary, the ball went clean over, and the umpire signalled a six!

"At once there was frightful consternation, as Mudshire had already declared at the ordinary four for 0, and my unintentional six gave us a first innings lead of two. And, as it happened, we couldn't finish the match, so Loamshire took the points for a lead on the first innings, which just gave us the Minor Counties championship.

"Our captain was greatly upset about it. But what hurt me most was a remark which was made by the Mudshire captain. He said there was only one way to describe the conduct of a man who hit a six when he wasn't supposed to hit the ball at all."

"And what was that?" asked a sympathetic listener.

"He told me," said the old man bitterly, "that it wasn't cricket."



GOING, GOING. . . .

CHILD. "PLEASE, SIR, SHALL WE BE TURNED OUT OF OUR LOVELY PLAY-GROUND? WON'T YOU ASK THEM TO LET US STAY?"

MR. PUNCH. "OF COURSE I WILL." [*Makes a footnote of it.*]

[The option, secured by Lord ROTHERMERE'S generosity, to purchase the Foundling Site expires on July 4th. It is hoped that certain Borough Councils will help to raise the required sum, but unless a considerable amount is found by the public this beautiful open space, which has for many years been a Play Centre for poor children of the neighbourhood who have nowhere else to play, will be handed over to the builders. Mr. Punch begs that contributions may be sent to the Hon. Secretary of the Appeal, Sir E. HILTON YOUNG, M.P., West Lodge, Foundling Site, 93, Guilford Street, W.C.1.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, June 15th.—Coming events cast their shadows before them. The Opposition during Question-time comported itself with a decorous apathy that could not be accounted for solely on the theory that all minds were occupied with the hunt for a Land Tax formula which was supposed to be keeping the Liberals in a whirl of delirious excitement. There was evidently something else afoot.

Dr. ADDISON told Sir W. DAVISON that it would be an offence punishable under the Merchandise Marks Act to sell foreign blended butter as "British farmhouse butter." He felt sure that nobody was committing that offence, but carefully refrained from discussing the status of foreign blended butter labelled "pure butter" and wrapped up in a picture of a British farmhouse.

Mr. LANSBURY assured Mr. BENSON that he was deeply interested in the discovery of a Roman amphitheatre at Chester and was prepared to co-operate with the local authorities in its preservation. This prompted Mr. MACQUISTEN to ask whether the FIRST COMMISSIONER could not see his way to give a Roman show in the Roman amphitheatre with landlords being thrown to the lions. "God gave the land to the people," replied Mr. LANSBURY. One gathered that he was in full agreement with any scheme for giving the landlords to the lions.

After the PRIME MINISTER had (*a*) promised an early date, complete with opportunity for discussion, for a statement on the Royal Commission's interim report on Unemployment Insurance, (*b*) at the invitation of Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN diplomatically castigated the Soviet official who had delivered a propaganda speech in the House of Commons' Committee Room, and (*c*) still more diplomatically explained to Sir W. DAVISON that he saw no discrepancy between his references to "safeguards" at the close of the Round Table Conference and in his recent letter to Mr. BALDWIN, the House went into Committee on the Finance Bill for the fifth allotted day.

Immediately it became apparent that there *was* something afoot. A prompt division was challenged on a minor amendment moved by Major CADOGAN; Conservatives poured into the House from their lairs in the St. Stephen's Club and elsewhere in a formidable multitude; Labour Whips scurried frantically hither and thither in search of missing cohorts; the galleries craned anxious necks and the excitement became intense. When it was announced that the Conservative Amendment had been carried by the formidable majority of 24 excitement became intenser still.

It was a snap division, of course, and, while it gave the Conservatives ample opportunity to hurl derisive invitations to the Government to resign and gave the Government Whips a nasty turn, it in no way ruffled the Olympian calm of the PRIME MINISTER, who informed Mr. BALDWIN that, as the Amendment carried was a drafting amendment and not one of substance, the Government would consider it. This prompted Sir BOYD MERRIMAN to move an Amendment that he declared *was* of substance. Having moved it he sat down; but as soon as the CHAIRMAN had put the question for the first time Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS, obviously fearful lest the relief forces might not have arrived in adequate numbers, arose amid much Opposition mirth to continue the debate. Soon the CHAIRMAN accepted Sir A. STEEL-MAITLAND'S motion for the closure, but precious time had been saved, reinforcements had arrived and the Government defeated the motion by a majority of 15 votes. A subsequent motion saw the majority rise to 50 and Mr. KENNEDY breathed freely again.

Like one pouring oil on troubled waters, Mr. SNOWDEN, on the motion to adjourn, outlined the various concessions in the way of relief from the Land Tax that the Government were proposing to make. These would be embodied in an Amendment which he proposed to put down on the Report stage. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN thanked the CHANCELLOR for his kind words, but asked how they were going to discuss, during the Committee stage, Amendments many of which would be met by the CHANCELLOR'S concessions, when the latter would not take concrete form until the Report stage. To this conundrum no solution seemed for the moment to be forthcoming.



Page Boy. "Soviet Propagander,
Whither do you wander?"
Propagander. "Upstairs and downstairs,
And in your lady's chamber!"
SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN.

Tuesday, June 16th. — Lord PASSFIELD, moving the Second Reading of the Representation of the People (No. 2) Bill, wore the detached air of a numismatist suddenly called upon to give a lecture on man-eating fish. He had no idea, he said, which party stood to gain by the Alternative Vote. In his view it was not clear that anybody would gain by it or by the Bill as a whole. General Elections would cost less, however, and the method of electing Members of Parliament would be improved.

Lord BANBURY thought not. In any case, nobody had ever heard of a Government changing the Parliamentary system without some public demand for the alteration and without its being a plank in their party's electoral platform. Lord PEEL was all against rejecting the Bill out of hand, and intimated that their Lordships' House might find a way of amending the Bill on broader lines than had been possible in the Commons, as well as of treating the clause dealing with the use of motors at Elections as a piece of comic relief. Lord READING gave a Liberal welcome to the Bill, but Lord ULLSWATER pointed out that, while the Conference over which he presided in 1929 and 1930 moved a Resolution—hotly opposed by the Labour representatives — that Proportional Representation would remedy the Liberal grievance of under-representation, the Alternative Vote did nothing of the kind. Lords CRAIGMYLE and DICKINSON spoke encouragingly of the Bill, and Lord NOVAR spurned it, but only a handful of fourteen stalwart die-hards voted with Lord BANBURY against the Second Reading.

Like the lady who could "hardly wait till Saturday night" when she saw the new bathroom, the Commons found

Question-time a trial to the patience of partisans eager to get at grips with their much-advertised political crisis. An attempt by Mr. A. M. SAMUEL to draw Norwegian red herrings across the trail, and another by Colonel ACLAND-TROYTE to raise the equally international topic of the registration of ice-cream vendors, aroused no interplay of polished wit as on other occasions they might have done.

But, alas! the plans of politicians, like those of mice and men, gang aft agley. At 3.45 the House was brimming over with Members eager to see the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE come to savage grips—or, as might be, to embraces of mutual esteem—over the Liberal Amendment to Clause 20 of the Finance Bill.

And what must Mr. DUNNICO go and do but announce, just as all ears were expectantly stretched to hear the worst, that the new Liberal Amendment was out of order as an amendment to Clause 20 and must therefore be considered next week as an amendment to Clause 14. Members hooted their derision loud and long; it seemed such a suitably futile anti-climax to a make-believe political crisis.

Even make-believe political crises, however, cannot be allowed to supervene indefinitely, so round about eight o'clock—more than two hours after the show had been billed to begin—Sir D. MACLEAN, after an abortive attempt to raise the matter in Committee, managed on the Motion to Adjourn to put to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER the burning question whether the Government proposed to accept the Liberal Amendment. Mr. SNOWDEN, all amiability, said it could not be accepted as drafted, but the Government had much sympathy for its intent, and even if time was not found to discuss an amended Liberal Amendment the Government would find time to put down an Amendment of its own "of an analagous character."

In spite of these reassurances it took speeches by Sir HERBERT SAMUEL, Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY (who rather gratuitously congratulated the CHANCELLOR on being a magnanimous victor) and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE (who preferred to call it a compromise) and a deal of smiling and nodding by Mr. SNOWDEN to convince all parties concerned that (as Sir W. BRASS finally put it) the Government had accepted, to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S satisfaction, the principle that there should not be two taxes on one piece of land.

Whereafter everybody departed satisfied, except Mr. BUCHANAN, who wanted the PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY TO THE TREASURY to promise him time to discuss some utterly uninteresting question about the working classes.



DAMPING A DUD SQUIB.
REV. H. DUNNICO,
Deputy-Chairman of Ways and Means.

Wednesday, June 17th.—Though the Benefices Measure must have the approval of the Commons before it can receive the Royal Assent, the Lords were obviously the right people to give it due consideration. One might almost say that the Benefices Measure might have been prepared with the express object of providing their Lordships with just the sort of debate that shows them at their best. The gist of the arguments in its favour, as propounded by Lord MIDLETON, the Archbishops of CANTERBURY and YORK and others learned and divine, was that, in view of the wide range of doctrine and ritual available to the Anglican clergy, parishioners ought to have some say as to the brand of Anglicanism they would like their pastor to affect. Lord ATKIN and Lord MERRIVALE, who opposed the motion, did not dispute this, but claimed that the measure as it stood might subject a clergyman recommended to a living to a good deal of criticism and that he might find that his appointment had been vetoed by the Bishop, possibly on the strength of parish tittle-tattle, without a chance to defend himself. These objections failed to convince the House, and the motion was carried by 65 votes to 18.



OPEN, SESAME!

MR. ALI BABA GRAHAM HAS APPARENTLY THE SECRET OF OBTAINING LIMITLESS FUNDS FOR THE PURPOSES OF LAND VALUATION.

In the Commons Major BRAITHWAITE got permission to introduce a Bill to enable the Government to restrict or prohibit the import of foreign goods which could only be competed with by a lowering of the standards of wages, hours of work and general conditions of British workers. Mr. RHYS DAVIES raised the cry of "Protection," and, as usual, a goodly posse of internationally-minded Labour Members declined to approve any measure that sought to protect the wages and hours of British labour against underpaid and overworked foreign competitors.

Another large segment of the Finance Bill was dealt with in Committee by a House only too conscious that all possible thrills have been extracted from that exacting measure. Mr. GRAHAM indignantly rejected a motion to limit expenditure on land valuation to four hundred thousand pounds, saying that the Government expected it to cost one-and-a-half million pounds. Mr. A. M. SAMUEL said it might cost five million pounds, which so impressed Mr. GRAHAM that he thereupon rejected a motion to limit the expenditure to two million pounds. Realising that money was going to be no object to the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE, who has apparently unrestricted access to Mr. SNOWDEN'S strong-box, the Opposition decided to leave it at that.



The Lady. "WE ARE SO GLAD YOU ARE COMING TO OUR PARTY TO-NIGHT, SIR THOMAS. BUT WOULD YOU MIND COMING A LITTLE EARLY TO GIVE US A HAND WITH THE BOILING PITCH? WE'RE RATHER EXPECTING GATE-CRASHERS."

THE PASSAGE OF ART.

[At the New Burlington Art Gallery there was opened last week an exhibition of Press and Pictorial Advertising, of which a critic says, "It contains modern works of art of a merit undreamt of in the philosophy of Burlington House."]

I KNOW of men who go to see
The things at the Academy,
And, faced by the appalling stuff
That has been counted good enough
And even hung upon the line—
So foul in colour and design—
Collapse upon the parquet floor
Or rush into the street and roar,
"Can nobody in England paint?
Whatever Art may be, this ain't!"
Policemen read their collar-tabs
And send them home in taxi-cabs.
Such is the dust that some men raise
About the pictures by R.A.'s.

I know of others who complain
That everywhere, with stabs of pain,
They see suspended in the street
Advertisements of things to eat
And portraits of the people who
Have found that soap is good and true,
Or gained an ecstasy of bliss
By using someone's dentifrice.
"And how," they cry, "can England know
What Beauty is when people go
And plaster things like this about?"
Well, changes do occur, no doubt.
It seems that Art, which long has fled
Her native place and lived instead
In tiny exhibitions which
Were only heard of by the rich
(And even then one scarcely knew
Which was the smartest one to do)
Has turned in glorious discontent
To re-create Advertisement;
So Beauty can be always found
By travelling on the Underground,
And genius condescends to cope
With oil for motor-cars, and soap,
And Constables arise of boots,
And Turners of imperial fruits,
Till, if this kind of thing goes on,
We shall not wish our hoardings gone,
But anxious crowds will never cease
To wait the next new masterpiece
From Mr. X's sacred brush
Beatifying Breakfast Mush.
The billsticker who goes his round
Will seem to walk on holy ground:
And Art, the poor disgruntled maid,
Will greatly profit. So will Trade.

Nor, saving that they want to give
Some pleasure to a relative
Who has been painted, by request,
With Orders hanging round his chest,
Need anybody go to see
The things at the Academy. EVOE.

A LANDMARK IN BIOGRAPHY.

[A recent competition in Vienna to discover the film-star favourites of the public resulted in an overwhelming victory for Micky Mouse. This is a signal tribute to the insight of Mr. JOHN DRINKWATER, who has selected Mr. Mouse as the subject of his next biography, an advance prospectus of which appears below.]

IN his monumental work, *Micky Mouse*, Mr. JOHN DRINKWATER places the coping-stone upon his biographical achievements. Those who are familiar with his earlier work (his study of CARL LAEMMLE is still fresh in mind) will realise at once the importance of this sumptuous volume, for which the preceding volumes have served to elaborate a perfect technique. If anything at all may be confidently prophesied it is that this book will be sure of a permanent place in English literature.

In an epic narrative of unforgettable sweep and power Mr. DRINKWATER tells the story of *Micky Mouse's* humble birth in Wormwood Scrubs and his heartbreaking early struggles to escape to a better environment. *Mr. Mouse* came of Czecho-Slovakian parents, which accounts for his cosmopolitan popularity. As Mr. DRINKWATER sings:

Saxon and Norman and Czecho-Slovak are we;
What better mixture in all the world could there be?

This excursion into verse, entitled



THE LATEST FURNITURE.

Patient (being shown into very modern consulting-room). "I SAY, I DIDN'T COME TO BE OPERATED ON!"

"Parents," is sure to find a place in every anthology.

For the first time Mr. DRINKWATER has made accessible to the world at large the secrets of *Micky Mouse's* connection with the rag-and-bone trade, to which he was apprenticed in Bethnal Green. This section is of peculiar importance to social reformers and to those who have the welfare of the country at heart. This period of *Mr. Mouse's* life, together with the succeeding twelve months which he spent as an old clothes destroyer in Whitehall, is characterised by Mr. DRINKWATER as "The Abraham Lincoln Years; or, The Power to Say No." It contains a brilliant example of the imaginative biography now in vogue, that is to say, a passage describing what the subject would have thought or said if he had been as clever as the author. *Mr. Mouse* at the time was sitting on the Victoria Embankment, just before leaving Whitehall for good. He was engaged in thinking whether a hot-cross-bun was a better investment than a custard-tart. This is what he thought in the biography:—

"As he sat there gazing on the historic flood beyond which London's municipal palace uplifted its red roof, his mind, quick as lightning, subtle as a spider's web, essential as *aqua vitæ*, stood at the cross-roads of destiny. He had resolved to burn his boats; he had decided to cross the Rubicon; he had thrown the fatal die. His prescient intuition visualised the coming years of heroic endeavour, the pioneer path to which, like Moses, he knew himself to be called; in his ears resounded the plaudits of the civilised world; down the marching centuries thundered the acclamations of grave senators, re-echoed the delighted welcome of mothers' hearts, pealed with fairylike benison the sweet laughter of unnumbered little children. Moved by this vision, the world's entertainer embraced his destiny."

"The Byronic Flowering Time" describes *Mr. Mouse's* adventures with a travelling showman with whom he toured the country from Land's End to John o' Groats. It was then that he gained his introduction to the heart-twisting mysteries of love. Thirty original letters are printed in teethmark facsimile.

In America *Mr. Mouse's* rise to fame was meteoric. He became the "Iron-willed Dictator," the "Cromwell of the Screen." He ascended by sure steps to universal empire; like NAPOLEON he captured the hearts of men, but so surely did he crush his rivals that for him no Waterloo was to be feared. Then in the full pride of his glory he revisited his native England.

His tumultuous welcome is still fresh in the public mind. The intoxication of the newspapers, the worshipping pilgrimages to Wormwood Scrubs, the miles of interviewers outside his hotel, the free fights to gain a sight of him at the première of his new film, *Tails and Whiskers*—all this is set forth in due proportion and preserved for posterity in prose of unmatched dignity.

This greatest of all great biographies is being offered at the extremely low price of ten shillings and sixpence.

Pâté de Garçon Gras.

"Boy Wanted for ——'s High-Class Potted Meats."—*Advt. in Scots Paper.*

THE LATEST HIGHWAY LINGO.

[Or presumed to be this by the writer after encountering a road-sign: "Fork left for Portsmouth."]

SHE was a baby, cheap and fair,
With lots of seats and speeds to spare;
Had I not bought her then and there,
I should have been a ripe ass;
We took her out for a trial trip
And let the little ripper rip
On a new arterial by-pass.

O'er moor and fen, by fence and flower,
We raced with several horses' power
At half-a-hundred miles per hour—
At moments even quicker;
We forked to the left and in between
A charabanc and a limousine
We knifed in an eyelid's flicker.

The baby's engine, well attuned,
Melodiously purred and crooned
As round a sweeping bend we spooned
And, straightening, onwardhastened;
And it was singing sweetly still
When later on from hill to hill
Across the downs we basined.

And when we wished to disembark
We patronised a motor-park;
And here I really must remark
That to the men who spread it
With cars almost as tightly tonged
As lumps of sugar there belonged
A high degree of credit.

Enough. To all my fellow-men
Who frequently or now and then
(By fern and flower, o'er moor and fen)
Out for a motor spin go,
This story (which is quite untrue)
Is told to introduce them to
The latest highway lingo. C. B.



Friend. "AND WHAT IF YOU *HAVE* LOST A SHILLING ON A HORSE?"
Scot. "IT ISNA ONLY MASEL'. THERE WERE SAX OF US IN IT."

FISH AND FOWL.

APART from a faint resemblance in colour, the Wartops' canary and the Blounces' goldfish, which are domiciled with me for a week or two during the absence of their owners on holiday, have nothing in common.

Each in its way is a charming pet, yet each at times may be so exasperating as to make me yearn for a change. I could wish that at breakfast, when my mood is not attuned to bird-song, the canary would be content to gaze at me goggle-eyed and noiseless, and that its movements should be in stately circles; and again I would prefer that in the long evenings, when the canary has retired to rest, the goldfish might be given the power of song and some greater measure of alertness in its movement, for it is then that its seemingly purposeless gyrations and its vacant face, dominated by its fishy eyes and so lacking in intelligence, tend to get on my nerves.

Yet there appears to be no circumstance that brings the two on to common ground, so to speak. On the morning after the earthquake itself the canary sang its too familiar song, the goldfish stared and swam—with the possible difference that its movement was for once anti-clockwise, though of this I cannot be sure.

Again, the canary continues to sing and the goldfish to circulate when I turn on my wireless; and so it is when I turn my wireless off. A bright talk about Russia, chamber music by modern composers, the experiences of Mr. GILLY POTTER, the National Anthem—none of these (nor the cessation of them) produces any variation in their accustomed ways.

I do not mind taking care of my neighbours' pets; fish or fowl, all is one to me where hospitality is concerned. But as the days pass my desire for change has got a stronger hold upon me and I have at last taken a decisive step. I have placed ants'-eggs in the seed-pan of the canary and I have sprinkled hemp-seed into the goldfish's bowl—with this result (believe me or believe me not), that the goldfish's method of progress approximates a hop and it has made one or two distinct gurgling sounds as if in attempt to break into song, while the canary has become mute, gazing at me with slightly protuberant eyes.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE AGE OF YOUTH" (KINGSWAY).

THERE is some good nonsense in this headlong farce by H. F. MALTBY and FREDI WYNNE and sound instruction, if rather artlessly conveyed. The plot is ingeniously opened, suspended and resolved. There is a part admirably contrived to display Miss IRIS HOEY's gifts: her mimicry, skittishness and kaleidoscopic changes of mood. Mr. MALTBY has, with commendable egotism, provided himself with an excellent part. And there are no subtleties to dismay the philistine eupeptic.

The scene is set in a country house in Sussex (on internal evidence we should rather suspect Surrey—but that by the way).

The mistress of the house, *Mrs. Robert Hartley-Merrick* (Miss WINIFRED EVANS), tyrannical as only spoilt comely women can be tyrannical, ruthlessly drives her second husband (Mr. H. F. MALTBY) down the grooves of her martinet's routine. Nor do her children and guests escape the rod. Her daughter *Daphne* (Miss NANCY PAWLEY) goads her amiable nonentity of a husband *James* (Mr. ALGERNON WEST) with perpetual grousings and petty jealousies; the female stripling, *Mary Douglas* (Miss ANNE BOLT), rewards the devotion of young *Dennis Spencer* (Mr. HUMPHREY MORETON)—a devotion surely quite unusual in the modern young man—with disdainful coolness. The women, bitter inevitable fruit of the Franchise, rule the roost. The men are their doormats and their washpots. The personable bachelor, *Basil Saville* (Mr. IVAN SAMSON), can alone call his soul his own.



THE BUTLER'S LOVE-TOKEN.

Grannie . . . . . MISS IRIS HOEY.
Barton . . . . . MR. MORTON SELTEN.

"*Grannie*," *Mrs. Hartley-Merrick's* mother, is apprehensively expected from Australia. Invalid foods and chairs are got ready. The lounge-bar and that exceedingly naughty book, *How to Suck Eggs*, are concealed. A period of boredom—or boredom of a different kind—is foreshadowed. *Grannie* arrives, white-haired indeed, but active and fresh-complexioned. Beauty- and youth-preserving secrets are hinted at—derived from Australian aborigines, so famous for their complexions and defiance of time's ravages. *How to Suck Eggs* is under the old lady's arm. She demands a cocktail and the latest story off the ice. The spirits of the four men rise appreciably—of the five men, for even that Victorian survival, *Barton* the butler (Mr. MORTON SELTEN), begins to preen his white whiskers.

The general formula is now sufficiently indicated. The four manœuvre shamelessly for the evergreen old lady's favour; with each she makes a rendezvous—the lounge at midnight. The three other women are consumed with chagrin, envy, jealousy and all uncharitableness. Under the instructions of the aged flapper the three worms turn and bite the hands that drive them. The three tyrants wilt under the new treatment. *Grannie* rattles herself into the heart and the arms of the detached *Basil*—she being, as we began (yet not so soon as to spoil our enjoyment) to suspect her to be, other than she seems. And when an obviously old lady, but apple-cheeked and spry, arrives, and she too demands a cocktail, Mr. MALTBY and partner bring down their curtain on a good and unexpected line.

Perhaps our authors might have varied a little more the rather tiresome symmetry of their procedure. Even amusing situations pall when repeated four times in almost identical terms. But the helter-skelter pace of Miss IRIS HOEY's gambols mitigates the monotony of the method. It was pleasant to watch Mr. MALTBY (who gave us an admirable portrait of the heavy, sulky, hard-driven husband) trying to look modestly detached when his best lines received their due reward; trying also, without complete success, to prevent his lips forming perceptibly the words of the familiar text! Mr. MORTON SELTEN's queer cadences and grimaces, Mr. IVAN SAMSON's elaborate suavity, Mr. ALGERNON WEST's blank half-wittedness, Miss WINIFRED EVANS's truculence, Mr. HUMPHREY MORETON's abjectness and spirited recovery, were all in the queer picture. And Mr. MALTBY, knowing that speed prevents inconvenient analysis, wisely produced the affair *prestissimo*. T.

AT THE BALLET.

"WATERLOO AND THE CRIMEA," ETC. (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH).

PERCEPTIVE people should by no means allow themselves to miss the "Short Summer Season of Ballet" at the Lyric by the admirable team of young English dancers trained in the MARIE RAMBERT School—with Madame KARSAVINA and M. LEON WOIZIKOWSKI in alliance. It is a gracious gesture on the part of the distinguished THAMAR KARSAVINA to help forward this most promising experiment of an authentic native school of Ballet, derivative necessarily, but acclimatised and developing native characteristics. And by this I in no way wish to suggest that the performance of the younger people is only "good, considering." It is good absolutely, judged by an exacting standard.

While it would be foolish to suggest that the technical accomplishment and the dramatic fire reach the standard set by the DIAGHILEV adventure at its best—youth, however brilliant, lacks ripe experience—it is, I think, fair to claim that in avoiding the rather too self-conscious modernism of the later developments of that great enterprise the new School may lead us back to a more excellent way. The work here presented avoids the temptation of bidding for *réclame* by adventitious oddities and easy irritative charlatanry. And it is based on serious study and arduous training.

Of the venturesome presentation of *Les Sylphides* and *L'Après-Midi d'un Faune* we can honestly say that, while the young dancers could not reproduce the magic of the great originals (a magic heightened perhaps unduly in the memory), they did offer performances which were in themselves worthy.

We can judge them more fairly by their original work. The *Mars and Venus*, with Miss PEARL ARGYLE as

Venus, Mr. WILLIAM CHAPPELL as *Mars* and the Misses PRUDENCE HYMAN and ELIZABETH SCHOOLING as attendant *Nymphs*, is a revised version (and, as it seems to me, improved beyond recognition) of a ballet designed by Mr. FREDERICK ASHTON as an interlude in *Jew Süss*. The pattern is intricate and lovely, the argument is clear, and the beautiful stylised movements in particular of Miss PEARL ARGYLE tempt me to extravagant words of praise. SCARLATTI evidently is a continual source of true inspiration. Mr. ASHTON is to be most warmly congratulated. This little gem could have been presented on any of the great evenings we have known and have had no reason to blush for itself.

Waterloo and the Crimea, designed by SUSAN SALAMAN after THOMAS HARDY'S *Dance at the Phœnix*, to whimsical music by Lord BERNERS, tells with humour the story of *Jenny*, the vivandière (Madame KARSAVINA), and the Military Chaplain (Mr. FREDERICK ASHTON), in two scenes—a camp in 1815, with the strange wooing of *Jenny*; a country parsonage (in 1854), where *Jenny*, her husband now a Rural Dean, hears the troops passing by, changes her crinoline for the vivandière's uniform, flings her cap over the windmill and, in reaction from a life of pious boredom, dances herself—to death.

In the *Divertissement*, a sort of Dancing Revue, Miss PEARL ARGYLE displayed her fine formal technical accomplishments in a PETIPAS variation from *Le Lac des Cygnes*; Miss DIANA GOULD (who had shown her exquisite sense of balance in *Les Sylphides* and her beautifully controlled gestures as the *Nymph* in *L'Après-Midi*) put wit and sense of character into "Mannequin"; and Miss PRUDENCE HYMAN, who had danced a delightful humorous interlude as *Jenny's* granddaughter in *Waterloo and the Crimea*, gave us the spirit of the circus. Miss MAUD LLOYD'S "La belle Écuyère" showed a sound dramatic sense.

The whole of the musical accompaniment was brilliantly played on two pianos by Mr. CECIL BAUMER and Miss EDITH GUNTHORPE. The piano alone, however, is rather an austere and inevitably monotonous accompaniment to the ballet and does not flatter the dancers.

One realises on reflection, indeed, that this work has been presented in the most exacting conditions. The stage is unsuitable and, when purchasing tickets, the wise will request to be allotted seats not nearer to it than the twelfth row of the stalls, as otherwise little or nothing can be seen of the feet of the dancers, which entirely destroys the pattern of the design.

I see that from a foolish, but I hope not ungenerous, fear of overpraising I have done less than justice to the team and to individuals. I make them my apologies. Here, I am sure, is something of real beauty and significance. T.



THE CHURCH DISAPPROVES.

Jenny, a Vivandière . . MADAME KARSAVINA.
Chaplain of the Forces . MR. FREDERICK ASHTON.



MARS AND VENUS.

(*Stars of the* MARIE RAMBERT SCHOOL.)

MR. WILLIAM CHAPPELL AND MISS PEARL ARGYLE.

CAPE HORN DAYS.

IX.—Boys.

"B'ys is the divvle," says Chips, says he,
"Plaguey young varmints as ever I see,
Nothin' but bother wherever they be;
B'ys is the divvle—the divvle!" says he.

"Monkeys is noisy an' parrots is worse;
Pigs while they're livin' 'ud make a man curse;
Wild beasts an' tame, you can keep 'em for me,
But b'ys they're the divvle—the divvle," says he.

"Pilgrims is quarrelsome, coolies as bad,
Passengers' questions 'ud drive a man mad;
Wherever there's wimmen there's trouble at sea,
But b'ys, they're the divvle—the divvle," says he. C. F. S.

The Perils of Propinquity.

"Herr Tauber and Franz Lehar will arrive in London together on Friday. . . .

The Great North Road at Tally-ho Corner is to be widened at a cost of £41,000."—*Daily Paper.*

We are asked to state that these items of news bear no relation to each other.

"ILLEGAL DERBY COMPETITIONS.

Sir Chartres Biron thought Mr. Birkett could hardly be serious when he compared a student in an examination for a scholarship with a man going in for a competition. The point was more ingenious than convincing. In the first case it was a question of learning and skill and there was no chance."
Daily Paper.

Thousands of undergraduates are feeling that very strongly at the moment.

"What the next move will be in this interesting little duel remains for the future."—*Canadian Paper.*

The last move, oddly enough, having remained in the past.

THE PARLOUR TRICK.

A YEAR ago we bought a pup both literally and figuratively. At first we called him St. Paul, because he had such a noble dome, but when time had proved conclusively how little brain lay beneath it we changed his name to The Fool.

"All the same," remarked Joan as she caressed the spaniel's silky head, "he's really a darling and you know you love him terribly."

"Let us face facts," I suggested. "He hates dog-biscuits but loves motor-tyres. He isn't even mildly interested in bones, but can only with difficulty be dissuaded from eating coal and firewood. He is gun-shy to the point of permanent neurasthenia. He——"

"He acknowledges applause," said Joan.

Hearing his cue the spaniel sat up, folded his paws and bowed his ridiculous head solemnly to right and left. Then he toppled over backwards and upset the tea-waggon. As I mopped up milk from the trousers of a new suit—

"Let us," I insisted savagely, "continue the list of his virtues. He is as dexterous in his movements as a young camel. He bites policemen on sight, but was tremendously friendly with the man who called yesterday about the water-rate."

"He keeps burglars away," said Joan. "At least," she added hurriedly, "we haven't had any—and there have been lots about in this neighbourhood."

"True. But that is probably due more to the fact that we haven't much worth stealing than to any merit on The Fool's part. I should imagine that he would be really pleased to welcome a burglar. He'd probably hold the man's lamp for him while he opened the safe."

The dog passed a warm forgiving tongue across my hand.

"Anyway," protested Joan, "he carries your paper to you when you forget it."

I was prepared to concede this point. After months of almost heart-breaking effort we had at last persuaded The Fool to carry a parcel or a rolled newspaper from one of us to the other. It was a useful accomplishment, for in my anxiety to catch the 9.17 to Town I frequently forget to take my *Times*, and more than once I have been overtaken by the news-bearing spaniel.

"I grant him his two parlour-tricks," I remarked grudgingly. "He can acknowledge applause—no, down, old chap; DOWN! I didn't really mean it—and he carries a parcel. But otherwise he is a total failure."

"He is rather a dear," said Joan; "and you really love him terribly."

* * * * * * *

A fortnight later our local burglar—thinking, no doubt, that we might feel slighted at his persistent lack of attention—gave us a call. Returning home from an excessively late last rubber of bridge we were just in time to see him emerge from our bedroom-window and climb down the fall-pipe. The moonlight showed him up clearly—a small shabby man who carried over his shoulder something which looked like a pillow-case and which I had little doubt contained our store of valuables. As his feet touched the ground and he scampered away I regained my faculties of thought and movement.

"Hi!" I shouted and went in pursuit, while Joan rushed into the house to release The Fool.

For a few yards I found the pace almost too hot, but after that I began to gain. Daily competition with the 9.17 had kept me in good running trim, and I noticed with satisfaction that my quarry's start was diminishing fast. Apparently he noticed it too, for he suddenly jettisoned the pillow-case and left it lying on the road. Should I, I wondered, continue the chase and possibly lose the loot or should I retrieve the loot and abandon the chase? For a fraction of a second I hesitated, and in that tiny fragment of time The Fool, released by Joan, settled the question for me. Streaking along the road like a torpedo through a calm sea, the dog crashed between my legs and brought me to the ground. With a deftness I had never suspected in him he caught up the pillow-case in his mouth and bore it rapidly in the wake of the running burglar.

Arising shaken and half-dazed, I was just in time to see the dog overtake the man and offer the bag to him. Without slackening his speed the man grasped both the situation and the pillow-case. The dog returned to me with lolling tongue and pride in every line of his body.

"You absolute, utter, irredeemable idiot!" I panted.

He wagged his tail amiably. Then he sat up and "acknowledged applause."

EPPING FOREST: ITS CRAB-TREES.

UP on English Essex the Norman baron came
And held the village for his own and named it with his name;
Though Writtle might be Writtle yet and Mucking Mucking still,
Stapleford added Tawney and Norton Mandeville.

Peverels up in Hatfield, Giffords down in Bowers,
D'Arcys off in Tolleshunt possessed extensive powers,
And yet they found their tempers fretting into rags,
For they were in the Forest and might not shoot the stags.

Fallow deer and red deer nimbly went and came
Safe from noble archery, being royal game;
By charter of the Forest they wandered as they would
And chanced on crabs and found them particularly good.

They of the Essex villeinage might lop and top the beech;
Oaks (in two varieties) came within their reach;
Hornbeams, which were many, they mutilated, but
Crab-apples pleased the King's own beasts and crab-trees stood uncut.

Still may you see the Forest, though smaller now, extend,
For Bethnal Green a treasury, a jewel for Mile End;
Essex is free from forest law and the tall stags are gone,
But fallow deer continue and crab-trees carry on.

Long may they last in Epping, sincere delight to give
To me and to all other men duly conservative,
To those who feel that progress, if it be built to last,
Must link with natural piety the present to the past!

Walk, then, in the Forest, free as law allows;
When the crab-trees burgeon do not break the boughs;
Though the crabs in jam-time tempting may appear,
Then forget your jelly; leave them to the deer. VERGES.

Our Golfing Cracks.

"I am told that Herbert was a bit anxious when he stepped on the tea at Barry this morning, and no doubt that anxiety would have an adverse effect on his play."—*Scots Paper.*

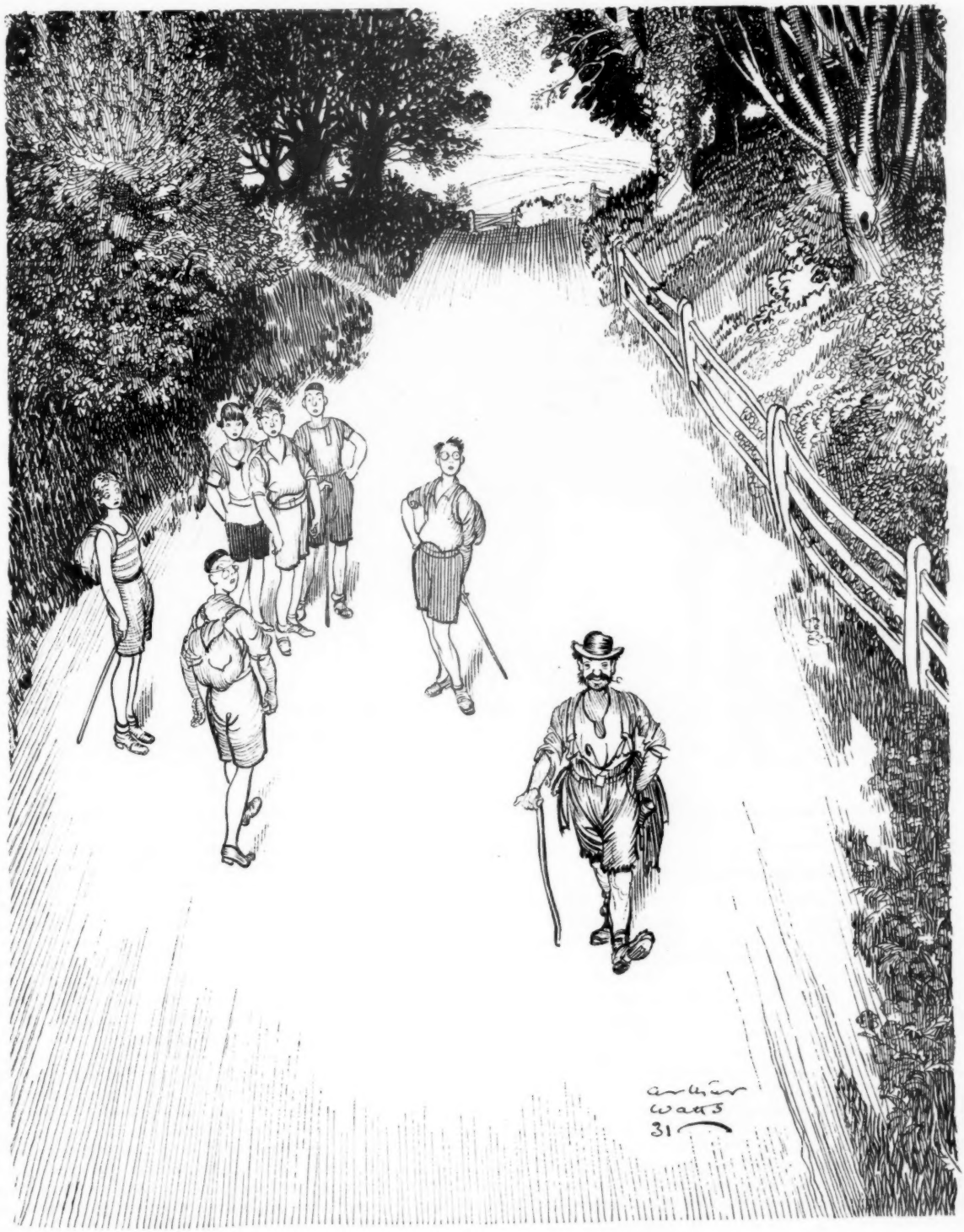
The fault was surely the chambermaid's in leaving it on his bedroom floor.

"The ping garden planted by M. —— and Sons, Christchurch, strikes a charming note."—*Daily Paper.*

Most probably a pong.

"A steward had to complain to me at Cherbourg that a passenger had struck him and broken his dental plate. Once again it was after an all-nighty party."—*Sunday Paper.*

We had already heard that the pyjama riot was doomed.



WEARY WILLIE JOINS THE MOVEMENT.



Visiting Batsman (after putting another ball through a window). "THAT'LL TEACH YOU TO SWANK ABOUT YOUR POSH PAVILION!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

In dealing with *Sir Francis Burdett and His Times* (MACMILLAN, 28/-), PROFESSOR M. W. PATTERSON has chosen a generously remunerative theme. From the Radicalism of his Georgian youth to the Tory recoil of his Victorian age, BURDETT was first and foremost a patriot, ardent, disinterested and supremely English. "Few persons have a greater number of friends," said HAZLITT, "and he has still greater reason to be proud of his enemies." And it is a fact that, whereas BURDETT as a champion was not infrequently gulled, his animosities, whether institutional or personal, were unusually sound. A belated baron of Runnymead rather than an heir of the French Revolution, he caused considerable anxiety to his age; and, when his fellow-members at Westminster committed him to the Tower in 1810, guns were mounted and moats filled to overawe his adorers the mob. That his invaluable correspondence has not been available before is mainly due to the scandal of his liaison with Lady OXFORD, a peeress whose progeny were unkindly known to her age as the Harleian Miscellany. In domestic life BURDETT was an unattractive blend of *roué* and prig, but the private letters that he exchanged with his father-in-law, THOMAS COUTTS, the banker, make excellent reading. This worthy married *en secondes noces* HARRIOT MELLON, the actress, and his career as financial adviser to the Georgian princes gave him unique and not unamusing experience of the HARRIOT MELLONS of others. Professor PATTERSON threads this labyrinth of personal and public relations with grace and discretion. A notable assemblage of portraits and cartoons embellishes his two handsome volumes.

ANTONINA VALLENTIN, who must be, I think, the "one who stood modestly aloof" when the first German delegation to the League of Nations was met with clamorous welcome at Geneva station in 1926, has related the life-story of the German Foreign Minister who was principally responsible for his country's adoption of a policy of reconciliation. With many touches that can come only from closest personal observation she depicts, in *Stresemann* (CONSTABLE, 15/-), an ordinary middle-class bull-necked Teuton, one who loved his wife, went to church on Sunday and blushed at a doubtful story, but whose roaring laughter over a glass of beer was the jest of the Paris music-halls—

a man who humbly accepted and published abroad all the war-time lies of the War Lords, yet very slowly and decisively developed full stature as a Knight of Peace and the champion of the new Republic. In her lesser character-studies—BRIAND, HINDENBURG, MARX, PILSUDSKI or, most effective for good-will of any, our own Lord D'ABERNON—the writer is always lively and sometimes convincing. If one has a fault to find with her it is that her geese too easily become swans, her puppets prodigies. She abuses superlatives and perpetually resorts to hackneyed phrases of emotion, but she rises to genuine drama in the story of her hero's consuming fury to accomplish, in the face of desperately increasing disease, something, no matter what, that should rid his country's soil of foreign battalions and be effective in permanence for peace.

At Hunting's End, a lonely spot
  In U.S.A., the guests are snoring,
When suddenly a pistol shot
  Lays out their host upon the flooring.
One of them's guilty. To forestall
  Awkward police investigations,
The coroner is squared and all
  Emerge with spotless reputations.

Five unsuspicious years have flown,
  And then the victim's only daughter,
Young at the time, but now full-grown,
  Has doubts about the tale they've taught her;
She asks them all again to stay,
  And not a soul of them refuses
For fear that all the rest may say
  The absentee himself accuses.

She also asks a sleuth-hound friend,
  And he succeeds in extricating
The Mystery of Hunting's End
  (Of M. G. EBERHART'S narrating),
But not before the pistol fan
  Has two more corpses to his credit;
So 7/6 to HEINEMANN
  Is cheap, you'll say, when you have read it.



Clerk. "AS I'M GETTING MARRIED, SIR, IS THERE ANY CHANCE OF AN INCREASE IN SALARY?"

Principal. "IF YOU DON'T GET OUT OF HERE QUICK WE'LL MAKE YOU A PARTNER AND YOU WON'T GET ANYTHING."

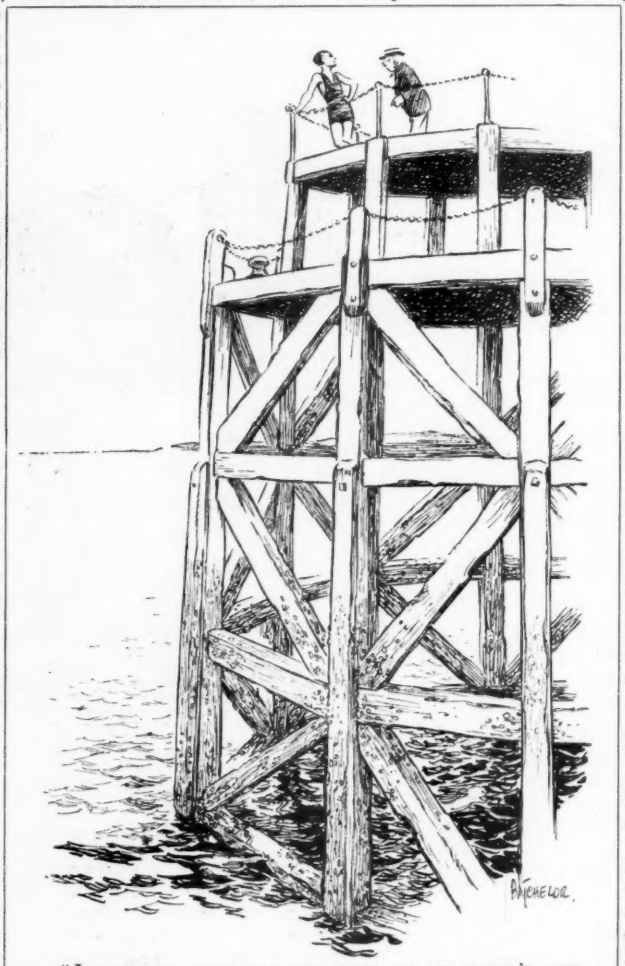
Miss HELEN WADDELL strikes me as in danger of earning, here and now, a pre-mortuary epitaph: the "*Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit*" that Dr. JOHNSON transferred from FÉNELON'S CICERO to his own OLIVER GOLDSMITH. First it was *The Wandering Scholars*, then *Mediæval Latin Lyrics*, then the memorable preface to *Cole's Paris Journal*. And now an excellent English translation of *The History of the Chevalier des Grieux and of Manon Lescaut* (CONSTABLE, 15/-) shows that leisure can still be found for an unassuming classic to be rendered to perfection. Taking full advantage of the fact that English and Gallic prose cadences were never more akin than they were in the eighteenth century, Miss WADDELL has been able to retain much of the rhythm of the Abbé PRÉVOST'S masterpiece in a narrative that reads as racily as *The Vicar of Wakefield*. Her preface explains why she chose to work on the comparatively *naïf* version of 1731 rather than on the statelier reprint of 1753; the extraordinary poignancy which pervades and finally sublimates the somewhat infantile passions of the *Chevalier* and his light-o'-love, shows how wisely, in the best interests of the story, the unprecedented choice has been made. As a "treatise of morality agreeably reduced to action" *Manon* still fulfills its author's ultimate ambitions. As a work of art it justifies an Introduction which would arouse expectations of fire in far colder ashes. I am glad to find its purveyor, Professor SAINTSBURY, still retaining at least a "not-disproven" belief in the grisly traditional legend of the Abbé's death.

Mr. OWEN ARCHER has loaded his book, *Green Wine* (THE BODLEY HEAD, 7/6), with the most pungent of best-selling ingredients. His hero, *Hugh*, is (I quote the publishers) "a burly giant whose life is complicated from childhood by the insistent idea that his ugliness makes him unattractive to women." The complications began when a small girl burst into tears at the sight of Hugh's face.

This and other incidents prejudiced him very thoroughly against the opposite sex. Things changed when he rescued a scantily-dressed girl from a fire; but even then he did not capitulate easily. The next morning he ran in sweater and shorts till "exercise exorcised her," and, when she paid him a visit of thanks, he was so rude that he was obliged later on to ask her out to dinner. Then at last *Hugh* became attracted by a woman, and this is part of what he saw when he examined her as critically as he examined a rival car—"Nose, the least shade concave, with swelling nostrils like the wee breasts of one of Rackham's fairies. Upper lip almost cupped over a bow of a mouth, slim lipped, a little long . . . Teeth with white faces slightly convex, regular, pointing her smile." After this, more intimate anatomical details follow, and from that point *Hugh's* love affairs begin. There are many violently purple passages in the book, but all the same the writer can tell a story, and he makes some very shrewd remarks about modern life that are worthy of a saner setting.

Few men are better fitted to estimate the character of the late Lord NORTHCLIFFE than Mr. TOM CLARKE, the Editor of *The News-Chronicle*, who, as News-Editor of *The Daily Mail* from 1914 to 1922, was in constant touch with the "Chief." In *My Northcliffe Diary* (GOLLANCZ, 8/6) he writes of him mainly as a worker, a great journalist and a volcanic employer; but the other aspects of NORTHCLIFFE'S life are touched in with an illuminating candour which treats its subject sometimes with incredulity, usually with admiration and always with affection. Above all NORTHCLIFFE'S interest lay in people rather than things, in power rather than money. He was neither an intellectual nor a thinker, but pre-eminently a man of action, bending his immense powers of organisation to the production of newspapers which should be readily understood by the average person. To his assistants he was never tired of repeating the maxims "Imagination" and "Travel." Mr. CLARKE repudiates the widespread story that NORTHCLIFFE was mad towards the end; his eccentricities were merely exaggerated, he says, by his final illness. Just before he died he called up Carmelite House and said, "I hear they say I am mad. . . . Send down the best reporter for the story." Neither the exiled Emperor in whom ALFRED HARMSWORTH found such strange inspiration, nor the second CHARLES, could have risen to a nobler irony.

If you wish to read of a Cornwall that really exists I advise you, both for your pleasure and profit, to study the writings of Miss C. C. ROGERS. In *Cornish Silhouettes* she got very near to, even if she did not absolutely penetrate, the essence of all that gives Cornwall its individuality and peculiar charm. Indeed, to those who, although born on the wrong side of the Tamar, may be permitted to love Cornwall, these silhouettes were something of a revelation. And now in *Gwendra Cove* (JORDAN, 5/-) Miss ROGERS again discloses not only her intimate knowledge of Cornish character and dialect, but also, in such sketches as "Our Little Friend," "Lonely Moorland" and "Night on a Cornish Carn" shows a deep sense of beauty. I would not suggest that these stories and sketches will whet the appetites of readers who delight in sensational fiction; but those who appreciate a humour that is always real and sometimes a little pungent should certainly not miss a book that comes as a welcome addition to the literature of the Duchy.



"I SAY, OLD CHAP, CAN YOU TELL ME IF THERE'S ANY CHANCE OF GETTING A DECENTLY HIGH DIVE ANYWHERE ROUND HERE?"

In the past I have often enjoyed Mr. R. W. CHAMBERS' rather highly-flavoured romances, but, try as I would, I could not succumb to the lure of *Gitana* (APPLETON, 7/6). Its background is the war between the United States and Mexico in the year 1847, and as the principal figures of the story we have the chief of Zachary Taylor's Intelligence Department and a girl of mixed origin, fierce passions, unbridled tongue and devastating beauty. Mexico with her misfortunes might, it seems to me, have with advantage been made the heroine of this novel, but as it stands the drama of war and the romance of *Gitana* do not blend too happily. Nevertheless I doubt not that *Gitana*, extremely human as she was in her love and jealousy, will arouse the sympathy of many readers.

Mr. Punch extends a warm welcome to *Apple and Percival* (METHUEN, 3/6), by ANTHONY ARMSTRONG, a collection of articles which have all appeared in his pages.

More Post Office Candour.

"TELEGRAPH NOTICE.—Delay on telegrams to stations in North India is now normal."—*Indian Paper.*

"At the time of writing the rebels are not humorous enough to constitute a serious threat to the Government forces . . ."
Indian Paper.

A few more jokes, and it may become no laughing matter.

CHARIVARIA.

Mr. Punch welcomes the suggestion of a War Debts holiday and hopes that it will keep fine for it.

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With reference to the manufacture of a lounge-suit to the measurements of Mr. J. H. THOMAS in the record time of three hours, twenty minutes, from the shearing of the sheep, hopes are entertained that he will co-operate in an attempt on the vicuna-to-wearer record for dress-suits.

***

The new Egyptian Press law provides that editors must be over twenty-five years of age. In English journalism there is no such restriction on the rapid promotion of bright office-boys.

***

"Golf is a great leveller," says a paragraphist. We have watched golf that would level mountains.

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An American doctor holds that criminals can be cured by a fruit diet. We hear that a nervous London householder keeps a banana under his bed.

***

A news item mentions a twelve-year-old Berlin boy who was caught while trying to break into a bank. Burglars of that age should not be allowed out late unless accompanied by their parents.

***

The Wimbledon umpires and linesmen are an interesting body of men, we are told. Yet the attention of spectators is too often monopolised by the players.

***

A dealer in musical instruments who had invested a lot of money in ukuleles is reported as complaining that the demand for them has ceased. We can only point out that individuals must suffer for the general weal.

***

A glove-fight between two clever middle-weights was described as resembling a game of chess. Ringside spectators are apt to exhibit impatience while boxers are thinking out their moves.

***

Prohibitionist agents are understood to claim credit for having put the "water" into AL CAPONE'S Waterloo.

A Victorian father's practice, described by him in a morning paper, of chastising his daughters with a damped hair-brush, is criticised as being calculated to spoil the character. Another objection is that it is calculated to spoil the hair-brush.

***

Complaint has been made of the number of Government Commissions being appointed. There is some talk of appointing a Government Commission to consider their limitation.



Sportsman. "AM I ALL RIGHT FOR WIMBLEDON?"
Superior Porter. "NO; I SHOULD CHANGE IF I WAS YOU, SIR."

According to a military authority, the modern soldier eats buns, drinks lemonade and sucks toffee. Our suggestion is that an opportunity of observing the reactions of the sergeant-major to stickjaw would stimulate recruiting.

***

A philosopher has discovered that the most interesting ten years of a woman's life are those between twenty-seven and thirty.

***

The heat wave predicted by meteorological experts last week only lasted one day. This is summer—that was.

It now appears that a number of saxophonists play by ear. We always suspected they couldn't make all that noise with their mouths.

***

PHIL SCOTT says he has definitely abandoned boxing. We rather fancy that it was LARRY GAINS who gave him that idea.

***

A fashion-writer recalls the sheep-stealing raids of long ago and points out that English purchasers of Scottish tweeds are really getting their own wool back. Our feeling is that fashion-writers should let bygones be bygones.

***

"When a man runs a hundred yards in eleven seconds he expends as much energy as if he were to jump twice the height of St. Paul's," says a professor. Anyone who doubts this should try the experiment.

***

A Professor of English says that we shall soon need a new word to describe the speech used by the average American. What about the American Slanguage?

***

Pianos, says a music publisher, are often bought as furniture, just to help fill a room. On the other hand, they often help to empty one.

***

A farmer, writing to the Press, says he thoroughly enjoys the Children's Hour on the wireless. It would be a graceful response if some toddler were to write expressing the interest he (or she) takes in the Fat Stock Prices.

***

Golfers were beaten by artists in a recent cricket-match for charity. We understand that several of the former were unfairly bowled out before they had finished addressing the ball.

The Knock-out Apéritif.

"It is customary in France to partake of a little 'coup de grace' at the beginning of such a meal as late dinner."
Schoolboy's Answer.

"Inset is a map showing the area affected by the recent earthquake by courtesy of *The Daily Mail*."—*Caption in Weekly Paper.*
Mr. Punch ventures to hope that in future Lord ROTHERMERE will withhold his permission.

EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF A NATURALIST.

"Do you mind," I said, "if you happen to be somewhere near Oxford Street at mid-day" (I knew she would be; women always are)—"do you mind dropping into Barton's for a moment and getting me a good small wild animal?".

"I do," she said.

Life is so like that. One would imagine that when a man is occupied by deep thought upon the serious problems of the day, by dreams, by inspirations, by the translation of experience into literature, he might well be spared the tedious business of the daily shopping round. I have never seen why a writer should be asked to buy his own pyjamas or socks or underwear, when others can so well do it for him. Tobacco and wine of course are different, but was it logical, I asked her, to include wild animals with these?

"Why on earth," she objected, "do you want a wild animal at all?"

As though it mattered. The situation arose quite naturally. It was the sort of thing that might have happened to any man. But I am very patient, and I proceeded to explain.

"A friend of mine," I said, "has started a small zoo near Cowford. All is prepared—the ground, the stables, the bars, the wires; and men are ready to feed, nourish and wait upon the animals and mitigate their aroma so far as nature will allow. At this moment the animals themselves are beginning to roll in. In fact, my friend never knows what to expect by his morning's mail. Sometimes it will be a tiger by his breakfast plate, and sometimes an armadillo, or he will be strolling round the garden, prodding at the herbaceous border, and hear a crunch on the gravel. Looking up, he will see the postman leading an elk up the drive. Only the other day, when I was staying with him, he was expecting two llamas to arrive by lunch."

"Did they?" she said.

"No, they were held up by the Government because they eat grass and might be carrying foot-and-mouth disease. I believe a Committee of the Cabinet's sitting on them now."

"It's the safest thing to do with a llama," she said. "Much better than standing in front."

"Not at all. They can turn their heads right round. And they do."

"And where do you come in on all this?"

"Nowhere. I merely happened to meet the man at lunch, and it happened to be a fairly good lunch, and I said I would send him a wild animal at once."

"And you expect *me* to go to Barton's and buy a dromedary or something in the rush hour! Have you any idea what Oxford Street is like just now? Owing to the regulations for speeding up the traffic one can't get near it till after 7 P.M. Most of the streets that go into it are one-way, and the others are no way at all."

"Stop a minute," I said. "I didn't say anything about dromedaries. You don't give a man a dromedary just because you've been at school with him ages ago. My idea (and I thought I said so) was some small oblong-shaped animal with a good deal of rich fur or something of that sort on it, but fairly compact. I thought of stripes, if possible, but I'm not very particular. Anyone who ever goes to the Zoo here must have seen dozens of things in the line I mean. But I should have thought a woman's taste and intuition——"

"Would you like a small bear?"

"One might do worse than small bears," I admitted. "I rather favour small bears. What do you suppose a good small bear would run to?"

"Cake," she said.

I thought that was so silly that I said no more.

* * * * *

I must have been dozing really when the domestic, Anne, came into my study, opening the door rather violently and announcing in a rather loud voice, "Please, Sir, the Parkers have come."

We all know, at least I hope we do, that that is not the correct way of informing a host that visitors are here to tea. But life is life, and that is what occurred.

I remembered the Parkers, but only faintly. They lived at Pangbourne. He was pleasant, if dull—a retired I don't know what; and she was pretty and ash-blond. I wondered whether she would have brought her little daughter Marcella with her. The child was rather a favourite of mine. I happened to be wearing almost nothing but a flannel shirt and trousers owing to the extreme heat. I said that I would be down in one moment, and went upstairs to change. I put on rather a good suit, more for Mrs. Parker's sake than for her husband's, and a club-tie, brushed my hair carefully and went down humming lightly, collected and cool. I was not even worried, as I usually am when callers come, by the fact that the hostess of the house was away. I walked into the drawing-room, arranging, as I entered, a smile.

The room was absolutely empty. In complete bewilderment I walked across to the bell. It was at that very moment that the hostess of the house let herself in by the front-door.

"An extraordinary thing has happened," I told her. "The Parkers from Pangbourne have come and they seem to have disappeared."

She laughed at that.

"I expect they've been put in the garden," she said.

This bewildered me yet more. You can put visitors in our garden if you like, but as a rule you don't. There is a want of vistas and refreshing shade.

"You'd better come out and see them," she went on.

The Parkers were sitting in a big wooden box with holes at the top and some wire-netting at one end. Their faces were half-hidden in straw. There were no young.

* * * * *

"It's a kind of agouti," she told me, "living in South America. I don't know that it's awfully stylish, but as it had a spotted pattern I thought it was the best I could do. 'Paca' is the South American name."

"They certainly do have long noses," I said.

She missed that one completely.

"I asked about bears," she continued, "but Barton's don't stock bears in their West End depôt. They could quote you for them, and also for a wide range of antelopes in all shades and designs, but they work out at rather a lot."

"I see," I said. "And what do I do now?"

"Do you really like the pacas?"

"Yes."

"You get a taxi, then, take them back to Barton's, have them packed up immediately and sent off to the Cowford zoo."

"I'm frightfully busy——" I began.

"Delay," she said, "would be fatal."

"What I feel," I said, "about the pacas is——"

"What I *know* about them," she answered, "is that they mustn't park here."

* * * * *

I hear that they have been installed at Cowford now, and I shall go down from time to time and stand in a masterful attitude near the cage.

EVOE.

The Land of You Never Can Tell.

"SEA SERPENT WINS IRISH DERBY."
Headline in Evening Paper.

Our Dumb Waiters.

"Sir John Beynon repudiated the suggestion that pit ponies were cruelly used at a luncheon at Olympia."—*Daily Paper.*

"THE VEGETABLE GARDEN.

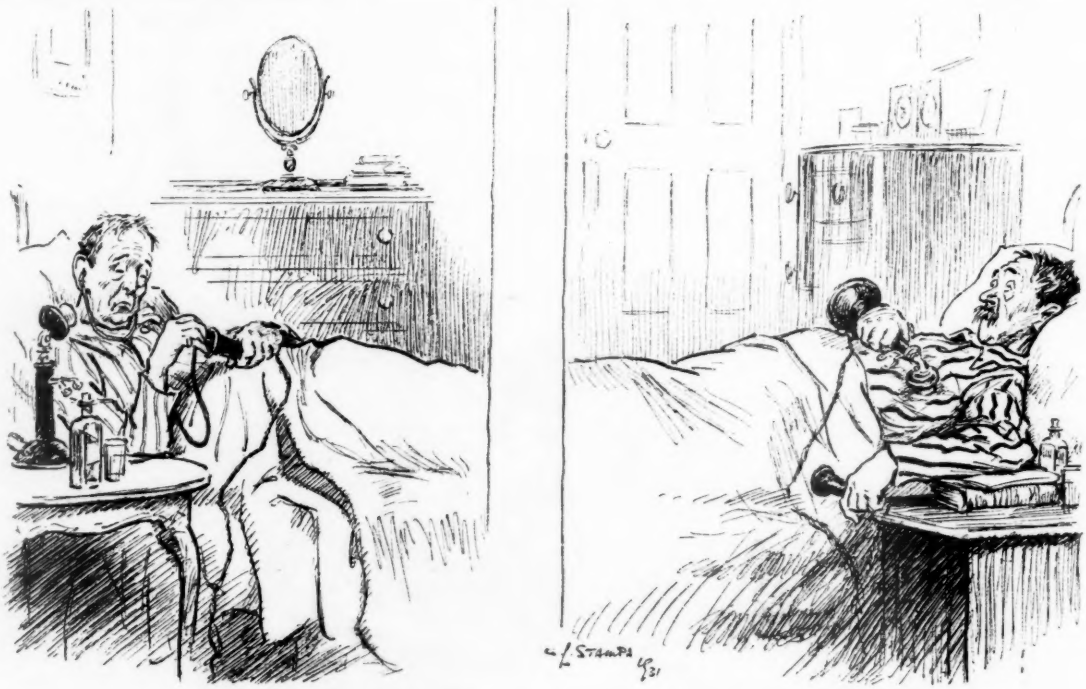
If transplanted onions are showing a tendency to bolt, watch them."—*Daily Paper.*

We take the precaution of keeping ours on the leash at this time of year.



THE NEW BOGEY.

[Mr. SNOWDEN's Land Tax scheme has provoked indignant protests in the Press from the secretaries of many golf clubs against the heavy burdens which it threatens to impose on their members.]



Invalid Doctor (**applying stethoscope to receiver and addressing patient**). "SAY NINETY-NINE."

MAJOR SADDLEFLAP'S ALIDADE.

THIS is the story of our Major Saddleflap and the Alidade, as frequently told by him in the Mess when we can't head him off in time. But, before we go any further, I can see you are all dying to know what an Alidade is. Well, I only wish I could really tell you. All I know is that it's a sort of instrument for getting lines of sight drawn out on paper, and is used in map-making by military survey officers.

Now Major Saddleflap, it seems, was once a survey officer, and when quite young was sent on a big map-making job to Ungawheli, in the heart of Darkest Africa. Accompanied only by a posse of bare-ended ex-cannibals, he was surveying for a road through the dense bush from one big town to another big town. He had almost finished the job—or, in other words, the big shots who had originally decided on the road were already beginning to think they 'd have it between two other big towns after all—when he received a parcel from the Survey Branch of the War Office. It contained an Alidade—a new and improved Alidade sent by Somebody Very Senior for Major Saddleflap to test out and make a full report.

Having signed and despatched back to London a portentous receipt attached to the instrument, he took it out into the bush next day, with his ex-cannibals, for a trial trip. He did not, however, make a full report at the end of the day. In the first place it had to be in English, and he felt that only some of the more satisfying terms of abuse current in the Hula-Fula tongue would meet the case, and, secondly, he remembered that the weapon in question had been sponsored by Somebody Very Senior on whom his future career might well depend. And after all, he told himself some days later when calm, it only had two things wrong with it: (*a*) It curved in the African heat—which wouldn't have mattered except that it was required to get a straight and accurate line, and (*b*) the black varnish on it liquefied—which wouldn't have mattered except that its employment involved its frequent placing on the map that was being made, which consequently had to be re-drawn.

There *was* a third thing wrong, but only with the long case in which it was meant to be carried at the hip when not in use. The bottom of this was not strong enough. The result was that when Saddleflap rammed the thing away in disgust it dropped straight through into the African bush—which again wouldn't have mattered if he had noticed it at the time and not half-a-mile of African bush later. By the time he had retraced his steps in the broiling sun, searched for half-an-hour and heavily rewarded the ex-cannibal who found it, he couldn't have trusted himself to mention the word alidade even in Billingsgate. Ultimately he contented himself with sending it back as "unsuitable to the abnormally difficult conditions under which survey work in Africa has to be carried out," and asking for a formal receipt for its return.

Whether the Survey Branch at the Battle-Shack were just too hurt to send a receipt, or whether one was sent and lost, Saddleflap did not know; but no receipt arrived. So he wrote again, pointing out that, as he himself had originally signed for the machine on arrival and had now sent it back, he 'd like a receipt in his turn to clear his books and his conscience.

As a result of this letter he was asked politely what on earth he was talking about: would he please explain this little business which seemed to be worrying him? Gritting his teeth, Saddleflap took several sheets of hot damp paper and with a temperamental fountain-pen proceeded, at ninety-eight degrees in the shade, to record everything that had happened in words of one syllable. He headed it curtly "ALIDADE" and sent it off, addressed to the Secretary, the War Office.

Six weeks later he got a peevish letter

from the War Office Medical Branch explaining that even if his adenoid had curved in the heat he should go down to the coast and see the M.O. there instead of writing frivolous letters to Whitehall.

At this Saddleflap went off into the bush and talked for half-an-hour—chiefly to a startled bunch of wildebeestes and dertebeestes—on the subject of the system of mail-distribution in the War Box. Feeling a trifle better, he returned, wrote a bitingly sarcastic letter headed "ADDLEHEAD," which he tore up as being likely to prejudice his chances of promotion, and finally sent off a pathetic appeal for a receipt for the Alidade, ending up with a poignant peroration upon the very difficult conditions under which survey officers in the bush had to work—the heat, the damp, the flies, the ex-cannibals and so on—which difficulties were now being added to by unnecessary clerical work caused by the refusal of the War Office to send a mere receipt.

The answer to this, extracted from its flowery language, appeared to be, "*What* Alidade?" But by that time Saddleflap was being relieved at the end of his foreign tour by another officer and refused to play any more. He just handed over the "Alidade" file amongst other papers to his successor, who, being a conscientious lad and finding a little later a non-existent Alidade on the books not yet struck off by a receipt, marked it as a "Deficiency."

The wheels of peace ground on. Saddleflap was appointed on return, as a reward for his work, to a War Office job. His successor meanwhile, getting involved in an audit board at Pongberri, failed to explain the Alidade deficiency to a disbelieving auditor, and ultimately it was reported to the Finance Branch of the Battle-Shack.

Finance wrote a minute to the W.O. Survey Branch asking if the Alidade had ever been received back by them; and to Saddleflap, whose new job naturally enough was in the Survey Branch, it fell to answer. He wrote "YES" simply and with conviction and whizzed the minute back.

Now the Finance Branch—the uncrowned kings of the War Office—sometimes get annoyed. When they do, to use a colloquialism, they write Stinkers. They did so now.

Upon Saddleflap, dreaming happily at his desk, the Stinker landed one morning like an H.E. shell. It was in effect a virulent dressing-down for neglect of duty. It had come to the Finance Branch's notice, he read, that, though he had admitted receiving an Alidade from the Survey Officer at Ungawheli, and though this officer had for some months been asking for a formal receipt to balance his books, such receipt for some reason best known to the Survey Branch had never yet been forthcoming. Would he take steps to remedy this gross negligence at once? Seated at a desk in comfort himself, he was probably unaware of the very difficult conditions under which survey officers in Africa had to work: the heat, the damp, the flies, the—well, here followed word for word Saddleflap's own poignant peroration, every point he had made in the bush being now directed with biting venom upon himself back in London.

Saddleflap felt stunned for about three days. Then he wrote an apology and a receipt and spent the next fortnight, he tells us, working something out to a hundred places of decimals to soothe his brain. A. A.



REINFORCEMENT.

THE CENTRE-COURTIERS.

As I sat in the Centre Court at Wimbledon and closed my eyes fatigued by following the ball I speculated on the differences in lawn tennis that the old champions would notice—the RENSHAWS, say—could they revisit the glimpses of the sun; and I came to the conclusion that the outstanding changes would be among the women. In their day women did not hit so hard, did not peg away so steadily at the back line and the back hand; in fact, were hardly athletes at all. Miss MAY LANGRISHE, for example, as I recall her, was as unlike Señorita E. DE ALVAREZ as could be, whereas the RENSHAWS would soon adapt themselves to modern methods. But not only would the women who play astonish them. What would they make of the women with the cigarettes? Every year the fair spectators at Wimbledon smoke more. Can the excess this July be due to the fact that, as I understand, there is a firm whose coupons, collected in their hundreds, confer a racquet on their possessors?

The Centre Court offers far more exciting matinées than any theatre or cinema and I am not surprised that it fills at every performance. On the first afternoon I was there I saw three or four thrilling dramas, although no star of the first magnitude was concerned. In fact there is a lack of stars at Wimbledon this year, with Big BILL TILDEN across the Atlantic not defending his title and BOROTRA without a beret and COCHET knocked out on the first day. But Señorita ALVAREZ was there, steady and brilliant, with a forearm drive that many a man must envy and enough hair on her fine head to make it unnecessary, except very occasionally, to turn herself into a jockey with a sunshade, as her adversary, Mrs. LYCETT, had to do all the time. Mrs. LYCETT was doing very well when who should enter the Committee Box but Mr. BOURBON of Madrid and his daughter, with smiles for their gallant compatriot which seemed to put new force and accuracy into her strokes. From that moment she went ahead and won. The Peninsula has always been well represented at Wimbledon, but Ex-KING MANOEL has had no champion of his own country to stimulate to victory such as Ex-KING ALFONSO found waiting for him. A very pretty instance of royal authority persisting in exile.



THE ADONIS OF THE CENTRAL COURT.
MR. SHIELDS (U.S.A.).

The Señorita does not look particularly Spanish, but in the adjoining court I found another foreigner whom no one would take for an English girl, the irrepressible and unpronounceable Mdlle. JEDRZEJOWSKA of Poland, who bounces like a cork on the waves. She began by taking a set from our own very steady and stable Mrs. L. A. GODFREE, but then experience came in and Great Britain won. Who will be the Lady Champion it is early to forecast. The majority of the restless spectators of her own sex—more mobile even than their sisters at the Eton and Harrow match—would like the laurel to fall to BETTY NUTHALL, even though, according to biographical details which now and then find their way into the Press, she has an attitude to tobacco very unlike that of her adorers.

And the male champion? There will be broken hearts if it is not the Adonis of the 1931 meeting, the American youth, J. X. SHIELDS (X., I take it, standing for an unknown quantity).

Two afternoons' experience is insufficient groundwork for generalisation; but I put it forward as an impression that double faults are less profuse than they used to be. Not only is the service truer, but it is faster. SHIELDS has a first service that is a whirlwind and a second, when it is needed, that is a stiff breeze. J. C. GREGORY, G. P. HUGHES and F. J. PERRY, of Great Britain, are powerful too, HUGHES employing a rotary delivery that must be very disconcerting to the foe. The American, J. VAN RYN, can be almost unplayable too.

Daring to generalise further, I should also say that long low driving has attained a greater accuracy than heretofore, and the German VON CRAMM, excels at it, but the most graceful proficient of the year is perhaps the Frenchman, C. BOUSSUS, a left-hander, equally fluid with back hand and fore. But there is something wrong with our lively neighbours, the Gauls, as *Mr.*



THE WOMEN FORGET THEIR CIGARETTES TO CONCENTRATE ON MR. SHIELDS.

Micawber phrased it, this July. The 1931 champion is not coming from France. Nor is he coming from the Land of the Chrysanthemum. I saw the SATOHS and I saw AOKI, whom PERRY made to run about the court like a hare, and not infrequently to fall too. But everyone in the Centre Court has fallen now and then. AOKI—who began with the scorer as "Oky" and was then modified to "Airky," only to go back to "Oky" again and stay there—has all the traditional cheerfulness of his race. No misfortune could affect his courtesy or diminish his smile, whereas his fellow-countryman, J. SATOH, is unrelentingly dour. PERRY also has an undefeatable good humour.

What is the secret of Wimbledon's spell and excitement? The certainty of thrills and variety no doubt is of value, but the circumstance that a game is being watched which almost every one present is still playing must be important too. To some extent every spectator is an expert, while thousands of them are students acquiring hints. At Lord's most of us are past active cricket. Hence the sobriety of that arena compared with the animation of Wimbledon and the tenseness of its atmosphere. But comparisons, as usual, are futile. Cricket is a three-act drama; lawn-tennis a revue sketch. E. V. L.

Glimpses of the Sinister.

"CRAIL TOWN COUNCIL.
NO MORE HOUSES NEEDED.
CHURCHYARD AGREEMENT."
Scots Paper.

Commercial Candour.

"William —— and Sons offer chicks for delivery on the 9th, 10th, etc., and onwards at the following most formidable prices. . . ."
Advt. in Poultry Paper.

"EXHAUSTED PIGEON IN SCARBOROUGH INCOME-TAX OFFICE."
Scarborough Paper.

It is surmised that the unfortunate bird had just called to be plucked.

"Wanted, Finnish Lessons, non-beginner, Kensington area."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

If he never begins how does he expect to get to the Finnish?

"When Shakespeare described the winter boughs as 'bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang,' he took a superficial view to illustrate a mournful mood."
Sheffield Paper.

This was MILTON'S mood when he asked, "To be or not to be?"

A VERY TRUNK CALL.

I HAVE been asked by several scientific men to describe my "sensations" on telephoning by wireless to my wife in Hammersmith (London) from Melbourne (Victoria, Australia).

The first thing I have to say is that the thing is obviously impossible.

The second thing is that I have definitely done it.

The third thing is that since I have done it I am prepared to believe in anything. I mean, if I have really rung up my wife on the wireless telephone thirteen thousand miles away, at the end of a day which she had not yet begun (and that is what I did), then anything is possible. Socialism and Free Trade may be sound propositions; the wildest legends become quite reasonable, and those of our race who refuse to believe in the Indian rope-trick reveal themselves as mutton-headed sceptics of the most contemptible kind.



M. BOROTRA DISCARDS HIS BERET BUT NOT HIS SMILE.

The fourth thing is that even at six pounds for three minutes—and two pounds for every subsequent minute—this is about the cheapest form of communication there is. Speaking at the B.B.C. rate of speech, one can get rid of about one-hundred-and-twenty words a minute intelligibly. It works out then at two pounds for one-hundred-and-twenty words, or fourpence a word. Now it costs you three-halfpence to send one word to Australia by post, and that takes four or five weeks (by the ordinary mail); and if time is any object and speed means anything (and everybody seems to think that time is and speed does) it follows that a fourpenny word, instantaneous, is considerably cheaper than a three-halfpenny word which takes four weeks to pass. The real question is, of course: Have any of us mortals anything to say which (*a*) is really worth saying at fourpence a word, and (*b*) might not just as well wait for four or five weeks?

The fifth thing is that the service is most thoughtfully and well conducted, and reflects great credit on all concerned, whoever they may be. But I have, naturally, a few timid suggestions to offer.

The authorities know, of course, about the difference of time between Melbourne and Hammersmith, but they do not seem to have worked it out, if I may say so, *psychologically*. The difference is ten hours. Good old Australia is ten hours ahead of us. When it is midnight in Piccadilly it is ten o'clock to-morrow morning at Melbourne. When it is breakfast-time in Melbourne you young devils in London are just arriving at your first night-club yesterday. And now you begin to realise that "Advance, Australia" is a motto with a meaning.

Well, as I say, the whole thing is carefully thought out. I put my call through for cocktail time, Australia (6.0—6.30 P.M.), or breakfast-time, England (8.0—8.30 A.M.). This was a good arrangement, for a husband is at his best at cocktail-time and a wife and mother has to be at her best at breakfast-time.

The next morning I was hauled out of bed rather early (as I thought) to have a voice-trial on the telephone. A man in Sydney was listening and I gave him a specimen of the voice (the first two and last verses of GRAY'S *Elegy*). But those Australians had been keeping me up late the night before. I was only just awake (the seals scarcely broken), the voice was bronchial, intermittent and far from winning. The man in Sydney said that it would not do at all, and he and the man in Melbourne began to discuss how the voice could be adjusted and made fit for export. This was a very queer experience for me. The telephone was one of those old-fashioned private ones where you stand up and lean against the hat-stand in the lobby, while with the left hand you fiercely grip a sort of grip-tester till the whole arm is paralysed. I nestled up against

some damp mackintoshes and listened sleepily while these men in Melbourne and Sydney pulled the voice to pieces—as a man going under an anæsthetic hears the doctors coolly discussing his inside.

"How low would you put him?" said Melbourne.

"Pretty low."

"Low as five?"

"I'd put him as low as seven."

"Good—O!"

"You gentlemen," I said, "have evidently had your breakfast; I——"

No one paid any attention. Sydney said, "Shall we give him double-frequency 9?" or something of that kind; and they discussed this proposition for some time. And then Sydney said suddenly, "Say some more, Mr. Haddock, please." I said, "I must remind you, gentlemen, that I have only just got out of bed, and it is a dangerous myth that my voice is the same voice all day. Of course it is 'low' now—yes, and furry too. If you had been at that party your voice would be low too, and there would be whiskers on it. But wait till we are conscious, wait till the clouds have lifted, wait till the first pipe—and what a difference! Wait till cocktail-time and you will hear the old musical tone again. Quite another, my boy. It follows therefore that, if you set your anemometers and things correctly to the voice as it is *now*, the anemometers at six o'clock will be wildly off the mark. Conversely I hope they are not testing my wife's voice at cocktail-time, for she is going to talk to me at breakfast-time, and at that hour even she sometimes has a touch of the creaks or wheezes. There is here, if I may say so, a fundamental psychological error——"

"Much better, thank you, Mr. Haddock," said Sydney. "That will do."

They rang off. And that was all they had to say about my psychology.

They were wrong, of course. Psychology is important, and one hour is not like any hour of the day, not at least to a sensitive system like mine.

At four o'clock they rang up again. They said politely that there was an exceptionally good circuit at that moment, and would I like to speak to my wife there and then?

I pointed out that in London it was then six o'clock in the morning, that the month was April, and the weather, by all accounts, snowy and cold. I said, "In your experience is a British wife sufficiently thrilled to hear the voice of her spouse across thirteen thousand miles of space to forgive him for waking her up at six o'clock on a freezing morning with electric bells and dragging her down two flights of stairs in her nightie? And, if so, will she be in a fit condition to conduct an intelligent conversation at fourpence a word? Besides, she hasn't been rehearsed for 6 A.M. She has been rehearsed for 8.30, a wholly different affair. At 6 on a winter's morning in Hammersmith the cry of the English wife is a mere amorphous moan or grunt, a sound scarcely human. Not all your cunning beams and instruments will get that across the ocean, especially if they have been attuned to the cheery intonations of an English family breakfast-table. . . ."

They seemed to think nothing of my psychological points; they cooed proudly of the beauty of the circuit, and I weakly allowed them to put me through.

While I waited I reflected that every word was going to cost me fourpence and I determined to choose my words worthily. I would not waste them in the ordinary way.

Thrilling, marvellous experience—to talk across thirteen thousand miles of ocean and continent—across India, Africa, Spain—or possibly the other way, across America and Cornwall—two souls reunited by a mere beam or ray!

"Hullo," I heard at last.

Only "Hullo." But what a world of meaning! The rage, the weariness, the hatred, the horror in it! Owing to the new arrangement, I thought, the poor girl has not been warned of the treat that is coming to her. And that "Hullo" says plainly, "What kind of snake or half-wit can you be who drag a matron from her bed at this hour?" I could see the picture—the cold untidy drawing-room, the cold dawn trickling through the curtains, the cold and cheerless ashes in the grate, the tray of dirty coffee-cups, perhaps a dirty glass or two.

And that cold figure in the night-gown shivering before the writing-table and hissing into the telephone, "Hullo. . .?"

If a voice could kill, I was dead.

And there was I just going to have tea on a warm and sunny afternoon.

Are these, I thought, fit conditions in which to greet a wife across the world and spend six pounds upon a conversation?

No, I thought. The poor girl shall go back to bed. This call shall be cancelled, and I will ring her later—at two o'clock in the morning, say, when she is happy at her afternoon tea. She shall not even know it is her lord who dragged her from her bed across the world. . . .

"I am sorry you have been troubled," I said politely and softly hung the instrument up.

Did I do right? A. P. H.

A PETITION.

["Kettering Council are very worried over a proposal to name a group of new streets after trees. At the Council meeting one member objected to 'Ash Road' because there was a suggestion of dustbins about it. Another did not like 'Pine Road,' since a dictionary definition of the verb 'to pine' was 'to languish, droop and decay.'"—*Evening Paper.*]

BE, O Councillors of Kettering,
Merciful, if you are able,
When in plain or fancy lettering
All our new-built streets you label;
Think awhile and please, oh, please,
Do not name them after trees!

Don't forget we're most fastidious;
Recollect we're sensitive;
Ponder well the slow insidious
Influence of Where-You-Live;
Must we dwell—O cruel fate!—
In a street whose name we hate?

"Ash Road" instantly compels us
To remember Dustbin Day;
"Pine," the dictionary tells us,
Means to "languish and decay";
Corpse of villain hanged for crime
We associate with "Lime."

Boredom lurks in "Chestnut Crescent;"
"Plane Street"'s ugly, dull and prim;
"Birch" recalls our adolescent
Sufferings at a master's whim;
"Thorn" suggests the wounds and woes
Which surround life's every rose.

"Willow Place" brings thoughts of weeping;
"Yew Street" has a churchyard sound;
"Elder Road"—old age comes creeping,
Soon we'll all be underground;
"Spindle Terrace," "Crab Parade"—
Soon we'll shrink and sour and fade.

Be, O Councillors of Kettering,
Just and wise in all your dealings;
While our daily lives you're bettering
Don't forget our finer feelings;
Build new streets, but, please, oh, please,
Do not name them after trees! JAN.

The Heavy Ties that Bind Us.

"Wedding Ring (22cwt.) Lost on Wednesday evening."—*Advt. in Birmingham Paper.*

"The curative powers of water cannot be disputed. People do not drink enough of it. We cannot expect any benefit from bathing if the water is not pure."—*Hampshire Paper.*

We never drink our bath-water.

"A burglary took place at the offices of the Association for Promoting Retreats on the night of June 12."—*Church Paper.*

The burglar probably mistook it for the Association for Promoting Advances.



Conductor of Party. "WE NOW STAND AT THE BASE OF A MAGNIFICENT GEOLOGICAL STRUCTURE SAID TO HAVE BEEN ERUPTED FROM THE BOSOM OF MOTHER EARTH BETWEEN ONE-HUNDRED-AND-FIFTY AND TWO-HUNDRED MILLION YEARS AGO; THE CENTRAL PEAK HAS DEFIED THE ÉLITE OF MOUNTAINEERS AND DAILY CLAIMS ITS VICTIMS FROM THE RANKS OF FOOLHARDY AMATEURS."

Cockney Tourist. "IT'S A LONG WAY UP, AIN'T IT?"

GUN DOGS.

VIII.—THE GOLDEN RETRIEVER.

[The Golden Retriever is thought to have been produced by the crossing of the bloodhound with certain circus dogs, brought to England from Russia in the days of the Crimean War.]

THE Golden Retriever, I'd say for a start,
Is as gold as a guinea in every part;
Oh, he's golden of jacket and golden of heart!

In deportment he's golden—the Chesterfield strain;
How he sits upon sofas again and again!
How he steps down like golden hidalgos of Spain!

Yet he'll wink and at once to a waggery stoop,
For his grandads were dogs who could jump through a hood,
And bring down the house in a hippodrome troupe.

And out on the manor he's very renowned;
He will work like a beaver and hunt like the hound
That is golden and lop-eared, his nose to the ground;

The nose that's been his since an ancestress tarried
On her way to rehearsal and flirted and carried
On romps with the bloodhound that later she married.

And here is their scion, who's gold as can be,
To pick up my partridge or come home to tea
And, golden as Silence, share firesides with me.

P. R. C.

Motto for the House of Commons when Miss BONDFIELD makes her periodical re-applications for more Dole:—*Infandum, regina, jubes renovare Dolorem.*

SIMPLE STORIES.

MISS MINNIBOW.

Miss Minnibow had always thought she would like to get married but nobody had asked her because of her face, and by the time she was forty-five she had rather given up hope, but she bought a ticket in a sweepstake and won it, and the very next morning Major Buglebury called round and asked her to elope with him.

Well Miss Minnibow was quite flattered at this especially as Major Buglebury had always been rather rude to her, saying well ugly when he met her in the post-office and things like that, but he explained it by saying that he had always been madly in love with her but as he didn't think he had any chance he had tried to get over it by pretending not to think much of her, but it was no good so at last he had made up his mind to try his luck and if she refused him he could always blow his brains out.

Well Miss Minnibow didn't want that so she accepted Major Buglebury but she said she didn't see why they should elope and she would much rather have a nice wedding with presents and bridesmaids and after a little he agreed to that, but he said they must be married almost at once he was so much in love with her that he couldn't possibly wait. So she said very well and told him that he could kiss her if he liked. But he said he would rather wait for that until after they were married as at his age he couldn't stand too much happiness all at once it was bad for his gout. But they had a nice little talk about what they would do after they were married and Major Buglebury said that with all his worldly goods he would her endow but would she mind letting him have a thousand pounds to go on with as he had given away so much in charities lately that he was a trifle short for the moment and as they would be having all things in common they might as well begin as they meant to go on. And Miss Minnibow was only too glad to do that, and she went at once to the Vicar to arrange about banns and told him she was going to have an ideal married life.

Well the Vicar didn't think so at all and he said there was no fool like an old fool, and Miss Minnibow cried and said he was very unkind. And he said well I may be, but it is all for your good and if you marry that old whisky-soaker you will rue it to your dying day, what do you think he wants to marry you for? And he talked to her very kindly and said he didn't find her so very revolting himself as he had learnt to look below the surface, but he had heard Major Buglebury say that he had known horses shy at people not so ugly as she was and that she ought to be put out of the way painlessly, and of course all he wanted was her money. And he told her a few more things about Major Buglebury and she was shocked at them and said she would write at once to say she had made a mistake in her feelings and couldn't marry him.



"AND THREE GENTLEMEN CALLED ON HER."

So she did that and Major Buglebury didn't even answer the letter, he was so busy spending the thousand pounds she had given him over horse races. But when he had lost it all he had Miss Minnibow up for breach of promise of marriage and there was a trial and everybody was very interested in it because of her winning the sweepstake. And she had had plenty of offers of marriage by post by this time but she had refused them all because she thought that the people who wrote couldn't possibly love her for herself as they had never seen her.

Well the judge made short work of Major Buglebury because he had had a brother in the same regiment as he was and he told the jury that he happened to know that he drank more whisky than was good for him and had borrowed five pounds from a brother officer and never paid it back. And he said he was determined to save innocent women like Miss Minnibow from adventurers like that and directed them to bring in a verdict of Not Guilty. And when it came out about the thousand pounds he said he should have sent Major Buglebury to prison if it hadn't been for the disgrace to his brother's regiment, but he had better be very careful how he went on for if he came before him again he should take a serious view of it. And he said that Miss Minnibow left that court without a stain on her character and if she ever succeeded in getting a husband as he thought she might very well do if she underwent a slight operation for improving her face he would be pleased to come to the wedding.

Well the judge had given Miss Minnibow the idea of having an operation on her face and she could quite well afford it now, and the Vicar said he didn't altogether approve of interfering with Nature's decrees but in her case he thought it was justified as it looked like a mistake, and he didn't see how she was to get a husband without it. So she had it done and her face didn't come out half bad though it wasn't exactly beautiful, and a newspaper published pictures of her before and after and the very next day she had seventeen offers of marriage by post and three gentlemen called on her and said she was just what they had been looking for but never thought they would get. And they didn't get her because they weren't suitable, but that very day the judge who had been so nice to her wrote her a complimentary letter and said he had told his brother about her, and as he had been serving for some years among black people in Africa who were peculiarly hideous he would be less particular than most, and he thought if she went to Portsmouth and met the troopship he was coming home by before he had the opportunity of seeing many white ladies she would have a fair chance of getting him, especially because of her money.

So Miss Minnibow did that and the Vicar went with her as she had made him a sort of guardian to her and he had taken a lot of trouble to prevent her being swindled out of her money, and he would hardly take any of it himself except for some new hassocks and a lych-gate. And the judge's brother whose name was Colonel Firmament

quite liked Miss Minnibow, and when the Vicar told him how rich she was he said she was just what he had been looking for except for her appearance and he would put up with that as you couldn't have everything and he would take the Vicar's word for her having a heart of gold.

So they arranged to have the wedding as soon as possible, and the Vicar kept Colonel Firmament company and prevented him seeing too many other ladies until the knot was tied, and after that it was quite safe as Colonel Firmament was old-fashioned in his views and believed in husbands making the best of their own wives and not always wishing they had married other people's.

So it all ended very happily and the judge often used to tell people in his court that if married couples all behaved as well as his brother and his wife there would be fewer divorce cases and broken lives. A. M.

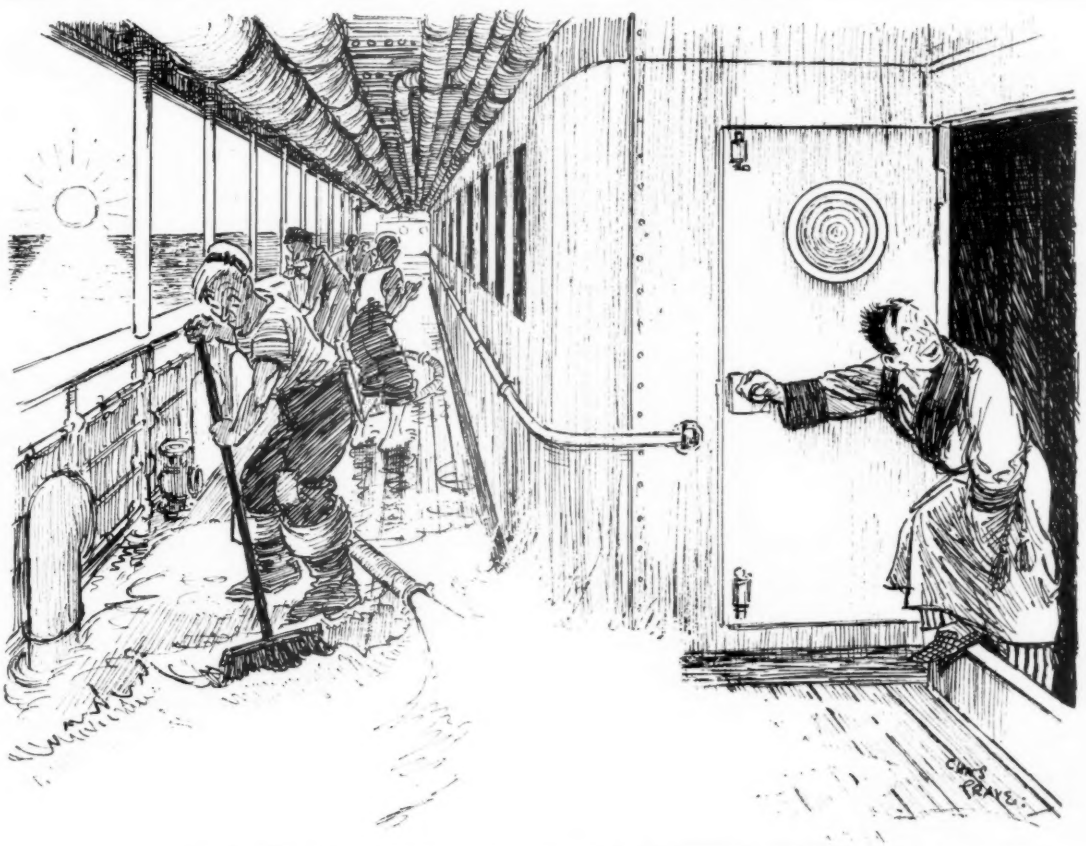
"'SILLY SQUABBLE.'
Window Cleaners Fall Out."
Daily Paper.

That probably ended the silly squabble.

AD ALMAM MATREM.

(Suggested by Mr. GERALD GOULD'S article, "A Word for Oxford," in "The Week-End Review.")

STANDS Oxford where she did? If one took heed
Of every captious and cantankerous screed
From pens deliberately dipped in gall
She must indeed be tottering to her fall,
Unmanly, slack and over feminized,
And ever more and more commercialized.
Yet, though there are undoubted flaws and cracks
In the new Oxford (see Professor JACKS)
Which menace the serenity of soul
Pursued by ancient scholars as their goal;
Though thundering lorries gravely incommode
The studious residents of Woodstock Road;
Though motor-coaches, parked in serried lines,
Daily disgorge their hordes of Philistines,
Drawn from all quarters of the British Isles,
In the once sacred precincts of St. Giles—
All these defects are powerless to efface
Oxford's antique imperishable grace.
The jewels in her royal diadem
Were never brighter than at this Commem.
Lovely by daylight, in the blaze of noon,
Far lovelier neath the sorcery of the moon.
Her sons may leave her, but her spires and streams
Are the abiding spirit of their dreams.
Witness the homage paid by GERALD GOULD,
In straitest Socialistic doctrines schooled,
Yet differing widely from the captious clan
In that he was himself an Oxford man;
Who, even as SHAW'S irreverence was quelled
By JOAN OF ARC, has found himself compelled,
Abandoning the quips and epigrams
Wherewith his weekly articles he crams,
To waive all wish to criticise or cure
And hope that Oxford's magic will endure. C. L. G.



Early Riser. "I SAY, MY DEAR, COME AND LOOK! FRIGHTFULLY ROUGH SEA ON."



"MY DEAR, I'M A DIFFERENT WOMAN. I'VE HIKED ALL DOWN BOND STREET AND BACK AGAIN WITHOUT TURNING A HAIR."

JOY IN JUNE.

WHEN HOOVER swept the lyre
Suspending Reparations throughout Earth,
Copper and Zinc arose
And Tin along with those;
Sang Silk
And all the Imitations of that ilk;
Industrials felt at once the unwonted fire
And Nitrates jigged for mirth.

Ere HOOVER swept the strings
There was a slump in things;
Copper was down and Zinc was low;
Industrials made an awful show;
Woollens were sad and Oil was bad,
And where was Silver? I do not know.
Bolivian Railways could be had
For about a dollar or so.

This was our state
As I relate,
Oh boy!
There was no kind of joy
When Mr. HOOVER made a manœuvre,
When Mr. HOOVER, the trade-improver,
Swept the lyre with a hand of fire,
Lifted commodities out of the mire;
"Say," he cried, "let *me* have a go!"
Then Oil, then Lead,
Then Rubber and Steel,
Then all the things I have formerly said,
As well as a lot
Which I have not,
At once commenced to feel
The minstrel's fire divine.
They started going up from two to nine.
There was a sharp advance
In Tin; took up the dance,
With roses in their hairs,
Consolidated Shares;
Imp. Tob.
Began to bob,
And Funding Loans
And Gramophones;
With faces all a-shine
Molasses, Motors joined the laughing line;
A hand on either hip,
Did then the Reichsbank skip;
Hysteria or worse
Prevailed upon the Bourse;
And, breaking forth in song,
United Sua Betong
And Unilever Ord. came out particularly strong.

All this occurred
Because with one sweet word,
One kindly word of mirth
Came Mr. HOOVER,
The slump-remover,
Came old man HOOVER,
The trade-improver,
With vocal choir,
With tuneful lyre,
Suspending Reparations throughout Earth!

EVOE.

The Foundling Site Appeal.

Mr. Punch has great pleasure in announcing that the Hon. Treasurer of the Fund for the purchase of the Foundling Site has received a gift of £2,000 in notes, with the following anonymous message attached:

"Enclosed find £2,000 towards 'Punch' Appeal. Kindly acknowledge in that paper."

Mr. Punch gratefully does so.

"Quite late in the evening at a Maidenhead river club, where an open-air bath was recently opened, people were swimming and diving, with no little skill. . . . Incidentally, nearly everyone was in evening dress."
Gossip in Daily Paper.

Incidentally, we are having our next white waistcoat lined with cork.



THE CARRY-OVER.

DAME EUROPA. "I HOPE I'M NOT TAKING YOU OUT OF YOUR WAY, SIR."
PRESIDENT HOOVER. "NOT AT ALL, MADAM. YOUR WAY IS MY WAY."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, June 22nd.—The tonic atmosphere imparted to the universe by President HOOVER's offer of a War Debts and Reparations moratorium was seen to have distinctly improved the House's notably deficient aeration when, answering Mr. BALDWIN's private notice Question, the PRIME MINISTER welcomed the President's declaration and offered prompt and whole hearted collaboration. With these lofty sentiments Mr. BALDWIN and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE associated themselves and their respective parties.

Alas! Parliament is not one of those places where even international joy remains unconfined. As Mr. J. C. SQUIRE would put it—

> It could not last. Miss BONDFIELD, shouting "Ho!
> More millions, please!" restored the *status quo*.

It was a fighting MINISTER OF LABOUR that confronted the House with the demand for another twenty-five million pounds of "loan" for the Unemployment Insurance Fund, cheerfully supplementing the demand with the information that on the basis of a live register of three millions they would not have to borrow any more money until October, 1931. The liver the register the deader the taxpayer! Miss BONDFIELD sharpened her tomahawk, to use her own expression, in anticipation of the attacks that would be made against the Government for ignoring the interim report of the Royal Commission. With what relief, she almost hissed (if you can imagine the imperturbable MAGGIE hissing), Members opposite saw the recent crisis fade away and realised that *they* were not going to be called upon to deal with the situation.

Thereafter the MINISTER diverged into a long and complicated wrangle with an obscure Frenchman in *The Times* (with side-swipes at the eminent organ itself), while Members opposite, more hon. than gallant, protested that they could not tell when Miss BONDFIELD was quoting the Frenchman, when *The Times* and when herself, while the DEPUTY-CHAIRMAN wearily reminded them that they would probably learn more by listening than by interrupting. At last Miss BONDFIELD got her Frenchman pinned to the mat and moved off to safer ground—the relatively ingenuous utterances of *Labour and the Nation*. Altogether not a bad effort for a Minister called upon to defend practices which only a few short weeks before she had herself been condemning in no uncertain voice.

Sir HENRY BETTERTON and Mr. E. BROWN, who by the way is achieving a position second only to that of Sir JOHN SIMON as an anti-LLOYD-GEORGE thorn in the side of the Government, left the French economist to look after himself and belaboured the somewhat distracted MINISTER OF LABOUR (tub-thumping was never much in her line) with Sir JOSIAH STAMP, Sir WILLIAM BEVERIDGE and the evidence given before the Royal Commission, not to mention divers austere breathings that had escaped Mr. SNOWDEN, the PRIME MINISTER and Mr. G. D. H. COLE in unguarded moments. Thereafter everybody wished to say something on the burning topic of the moment, but the arguments substantially resolved themselves into cries of "Hands off the Dole" from the Labour Benches, and accusations against the Government of being cowardly spendthrifts hurled from the other side.



"She strove the populace to please
With manners wondrous winning,
And never followed wicked ways—
Unless when she was sinning."
GOLDSMITH's "Mrs. Mary Blaize" (Pawnbroker).
MISS MARGARET BONDFIELD.



MR. J. H. THOMAS (*trying on his new suit of clothes made from the sheep in 3 hours 22½ minutes*). "As an advertisement of British hustle this suit ought to be almost as useful as the late Imperial Economic Conference."

Tuesday, June 23rd.—The House of Lords "'eard the East a-callin'"—by air—when Lord AMULREE, at the instance of Lord GAGE, described the position of British commercial aviation in the Orient. Lord GAGE found the answer to his queries "very satisfactory," though the information that in 1928–29 this country spent £400,000 on commercial flying as against France's £1,750,000, Germany's £2,500,000 and the United States' £3,100,000, hardly seems to merit that encomium.

In the matter of extending what is known in American economic circles as the "frozen mitt" to the British victims of dumping and Free Trade, Mr. GRAHAM still remains *primus inter pares*. Imported joinery, artificial silk goods, tinned foodstuffs, butter and films were all the subject of Questions to which the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE had only discouraging replies. He could not think of reciprocating the Scandinavian practice of charging British commercial travellers entering their territory one hundred kroner a skull. He declined to discuss the British iron and steel industry's plight until the Board of Trade Vote came up for discussion, or to discuss the Government's projects for diminishing unemployment, in which Sir KINGSLEY WOOD interests himself with such repulsive iteration. In a word, the Opposition got no change out of *him*.

Mr. ADAMSON was scarcely more illuminating in reply to a question by Mr. RAMSAY about piers in the Western Islands, though he admitted to having received the report of the Inter-Departmental Committee on Piers. One gathered, however, that the old Scottish motto, "Piers and Plenty," is not being lived up to. There is such a thing as trying Ministers too hard, and the PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY TO THE TREASURY, goaded to exasperation by

Major COLFOX, suddenly whipped out a lengthy statement showing that the Government had spent on British agriculture in the six years prior to 1931 a trifle of eighty million pounds or so, and fired it at the hon. Member point blank.

A Question by Mr. HORE-BELISHA about deportees from Canada wrung from the MINISTER FOR THE DOMINIONS the curious information that last year more people had migrated from Canada to Britain than *vice versâ*. It is possibly on this account, and not to see what has become of the Imperial Economic Conference, that Mr. THOMAS will shortly be leaving for Canada in his new high-speed suit of clothes.

A further instalment of the Finance Bill in Committee produced a variety of argument on a diversity of topics, among which a lofty plea by Mr. JACK JONES for more and better roads and a perfervid defence of the much-maligned tax-collector by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER must be mentioned.

To prove that he knew whereof he spake, Mr. SNOWDEN confided to the House that he had once done a bit of tax-collecting himself. "And you did it very well," interjected Sir W. DAVISON gracefully. Mr. SNOWDEN accepted the compliment calmly. His point was that it was better to have Civil Servants collecting the taxes than local men, to whom the local taxpayers might not wish to communicate their affairs. Mr. MARJORIBANKS put the opposite view very concisely. He did not like the idea of a man making a career for himself as a tax-collector whose promotion might be measured by the ferocity with which he put the screw on the taxpayers.

Wednesday, June 24th.—The Commons smiled cynically when Mr. SNOWDEN assured Mr. MCGOVERN that the Government would bring the question of the House of Lords to an issue "when the time comes," and wryly when Mr. SNOWDEN explained to Mr. BALDWIN that the Government, accepting President HOOVER's proposals in the spirit as well as the letter, would apply the moratorium to intra-imperial War Debts, even if it did cost the British taxpayer eleven million pounds.

The production of the postponed Clause 19 of the Finance Bill, containing the Government's version of the much-altered Liberal Amendment against double taxation, created an atmosphere suggesting one of those fabled baseball matches in which the opposing skippers begin by shouting encouragement to their teams and end up by exchanging scandalous remarks about



"I weep for your depravity, Sir," said Mr. Pecksniff; "I mourn over your corruption; I pity your voluntary withdrawal of yourself from the flowery paths of purity and peace."—*Martin Chuzzlewit.*

MR. LLOYD GEORGE TO MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN.

one another's wives, incomes, bank-accounts and carnal appetites.



SCOTLAND FOR EVER.
A NICHT WI' WULLIE ADAMSON.

Mr. SNOWDEN was the first offender. He did not hand out his amendment to the Liberals with courteous gestures of generous compromise. As one Member put it, he rubbed their noses in it, reiterating that it *was* double taxation, that it nowise impaired the principles of the Clause to which the Liberals objected. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, clearly writhing under the lash of Mr. SNOWDEN's manner, but determined to pretend at all costs that the Liberals had gained their point, denounced Mr. SNOWDEN's offensive and disagreeable method of making concessions, but insisted that he had conceded. Let no young Member of the House imagine, however, that Mr. SNOWDEN's method was the best one.

There was one obvious course to pursue and Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN pursued it. Pointing out that Mr. SNOWDEN had not only got away with the principle of double taxation but with the cash as well, he moved an Amendment embodying the position assumed by the Liberal Party in the first instance and invited them to go into the Lobby in support of it—to which Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's *tu quoque* retort (had not Mr. CHAMBERLAIN swallowed *his* principles in order to placate Lord BEAVERBROOK?) sounded more ingenious than dignified, and was altogether Pecksniffian in its air of scandalised rectitude.

Thursday, June 25th.—Lord LAMINGTON complained that Great Britain was not keeping its end up, so to speak, in Persia, and asked for Papers. Lord PARMOOR thought there were no Papers but admitted that we were not doing a heap of business with Persia, owing to the stringent monopoly laws passed in February and March of this year. A certain vagueness as to details impelled Lord MERSEY to suggest that the British Minister at Teheran should be asked for a report, a suggestion that Lord PARMOOR said he would certainly convey to the Foreign Office.

The Commons learned that the PRIME MINISTER and SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS will visit Berlin from July 17th—20th, but could not extract from the PRIME MINISTER the probable date of the House's rising for the Summer Recess.

In public business a tedious debate on Scottish Housing was followed by a still more dreary debate on Scottish agriculture. It was "parritch, parritch a' the time, ye ken," served up to the depressing drone of WULLIE ADAMSON's persistent bagpipe.

THE TELEGRAM.

Twistle took his little jerky run. The ball floated through the air as innocently as a seed on the wind—to hiss off the wicket with the venom of a badly irritated hornet.

The Great Man, who was at the crease, tried hard to get the edge of his bat to the ball and missed by a millimetre, to the palpable chagrin of the slip-fielders.

"He'll be out this over," declared my wife, Susan, with finality.

It was the third day of the Wessex and East Anglia match. Requiring two hundred runs to transform very possible defeat into a highly improbable victory, East Anglia had only four men left to get them.

True, the Great Man was still batting, but he appeared to be completely off colour.

"He's distraught," commented Susan, who spends much of her time analysing the moods of players.

Twistle bowled again. Ah! decided the Great Man, this shall be left alone. Too late he perceived it was a googly, felt for it and missed. The ball shot past the leg-stump and went for two byes.

"He hasn't got his mind on the game," said Susan.

The next ball struck the Great Man on the left knee-cap. Twistle gave his well-known rendering of an exploding gasometer, but the umpire turned his back derisively. Still, it was a near, near thing.

"Over!" We East Anglians took the opportunity of readjusting our nerves, while Smithson, the other batsman, received the next six balls plumb in the middle of his bat.

The Great Man was preparing to face Twistle again when a small figure in uniform hurried on to the field.

"A telegraph-boy!" exclaimed Susan, who always has an eye for the dramatic. "Who is it for?"

The Wessex captain nodded and the boy ran up to the Great Man and gave him the telegram. He read it carefully, thrust it into his pocket and took his stance.

A grim smile of confident anticipation upon his face, Twistle took his run. The smile gave way to bewilderment, for the Great Man opened his shoulders and smote the ball well and truly over the sight-screen.

The fielders spread out. The Great Man took twenty-four off that over and then continued to make runs at a pace which would have met with the approval even of Mr. B. H. LYON.

"It was that telegram," said Susan, "I'm sure it was."



Fully-equipped Visitor. "THIS LOOKS A WEIRD SORT OF HOLE. WHAT ON EARTH DOES ONE TAKE HERE?"

Local Player. "ONE TAKES A JIGGER, IF THAT'S ALL ONE HAS."

One cannot detail the moving events of the next two hours, but, briefly, East Anglia won by two wickets and the Great Man scored 140 not out.

Our hearts still beating fast, we went to find our car.

"Oh," sighed Susan, "I'd give anything to know what was in that telegram."

"Would you like to read it?"

Susan coloured and I pretended I didn't belong to her. The Great Man was standing just behind us.

"Yes, do read it," he said cheerfully. "It really won the game."

Susan took the telegram after a little hesitation.

"It's from my boy, Tommy," explained the Great Man. "He was playing to-day for his preparatory school eleven for the first time. I wrote to him yesterday and told him not to let the family down."

Susan read the telegram aloud:—

"WE WON I GOT TOP SCORE TWELVE SO CAN I HAVE NEW BAT PLEASE TOMMY."

Howlers for the Treasury.

"To keep fit one ought to give up taking taxes and walk as much as possible, but violent fiscal exercises may do more harm than good."—*Schoolgirl's Essay on Health.*

"I thought Cochet would win the men's singles, but I counted upon the old Crochet, the tactician who could surmount by his skill any after effects of his recent illness."

Daily Paper.

The Crochet-work at Wimbledon is clearly not what it was.

CAPE HORN DAYS.

X.—Hoodoo.

"DON'T you sign in that 'ooker,
Reid's *Gulistan*;
She's a fust-class looker,
But she kills 'er man.

There's nothin' much faster
Than 'er sails the seas;
I've knowed none go past 'er
In a wholesail breeze.

I done a round trip in 'er
Nine year back or ten,
But I ain't goin' to ship in 'er
Never again.

Sometimes it's a sheet takin'
Charge o' the watch,
Or a footrope breakin',
Or an open hatch.

You may watch night an' mornin',
But, watch 'ow you can,
She don't give no warnin';
She kills 'er man.

The grub as they gave you
Was the best I ever scoffed;
But good grub don't save you
If you fall from aloft.

They treat chaps fine in 'er,
Take it all round,
But I wouldn't sign in her
For a thousand pound.

Not in that there 'ooker,
Reid's *Gulistan*:
She's a lovely looker,
But she kills 'er man." C. F. S.

AT THE PICTURES.

MARLENE DIETRICH.

THE beautiful spy is always an alluring figure, even though there is the risk



SPY FACES.

1. *H. 14*—VICTOR MCLAGLEN.

that our natural hostility to her calling may cut across our sympathy. When, however, the motive of love of country is insisted upon as strongly as it is in *Dishonoured* at the Carlton, our sympathy can be kept in order; and, although we may regret that she allowed a kiss to interfere with business, the new film-



2. *X. 27*—MARLENE DIETRICH.

star, MARLENE DIETRICH, holds it to the end.

She begins, this beautiful spy, very well and almost too easily. Her first victim is an Austrian General supposed to be in traitorous treaty with the enemy. The duty of *X.27*, which is MARLENE'S name in the secret service, is to test that supposition. The *General*, by falling in love with her, makes it very simple; she discovers his treachery and he obligingly shoots himself. Good. Now, having proved herself, she shall have a real task: she shall go to Russia in disguise and ascertain the intended movements of troops; so off she speeds in an aeroplane, but very foolishly accompanied by her black cat: one of the best screen-actors I have yet seen, but an embarrassment in the higher spheres of espionage. In the barracks, where she stations herself as a clumsy housemaid (but she can't be clumsy for long, this German enchantress), is the Russian officer, also, as it happens, a spy, known as *H.14* (VICTOR MCLAGLEN), who had met both her and her cat under compromising circumstances when on his secret service mission to Vienna—who, in short, was the sharer of the fatal kiss.

The rest of the story becomes a duel between these two. So long as *X. 27* can keep her country's needs uppermost in her mind all is well, and *H. 14* is first drugged by her and then through her instrumentality captured and imprisoned and condemned to be shot.

Had there been no kiss *H. 14* would have died the death. Love, however, conquers all; *X. 27* asks to be allowed to question him in private and, after weakening her case by kissing him again, lets him escape. Dishonoured! She had been a good spy until then, but she could be trusted no more and there was nothing for it but a firing-party.

We all sat on the edges of our seats hoping and even expecting a reprieve. Yet it did not come. She was dressed so exquisitely, her composure was so complete, her smile so bewitching, that surely help must arrive. But Herr JOSEF VON STERNBERG, the author, is pitiless: bang went the rifles and the lovely *X. 27* was dead, *soignée* and self-possessed to the last.

Herr JOSEF VON STERNBERG (every one is German these days!) knew what he was doing when he prepared and produced this story for his fair compatriot. Leaving aside for the moment her really extraordinary physical charm, her slow candid methods are perfect for such a *rôle*. No one can look so persuasive, so true; no one has a voice so well modulated and controlled, and it is not the less pleasant to the ear for the slight foreignness of it. Another of this new actress's notable qualities is her sense of time and rhythm: she never hastens and yet is never slow. Her strength is in the deeper emotions, but her mischievous moods are a delight. There are a few moments in this picture



3. *Secret Service Chief.*—GUSTAV VON SEYFFERTITZ.

when you see only her mouth beneath her mask; but what a mouth! I urge you towards that glimpse. E. V. L.

"... the book left a nasty stain in the mouths of all who value literature for the pleasure it brings."—*Indian Paper.*

This reviewer was lucky; one of Mr. Punch's Learned Clerks got ptomaine poisoning from biting a certain modern novel.



Impressionable Young Woman. "NOW, THERE'S A HE-MAN."
Born-tired Young Man. "QUITE. BUT JUST A TINY BIT *démodé*, DON'T YOU THINK?"

A SOVIET BLOW-OUT.

["British labourers, carpenters, joiners and others at work in Russian ships at anchor in London are taken down to schoolrooms and fed with chicken, fish—and Soviet propaganda."—*Daily Paper.*]

A JOINER and a carpenter, *in statu pupillari*,
Down in a merchant-vessel's hold were seated side by side;
Towards a lecturer they cast at intervals a spare eye—
With other things their minds were occupied;
For, strange to say, the tutor fed his pupils during study;
The former was a Bolshevist and very, very ruddy.

"Our message to the world," he cried, "inevitably rouses
The zeal of thinking toilers, for the Communist believes
That those who smoke cigars and own silk-hats and land and houses
And stocks and shares and motor-cars are thieves;
The heads of British working-men these truths must pierce and stick in."
The joiner merely nodded, for his mouth was full of chicken.

"The Socialist, who prattles of reform by easy stages,
Is very little better than a capitalist knave;
And every man—remember this—who works for weekly wages,"
The lecturer continued, "is a slave."
This time the carpenter replied; he muttered, "Time is pressing;
Look snappy with yer wittles, mate, and pass the salad-dressing."

"And if they ever wish to see the light of freedom, comrades,
One road there is," the tutor cried, "for wage-paid slaves to tread—
The revolutionary way of massed assaults and bomb-raids——"
"It's getting late; come on," the joiner said,
"Or out of our employment they will very likely hoof us;
So long—my kind remembrance to the wife and kiddies, Rufus."

"Go, friends, and in the future when you cease your daily labours
In which you are compelled to serve your idle masters' ends,
Then advertise the tidings far and wide among your neighbours,
Your fellow-serfs and families and friends;
Among the children let the news especially be vented."
"I will," replied the carpenter; the joiner too consented.

And so they did. The chicken that the Bolshevist had roasted.
And generously given them, in half-a-quart of ale
That evening by the joiner at "The Pig and Plough" was toasted
Among his mates, to whom he told the tale;
The carpenter remembered too to tell his wife and nippers
How he'd enjoyed a free blow-out on prawns and pickled kippers.

C. B.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE BANDITS" (GARRICK).

THIS is an ingenuous fairy-tale of love, oil and revolution in the highlands of Guatemala by HENRY D'ERLANGER and L. ARTHUR ROSE. *Sir Henry Thorpe* (Mr. FARREN SOUTAR), with his son *Jack* (Mr. ROBERT MAWDESLEY), quite fresh from and full of Cambridge, and his daughter *Iris* (Miss VERA LENNOX), has come to visit the pumps, pipes and other apparatus of which the depressed engineer, *Devon* (Mr. ASHTON PEARSE), boasts in so lugubrious a manner, with the view of putting more money in for future development. *Sir Henry*, like a sensible Englishman, must first assure himself that law and order prevail in this outlandish country. What, for instance, about this terrible fellow, *General Herrera* ("Funny, I knew a fellow called *Herrera* at Cambridge," says *Jack*), shedder of innocent blood and ravisher of women (see descriptions in official Government organ)—is he likely to monkey with the plant, staff and operatives?

"Not a chance," says the voluble *General Vasquez* (Mr. EARLE STANLEY), who has evidently an understanding with the fourth member of *Sir Henry's* party, a most unpleasant and quite obviously crooked American commission-monger, *Melville K. Wiener* (Mr. BEN WELDEN); "the ruffianly bandit is in flight or in hiding; the Government troops under my command have pacified the district and the Company can go right ahead under my protection."

Which is the natural cue for a few shots, the hasty withdrawal of *General Vasquez*, the entrance of *Herrera's* efficient lieutenants, *Alberto* (Mr. HAROLD CLAYTON) and *Pancho* (Mr. ANTHONY LEON), and finally of *General Roberto Herrera* himself (Mr. DENNIS NEILSON-TERRY), in black velvet tango trousers, and nice crinkly boots, silver-studded belt and sleeve protectors—altogether a fine figure of a man with an amiable face, a pardonable swagger and altogether charming manners—leaning for a few moments picturesquely against the *entrada* of the *estancia* to allow us to take him in.

"My old Cambridge pal," says *Jack*. "My dancing partner at Cambridge, says *Iris*, yet preserving a maidenly calm and detachment; while the lovelight in *Roberto's* eyes, a little clouded by military preoccupations and appreciation of his romantic get-up, tells us something of the dangers of May week for the susceptible.

Roberto is a reactionary. He does not want "development" which has begun with the purchase of his people's land at two shillings an acre by astute foreigners trading on a simple people's ignorance. He does not admire people like *Wiener*, or even like *Sir Henry*, or the civilization which they represent—a reasonable prejudice, we begin to think.

It remains for the authors to unfold their tale of chivalry on the part of the Noble Bandit, of treachery and broken faith on the part of Big Business. *Sir Henry*, inspired by *Wiener*, promptly breaks his pledges, and secret messages are sent to *Vasquez* to come and trap their captor—*Jack* (on behalf of Cambridge) irresolutely protesting, and *Iris* (on behalf of Love) more actively assisting the handsome *General* to outwit his enemies and her friends.



A CHECK TO BUSINESS ENTERPRISE.

Sir Henry Thorpe . . . MR. FARREN SOUTAR.
Melville K. Wiener . . MR. BEN WELDEN.
General Roberto Herrera . MR. DENNIS NEILSON-TERRY.

Vasquez and his merry men approach. But *Roberto*, though enraged, is undismayed. He will blow up the pass and all the Vasquezians and the Company's works, secretly mined by his indefatigable followers, with his little wireless transmitting set. However, the lugubrious *Devon*, who had, with most of his fellow-prisoners, been spending anxious hours with a *pistola* pressed against his *estomago*, had been thoughtfully left alone for a space to remove an indispensable gadget, and the expected eruption does not take place. Dismay of *Herrera*. Arrival of *Vasquez*. *Herrera* must die. But the faithful and resourceful *Pancho* has a spare part. We are nearly shot out of our stalls by a jolly explosion, and another, with promise of more to come, and *Vasquez* thinks it better to make peace with his enemy. *Roberto* dictates his terms, the baffled knight, the intriguing poltroon, *Wiener*, and the gentlemanly *Jack* fade quietly away, leaving the handsome bandit and the sporting *Iris* to a satisfactory close-up. T.

"DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY" (SAVOY).

If it was intrinsically impossible for the author, ALBERTO CASELLA (skilfully translated and adapted by WALTER FERRIS), to bring his bizarre invention to an intellectually satisfying conclusion, he has certainly produced a quite admirable theatre-piece, and sustains the illusion with great technical ability long enough to give us unusual pleasure. Nor is his commentary lacking in wit or in depth and sensitiveness.

The guests of *Lamberto, Duke of Catolica*, have returned from a party in a state of strange apprehension. Each has seen at different times a dark inexplicable shadow. The *Duke* (Mr. FRANK ALLENBY), driving at a great pace, has hit an unseen obstacle and by some miracle none of his party is hurt. *Corrado*, his son (Mr. IVAN BRANDT), a reckless driver always, has to-night missed a precipice by a bare inch. *Grazia*, his betrothed, who was in his car, has withdrawn into herself in a strange state of suppressed exaltation. The old diplomat, *Baron Cesarea* (Mr. FRED CULLEY), finds himself again interested in beautiful women, his stiff joints again supple, the pleasures of the table again making their appeal and without penalty. The beautiful sensuous blonde, *Alda Cesarea* (Miss ROSALINDE FULLER), is under the influence of some unwonted excitement—she who boasted mournfully that she had run through the whole gamut of sensation. The party disperse to bed. The *Duke* alone remains, waiting for his expected guest, *Prince Siri*, who is unaccountably late,

and brooding over the night's strange happenings. To him enters a veiled sinister figure — *Death* (Mr. ERNEST MILTON); but *Death* protesting that he comes as a friend, *Death* on holiday. That explains the night's alarms and escapes. The Dark Visitor proposes himself as a guest for three short days. He will harm none, he will frighten none. He wishes to understand why men fear him — "I am not Death only, but Sleep—and the Gateway of Life"—and to see what men find in life and in love, of which they babble so freely.

"But it is impossible . . . my guest the Prince ——" "Oh, of course, I had forgotten. I met him—before my holiday began. I am sorry." The stranger has a grim wit and takes pleasure in his *doubles ententes*.

The *Duke* submits and is pledged to secrecy, under threats. The new guest will impersonate the guest who can no longer be expected.

"*Prince Siri*" is introduced to the household and guests—a polished man of the world, exercising a strong fascination on all, part fear, part attraction. *Corrado* is consumed with hate and jealousy. The robust empty-headed young Englishwoman, *Rhoda Fenton* (Miss DAPHNE ODIN-PEARSE), is enthralled; *Alda* is inflamed with desire. The *Princess, Grazia's* mother, is tortured by a strange vague fear. *Grazia* alone is without fear—*Grazia* and that Major in the Foreign Legion with his embarrassed apologia for his reckless life, his confession of fear cast out by the hot excitement of danger. "We have often been on the point of meeting," says the stranger, to the *Major's* mystification. And to *Grazia* the unknown *Prince* is evidently drawn, to the horror of the *Duke*. With each the *Prince* converses, and to each he reveals his character. He wonders at the strange toys that men play with—coins, games. Wine, however, seems an intelligible pleasure. But he wonders too at their fine courage. "I am proud to wear the garment of their flesh."

To *Rhoda* he gently explains that her love is only rude health and the pride of life; to *Alda* (half revealing himself), lust and the craving for excitement. In *Grazia* alone he finds the love that is real and selfless, a love that, as he knows he must forgo it, tortures him and makes him understand what men and women suffer in this great adventure.

And now our author, approaching the impossible climax of his strange tale, must make his ending with what adroitness he may. Under pressure of his son's importunities the *Duke* betrays his guest's secret. And it was in the bargain that this betrayal would carry its punishment. But *Death*, having learnt and suffered much, is merciful. He will withdraw. He assumes the monk-like garment and the formidable mask of his true character and bids adieu to his friends. But *Grazia*, still unafraid, refuses to be parted from her beloved, follows him into the night. The holiday is at an end. The leaves fall from the vine. The old *Baron Cesarea's* joy in life has deserted him. Decay, which is Death, resumes its sway.



Nervous Host (to World's Champion Gate-crasher). "MUST YOU STAY—WON'T YOU GO?"
Duke of Catolica . . . . . MR. FRANK ALLENBY.
The Prince (alias Death) . . . MR. ERNEST MILTON.



THE GIRL THAT WANTED TO GO WEST.
The Prince (alias Death) . . MR. ERNEST MILTON.
Grazia . . . . . MISS CELIA JOHNSON.

And indeed the author has made as fit an ending as is possible. But the delicate web is shattered and we have just a faint sense of disappointment—which was in the circumstances inevitable.

The character of the "*Prince*" gives Mr. ERNEST MILTON just such an opportunity as he needs and too rarely gets to show his excellent powers of bizarre characterisation and sense of the theatre. It is a tribute to his fine handling of a delicately and indeed dangerously balanced part that the illusion was so long sustained and that certain turns of the action did not appear absurd. Miss CELIA JOHNSON gave us a beautifully sensitive performance as the bewitched and bewitching *Grazia*, and Mr. JOHN MCNALLY'S study of the Foreign Legion *Major* was extraordinarily well done—if one may pick and choose from a number of excellent performances by a well-selected cast admirably handled by the producer, Mr. FRANK CELLIER. T.

Blood-Sports at Westminster.

"When the result, 232 to 208, was announced, aunts were thrown across the House and there were cries of 'Resign.'"—*Parliamentary Report in Local Paper.*

Rival Big Noises on the South Coast.

"The firing of heavy guns in the Channel on Thursday evening caused disturbance to the meeting of the Littlehampton Urban District Council, and a resolution was passed urging the Officer Commanding the Portsmouth Naval Division to take immediate action to prevent any further causes of complaint."
Daily Paper.

"Still, it is all entertaining, with Mr. Maltby himself giving the most natural performance in the piece. On this showing, I would almost bracket him with Nigel Coward as an author-actor."—*Sunday Paper.*

We put NOEL PLAYFAIR above them both.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WHEN Miss DOROTHEA BEALE in "a pretty lavender crinoline frock" took over the headship of the Ladies' College, Cheltenham, in 1858, both College and Head had already undergone a series of interesting vicissitudes. Miss BEALE, after an Anglo-French education chequered by the Revolution of '48, had been headmistress of *Jane Eyre's* "Lowood" and had resigned. "The Young Ladies' College," as it was first christened, had been propitiously founded by gentlemen of Cheltenham, but had had surprisingly little luck, financial or educational, under its first Principal. Then Cheltenham and Miss BEALE met, with issues of which we all know the outline, but which Miss CECILY STEADMAN brings to intimate and detailed life in a narrative remarkable for its personal and transmitted memories. *In the Days of Miss Beale* (BURROWS, 12/6) is neither a biography of the Headmistress nor an exhaustive history of the School. It is not—apart from the interest that educational origins must always have for educationists—every pedagogue's book, let alone every casual reader's. It tells Cheltenham, past and present, exactly (I should imagine) what Cheltenham would like to know about the vanished years, of which the writer, girl and woman, knew personally some two-and-forty. It depicts not only Miss BEALE but such attractive pupils and colleagues as JANE HARRISON, LILLIAS HAMILTON, RAMABAI the Indian, and LILIAN SOPHIA COUNSELL. And if its delightful illustrations occasionally recall outmoded innuendoes against blue-stockings and their clothes it is to be noted that as the ladies get more erudite (and presumably more affluent) the frocks get more *soignés*.



Professional Strong Man (returning borrowed roller).
"THANKS TERRIBLY."

Deserting for the moment his reminiscences of Greece and Gallipoli, Mr. COMPTON MACKENZIE has let his turn for farcical extravaganza have full play in a purely English setting. In fact, *Buttercups and Daisies* (CASSELL, 7/6) reminds me a good deal of some of our later Victorian humorists. *Mr. Waterall*, junior partner in the firm of *Wickham and Waterall*, is precisely the sort of figure that the late BARRY PAIN delighted to depict—a not very distant cousin of *Eliza's* husband. When he pompously announces at the family breakfast-table that he has decided to buy a bungalow in the country and, further, that he intends to call it Dream Days, we almost feel that we are back again in the early 'nineties, when J. K. JEROME was still editing the *Idler*, and the world had not yet forgotten how to chuckle over the adventures of his *Three Men in a Boat*. I fancy that our author may be deliberately challenging comparison with that middle-aged masterpiece, for he has clearly dated *Mr. Waterall's* experiences in the reign of the GREAT QUEEN, though I doubt whether one or two anachronisms may not be visible to the curious searcher. The attitude of the two boys, *Ralph* and *Roger*, for example, towards their parents seems more contemptuous than was common in those spacious days. But the gallery of squatters on the Oak Farm Estate, which *Mr. Waterall* wishes to call Oak, and some of his neighbours, Oaktown, is worth studying. Mr. MACKENZIE handles them very well in a broadly farcical manner, and he has one or two scenes that will betray many a sober club reader into a sudden and disgraceful guffaw. But why he permitted those childishly crude illustrations I cannot pretend to guess.

It was Dame MILLICENT FAWCETT's wish that Mrs. OLIVER STRACHEY should write her life, and I cannot see how, given the pious commission and the long friendship that prompted it, the work could have been better done. A certain monotony in the career of *Millicent Garrett Fawcett* (MURRAY, 15/-) is ascribed by her biographer to the quiet persistence of her subject's political methods and to her personal tranquillity of disposition. But I remark a lack of the divinest fire and the longest vision, and this defect, while it undoubtedly facilitated Mrs. FAWCETT's career as a politician and probably rendered easier the peaceful penetration of man's domain by woman, which (the vote included) was her main objective, ranges her both spiritually and actively a long way below the great reformers of history. Her biography so far shares the temper of its heroine that its handling of pioneers of any other brand but its own is unsympathetic. On the side of its enthusiasms, however, it furnishes an extremely well-informed contribution to recent social history. Charming play is made with Miss GARRETT's marriage to the blind Professor FAWCETT—though one misses FORD MADOX BROWN's eloquent portrait of the couple, which is not so much as mentioned; and the careers of her friends, her sisters and her daughter PHILIPPA are attractively handled. Collate this volume with Miss SYLVIA PANKHURST's recent book on the Suffragettes and a pretty fair view of the whole agitation for votes would be obtained. An historian who could combine his (or her) knowledge of both camps is, it appears, still to seek.

The Third Volume of the Official History of *The War in the Air* (OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, 17/6; with maps, 23/6) maintains a high tradition of vivid directness and continuing interest. Mr. H. A. JONES leads off with many fascinating tales of the East African campaign, and in his concluding chapters he takes up again the record of the fighting on the Western Front, yet most of these pages are filled and more than filled with the story of the Zeppelins. The writer has caught, to communicate to a forgetting generation, something of the old thrill, that was excitement



Pessimistic Cave-man (of Epicurean tastes). "AND NOW, I SUPPOSE, WE SHALL HAVE NOTHING BUT MAMMOTH FOR EVERY MEAL FOR THE NEXT SIX MONTHS."

rather than fear, of the months when the "baby-killers" went roaring overhead on the hag-ridden moonless nights, when lights were out and even the church clocks hushed, lest the dark sky-prowlers should find where the waking cities clung close to earth. In retrospect the raids are seen to have been little better than blindfold groping, without much luck for the invaders and occasioning little enough direct injury, yet the writer does not deny that they were impressive. A whole squadron of airships might expend its cargo of bombs on a stretch of blazing heather—going home to report great damage to buildings—yet the wheels of the national life turned a little slowly while the Zeppelins came and went. Most thrilling is the story of the end, when ship after ship was cast away in flames as our search-lights passed it from hand to hand for our night patrols to range alongside and come to terms at last.

England, The Unknown Isle proved Mr. PAUL COHEN-PORTHEIM, an Austrian by birth, to be a keen and witty observer, and I can now frankly welcome *Time Stood Still* (DUCKWORTH, 8/6), in which he gives an account of his internment in England (1914–18), as a valuable addition to the literature of the War. Caught in the net that strangled the activities of so many people in various countries during those years, Mr. PORTHEIM writes of his internment without bitterness but with the acutest realisation of its effect upon sensitive and imaginative minds. In a preface he quotes the remark of GEORG BRANDES, "The real tragedy of this war is that it has assassinated truth." Truth, in fact, was dead, and was replaced by propaganda, and inevitably men as innocent of evil intentions as Mr. PORTHEIM had to suffer. Against his individual fate he wastes but few words in protesting, though at once he recognised that he had lost "not only freedom but all possibility of privacy and individual action." To an artist in the truest sense of word the lack of privacy and the utter futility of internment life were quite terrible. Time existed only to be killed. Written in a most attractive style and with a restraint that is wholly admirable, I hope that this book will receive the widest attention and appreciation.

Saddle-room Sayings, at eight-and-a-tanner,
Is here; WILLIAM FAWCETT, a Nimrod of nous,
Has written this book, which expounds in best manner
The make of a hunter, and CONSTABLE's House
Has issued the same and with pictures a many
Has decked it, and eke with Sir ALFRED E. PEASE
And his apt introduction. And now without any
More havers our horses we'll join, if you please.

Our author starts in with the slow evolution
Of the thorough-bred horse, which, he tells us, began
When Rome sent us riders of Rome's resolution
(Why, CÆSAR himself was a cavalry man!);
And we breed us a colt—oh! a hunter he'll make us
Will that woolly long-leggity foal standing by,
Who, finished and furnished, shall finally take us
'Longside of a chorus of fox-hounds that fly.

This book's out of Yorkshire, it therefore, of course, is
Good sense for the master, the man, to amass—
Good sense to amass about "little cock-horses"
And worth what the Ridings call anyone's brass;
It is written with soundness and with what I'd docket
As one or two other Victorian things;
And 'twould serve you for *entrée*, this same in your pocket,
To the land of the *Houyhnhnm*, where horses are kings.

"GOLF ITEMS.

Lancing College beat Harrow School in a swimming match at Lancing by 21 points to 13."—*Daily Paper.*

This is the right spirit. It will be remembered that it was upon our public-school golf-courses that the Battle of Trafalgar was won.



RETROSPECTIVE.

Mr. Punch. To what may I ascribe the honour of this visit?

A Free-Lance Journalist. I have ventured to intrude upon your privacy with the idea of eliciting a few personal details about your approaching ninetieth birthday.

Mr. Punch. Constitutionally I am of a retiring disposition and it is not my habit to discuss myself for the purposes of publicity. But the circumstances are exceptional, for I have never yet been ninety years of age. Pray, then, be seated, and ask me what you will.

Free-Lance. In the first place I should naturally like to wish you many happy returns of the day. But I understand that this is not done in the case of an Immortal.

Mr. Punch. I make no claim to this flattering designation, though my friends are often good enough to speak of me as a national institution. Yet I am conscious of a curious sensation of not being perceptibly older than I was when I started life in 1841. This physical peculiarity I attribute to the attentions of my bodyguard, whose services, secured for that object, have upon me the effect of a perennial elixir. They, however, being no less modest than myself, repudiate all credit for my stability.

Free-Lance. Are we to have any celebration of this notable anniversary, as in 1911, when you published a brief summary of your seventy years, with your own artists' contemporary impressions of that era?

Mr. Punch. I am instructed that there is to be a Special Birthday Number reviewing the last twenty years of my existence, with literary and pictorial reflections, taken from my pages, of that period's outstanding features, and a coloured cover reproducing my own.

Free-Lance. Many remarkable events have occurred in these last two decades. There was, for example, the incident of the Great War.

Mr. Punch. I well remember it, having a better memory than some. I recall that, at the moment of our entry into it, I felt that there was no room left for a jester and that I might as well put my cap and bells into cold storage. Then I found that there were aspects of things on the very fringe of tragedy which might be made to serve for the relief of anxious hearts, and that it was our business on the home-front to brighten, with what good cheer we could command, the burden of those who were fighting our battles for us.

Perhaps the best thing that happened to me in those years was a letter I received from a young officer in the Scots Greys, unknown to me at the time, saying that something which I had published about Tommy's attitude to the War had been tried on his men and received their approval.

Free-Lance. You must often have been told that you took an infectiously roseate view of our prospects.

Mr. Punch. I wish I could think that I deserved the too-generous encouragement that was given me. Certainly, when I look back to those dark days, I am astounded at the incorrigible impudence of my optimism. But that time, to me unforgettable, belongs to a past of which, as of their religion, those who feel most speak least. And what little they do say has only a vague meaning for a new generation to whom the War is just a legend. Besides, our young people are too busy with the speed of their cars and the bewildering variations in their waist-line or the length of their frocks. And it is one of my tasks to hold up a mirror to these momentous and epoch-making movements.

Free-Lance. As a chronicler of manners and modes you are regarded as indispensable to the social historian.

Mr. Punch. I hope I am conscious of my responsibilities, which the past twenty years, more fruitful of change than any period of the same length within my memory, have greatly increased. Take the matter of legs alone. The shifting of fashion in respect to their exposure has made incomparably severe demands upon my activities as a recording angel. Still, I trust that I have observed other developments not less vital, such as the New Liberty, of which the exposed leg has been the salient symbol, just as the latest vogue, which tends to conceal it, symbolises—or so I venture to hope—the mitigation of that liberty. Nor have I altogether overlooked a movement which goes nearly, if not quite, as far in giving distinction to this period: I refer to the expansion of the Socialist Party.

Free-Lance. As an accepted seer, have you any predictions to make about its future?

Mr. Punch. I have been fortunate in my prophecies of scientific inventions, but in politics I pretend to no abnormal vision. And indeed, with a Government in office that is kept there by a flying buttress whose support may be withdrawn at any moment, he would be a bold man who claimed to foretell where we shall be this day week.

Free-Lance. Your relations with Foreign Powers remain friendly?

Mr. Punch. With one exception—Mr. HENDERSON's favourite bugbear. As for Germany, my relations with her have definitely improved since the War. While she was our enemy I called her all the names I could think of; but her change from the spirit that provoked the War has been as great as the change in her Constitution. I find myself in close sympathy with President HOOVER's proposals for the relief of her present needs; and I hope that my country's kindlier feeling towards her reflects a sense of our common humanity and is not merely due to the deadening effect of time and a short memory.

Italy has been a pleasant disappointment to me. Now and again I have permitted myself to dissimulate my high regard for Signor MUSSOLINI—perhaps the most remarkable apparition of this age—under a veil of uncomplimentary criticism which I imagined to have earned for me a place on the black list of his Fascisti. But only recently I had to acknowledge that a representative of mine who had had the hardihood to penetrate into Italy was allowed to stay there unmolested.

And now you have had enough of my desultory talk. You will please let me see a proof of your interview, in case it makes me appear too complacent. By the way, may I ask to what paper you propose to send it?

Free-Lance. I had rather thought of offering it to you.

Mr. Punch. Good. That will save me a lot of trouble. I will use it as the Epilogue to my

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